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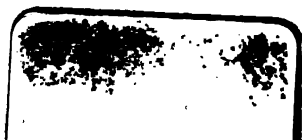
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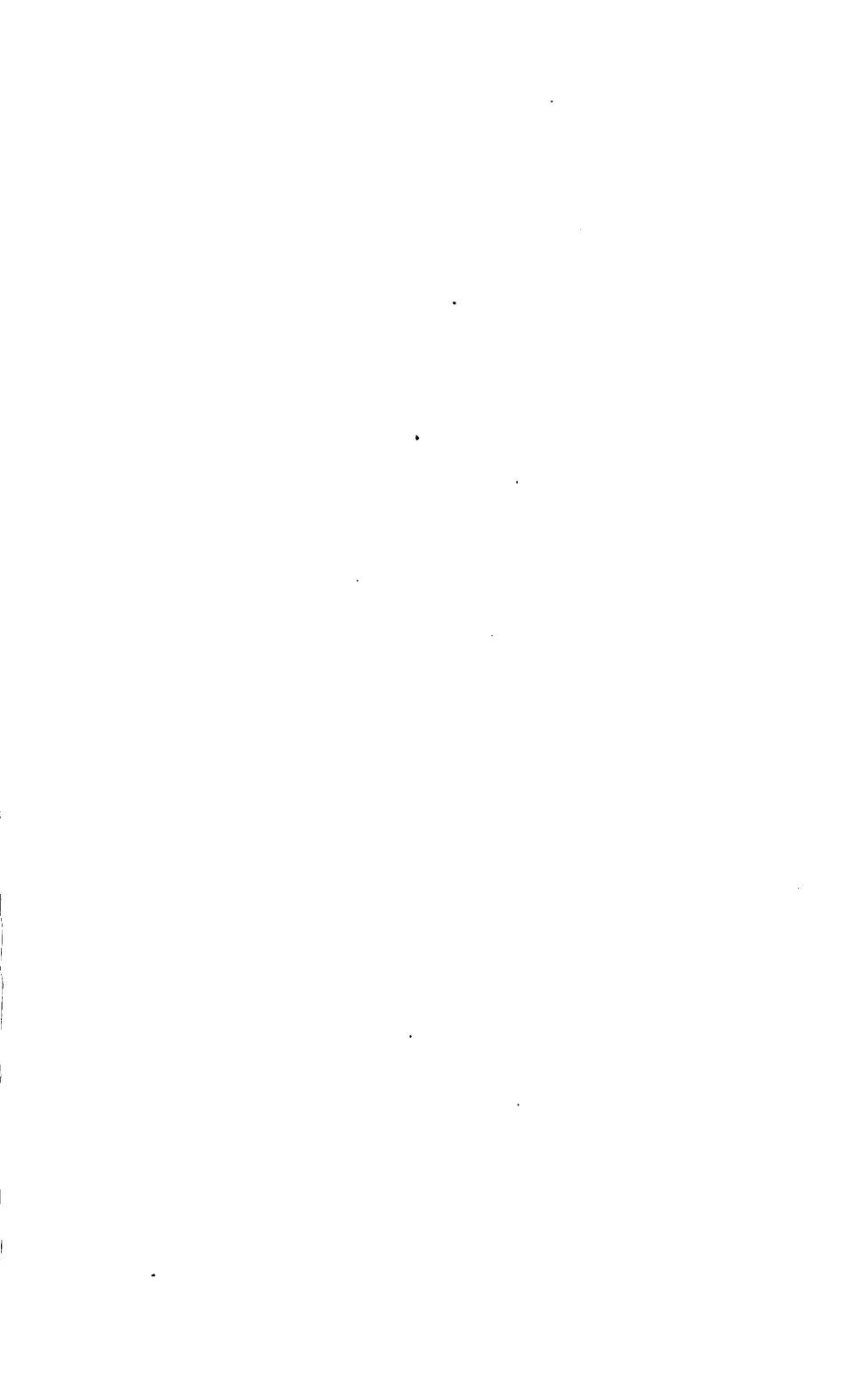


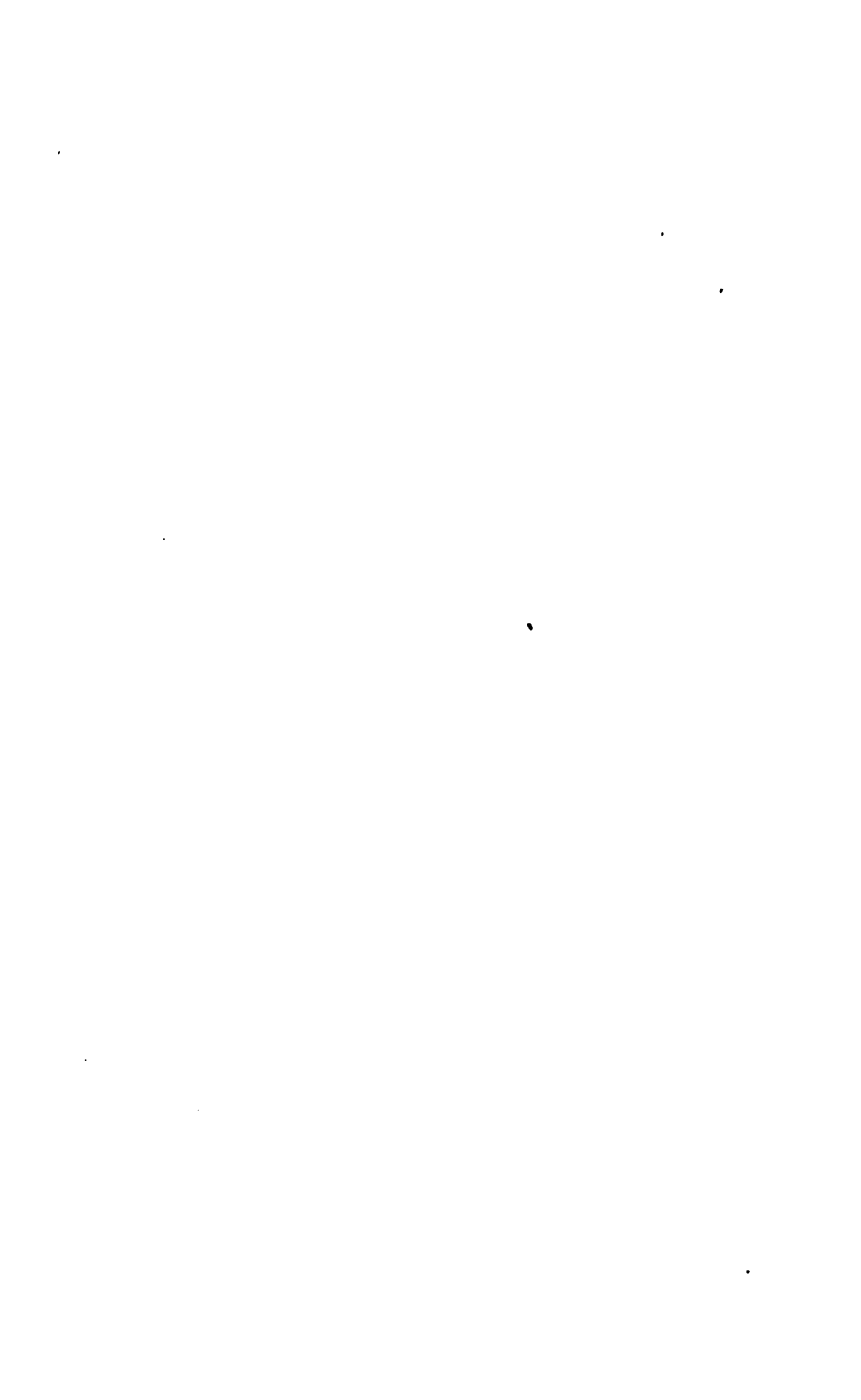
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THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

1880.

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OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS.

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VOL. X.—NEW SERIES.



LONDON:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1880.

LONDON:
HAZELL, WATSON, & VINEY, PRINTERS,
6, KIRBY STREET, HATTON GARDEN.

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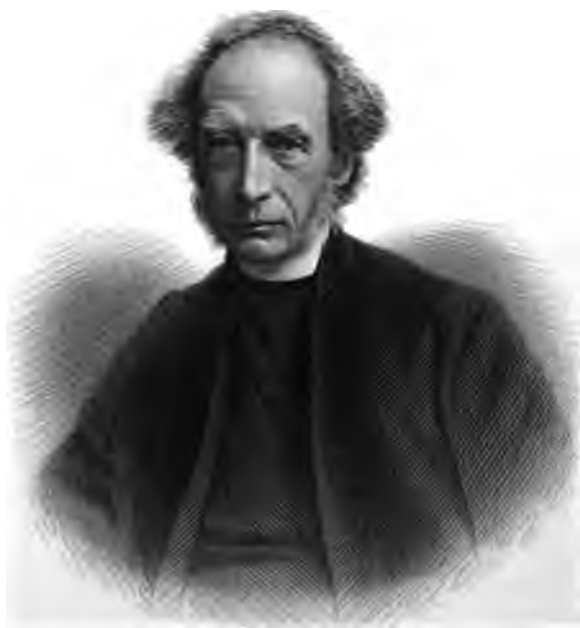
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February	Rev. Robert Harley, F.R.S., Mill Hill.
March	Rev. James Culross, D.D., Glasgow.
April	Rev. Andrew Bonar, D.D., Edinburgh.
May	Rev. Professor Godet, D.D., Neuchatel.
June	Rev. W. Roberts, Holloway.
July	Rev. G. D. Cullen, M.A., Edinburgh.
August	Rev. William Jackson, Bournemouth.
September	Rev. C. B. Symes, B.A., Exeter.
October	Rev. Professor Deane, D.Sc., Spring Hill College.
November	Rev. Thomas Green, M.A., Ashton-under-Lyne.
December	Rev. S. Macfarlane, New Guinea.



Very faithfully yours
C. J. Gloucester & Bristol

Engraved by J Cochran from a Photograph

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

JANUARY, 1880.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, was born on St. Mark's Day, 1819, at Whitwell, near Stamford, of which parish his father (who is still living) was rector. He was educated at the County School at Oakham, and at the Grammar School at Stamford. In 1837 he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, whilst a freshman, he gained the Bell Scholarship. He graduated in 1841, being Seventh Senior Optime and a second classman on the Classical Tripos. In 1844 he was elected Fellow of St. John's, having previously taken the Hulsean Prize for an essay on the "Nature and Obligation of the Sabbath." He is also credited with the authorship of an abstruse mathematical treatise on "Analytical Statics," which appeared about that time. In 1846 he was ordained by the Bishop of Ely (Turton), and served the curacy of Girton. In 1848 he was appointed to the rectory of Pilton, near Uppingham, in which year he married Constantia Ann, only daughter of Admiral Becher, assistant hydrographer to the Admiralty, by whom he has had a son and two daughters. Whilst at Pilton he began his Commentaries on the Pauline Epistles, and his intellectual activity may be said to have definitely focussed itself upon that which has ever since been its distinguishing sphere—the exegesis of Holy Scripture. In 1854 the Commentary on the Epistles to the Galatians was published, and was so well received that the author resigned his benefice and retired into the seclusion of a scholarly life at Cambridge in order to work upon further commentaries. From this retirement he was called, in 1858, to the Chair of New Testament Exegesis in King's

College, London, vacant by the preferment of Dr. Trench to the deanery of Westminster. In this year he published "The Destiny of the Creature," a series of sermons delivered by him as Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge. In 1860 appeared the "Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord," his Hulsean Lecture in the previous year. In the preface to this book he touchingly alludes to the terrible accident at Tottenham Station, in which both author and work were all but lost. In 1861 appeared the volume entitled "Aids to Faith," to which Professor Ellicott contributed the final essay, its subject being that to which his life's study has been directed, "Scripture and its Interpretation." In the same year he was appointed Dean of Exeter on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, but his sojourn in the proverbial "otium cum dignitate" of a deanery was brief, for in 1863 Bishop Thomson, of Gloucester and Bristol, was translated to York, and Dr. Ellicott received, again from Lord Palmerston, the offer of the vacant see. It is said that he hesitated to receive this double preferment at the hands of a minister whom he could not politically support, but that appreciation of his distinguished merit outweighed any consideration of a merely political nature in the estimation of the responsible adviser of the crown, and that the acceptance of the higher post was urged upon him. He was accordingly consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral thirty-first Bishop of Gloucester, and forty-seventh Bishop of Bristol. In the following year he succeeded, on the death of the Bishop of Ely, to a seat in the House of Lords. The assembling of the Annual Church Congress at Bristol in 1864 afforded a marked opportunity for the display of the new bishop's powers to guide and control the thoughts and actions of churchmen. It was feared that the profound scholar, recluse as he had been, might fail in the conduct of practical work; but he proved a vigorous and effective chairman, swaying the vast multitude under his presidency with great tact and complete success. His lordship can hardly be termed an orator; he scarcely ever rises into eloquence, but his calm and earnest style does not lack distinctness and incisiveness either in the manner or the matter of his utterances.

Upon the appointment of a body of learned divines to undertake the revision of the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, the bishop naturally took a prominent place in the "New Testament" company, of which he was elected chairman upon the death of the

late Bishop of Winchester. Just as this assembly was about to commence its labours, in May, 1870, he published a small volume on "The Revision of the English Version of the New Testament," in which the nature, requirements, and limits of the work were minutely and conclusively pointed and reasoned out. In the preface the author says "that hours snatched from daily work, or secured before the day's duties could commence, are all" that have been at his disposal in the compilation of the work.

These words suggest one of the bishop's most marked characteristics, his marvellous power of continuous work. Rising before daylight during a considerable part of the year, he will continue reading, writing, or speaking, with hardly space for due refreshment, until after midnight. Only those who have had the privilege of being his lordship's guests in his own home, or of seeing the nature of his daily life in his diocese for considerable periods together, can form any definite idea of the capabilities of his mental and physical powers, kept at full stretch as they often are for eighteen or twenty hours without intermission. A bishop's correspondence is something simply enormous, and as a rule a secretary or domestic chaplain relieves him of the greater share of it, but the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol answers every letter he receives with his own hand, and very rarely does he miss the return post in sending his reply. This is only accomplished by seizing every odd moment in the day for correspondence; and at public meetings, where his presence is indispensable in the chair, and in the railway train, in which he unfortunately has to pass a considerable portion of his life, the bishop may generally be found busily letter-writing, whilst at the same time perfectly alive to all that is going on around him. At a meeting in Bristol recently, he stated that he had just come from presiding at a similar one in Gloucester, whilst he would have to leave at a certain hour as he was due at a Revision Committee, at which he had to take the chair, in London, in the evening. Thus between the two chief cities of his diocese and the metropolis, his life is a perpetually "triangular" one.

The bishop has also a very retentive memory. He scarcely ever forgets a face or a fact, and will sometimes after the lapse of months show the notice he had taken of a trivial remark made in his hearing. To this he adds a wide and accurate knowledge of foreign languages.

He astonished and delighted a Danish crew who were recently in Bristol harbour by attending a service held by them and preaching to them most fluently in their mother tongue.

These faculties all probably combine in heightening his great critical and scholarly powers. Here is after all his distinguishing characteristic, and that by which he will be longest remembered and had in honour. He is a devoted student of Holy Scripture. He is essentially a master interpreter of the oracles of God. His intense reverence for Holy Scripture is something noticeable and apparent in many ways to those who see him under varied phases of daily life. His appreciation of New Testament knowledge in candidates for Holy Orders is marked, whilst never is his inward distress more apparent than when commenting upon the absolute ignorance of the Greek Testament displayed by some who apply to him for ordination. His commentaries have already placed him in the foremost rank of nineteenth century Biblical scholars, and it is probable that the Revised English New Testament, whenever it shall appear, will bear conspicuous traces of his influence and suggestions, and thus hand on his name to posterity in a connection which shall bring him honour wherever the English Bible is read throughout the earth.

T. H. B.

The Permanency of the Past.

“God requireth that which is past.”—ECCLESIASTES iii. 15.

IN God's great universe there is no absolute past. Time and space are the same. They have no true reality, but are mere modes of contemplation—conditions by which objects are rendered perceptible to us. Owing to the time that light, our only medium of vision, takes to traverse the vast spaces between the stars and our earth, we see these stars not as they are, but as they were when the ray of light was emitted, several minutes, or hours, or centuries ago. There are stars so remote that the light by which we see them must have left them before the creation of man. Could we reverse our view-point, and place ourselves at the precise distance which a ray of light would take the long interval of ages to travel, and could we possess the necessary optical power, we

should be able to look down upon the earth, and see the mastodon, which is now only a fossil in our cabinets, browsing among the quaint vegetation of the tertiary epoch. By graduating the distance between our point of observation in some star and our earth—by making the interval of time to coincide with the interval of space which a ray of light can shoot across—it would be possible for us to see all the past cosmical eras passing before us in panoramic view. Thus the visible record of much that happened on our earth is still travelling by means of light through the regions of space; and an actual and true representation of any past event may be seen in some star. We may be looking unconsciously any night at some orb in the sky from which—if we could transport ourselves thither, and were we endowed with the necessary optical power—we should be able to see our Saviour walking upon the Sea of Galilee, hanging upon the cross, or ascending to heaven from the Mount of Olives. And passing as swiftly as a ray of light from a star of the twelfth magnitude to our sun, the whole history of the world, from the time of Abraham to the present day, would pass in review before our eye in the space of a single hour. By such sensible and actual suppositions the omniscience of God may be conceived of by us as a material all-comprehensive view. Before Him, endowed with the powers which we lack, the whole history of the universe appears immediately and at once. The extension of time and the extension of space cannot be distinguished from one another. The relations of past and future disappear; they form one magnificent whole. He fills at once the boundless infinitude of His being. He is the Alpha at the same time that He is the Omega. With Him beginning and ending coalesce and enclose everything intermediate.

1. *God requireth the past throughout the universe.*—What are our sciences but memories of the past. Astronomy is the memory of the universe; geology is the memory of the earth; history is the memory of the human race. There is nothing forgotten or left behind. The past is brought forward into the present, and out of the past the future grows. Each material form bears in itself the records of its past history; each ray of light carries the picture of that from which it has come. Owing to the wonderful improvement that has taken place in the construction and study of the spectroscope, we are learning more and more to read the secrets, not only of the present,

but also of the past history of the stars. The astronomer can not only calculate their future movements, but also recall their former phenomena. When we look up to the heavens on a clear, frosty night, we behold many of the stars that glitter faintly in the sky as they were before the race of man was created; nay, we are now gazing upon stars that ages ago were extinguished; and the light by which we see them is only the glare of their funeral pyre shooting across the vast distance that separates us. And surely there is something awful in the thought that on the cold, impassive face of the midnight heavens we behold thus the record of the past eternity unrolled, to be read in time. Then what a faithful testimony has our own earth kept of the changes through which it has passed! The geologist, from the unmistakable signs which he sees in the rocks, can reconstruct in imagination the seas and shores that vanished untold ages ago. In the coal-beds we have a vision of the primeval forests of the earth; in the dolomite peaks we behold the coral reefs that once formed a grand circle of breakers in the midst of the ocean; by the help of the polished and striated rocks and the moraine heaps in upland glens, we can recall the old glaciers that sculptured our landscapes, and formed the fertile soil of our meadows and cornfields. In our quarries the tracks of extinct birds and tortoises that walked the sandy beach in a remote era of the world's history, may be seen as distinct as the footprints of the passing animal upon the recent snow. Nay, the rocks retain memorials of former times more accidental and shadowy than even these; such as ripple-marks of ancient seas, produced by the gentle agitation of shallow water over sand or mud, fossil raindrops, little circular and oval hollows with their casts, impressions produced by rain and hail, indicating by their varying appearances the character of the shower and the direction of the wind that prevailed when it had fallen. There is not a tree in our woods but shows in various parts of its structure its past history. From the character of the rings in a transverse section of its trunk may be accurately deciphered the peculiarities of every summer and winter that have passed over it. From the scars on the outside of the branches and twigs, we can not only tell the age of these shoots, but also the number of leaves which they produced, and the amount of growth which they made each year, the character of the weather to which they were exposed,

and the nature of the circumstances in which they were placed—in short, we have displayed before our eyes in a moment their exact history during their whole past life. The fossil tree, petrified into a hard stone and dug up from beneath hundreds of feet of solid rock, preserves the most delicate of these natural hieroglyphics uninjured. Place a thin, transparent slice of the fossil wood under the microscope, and it not only shows at once that it formed part of a species of extinct palm or pine-tree, but it also reveals the kind of weather which prevailed when it was green and flourishing thousands of ages ago, the transient sunshine, and the passing shower, and the wayward wind of long-forgotten summers. Thus nothing perishes without leaving a record of it behind. The past history of the universe is not only preserved in the memory of God, but is also inscribed upon its own tablets.

2. *God requireth the past for our present consolation.*—He takes up all we have left behind in the plenitude of His existence. The friends who have gone from us live in Him; the days that are no more are revived in Him. He is intimately acquainted, not only with our present thoughts, but also with the whole of our past experience. In communion with Him we can live over again our former lives; and thus we are saved from the unutterable loneliness of bereavement and old age, when those who were the associates of our joys and sorrows, and the depositories of the recollections of early scenes and incidents, have left us for ever. The images of the past that haunt our own minds are ineffaceably impressed upon His also. The friends whose loss we mourn, all that they were in themselves, and all that they were to us, are known with the most minute and perfect knowledge to Him. The bright and happy days of childhood and youth have not vanished; they are preserved in the bright consciousness of Him who gave them all their charm. Our seasons of gloom and care are not forgotten like clouds that years ago darkened the sky, but have their witness still in the sympathetic heart of Him who in all our afflictions is afflicted. The successive periods of our existence, like lights and shadows on a sunny hill, have not perished in the using; their fleeting moments and impressions have been laid up for ever in the storehouse of the Infinite Mind. We are not left to wander alone over the ruins of the past; alone in the crowd, because none of our fellow-creatures can revisit with us the scenes that were

so dear, or recall with us the joys and sorrows that were so tender and sad. He is with us who keeps, independently of our own frail memories, a faithful record of the whole course of our pilgrimage; who can summon back not only the outward circumstances and objects of days long since departed, but also the inmost thoughts and feelings with which they were associated, and who remembers what we ourselves have forgotten. In converse with Him in whom thus all our life is hid, upon whose mind the whole picture of our existence is mirrored, we feel that though lonely we are not alone—though the perishing creatures of a day we are living even now in eternity.

3. *God requireth the past for its restoration.*—As the context indicates, it is a law of the divine manifestation, a mode of the divine working in every department, that the past should be brought forward into the present, the old reproduced in the new. In nature and religion the progressive and the conservative elements are combined. Each new stratum of rock is formed out of the ruin of the previous strata. The properties of the lower organisms are carried up into the higher, and there made to serve nobler purposes; the same vital forces which produce the plant being brought forward into the animal, and there subordinated to the senses and the power of locomotion; while the endowments of the animal are in their turn raised up into man, where they lie under the new and crowning authority of reason. In man himself the characteristics of each age are carried along with him through every advancing stage of life, and the child-heart may be retained in extreme old age. In the history of nations the past overshadows and forms the present, and the modifications which existing institutions undergo, are based upon the solid advantages of old institutions; while “freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent.” The revival of letters in Europe was caused by the reproduction of the ancient literature of Greece and Rome. In like manner in Scripture every advancing event is marked by new powers and destined for higher ends; but with these are always essentially recapitulated all things that have been previously employed. The system of truth contained in the successive dispensations of religion is one and the same. All the elements of religious worship that belonged to the patriarchal system were incorporated with the succeeding economy. And is not the Christian religion the heir of the Jewish? Is not every name—every feeling, every institution that

existed under the old covenant still continued under the new, only invested with a higher meaning? Every characteristic of the one finds its counterpart, its corresponding reality in the other. The shadow of the Law becomes the substance of the Gospel. The last chapters of the Book of Revelation form a mosaic, gathering up all the separate revelations of the previous books into one significant picture, completing the design of Scripture, and declaring its marvellous unity. And all the cardinal facts and chief doctrines of revelation, are but majestic instances of that same kind of continuity of the divine plan in the moral and spiritual world, which we have been taught to observe in the universe of matter—a plan ordained of old by the Eternal Father. “Nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it; that which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath been already.”

God, in His house not made with hands, is not doing as we do when our household goods are old and worn out and we replace them by things altogether new. He is not continually refurnishing the earth. He is causing the same flowers and trees and streams to appear season after season. He never wearies of repeating the old familiar things. He keeps age after age, generation after generation, year after year, the same old home-feeling in His earth for us. And is not this a strong argument that He will keep the old home-feeling for us in heaven; that we shall find ourselves beyond the river of death in the midst of all the former familiar things of our life, just as when we get out of the winter gloom and desolation of any year, we find ourselves in the midst of all that made the former springs and summers so sweet and precious to us? Why has God created in us such an intense love of the past, such an ardent longing for its restoration? Why does the dullest moment become sacred, and the most commonplace experience beautiful, when it recedes into the past, and can only be seen in the sunset glow of memory? Why is the recalling of days that are no more, sweet as sacramental wine to dying lips—“deep as first love, and wild with all regret?” Why do the aged, amid the decays of nature, when this life is fading from their view, and the other is opening before them, live more in the past than in the present or future, and remember the things that happened to them in early childhood more vividly than what took place only a few hours ago? Does not the whole analogy of things, the whole system of mutual adaptation seen throughout nature, whereby there are no means without an end, no

appetites or desires without a corresponding provision, declare that this powerful instinct of our hearts will be gratified, that the past, with all its precious possessions and tender experiences will be restored to us? If here we ascend a green hill, and find the flowers blooming anew on its summit which faded weeks ago at its foot—altitude thus corresponding with the seasons of the year; if on a journey here we gain some elevated point and see the whole course of the long white road which we had measured out in gradual succession—one part disappearing as another came into view,—spread out at once; is not this a sign to us that on the hill of God we shall recover all that we loved and lost on earth, and see the whole path of life which we had traversed unrolled before us? I love to think of heaven as a *recollection*, and to believe that the kingdom of God in its highest sense is the restitution of all things. The last words of God's blessed Book, the last words heard from the lips of the risen and glorified Redeemer by human ear, assure me that all that Adam lost will be restored by Christ. The blessings which brightened man's early pathway will be reproduced, and he will enter again on his once forfeited inheritance. Wasted, toiling humanity, after the great *circumnavigation* of human history is over, will return to its early purity and glory. The tree of life will bloom again, and the river of life will flow through the paradise regained. The New Jerusalem will descend from God out of heaven, not in the unearthly splendours of an unknown apocalypse, but as a lark descends from the skies to the nest she had dwelt and loved in.

“Father, I cry, the old must still be nearer,
 Stifle my love, or give me back the past;
 Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer—
 Then all Thy shining streets and mansions vast.

“Peace, peace, the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
 The human soul in all its heat and strife;
 Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
 But the clear river of eternal life.

“He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness,
 Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore,
 Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
 Shall taint thine earth and vex thine heart no more.”

4. But closely connected with the brightness of such thoughts as these is the shadow of the solemn one that *God requireth the past for judgment*. I have said that the stars of heaven witness and retain

the scenes and events of our earth. The pictures of all secret deeds that have ever been done really and actually exist, glancing by the vibration of light farther and farther in the universe. At this moment is seen in one of the stars, the gleam of the swords with which the babes of Bethlehem were murdered. The massacre is registered in characters of light on the face of heaven. We are continually endowing the inanimate earth with our own consciousness, impressing our own moral history upon the objects around us; and these objects react upon us in recalling that history. They keep a silent record of what we have been and done in the associations connected with them; and that record they unfold for us to read when at any time we come into contact with them. The sky and the earth are thus books of remembrance that witness against us, and God will open them on the great day. "He shall call to the heavens from above and to the earth beneath, that He may judge His people." In ourselves, too, there are indelible records of our former history. The whole past of our lives is with us in the present, and accompanies us into the future; and whatever we have done or suffered or been has entered into our deeper being, and we have only to go there to find it. Memory is indestructible. The successive layers of our thoughts and feelings may seem to be obliterated, like the different hand-writings in an ancient palimpsest, but the touch of a fever, a moment of peril or excitement, the decay of old age, or the unexpected association of some outward object, will revive them in a moment in all their former vividness. Deepen the daylight a little, bring over it the filmy veil of early twilight, and the stars hidden in the profound blue of the sky come out one by one; and so, increase the sensibility of memory in the smallest degree, and things long lost and forgotten in its depths reappear with magic power. There are numerous authentic instances of individuals on the verge of drowning, who had their whole life placed before them in a kind of panoramic review, not only the leading matters but even the smallest details, and each act accompanied by the consciousness of its moral character, and by reflections on its causes and consequences. We have in this a faint indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we are to awaken hereafter. And the book of memory is one of the books that shall be opened in the Judgment Day, and from which we shall be judged. Each of us carries with us, from the cradle to the grave, this record

of our lives ; and what is written in it is written and cannot be obliterated or altered. It may be sealed with seven seals, like the book which St. John saw in vision, and no man, either in heaven or in earth, or under the earth, may be able to open it or to look therein, but at the word of the Almighty its seals will be loosed, and all its pages unfolded, and every statement and deposition contained therein be fully revealed to the light, and we ourselves shall be able to read in its pages things we had long forgotten, things we had thought for ever perished. It is an awful thought that the indictment of the impenitent sinner at the bar of divine justice has thus been carried about with him, unconsciously, all his life in his own bosom—that he himself is the strongest witness against himself. “Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked and slothful servant.”

We cannot undo the past and begin afresh. We have to take the past as the starting-point and determining element of the future. We are what the past has made us ; and the memory of former things is indelible. But the Gospel reminds us that what cannot be obliterated may be transmuted by divine grace. In Christ Jesus we may become new creatures ; and in the eternal life that we begin, in union with Him, all old things, so far as there is any condemning power in them, pass away, and all things in the transfiguring light of heavenly love become new. Let not the memory of the past, therefore, cling like a millstone about our neck, or like a fetter about our feet. Let us get out of all the pains, defects, and humiliations of the past the lessons of heavenly wisdom which they were meant to teach ; and in conformity with the proneness of the mind to form new resolutions at marked or memorable eras, let us take advantage of the commencement of a new year to reckon ourselves, in regard to the whole past of our lives, to be dead indeed unto sin, but in regard to the present and future, alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

GRACE pleaseth a believer so well that he cannot but study to please God in all things ever after ; the law of grace constrains him.—*Cole.*

Noctes Theologicæ.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE papers which it is my purpose to contribute under the above title will be devoted to the examination of the three posthumous essays of John Stuart Mill—on Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism. The notes of which they are little more than expansions were written in great part soon after the publication of his volume, and would have been digested into their present shape long before this but for the almost tyrannous interruptions and exactions of other duties. This enforced delay, however, has not been without its compensation. It has afforded me the opportunity of perusing the essays again and again, under different circumstances, and in different mental moods, as well as of comparing my impressions with those of others, both friends and foes to Mr. Mill's philosophy. But I am bound to add that these revisions and friendly conferences have in no wise tended to modify my first impressions as to the unsoundness of the principles enunciated by Mr. Mill. Any review of a work to which Mr. Mill devoted his time and extraordinary faculties can never come too late, for his writings were not novels intended to beguile an hour or two, but were expositions of principles and methods that were meant to have force in all time. Hence they have taken their place for good or ill (for both, as I believe) among the apparatus of education in the leading schools of our country, where one may confidently predict some of them will hold their ground for many years to come. In the examination and criticism of his three essays it will be my first concern exactly to render his own thought so far as I am able to seize it. This is due to every man, and doubly due to one who has no longer the power of explanation, protest, or defence.

In casting these papers in the form of a dialogue, it is with no desire to assign to either interlocutor an unfair advantage, but simply to relieve the tedium almost inseparable, in the case of general readers, from the continuous treatment of subjects which it is impossible to strip of their abstract character. The scene is Wilton's house, and the *dramatis personæ* are, Wilton, who will act the part of the critical assailant of Mill; Arundel, who has been strongly infected with the whole spirit of his philosophy; and Osborne, who has caught it in a milder degree. Osborne is a neighbour of Wilton's, and a frequent

visitor at his house, and Arundel is an old friend and fellow-collegian of both, who has come to spend with Wilton his summer holiday.

Wilton.—I had given you up for to-day.

Arundel.—Well, I had given myself up. I find that in making a journey of ninety-five miles I have had six changes, and have occupied seven hours. A luggage train blocked us at N——y Station, where we lost fifty minutes; another luggage train blocked us at S——n Station for forty minutes; we missed the three o'clock train at the Junction, and had to wait half-an-hour for the next, and——

Wilton.—Be thankful, my dear friend, that you are here at last, safe and sound, and that you have not added another to the list of casualties we have had in this neighbourhood within the last month. I pity the shareholders, for it is reported that the claims made upon the company for a recent accident may amount to forty thousand pounds; one claim alone, that of Mr. Percy Hardwicke, the solicitor, who sustained a severe injury to the spine, being for ten thousand.

Arundel.—Percy Hardwicke! Is that our old chum "Cassius," as we called him?

Wilton.—The same, and he has the same "lean and hungry look" as ever; but he is as noble a man as we have in the parish, and has honourably made for himself a lucrative practice which fully justifies the amount of his claim.

Arundel.—I am grieved to hear of his accident, but I am not surprised to hear of his success, for in spite of that odd drawl of his, which at times seemed somewhat cynical, he was a right pleasant fellow, and as we both knew to our cost, a formidable competitor, especially in pure mathematics and logic.

Wilton.—I fear, then, that you have found your journey tedious.

Arundel.—Scarcely that, for as I have had experience before of the ingenuity with which trains in this part of the country are made to miss each other, except by collision, I stowed away in my bag "The Expression of the Emotions," by Darwin, "The Hunting of the Snark," "Conington's Virgil," and Mr. Mill's "Three Essays on Religion," the last of which I just finished reading for the third time as the cab drove up the garden.

Wilton.—That's odd. I finished him, also for the third time, yesterday. I hope you have kept up your habit of marking and annotating, as I am curious to know the estimate you have formed of his argument.

Arundel.—There is my copy, which is, I imagine, sufficiently tattooed to satisfy you, though I suspect that a second-hand bookseller would regard these pencilled hieroglyphs as a ruinous deduction from its value.

Wilton.—If ever you think of parting with it, let me have the chance of bidding for it, and I shall be prepared to go up to the published price.

Arundel.—Thank you, I will remember your promise if any misfortune befalls me, and in these days of profitless and disastrous investments one hardly knows how soon you may have to redeem your pledge; but seriously—one of the pleasures I have anticipated in my present visit is that of comparing notes with you on this posthumous work of Mr. Mill, to which, as I gathered from your letter a month ago, you have been devoting your attention.

Wilton.—Nothing could please me more, and if it be agreeable to you, I will ask our friend Osborne to spend his evenings with us, as I found the other day that he is deep in Mill, and not a little perplexed.

Arundel.—Osborne! you mean Gerald Osborne?

Wilton.—The same.

Arundel.—I thought I had heard of his death?

Wilton.—He has had a very narrow escape, but he spent the last winter in Mentone, and enjoys now an almost rude vigour. His father bought him Thurston Farm, which is about a couple of miles from here. He spends most of the day on horseback, has occasionally tried his hand at ploughing, and by no means unsuccessfully. He is still a bachelor, and says that he means to remain so. He retains his old fondness for miscellaneous reading, and his passion for music is stronger than ever, though he confesses that he finds *Wagner* tough, and *Chopin* somewhat fantastical.

Arundel.—I shall be delighted to renew my acquaintance with one of the most wholesome-spirited fellows in the college—one whom I never knew in a temper, or caught in a mean trick.

Wilton.—Kindly excuse me for a few minutes, and among other notes which I must write to catch the post, I will drop one to him inviting him to dine with us to-morrow. If quite agreeable to you we will spend the day in trout-fishing. I have tackle for both, and am made free of the stream for about six miles by a friend who, knowing that I am the worst angler that ever flung a fly, warned me

with an ironical chuckle not to clear the stream, but to leave a little sport for him.

Arundel.—There is no sport I like so well, though if I am to believe your own estimate of your skill in this gentle craft, we shall be well matched, and the trout need not be alarmed at two such arrant bunglers.

Wilton finished his correspondence, after which they dined and passed the rest of the evening in discussing those never-exhausted themes—college, and college days, and friends.

The following day they spent in fishing, which resulted in a few nibbles, and in the capture, by Arundel, of a miserable troutlet, which he at once restored to the company of its friends.

At dinner Osborne joined his quondam companions, from whom he received hearty congratulations on his robust appearance, and some good-humoured chaffing on his obstinate celibacy. Having fired off their little pleasantries, spiced with many college incidents, Osborne turned to Arundel and said, "By the way, Arundel, have you ventured to read Mr. Mill's posthumous work on religion?"

Arundel.—"Ventured!" My dear friend, what hazard do you see in it?

Osborne.—No offence, I assure you; but unless I am mistaken, Mill was not, to put it mildly, a favourite of yours at college. Do you not remember denouncing him one night at Cecil's rooms as a cold-blooded, republican freethinker, whom every loyal and Christian man should shun?

Arundel.—Was my language quite as vigorous as that?

Osborne.—It was, indeed, and I remember it all the more vividly as it exactly expressed my own sentiments, which, however, I confess were derived more from a sermon delivered by our old friend the Dean of ——— than from any close acquaintance with his writings.

Arundel.—Let me also confess that at that time I had but skimmed him, and that too under a prejudice inspired by an article in the ——— *Review*, written, as I afterwards learned, by the master of ———, to whom the name of Mill and the whole crew on the *Westminster* were like red rags to an infuriated bull. Since, however, I left college, I have "ventured" (to use your word) to read him with my own eyes, to test his principles and arguments, so far as my ability serves me, without any prepossession or consideration of the consequences to which they

may be supposed to lead, and I have come to the deliberate conclusion that, taking him as a whole, Mill was the greatest thinker of his time, and has done more to settle on their true bases the sciences of logic, political economy, and psychology than all his predecessors.

Wilton.—That is high praise—assuredly too high, as I think; but would you extend it to these posthumous essays on religion?

Arundel.—Certainly I should, with this modification, due to the memory of Mr. Mill, that the last of the three essays, that on Theism, did not, according to the testimony of the editor, “undergo the revision to which, from time to time, he subjected most of his writings before making them public;” and that in consequence both the matter and the style have suffered from losing the benefit of his last touch. Otherwise, I must confess that I think these essays are a noble legacy to have bequeathed to the world, and that they are the more valuable and interesting as affording an insight, not before vouchsafed, by the great philosopher into his matured convictions on matters of religion. Unless I am mistaken, Wilton, you were a great admirer of Mill in our college days.

Wilton.—I was, and am so still; but though an admirer, I am not an idolator, as you, my good friend, seem in some danger of becoming, if you have not become so already. I fancy that both of us have swerved considerably from the estimate we formed of him some years ago, but apparently in opposite directions. You used the expression just now, “matured convictions on matters of religion” in connection with Mr. Mill’s posthumous publications. Now “convictions” is the last word I should employ to characterize the reasoned results of these three essays. They are in many cases like some suspended cadences in music, which leave it doubtful as to what is meant to be their final chord.

Arundel.—Ah! now you are beyond me, and it is cruel to overwhelm me with an illustration I can’t comprehend; for as you know, I am unable to distinguish between “Yankee Doodle” and the “Hallelujah Chorus,” but Osborne will be able to say whether the figure is at all just.

Osborne.—Perfectly just if you mean to inquire whether there are such cadences in music, but it may be fairly argued whether the figure is a just analogy, though I am free to confess that more than once I had the same impression as Wilton as to the termination of

Mill's logical movements.— They did not, at least, leave me with the sense of repose.

Arundel.—You mean that they disturbed your traditional faith.

Osborne.—No, that needed no disturbance from Mr. Mill. I mean that I could not always see the perfect accordance of his conclusion with his premises, though I confess that such is my reverence for Mr. Mill as a dialectician that I feel it is more modest to suspect my own competence than to charge him with any illicit process.

Wilton.—Doubtless Mr. Mill was an accomplished logician, but Homer sometimes takes a nap, and unless I am mistaken there is no work of Mill's in which he has tripped so frequently and so seriously as in these posthumous essays. He has failed, as it seems to me, in many cases to understand the positions he has assailed. He has paltered (I do not say intentionally) with words in a double sense—he has deduced inferences beyond the warrant of the premises, he has shrunk from conclusions in some instances which were warranted by his own assumptions, and in his treatment of the Christ in relation to historic Christianity he has left the problem more complicated than he found it.

Arundel.—What a quiver of shafts emptied at once on a philosopher ! But I am mistaken if some of them will not rebound blunted from his well-compacted mail. Is it not—excuse me—a hazardous proceeding to accuse him of employing words in a double sense ? It always seems to me that no writer has been so merciless and so successful in hunting down all verbal equivocations. Take, for instance, the opening of his first essay on Nature. Can anything be more acute and even triumphant than the manner in which he has exposed the mystifications and errors which have arisen from the manifold significations which have been assigned to the word “nature” ? His remarks upon this subject gave me all the pleasure of one who witnesses the solution of an intricate puzzle.

Wilton.—When I spoke of Mr. Mill's paltering with words in a double sense, that which was most vividly present to my mind as an illustrative example was precisely his criticisms upon this word, and the argument founded upon them. Might I venture with as little tediousness as possible to explain more fully what I mean ?

Arundel.—By all means. I see Osborne is as anxious as myself to have your sentiments on this matter.

Salaam—Chairé—Salve.

ANOTHER hour has struck on the great timepiece of the world, and every ear among us is listening to its echoes. As we write for the first time the date 1880, this toilworn century, now entering on the last of its fourscore years, seems almost as if it felt their burden, and we sympathise with the old men, now so few and frail, who heard the bells ringing at its birth. Yet

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast,”

and under various forms of expression we are all wishing each other a “Happy New Year.”

Three simple words, in different languages, are perhaps the most widely-used salutations ever known among men, and each of them reflects in a somewhat striking way the character of the people that employed it. The favourite greeting of the meditative Orientals, by “ancient river” and on “palmy plain,” has from time immemorial been “*Salaam*,” or Peace. The bright-souled, life-loving Greeks of old saluted one another with “*Chairé*” (Be joyful). Whilst the Romans, the most practical as well as the most masterful of races, used the strong word “*Salve*” as their formula of friendship, for to them a sound mind in a sound body was the first essential of happiness, just as the *health*, the welfare of the State, was their supreme law.

Such popular watchwords have always much meaning underneath them. Each of these great and typical races in its form of salutation has been a mouthpiece of our common humanity. The wishes that are oftenest on the lips express the wants which are most universal and deep. If peace, joy, and soundness were of small account, why invoke them so often? If they were as common as the air we breathe, why wish for them at all? May we not say that He who made the heart of man implanted therein a craving for these blessings, which must last till it shall cease to beat, and that *life*—life in the true sense of the word is mainly dependent on the three? It is joy that quickens the wheels of conscious existence; it is peace that oils them, as it were, preventing painful friction; and without some due measure of soundness or strength “life creeps on a broken wing,” and the whole complicated mechanism becomes a burden. But wishes of themselves can do little for us but reveal our capacities. Ah! the

very tongues that ceaselessly invoked these blessings, at the same time filled the world with complaints that they come so seldom and are so precarious while they last.

Full eighteen centuries ago, when the above three races were meeting and mingling in all the cities of the empire, a mighty apostle and prophet of the Lord was sent among them. He knew them well. Himself an Oriental—a Hebrew of the Hebrews—he was yet no stranger to Greek culture, and from his birth he had enjoyed the rights of a Roman citizen. It is easy to see with which race his natural sympathies lay, but he had a heart large enough to embrace them all. And the gospel which he preached was not for one of them to the exclusion of the others; it took one of its names from the favourite aspiration of each—the “Gospel of PEACE,” “Tidings of great JOY,” the “Word of this SALVATION”—but it addressed itself to the whole world. And it was a *gospel*, not a philosophy or a new metaphysic, for it bore witness to all mankind of a Redeemer who had died and risen again, whose death explained and grappled with the deep source of their miseries, and whose resurrection was an eternal triumph over evil, not only for Himself but for all who should “come unto God through Him.” And this gospel grew and spread; and so it was that in almost every place, Orientals, Greeks, and Romans welcomed the Redeemer, and found in His cross and His crown a bond of union undreamed of before. And in process of time when the same apostle, Paul, wrote his immortal letters to their societies, how did he delight to salute them with their old words of greeting, now that he could inspire these with the mighty name of the Lord Jesus Christ! His “*Salaam*” is this, “Now the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always and in all places;” his “*Chairé*,” “Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice;” while for “*Salve*” he substitutes, “Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.”

These salutations of Paul of Tarsus are as fresh in the evening of the nineteenth century as they were in the noontide of the first. How grandly do they bear witness that the blessings which every heart, however ignorantly, is craving, belong in their deep reality to the Lord of our being, and cannot be held by us in fee! And this is a truth which needs living witnesses to-day. Human life is much the same now as ever it was, and the complaints of its illisiveness and hollowness have grown so loud of late that men are asking in

the gravest journals whether it is "worth the living." But Christians can still salute one another in the name of Him who practically solved for us the mysteries of life, and who is daily teaching His ineffable secret to as many as "abide in Him." It was He who said to His disciples "My peace I give unto you," "My joy shall remain in you," and who promised that "His strength" should be perfected in His servants' weakness. In the very heart, then, of our most earnest greetings let there be prayers on each other's behalf for those benedictions of His. As He uttered them He knew well what our condition in this world was to be. He never promised to any of us an unreal or enchanted life. He said plainly "in the world, ye shall have tribulation." He knew the hundred avenues through which trouble should always be ready to assail us, what bleak winds of adversity should sometimes blow, what clouds of care should gather, what secret stings the heart should feel, but yet He calmly assured us of His peace, His joy, His strength. When earthly prospects are dreariest, His words remain, "Lo! I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." And if the presence of Christ can brighten life's darker moments, it cannot have an opposite influence on those which are not dark. It will never rob us of the outward blessings which come alike to all, or spoil our taste, as the spirit of the world can do, for the unnumbered well-springs of lower good which are flowing around us. Surely a man's fireside will be happier and his friendships sweeter if he carry the moral sunshine of that presence about with him; and if he pries into the secrets of nature, or listens to her harmonies, or wonders at her glories, the thought may well be a thrilling one, that all creation belongs to his reconciled Father in Christ.

"The life was manifested, and we have seen it," the full-orbed life of man, with its attendant attributes of peace and joy and strength. It belonged to the Only-begotten by right of birth, and in infinite love He laid it down on the altar that He might take it again and impart it to all believers. Yet let us remember as we enter on another year, that the life that is hid with Christ in God must ever be to us a new life, and that *our share in it* is what the Bible calls a new heart. "The life of God in the soul of man is like a tender plant in a strange, unkindly soil."* So long as we live in

* Leighton.

this world we shall have enemies within to contend with, traitors in the camp to watch—as well as the powers of darkness to resist; and therefore our experience here can never be unchecked, or in full harmony with our aspirations. But those who truly follow Christ shall receive from Him even here “things that have not entered into the heart of man,” and when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, they shall be welcomed by Him into the kingdom prepared for them—the everlasting kingdom of peace and joy and strength. Thus may “Salvation,” “Peace,” and “Joy” be the salutation which hearts loyal to Christ give to each other on this New Year’s morning!

*Pau.**

GEORGE BROWN.

1880.

“Fear not, for I am with thee.”—ISAIAH xliii. 5.

“FEAR not!” Oh, words of loving cheer

To herald in the stranger year;

We tremble ’midst its opening light,

But Jesus speaks, and all is bright.

He speaks, and promises to guide

The souls who in His love confide:

He knows each step—the future lies

All open to His watchful eyes.

Oh, peaceful thought! Oh, happy rest!

To walk with Jesus and be blest:

To feel Him near when tempests roll,

And have His sunshine in the soul.

Ah! Jesus, Master, may we meet

Life’s changes resting at Thy feet,

With sweet content to do Thy will,

To work, to suffer, or be still.

Then, Saviour, when we pass away

From passing years to endless day,

Be still our Guide, and let us hear

Those words of comfort, “Do not fear.”

Stoke Bishop.

E. AYTON GODWIN.

* Mr. Brown is widely known as Scotch minister at *Pau* during many years.

The Duty of all Christians on the Temperance Question.

THIS paper is addressed, not so much to those who are in any degree intemperate, as to those who, being themselves free from the terrible bondage of intemperance, hesitate to take part in the crusade now being waged against it; either through uncertainty as to the right course of action, or because they are unable to accept the principle of total abstinence, and are repelled by what may seem to them the fanaticism of some of its advocates. It is (I may say at once) written by one who, sympathising in some degree with these feelings, accepts *ex animo* the platform of the Church Temperance Association, as uniting in the effort against the gigantic national sin of intemperance those who are, and those who are not, total abstainers.

I. I take it for granted that there can be no need to dwell on the gross and deadly character of the sin of drunkenness, or to describe the vast dimensions which it has assumed in England. But the one idea which I would press on Christians in general, and on those especially who have kept themselves, by God's blessing, from the power of this sin, is that which is expressed in the stern saying of Our Lord, "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth" (Matt. xii. 30). The words were spoken at a critical time of His ministry, and appear to be especially addressed not to those resolute enemies who uttered the blasphemous cavil, "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub," but to those who listened to it idly or doubtfully, instead of loathing it, and shaming it as it deserved. But they were spoken with a breadth of scope and a depth of meaning, in virtue of which they echo through all the centuries and speak afresh to every generation and every soul; for they are a call to awake to the necessity of energetic struggle, not only in our own souls, but in the world at large, for God and truth. Evils almost always prevail, not solely, not even chiefly, by the love borne towards them by the comparatively few; they live mainly by the ignorance, the apathy, and the cowardice of the many. There is a great battle raging along the whole line of humanity, between light and darkness, truth and falsehood, purity and sensuality, faith and unbelief, Christ and Satan. Yet men seem to think that they can safely stand in crowds neutral and immoveable, while the tides of that

great conflict sway to and fro ; either hoisting neither flag, or trying to blend both together ; at one time, perhaps, offering a dull resistance to evil, but at least as often standing in the way of some decisive impulse for good. It is in divine impatience of this impossible and inhuman attitude that our Lord cried out then, and, if it may be said without presumption, cries out still, as He looks down from heaven on those for whom He died, and sorrows over the sins which especially beset them, " He that is not with Me is against Me ; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth."

I believe that to no phase of the great battle do His words more emphatically apply than to the struggle now being made against the gigantic sin of drunkenness. The Gospel tells, indeed, with manifold power on human society without assuming any phases of antagonism. It gives a new inspiration to the individual work of what is called emphatically "business," and to our collective work, social and political, for our country as a whole. It allies itself confidently with the great spiritual forces of science and art, both of which are developments in man of the image of God. But all these powers of the Gospel, true and glorious as they are, will not avail if it cannot clear the ground for the exercise of man's individual and collective energy, and if it cannot preserve from utter hopeless degradation the thought and the creative power of humanity, by rooting out gross, palpable sin. So it is well to train the body by exercise, and it is well to bring to bear on brain and nerves and heart right general influences of health. But these things alone cannot avail when some dreadful pestilence continues to pour out its waves of contagion and death from a foul seething corruption, in the midst of our streets or in the recesses of our homes. A great man (Charles Kingsley), not long lost to the English Church, who was certainly no ascetic trampling upon and dishonouring the body, and still less a man who believed in the power of mere negative restraints and self-denials as the one thing or the chief thing needful, declared that in his parish he had tried every influence of good—education, healthy amusement, kindly sympathy, earnest preaching—yet drunkenness had beaten them all. Unhappily this witness might be repeated again and again. Accordingly, what I desire especially to urge is simply this—that it is not enough if we are not consciously "against Christ" in the matter—if we ourselves, by God's grace and blessing, are safe from the dominion of this deadly

sin—unless we are acting “with Him,” and in whatever right way is open to us, doing something to root it out from our national life. We shudder at the histories which reach us from time to time of the lives lost, and the homes darkened and ruined, by great disasters on the water and beneath the earth. We followed, not long ago, with burning indignation and horror the records of the cruel war and wanton massacre which devastated the east of Europe. Yet it is no exaggeration of fanaticism, but sad and sober earnestness, to say that, before the havoc in lives and homes wrought by one week of drunkenness, these disasters would sink into insignificance, and that the year’s waste which it causes, both of treasure and of life, is at least as ruinous as the drain on a nation’s life-blood by the fiercest war. We all ought to know these things tolerably well; probably there is no man’s experience which does not show him in detail what they exemplify on a large scale. Where this is so—remembering that we are Englishmen, bound by duty and love to one of the noblest countries in the world, and that we are Christians solemnly enlisted under the sign of the Cross to a life-long struggle against evil—we cannot help believing (as I have already ventured to suggest) that our Lord’s words ought to come home to us with a peculiar solemnity of earnestness in relation to this gigantic evil.

I cannot, indeed, pretend to measure the degree of sinfulness in this sin, as compared with others which, perhaps, seem less gross, and by which men, who condemn and despise the drunkard, destroy their souls with perhaps less excuse than he. On these points judgment lies with God, and with God alone, who knows the temptations of each man’s constitution both in body and soul. Especially I do not desire to inquire particularly into the moral significance of the undoubted fact, that to this sin of drunkenness there is a special temptation in certain climates and in certain races. The fact itself belongs to the department of social and physical science, and it is very useful to examine it carefully, in order to learn by what secondary means, and under what physical conditions, the evil may best be combated. How far it can excuse or mitigate the moral guilt of drunkenness is a question wholly beyond our right or power to decide. But if evil is to be measured by the horror and wretchedness which it obviously brings with it, it is hard to conceive how any form of it can be deeper and deadlier than this.

If we think of it as "vice"—that is, as sin against our own nature—we see every day how horribly it ruins the health, the strength, the elastic vigour of the body, slowly or quickly eating out all energy and life. We observe how it dulls the brightest intellect, gradually blotting out all delicacy of perception, all clearness of thought, and at last all power of memory. Above all, we shudder to see how horribly it poisons a man's moral nature, till, under the fierce craving for its indulgence, he forgets all sense of truth and honour, all consciousness of duty, all impulse of unselfish love. Those who have to watch it in its extremest forms of babbling idiotcy or wild delirium can never represent what they see, except in the words describing a demoniacal possession. The soul is seen to have almost lost its true personality under a monstrous and unnatural dominion.

But, that which fundamentally distinguishes drunkenness from other forms of gross evil is its character, not as a vice, but as a crime. The glutton and the sensualist are perhaps morally lower even than the drunkard; but they are not, as he is, the open enemies of all human society. Their vices, indeed, must tell indirectly on all society, for no man can sin to himself and against himself alone; and they affect for evil very plainly and directly their own families and households, and their children yet unborn. But drunkenness is, in a wholly different and unique sense, the parent of crime. I do not only mean what is unquestionably true, that from it arises more than half our legal crime and perhaps nine tenths of all crimes of disorder and violence and bloodshed. For there are also crimes of which no law takes cognisance—the crime of the father who for his own selfish indulgence starves his wife and his children; the crime of the wife or son who, by the same madness, darkens a husband's home, or brings down a parent's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Out of these, indeed, mainly springs that great crime against society—the crime of hopeless and wilful pauperism, which absorbs the aid of legal relief and open-handed charity, properly due to real distress, which is unquestionably the great feeder of the criminal classes, and which defies all the power of law and public opinion to check it. Take away drunkenness; and it is certain that in a few years crime would be halved, and pauperism be a thing of the past.

But to a Christian drunkenness is more than vice or crime. It is emphatically "sin,"—sin, that is, against God. If we think only

of ourselves, we know that God has given us a nature made in His own image, capable of growing into His likeness. That nature He has redeemed from sin by the unspeakable sacrifice of His dear Son. Through that redemption it is sanctified day by day by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. It is His temple, a temple which is holier and dearer to Him than the grandest temple ever made by human hands. Yet, by the worst of sacrilege, the sin of drunkenness deliberately pollutes, shatters, tramples down this temple of God sinking the nature which should be half-divine infinitely below the nature of the brutes; making the redeeming blood of Christ to be shed in vain, and quenching the light of the Spirit. If, again, we think of our social relations and duties, we must add to all those natural ties which are broken by crime, the supernatural tie of the Communion of Saints, in virtue of which every Christian is charged with the high privilege and responsibility of being a minister of God, a follower of Christ in the work of salvation of others, a fellow-worker with the Holy Spirit in the regeneration of the world. The very conception of this high vocation sounds like a horrible mockery, when it is applied to the man whose example discredits even the belief in the spirituality of human nature, and laughs utterly to scorn all faith in the power of Christian light and grace to conquer the world for God.

Whether as vice or crime or sin, nothing can be more deadly than this evil, which has fixed itself in the very heart of our English society.

No thoughtful man can question the conclusion; yet all the while men treat it as a thing to be laughed at, and condone it as at most a pardonable weakness. Some men write poems and sing songs, which actually glorify it as good fellowship and genial festivity, and light it up with sparkles of wit and flashes of merriment, which are as ghastly to any serious mind as the corpse-lights playing over a grave. Others actually reckon upon it as a means of creating disorder for their own ends, inducing reckless extravagance, and spreading political corruption. Perhaps too many of us who would shrink from these things, nevertheless look idly or helplessly on, content to keep our own foot out of the deadly slough, without stretching out a hand to those who are sinking by hundreds; and forgetful of the voice of One who loves these perishing ones with an

unspeakable love, and who cries out "Who is on the Lord's side?" "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth."

What, then, shall we do as Christians? What is the message of the Gospel on this great and agonising question?

II. Two things appear to me to be absolutely clear.

(1) The first is, that the ideal which the Gospel holds up is Temperance, not Abstinence. No amount of ingenuity can possibly explain away the great unquestionable fact, that the one life which is our pattern was a life of sweet and gracious temperance, and not of rigid abstinence. Its first miracle was a turning of water into wine*; and its freedom of innocent enjoyment such that men cried out, half in slander, perhaps half in perplexity, "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber." Grant that to us as sinners there must be need of discipline which the sinless One could not know; yet nothing is clearer than that freedom of the spirit, and not restraint of the law, is the chief principle of the Christian life. St. Paul's precept, which is enunciated in direct reference to an ascetic abstinence, carries out into a rule the example of our Master, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." It is, I know, alleged that, because alcohol is a creation of human art, working upon a product which is widely diffused in nature, therefore it is not a creature of God. But surely this argument is idle: for in this case how "few creatures of God" should we have for which to give daily thanks! Even bread itself has passed through one stage of fermentation. Nor can it possibly be argued broadly that *abusus tollit usum*, although there may be cases in which ingrained abuse may need to be cured by temporary or permanent disease. On the contrary, the presumption is naturally against it in theory; and the experience of asceticism hardly encourages our adoption of it as the principle of life.

It seems to me that on this subject we must avoid confusing the moral with the physiological and economical arguments. All may rightly be used, but they must be distinguished. If it can be shown that all previous practice is wrong, and that alcohol is always useless and poisonous, or that it must be employed very rarely and excep-

* The evasion of this by the wholly unauthorised attribution to the wine of Cana of a non-intoxicating character carries its own condemnation with it.

tionally in cases of disease, then it will be right to abstain on physiological grounds. If it is proved to any of us, or to the community at large, that it is a luxury which we do not need and cannot afford, then, on grounds of prudent thrift, or for the sake of having money, which we may bestow on distress or use for the spiritual welfare of ourselves or our brethren, we may refuse this luxury, only remembering that we ought to treat all other luxuries in the same spirit. For abstinence, so looked at, is a general principle, and ought to be generally applied.

But if we look at the matter morally, considering it in the light of reason and Scripture, and getting rid of the fundamental ascetic fallacy, that self-denial is good in itself and in proportion to the effort which it costs, it is impossible to doubt that temperance is the natural and Scriptural ideal of true humanity. Nor should it be forgotten that temperance, properly so-called, is simply *σωφροσύνη*—the “keeping the spiritual nature sound,” by positive self-culture and the enthusiasm of a high inspiration, at least as much as by self-discipline and self-chastisement. It rises far above all mere *ἐγκράτεια*, whether this be the control of moderation or of total abstinence. Till we understand this clearly, we shall never really see what its function is, and how we can deal with man’s aberrations from it. If it be an ideal, yet only by having a right ideal can we advance in the right path. If, like all other great powers, its influence is silent and gradual, yet for that very reason it is the only thing which can strike deep root, and endure when rougher and readier methods have passed away.

I must confess that I think it of great consequence to proclaim this truth boldly, in spite of the clamour which the advocates of total abstinence raise against it, and of the arguments from immediate needs and the more rapid action of the abstinence pledge, which are advanced to set it somewhat more respectfully aside. If it be true, the truth must be spoken. The history, moreover, of asceticism, of which total abstinence is a phase, tells its story only too plainly to those who have ears to hear. In whatever form it presents itself—heathen or Christian, Puritan or monastic—it runs much the same course—in a fervent, enthusiastic beginning, working marvellous results; then a slow, gradual declension, arrested from time to time by slow and spasmodic reforms; but at last gravitating irresolutely

to deadness and corruption, or giving way to a wild and horrible reaction of sensuality. It is hard to exaggerate the harm done to the cause of temperance by identifying it with the cause of total abstinence, and denouncing vehemently all who presume to stand up against this usurpation, as lukewarm and half-hearted persons, who preach a lower level because they have not courage to rise to a higher.

(2) But yet another thing is equally clear, that for very many abstinence is comparatively easy, temperance all but impossible. It is so wherever the natural temperament is weak and excitable, which can hold back from the first step, but, if it takes that step, cannot stop. It is so in modes of life where the temptations to intemperance—whether from physical causes or from human influence—are so exceptionally strong, that even the average character can hardly resist them, if once they are allowed a foothold. In both these cases, abstinence may be right as a precaution; within limits, carefully and religiously preserved, it may be advised even to the young. But the cases for which it is especially appropriate are those cases, unhappily to be counted by thousands, where past intemperance has overthrown all self-command and all power and right to use freedom, and has created a diseased craving, which is, as has been said, like a possession by some demoniacal power, incapable, if once excited, of being restrained by any thought of prudence or of right, by any power of conscience or of love. There is, indeed, a stage which many reach, in which it seems as if all self-control (except in lucid intervals) was absolutely lost, and the man becomes truly a madman, for whom the one chance of preserving life and restoring reason lies in physical restraint. But, even short of this, there are very many stages on that road to destruction, at which the one only hope seems to lie in the short, sharp struggle of total abstinence, aided by the encouragement of voluntary association perhaps sealed by a solemn promise before God and man. Thank God! in many and many a case that hope has been realised; and we can point to men, once possessed by the demon of self-indulgence, now “clothed and in their right mind,” restored to all the happiness of life, and “sitting at the feet of Jesus,” in whose name they have been healed.

In such cases as these who could refuse to see the value of total abstinence, and see how signally it has been blessed? Nor can I

doubt that, especially in those who are striving hard against the power of intemperance, it may have its justification for example's sake, on a ground like that taken up by St. Paul to the Romans : "If drink make my brother to offend, I will drink no wine while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." It is not, indeed, strictly reasonable that one who is temperate should have to set to the drunkard the example of an abstinence which he himself does not need, any more than that the physician who is well should be forced to take the remedies which he prescribes for those who are sick. But men are governed not exclusively by reason, but largely by the power of sympathy and the magic force of example. A man who is hesitating to make the one wrench, which shall break once for all the chains of disastrous habit, is constantly encouraged to the great effort—for great indeed it is—by a brother who will say, "I have done it, and it can be done. Follow me, and we will help each other on the right way." If that be so—and those who know the wonderful power of association will hardly doubt that it is so—then no man, whose whole soul is thrown into the work of spiritual rescue of the drunkard, will hesitate for one moment to make the sacrifice—provided always that it be only the sacrifice of taste and comfort, and not a sacrifice of the health and strength by which God's work is to be done. We must honour the thousands who do this every day, and take up a life of abstinence, not for their own but for their brother's sake. But surely they ought to put their teaching by word and by example on the right footing, and refrain from declaring—what we cannot accept as justifiable by reason or Scripture—that abstinence is the higher state, instead of being a rough, sharp remedy for the present distress, and that temperance is a concession to weakness, instead of being the true ideal of humanity and the true image of Jesus Christ.

Perhaps here, as a Churchman, I may be allowed to glance at the work of the Church Temperance Association, which is at last taking up the great cause with a very general support and sympathy, and which is sanctioned by all the leading prelates of the Church of England. I cannot but rejoice to see that, starting at first as a society for simple abstinence, it has now taken a broader and deeper basis ; and, while it still retains the organisation of abstinence for those who need it, it unites in one great crusade against the deadly sin which is destroying its tens

of thousands among us, all who care for temperance as preservative of our true humanity and sonship of God, all who are willing to hear the call to be up and doing in the good cause, all who in this will be "with Christ and not against Him," and who dare not, by apathy or cowardice, "scatter abroad" those whom He would "gather" into the kingdom of heaven. But there are many very practical means, by which battle may be done against the enemy; and to some of these—without attempting an exhaustive treatment of so large and so varied a subject.—I shall hope to call attention in my next paper. Meanwhile I venture to ask for serious thought on the two chief points, on which I have endeavoured to dwell—the call to universal and energetic action in this matter, and the absolute necessity—be the difficulty what it may—of making up our minds as to the true relation of Abstinence to Temperance, and of uniting both principles in the great warfare which lies before us. For on the one hand we can do nothing without an universal effort, and on the other hand, we cannot afford to waste energy by misdirection or internal antagonism.

ALFRED BARRY.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. Apollos Howard, LL.B., M.A.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND INTRODUCTORY.

THE career of this able man is not so well known as it might be to those who, amid great difficulties, are trying to do a work for God not unlike that which he attempted. His personality was far more impressive than his public appearances. He did not shine upon the platform, and his weakness of voice, and delicacy, both of chest and general organization, forbade oratorical triumph, but in the narrow circle of his friends and flock he was loved and honoured much. I am not aware that he was ever asked to preach an anniversary sermon beyond the romantic Yorkshire dale in which he spent the few years of his active ministry. Michaelstone lies hidden from the gaze of the tourist in a *cul-de-sac*. The road to it from the great plain of York follows the winding of a river which has cleaved for itself through the millstone-

grit a noble channel. This in many places is over-hung with rocks, and crested and lined with woods as lovely as those which are reflected on the silvery Wharfe, between Bolton Abbey, Bardon Tower, and Kilnsey Crag. Road and river are occasionally crushed together into a narrow gorge; and here the water tumbles over successive ledges of the rocky bed, and makes wild music to the ferns and ling which exult in the position they have won for themselves among the crannies of the overshadowing hills. Above Whitley the road to Michaelstone leaves the main stream to follow a minor affluent from Deansdale of much less romantic character. The water from the Deanscomb has unfortunately been found useful for dyeing purposes and every drop of it has been utilized. Two or three huge manufactories stride over it at intervals, and the rattle of loom and the unsavoury accompaniments of modern chemical appliances for extracting from coal-tar the colours of the primeval flowers, salute both eye and nostril. Apollos Howard says that the water of what, twenty years ago, was a lovely rill dancing in the sunlight to join the river at Whitley has now the colour of blue ink, and often on a cold damp morning might by the fanciful be said to boil like Phlegethon. Above the factories and the dye-houses the narrow valley opens, and there in a quiet basin nestles the large village of Michaelstone. In the main it consists of dwellings of operatives, but scattered here and there are some houses of much higher pretension. Different members of one large family, whose name we need not reveal, are the owners alike of the mills and dyeing plants, as well as of five of the most pleasant of these houses. Apollos Howard was tempted by the prospect of the co-operation of these good men in his evangelistic work, and by the love of Emily, the eldest daughter of the youngest brother and junior partner in the firm, to accept the pastorate of a Congregational church in this strange retreat from the world. He may have been weak in yielding to this inducement. A pastor related by marriage to the principal well-to-do families in his church and neighbourhood does not always secure the confidence of the poor, sometimes runs the risk of creating a clique in the little community over which he presides, and shortly afterwards becomes afflicted with sore throat, or finds "the sphere" too contracted, or is known to make anxious inquiries about vacant churches. This, however, was not the case with Mr. Howard. His influence did much to create between the employers and the "hands" pleasant and happy relations.

He lived for his people and inspired their affectionate trust. He learned almost as much from them as he was able to teach them. Their quiet endurance of poverty and "short time" during the coal famine and the cotton famine amazed him. When disposed to make mountains of mole hills, and to feel out of sorts with his work, he often cured himself by a fresh round of pastoral visits. At the bedside of dying saints whom he went to comfort and cheer through the dark valley, he caught glimpses of the unseen world which were stronger demonstrations to him of its reality than all the arguments of schoolmen. The departing souls blessed him for his sympathy, and thanked him for his loving advice, but they did so from a higher platform than he had himself reached at school or college. He had taken high degrees at two universities, but he learned more from a young mother whose firstborn he buried in the new cemetery than he was able to teach her. He presided at debates among the young men on many a great theme of morals and polity, on practical theology, and even literary controversy. It was quite clear that he would have made a mistake if he had endeavoured to quench inquiry, or deliver *ex cathedra* the very wise, cut-and-dried opinions which he had labelled and kept ready for utterance. He allowed that the likings and aversions of his young friends in the realms of poetry and philosophy were very instructive to him. He found out how they thought, what they yearned after, what English words meant upon their lips; and he pondered these things, and they bore fruit in his ministry. It is a huge blunder to suppose because people live in the hollows of distant hills, beyond reach of the trunk lines of railways, that they know nothing of the world of thought. Shut out from the confusion of many voices, some of the great voices speak to them loudly and forcefully. Speculation is rife, and even theories are hazarded, and suggestions made which—as Mr. Howard knew—had been raised in the class-rooms of Philo, and of Origen, of Abelard, and of Anselm, of Melancthon, and of Dean Colet. They were phrased differently, but they were the same questions, which the mind must ask when once awakened to know itself. Moreover, quarterly reviews, monthly magazines, "ancient classics," and quaint "reprints" found their way into Deansdale.

Howard learned much from his young wife. Her patience rebuked his impetuosity, and her good sense moderated his emphasis on trifles

and his frequent exaggerations of feeling. Her faith was as an anchor to his soul when the storm of opinion in the world was tossing his bark, and even threatening shipwreck. He knew at times some of the torture of doubt, and he moaned fretfully over the insufficiency of evidence and the multitude of plausible objections which are currently made to the truths most surely believed among us. At times he said, "I cannot preach," "I believe nothing," "all is dark as night," "these hymns, Scriptures, prayers, anthems, creeds, are all unreal to me," and he did make occasionally a very poor affair of his Sunday sermons. I will say this for him, on those dark days he did not preach what he did not believe, but he preached quietly, with an inward fire, what he did see to be true, principles of life and goodness, and their practical application. He would tell people what they ought to do on the supposition of the tremendous truth they professed. He never aired his doubts, he never ridiculed or trifled with sacred beliefs, he never ran a tilt against positions which sometimes appeared to him shadowy and vain. His wife would now and then quietly say to him, "Apollon, your sermons to-day might have been preached in Ur of the Chaldees, before Abraham went to Haran. Has no light broken in upon the darkness since then?" He would see the light in her eyes, while tears filled his own, but he learned much from her. Both he and she learned much from nature. Her father had built a grand new house for himself and his family shortly before their marriage, and invited the young couple to take possession of that in which she had been born. It was situated in the upper portion of the *cul-de-sac*, and the stream which was afterwards tortured and stained and boiled almost burst into being in their garden. This garden of herbs and sweet flowers was the simple decoration of a mountain chine, and every gnarled tree and quiet nook, each bosky recess and gurgling pool had been known to Emily from her childhood. They lived an idyllic existence in this old manor-house, notwithstanding its modern decorations. The library was on the upper floor, and from its windows could be seen the whole of the valley, the castle of Whitley with its ruined keep, and several of the distant fells which almost rival in their picturesque outline the ranges of the Pyrenees. In winter these were often whitened with snow for weeks together, giving a semi-Alpine loneliness to this secluded spot. Alas! those winters were too cruel, though often so beautiful. I am not writing a biography,

or it would be easy though heartrending to tell of the desolation which fell over the manor-house at Michaelstone. The bright, sweet, sanctifying light of this dear home shone for five years only, and then it vanished away.

This precious life, which once linked his heart to earth, now made heaven seem more real to him. Every association with her became a finger-post pointing upwards and homewards. Howard often sat at her feet while she lingered on earth, he now heard her voice sound from out of the great deep of heaven. She taught him much by her life, he learned still more from her death. There was one child born to them before that strange dark day, and his child was his greatest earthly teacher. This little one was the type of the true disciple. He became childlike, and drank anew from the fountains of sunrise. As his child moved in "this world as yet unrealized," so he began in deeper sense than before to recognize more clearly the spiritual world, and to move in it, though it was not yet unveiled to him. He found that in teaching the child he learned new lessons in every region. Her questions sounded the very depths of his nature, and he ceased more and more from himself. At length he found leisure from himself to accept the Divine fulness, to soothe and sympathize more intensely with others, and like Tauler after his silence and tears, began to preach with a strange and new power. Not that crowds thronged to hear him from Whitley or any other towns in the dale, but every Sunday travel-stained pilgrims gathered there from over the hills, and even from distant villages, to hear what he would say to them. He had something very strong and searching to utter with quiet though passionate conviction. He never impressed people with the idea of his greatness or popular power, nor did his friends fear that he would be tempted away to a fashionable watering-place or London suburb. They left his ministrations awed and humbled, and comforted too. God made their hearts soft while they listened, and they went away not thinking of the minister at all, but dwelling much on God and His Word, on the unseen and the eternal. There were some curious elements in the little congregation; one was a Roman Catholic priest, known as Father Sibson, *attaché* of an old Roman Catholic family who had lived at Michael Abbey House for many generations. He said mass for the family and servants, and a few Irish labourers, every Sunday, in a chapel under the roof of the Abbey House. He

found the society of Howard very attractive, and they often communed with each other on the mysteries of divine love which they held in common, and on the holy living that is possible on earth. Strange to say, the venerable man would now and then drop in on a Wednesday evening and sit in the dark shadow of a square pew, and would drink in the teaching of Apollos Howard. It occasioned small surprise, and excited no remark. There was a knot of eager, vulgar infidels who were accustomed to meet at one another's houses and build one another up in their unbelief of God's Word, but they too having been brought up to attend their chapel or church, had generally some representative at Howard's Meeting House. His "place," as it was termed, resembled in one respect a fountain of healing water, by the margin of which men and women of many classes and different creeds are content to drink and do not grudge each other the privilege, nor seek to monopolize it.

Perhaps this peculiar feature of his congregation was due in part to the fact that his "place" was no modern or showy erection, with Gothic arch and tapering spire. It was an old Nonconformist Meeting, that had been erected in the beginning of the eighteenth century—a dark, brick, barnlike structure, with moss-grown tiles. It had neither porch, nor portico, nor ornamental façade, nor coloured glass, nor organ, and the interior was burdened with three heavy galleries; yet withal it was marvellously cosy. The square pews of the better classes were fashioned of old and polished oak, darker than mahogany, and lined with crimson cloth, and every seat was comfortable and well provided with books. The psalmody was hearty and congregational. Some of the old tunes which are now almost forgotten, with repeating lines and abundant melody, were yet in vogue, and they were sung with a will. Howard himself sometimes gave his choir a hymn of rare sweetness, and a tune which suited it, and they gathered tunes which pleased them from all quarters—a most wonderful collection of good and bad, grave and gay; neither did they disdain instrumental harmony, for flutes and violins, trombones, double bass, and violoncello were allowed when Howard first went to Michaelstone, and I am not sure but that they may be heard there still, for it is a primitive place in many ways. I have been accustomed to think lately that the Nonconformist worship and ways of my boyhood

were dead and buried and forgotten, but the report of a recent visitor to Michaelstone has undeceived me.

These simple people, and this composite congregation, with such surroundings and associations, formed the schools and schoolmasters of Mr. Howard's ministry.

After the great affliction through which he passed, his health suffered, and his wife's father and uncles persuaded and enabled him to spend one or two winters in the south of Europe. He rallied and returned to them in a time, but pulmonary mischief and overstrain were doing their insidious work, and he was compelled to fly the northern winter. From his asylum under brighter skies he wrote numerous letters to his loving friends, alike in their sorrows and their joys, their anxieties and their projects. One of his deacons was a man not altogether unknown to a wider circle, Mr. Zachary Bates, F.S.A., a curious compound of fine taste and Yorkshire humour, a student of early and classic poetry, and a passionate antiquarian and collector of curiosities. This good man and true friend, on the lamented departure of Apollos Howard, made a huge effort to collect all the letters written by his pastor during the frequent absences of his later years, and in a wild way had the futile desire to publish them all in a quarto volume on fine paper for the benefit of his orphan child. I had much trouble to persuade him that the venture would be vain and would only make an unnecessary dip into his well-lined pockets. Said he, "There are two thousand ministers among the Congregationalists alone, and all their congregations would be sure to make a present to their pastors of one copy at least"! The quarto copy was made in Zachary's bold hand, and it has occurred to me that the readers of the *EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE* may not be unwilling to read a small selection of these letters. I shall publish those which seem to me to require the least of additional explanation or comment, and will say frankly where I do not altogether agree with Apollos Howard.

H. R. R.

Perhaps I cannot do better than make a commencement by presenting a New Year's greeting which the invalid pastor sent to his people.

BELOVED FRIENDS,

Lausanne, January, 187—

The turn of the year revives my intense desire to be with you. I can easily picture your social gatherings and your solemn

worship. It was well that you held your watch-night service between the years. The few moments that precede the stroke of midnight, when an old year dies, are not more solemn nor more heavily weighted with responsibilities than any other moments of our lives ; for every moment is a dividing line between the eternities, and the way we act and think and feel in it is the judgment which God Himself writes upon our past lives, is the earnest and the type of the way in which we may pass the entire future of our existence. Nevertheless, the close of one year, and the commencement of another, accentuates this judgment upon the past, this prophecy of the future. Religious impressions which have been wrought in us by sorrow or service ; flashes of light which have visited us ; opportunities of self-sacrifice which have been seized or lost for ever ; sins that have been committed and not repented of or forsaken ; deliverances from peril and shieldings from sin, all come up for judgment. We have a great load and unspeakable burden at such seasons to lay before our sympathising, suffering Lord. It is well to take hold afresh of Him in His unchangeable yet awful goodness, to feel with new gratitude that however we may have changed, He is the same. Bowed, awed, prostrate before Him, you were able to take Him at His word ; to receive as yours the amnesty proclaimed from His Cross—to receive it in all its power, to humble you, to accept it as a fire to burn up the evil passions and bad habits of the past. I can hear the sob of penitence breaking into songs of praise. I can realize what you tell me of the rainbow of hope which gleamed on many a tearful face, as the bells and the harmonies of the new year broke a silence which might be felt. The message I send to you from my exile is, that this strain of feeling will be harmful rather than a blessing if you are not carrying on into your life the true evangelic blending of sorrow and joy, of judgment and mercy, of regret and resolution. You have an anxious year before you. It seems as if privation and disease were threatening you. My poor words can only reach you in this imperfect way ; but I know that the whole sum of the sorrow will be immeasurably lightened if every one of you begins at once to bear the burdens of others, and so fulfils the law of Christ. He Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses, and they are thereby transformed from fierce penalties or strange puzzles into gentle, holy discipline. To some extent all sympathy is healing ; but

it must be genuine, and practical, and habitual, or it will only do half its work. My beloved friends, try prayerfully to carry your deepest principles into your daily life, your business, your social relations, your ecclesiastical, municipal, and political duties. If you are called upon to vote for measures or men, to exercise your privileges and rights as Englishmen, do this—make your choice by discovering on which side is the cause of Christ, of purity, of truth, of charity, of righteousness. To what measures, to what men, to what general principles would Jesus of Nazareth have given His approval? Ask this question, and try and answer it. You may easily reply, "Good and Christian men take different views, opposing sides on all these questions. There is so much to be said on both sides that we can only come to a conclusion by acting on much more sublunary principles." Part of the meaning and nature of our free national life is the educating process involved in sifting measures, policies, and men, and in judging them by moral and Christian standards. If Baal be God, by all means serve him; but if Jesus Christ be your Lord, and you feel yourself at His judgment seat, then pull down the altars of Baal. Let not one of them escape. God help you to be faithful.

In these and all other matters go forward into the future of this new year with the resolve and habit of judging all your own conduct by the standard of Christ, and do not discount your failures of principle by the hope of afterwards securing the pardon of your Judge. That egregious mistake is the ghastly practical abuse of Roman Catholic indulgences, and it is rather worse to pronounce a plenary indulgence upon yourself than to have it sealed and delivered to you by others. Such a way of thinking would crucify the Lord afresh, and put Him to open shame.

In conclusion, I will not send special messages to-day, because I can send my heartfelt love to every one of you, to masters and men, to deacons and Sunday-school teachers, and to every one of your families, to the bedridden and the busy—to one and all. The unearthly beauty of the lake and of the range of mountains which is reflected in it, almost drew my soul away this evening, when the sunset glory was reflected from the Savoy Alps. These might have been a vision of the city of pure gold coming down out of heaven to receive us all. This pageant of indescribable splendour has been repeated thousands of times before human eyes looked upon it or

saw its glory, or felt its invitation and its welcome to the home and dwelling of Him who abides ever in the inaccessible light.

Perhaps it is well for us that the glory should fade, that the mountains should look as if they had fainted away, and were sinking into the pallor of death and the darkness of night, and should hide themselves from us. When in this case, and all analogous ones, we are called into the darkness, and bidden to take up our cross and follow our Master even into the shadow of death, let us fear no evil, for He is with us still. My little Emily seemed to think so, for when the strange pallor fell over Mont Blanc, and the sun was hidden behind the Jura, and a cold mist crept over the crimson waters, she clung fast to me and said, "But God will not go away, papa. He is always close to us, in the darkness as well as the light." Will you accept her love as well as mine?

Your affectionate pastor,

APOLLOS HOWARD.

Literary Notices.

Children's Worship. A Book of Sacred Song for Home and School.
Edited by HENRY ALLON, D.D.

The Congregational Psalmist. (Fourth Section.) Tunes for "Children's Worship," by the best composers, ancient and modern.
Edited by HENRY ALLON, D.D. Compressed Score. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Psalmist. A Collection of Tunes, Chants, and Anthems for Public Worship, and for domestic and family use. Published under the editorial superintendence of EBENEZER PROUT, B.A. (J. Haddon and Co.)

This edition of the well-known "Psalmist," edited by Mr. Prout, is a marvel of musical wealth and treasure. The additions here made to a work which in its origin wrought a revolution in Psalmody represent progress and reaction. The feeling is true and almost universal, that congregations yearn for and love beautiful melodies, as well as stately harmonies. The lofty spirit of the German chorale, of the "Gregorian tones," and of the old church symphonies, has been once more compelled to admit the sisterhood of Tyrolese airs and

French melodies. We need the tender as well as the funereal song, the rapturous as well as the sonorous harmony, the ethereal and even playful fancy, as well as the pomp and swell of mighty concords. To this in part we owe the appendices and supplements which have recently appeared to the numerous collections of classic music which in their ascetic exclusiveness satisfied for a brief period the last generation. This reaction, however, does not sanction the introduction of the vulgarities and monstrosities which held wide sway before the publication of the "Psalmist," the "Hallelujah," and the first parts of the "Congregational Psalmist" and "Bristol Tune Book." Mr. Prout has published within the same covers a chant-book of 126 well-selected chants, a fine collection of Te Deums, including Jackson's, at full length, and also 109 anthems, some of which are old favourites, others new and noble.—Dr. Allon, in his latest additions to the "Congregational Psalmist," has, with admirable judgment and untiring sympathy and research, brought together almost everything of real worth which ancient and modern minstrels have produced, and in his 500 tunes has provided for all the peculiar metres in which the spirit of modern sacred poetry revels, we had almost said riots. We are often irritated by the perverseness with which these very peculiar metres are fashioned, and we long to say in the name of the nine muses to some fairly good but not supremely gifted hymn-writers, "Why could not you, with a little more care and pains, bring your musical thought into some closer approximation to existing forms?" Many of these extravagantly complicated arrangements of rather commonplace thought, seem to us to derive their claim to recognition, almost exclusively from their unique and even bizarre form. The patience of the musician, however, keeps pace with the whimsicalities of the hymn-writer. Thus Dr. Allon has found place in his beautiful collection of "Tunes for Children's Worship," for no fewer than 152 peculiar metres, 106 of which are limited to single tunes and solitary hymns. It might be well for some of our industrious poets to set to work and produce a few hymns, of six verses each, to such metres as these—10.11.11.11.12.11.10.11, or 9.11.10.11.9.11, or 13.6.13.6.13.13.13.15.6. They might, like Bernard of Clugny, at the conclusion of their task thank God for the special aid afforded them in the realization of so gracious and difficult a conception. This collection of children's hymns, or of hymns suitable for school, home, or church, is

the most abundant and beautiful *cornucopia* of lovely songs which we have seen. It is delightful to find the old favourites of our childhood, the noblest offerings of the Church in these later days, those which have been made popular by great revival movements, and those which have been dictated by the most loving sympathy with children's faith and worship, or by pure and lofty taste. The compressed score contains 420 tunes for these hymns, the very best of the larger and earlier work here republished and classified by metres, which seems to us a great improvement; while a large number of new and beautiful tunes have been introduced, which will make the volume a deserved favourite wherever young people are being taught that God loves their praise. We have sung through some hundreds of these tunes, old and new—dear melodies which have brought something like tears to our eyes, and others which touched the hearts of thousands when Sankey sang them. We have found the adaptations of Mendelssohn, and Rossini, and Mozart most singable and lovely, and can only express the fervent hope that both hymns and tunes may have a wide circulation and adoption. The anticipated concert of children in the Albert Hall would be enriched and enrapturing if some of these simple tunes—such as “Delft” to “Whither, pilgrims, are you going?” or Schubert's “*Seraphim*” to “Glory, glory to God in the highest,” or Rossini's “*Rochelle*” to “Lift your glad voices”—were sung by ten thousand children. Were we to begin to call attention, however, to all that is peculiarly attractive in this collection, we should exceed our space.

The World of Prayer; or, Prayer in relation to Personal Religion.

By Dr. D. G. MONRAD, Bishop of Holland and Falster, Denmark.

Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Rev. J. S. BANKS, Glasgow. (T. and T. Clark.)

“The World of Prayer” suggests by its very title a rich fund of thought. When we enter this world—which is crowded with eager and active, with dreamy and sentimental worshippers, with those whose faith is trembling and those whose faith removes mountains, with every possible variety of education, age, and condition, which spreads away into the past, and ignoring the river of death, stretches up into heaven where the Hearer of prayer reveals Himself, and the great Intercessor is ever pleading for

His own—we feel that we have begun our eternal life, we see visions, we prophesy, we anticipate the perfect and blessed issues of our regeneration. The excellent Danish bishop who calls us in these pages to enter and apprehend this world of prayer, knows much about it, and has sounded the very depths of the spiritual life. He turns aside to meet with strong assurance of faith many of the difficulties suggested by modern culture, and then, on the fundamental ground of Christian truth, by an examination of the meaning of Christ's prayers and the apostles' prayers, he guides the reader to soul-culture, exposes the hindrances and methods of prayer, and discusses with great simplicity and deep spiritual intuition the exigences of the divine life. We are delighted to welcome a devotional book which is so fresh and strong, free from the sentimentality and unreality of so many works which are based on sacerdotal and sacramental premises.

Alice Bridge of Norwich. A Tale of the Time of Charles the First.
By the Rev. ANDREW REED, B.A. (John F. Shaw and Co.)

Historical novels are difficult to manage. Scrupulous fairness to the numberless characters and principles that emerge in the great epochs of history is almost impossible. This particular period has often been described in the spirit of ecclesiastical bitterness and conservative reaction. Mr. Reed, in this really fascinating story of a Norwich maiden and of her love to one of Cromwell's bravest colonels, has contrived to tell the history of many a great event, the vibrations of which are felt to the present hour. His portraiture of a typical Fleming of vast wealth and resources of all kinds, and of his successful wooing of one of the Queen's maids of honour, is very vivid. Charles and Steenie are photographed with brilliance. The death of the latter is told with amazing spirit. The wars on the Rhine, where Cromwell and Alice Bridge and her lover all alike learn many lessons, are introduced with much effect. The war between the Parliament and the Court, and some of its great battles, the early career of Milton, the home-life of Cromwell, all come in to heighten the interest of the life of Alice. The way in which her father was basely persecuted and exiled by the Bishop of Norwich and his Jesuit clique, leads to the conversion of this famous man to broader and more Scriptural views of Church polity, and quietly recommends that polity to the reader.

The revolting baseness of a Jesuit intrigue and the ubiquitous activity of two utterly unprincipled scoundrels somewhat weary us; but the narrative explains not only the chasm opening between the two parties of the State, but the terrible division it fostered between the members of the same family circle. We heartily commend the volume, not only for its very considerable learning, originality of conception, and special details of East Anglian life, but for its fine sympathies with all that is noblest and grandest in Puritan piety and Christian heroism.—Messrs. Shaw and Co. also send us *Prairie Days*; or, *Our Home in the Far West*. By Mary B. Sleight. A spirited account of family life in the Far West. The children are life-like and will delight young readers who may learn from them how to make home happy in "Old" as well as "New" England.—*Ragamuffins, the Arabs of Love Lane*. By Jessie Sale Lloyd. Describes scenes of vice and misery which are to be found in dark corners of many a country town, and of loving Christian work by which alone they can be relieved.—*Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and others in neither*. By Olive Thorne Miller. Quaint and amusing descriptions of beasts, reptiles, insects, etc., variously distinguished as "The Little Red Storekeeper"; "The Oddest of All"; "A Crusty Family," etc., and well illustrated. The information given is accurate, and the lively style will delight young folks.—"*Rough,*" *the Terrier; his Life and Adventures*. By Emily Brodie. *Only Five; or, Pussy's Frolics in Farm and Field*. By Ismay Thorn. An autobiography, and a delicious little story, either of which will charm very wee children.—*Judy; or, Only a Little Girl*. By Yotty Osborn. Perfect after its kind.

Obituary.

REV. JAMES FLEMING, D.D.

JAMES FLEMING was born at Smallholme, near Kelso, in 1816. His father and mother were plain, simple, God-fearing people. His mother in particular was of eminent piety, and having lost several children before the appearance of her little son James, she devoted this boy to God's service from his birth. Her prayers were answered,

for from his childhood and through life his thought and aim were to serve God and bring men to Christ. He could never remember the time when any marked religious change passed over him. He was a godly child, and to the end he continued a godly man. Among his earliest recollections of home was that of being awakened every Sunday morning by his parents singing together a psalm out of the Scotch version—a memory which could not fail through life to exert a softening and sanctifying influence on him.

His early days were divided between agricultural pursuits and attendance at school. His education, therefore, was just of that simple kind which is common in Scotland; but being a painstaking boy, with a retentive memory, he made good progress in his lessons. The minister of the Relief Church, Mr. McCheyne, was in consequence led to notice him and to give him some further help in his studies. This changed the tenor of his subsequent life. At the age of sixteen he gave up farming, and for several years followed the occupation of a teacher. Whilst engaged in this employment, the invincible desire sprang up in his mind to be wholly devoted to the service of Christ. We cannot doubt that it was the inspiring vision he obtained of our Lord's divine work which enkindled his enthusiasm and awoke his courage; and that the longer he studied that work, and the more clearly he saw its true scope and character, the higher his courage and enthusiasm rose. To follow in the steps of such a Master, to do a work in any way akin to His, became the passionate desire of his youthful heart. Not blindly, therefore, or only with a vague conception of what the ministry involved, but with the example of Christ as his rule, he dedicated himself to this service. In the year 1841 he entered Highbury College, and left it in 1845. He had many fellow-students whose talents and industry would be sure to act on him as a constant stimulus; but his natural tenacity and perseverance, together with his religious devotedness, still more strongly impelled him to be diligent. His tutors commended him for his conscientious assiduity and his solid progress. His comrades honoured him for his uniform consistency and his unquestionable piety; and the churches to which he went to preach during his college course highly valued his scriptural and deeply evangelical discourses.

Two of his vacations he spent at Stanford Rivers, where he became acquainted with Mr. Isaac Taylor and his family, and during

those weeks he in some measure superintended the studies of one of his sons.

Throughout the last year he was in college he was afternoon preacher to the church in Walworth, of which the Rev. George Clayton was pastor. When his course was ended, Mr. Clayton warmly recommended him to Mr. Dawson, of Lancaster, as well fitted to take the oversight of the Congregational Church in that town, then without a pastor. He was in due time elected. With characteristic zeal and persistency he worked in his new sphere, supremely anxious to "make full proof of his ministry."

He remained in Lancaster eight years. There he was ordained and entered on ministerial life; there he married and entered on domestic life. There he won a good name and gathered strength for wider efforts.

He was abundant in labour, both for his own flock and for neighbouring parts of the country. He was one of the secretaries of the Chester Conference, where all present appeared to receive a new and special baptism of the Holy Spirit—a baptism the effects of which abode with him to the end of his life. Notwithstanding this, many of his friends have always felt that his partial adoption of the views of the "Higher Life," more recently promulgated, was matter for regret. With added zeal and intensity he threw himself into his work, and was greatly honoured in winning souls to Christ. He connected with his other labours a new service, that of training students whose early education had been neglected, and preparing them for their classes in College.

In 1853 he removed to Kentish Town, where he laboured for nearly twenty-six years. There his love to God's house and his diligence and earnestness in preaching the Word were more than ever manifest. Wherever the Master might be expected, though unseen, to be present, there he was found—with the sufferer in his wearing pain; with the dying in his anxious forebodings, or his holy peace, or his exulting hope; with the bereaved in his sore sorrow; with the heavy-laden in his weary cry for rest; with the heedless in his rash unconcern for the future; with the ignorant, the depraved, the despised, the forsaken, in their recklessness or their wretchedness—there he was, to offer the Gospel as the cure for all spiritual ills, the only means of safety and comfort and life. Space would fail us to describe

the diversity of plans he adopted, the organizations he set on foot, the services he carried on, the ever-fresh methods he tried. Only a constitution of iron strength, a frame of closest fibre and texture, could have borne the constant strain ; and, hardy as he was, even he succumbed at last. For some few years his increasing attenuation, his worn look and stooping posture indicated what the end would be if he did not relax. But it was not in him to relax. He ceased work for a time, but never long enough to get fully rested, and so death put an end to the service which he would neither abandon nor abate while life or breath remained.

For this he was greatly honoured. His brethren honoured him, for they felt that "in labours he was more abundant than they all." His flock honoured him, for they knew that he was sacrificing his life for them. The whole neighbourhood honoured him as a man who acted out his convictions, and laboured with a zeal which was worthy of his sentiments ; and showed their appreciation of his worth by their presence and respectful grief as good men carried him to the grave, and devoutly thanked God for him. And the Father honoured him, and upheld him to the last. He enabled him to meet death without a cloud of regret or alarm, and in that testing hour to say, "I am drawing near my end. I die in the faith I have preached, I have no fear for the future, I shall soon see Him whom I have loved." His work and his church still filled his thoughts. His work and his church were the last things of which he spoke ; and now he has received a loftier honour. He rests from his labours and is with his Lord. The Father has called him up higher, and has made him exceeding glad with the light of His countenance. He has raised him to the throne of glory and given him the crown of life.

J. O. H.

Managers' Meeting.

THE next Half-yearly Meeting of the Managers of THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE will be held at Carr's Restaurant, 265, Strand, on Tuesday, the 20th instant, at one o'clock precisely.





THE "ELLENGOWAN" OFF GARDEN ISLAND, SYDNEY.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—The “*Ellengowan*.”

BY THE REV. S. MACFARLANE.

THE engraving on the opposite page is a correct representation of our well-known missionary steamer *Ellengowan*, as she now appears since the repairs and alterations in Sydney. She is nearly one hundred feet long, and eighty-six tons measurement, although only thirty-six tons register. She can steam, under favourable circumstances, eight knots per hour, and when there is a fair wind can go even faster under sail than by steam. Our average speed is about five and a half knots. We use wood fuel as much as possible, but are obliged to burn a little coal with the wood to keep up the steam. The wood is cut and stacked by willing natives under the superintendence of our native teachers at different stations, for which we pay them in articles of trade. For getting small quantities of coal we are indebted to both the Eastern and Australian and the Australian Steam Navigation Mail Companies, who supply us at about half the usual cost.

The crew of the *Ellengowan* consists of four Europeans and seven natives. There is a captain and his mate who navigate and keep the vessel and boats in good order. Then there is an engineer and his mate who attend to the engine and boiler, keeping them also in good working condition. There are three Chinamen—a cook, steward, and assistant fireman—and four South Sea islanders, whose language we know, and who are well acquainted with the habits, manners, and customs of most of the people of New Guinea with whom we have to do, which is a matter of great importance to us in our pioneering work. These men are dressed alike in simple uniforms, having *Ellengowan* printed in gilt letters on the ribbons of their straw hats, of which they are quite proud, and in which they look exceedingly well.

If the *Ellengowan* could speak she would have a most eventful history to relate. Built in Norway, of that tough Swedish iron which is almost as

good as steel, she was employed for some time as a passenger boat on one of the rivers ; afterwards she was purchased by Sir Percy Shelley and fitted up as a yacht. Arriving at the Isle of Wight when the Directors were looking about for a small steamer for the New Guinea Mission, their attention was directed to her as being just the vessel they required for pioneering work in their new mission, and she was bought, repaired, and equipped for the noble work of introducing the blessings of Christian civilization to the largest, darkest, and most neglected island in the world.

The Directors had well considered the question of steam for this new mission. We had made a prospective voyage, and had learnt much about the place and the people. The unsurveyed nature of the coast and rivers ; the reefs, currents, sandbanks, and mud-flats ; as well as the savage, cannibal, and treacherous character of the natives ; and, above all, the exceeding unhealthiness of the climate, pointed to the necessity of steam power, not only to enable us to avoid dangers in navigating and collisions with savages unacquainted with our benevolent work, but also to enable us to move about rapidly amongst our stations, removing those in danger from the climate or the natives to our cities of refuge.

Miss Baxter, of Dundee, generously offered to provide so necessary a part of our equipment for this great and important work, and the name of her residence (Ellengowan) was given to the vessel, which steamed from London to New Guinea, through the Suez Canal, in 1874, to commence her difficult and dangerous work.

Arriving at Torres Straits after so long a voyage, her tube plates had to be repaired, and fortunately H.M.S. *Challenger* was there at the time. Captain Nares very kindly and promptly sent boiler-makers from his vessel to do the work, so that no delay was caused. She then began her mission in Torres Straits, and along the coast of New Guinea, where she has earned so distinguished a place amongst missionary ships by her real pioneer missionary work, and also by her valuable additions to our knowledge of geography and natural history.

Having visited the stations in Torres Straits and the adjacent mainland of New Guinea, where the mission was commenced by our Loyalty Island teachers in 1871, also the stations amongst the lighter coloured tribes in the vicinity of Port Moresby, where the mission was begun a year later by the teachers from Eastern Polynesia, amongst whom Mr. Lawes settled, we were soon brought face to face with the fever of the country, which we encountered at every point. None escaped—teachers, missionaries, and the vessel's crew all suffered, and we had, at times, sad scenes on the deck of the *Ellengowan*. Teachers, wives, widows, and children, prostrate

with fever, have been carried to the boats and conveyed to the vessel, and their lives saved by being removed to our sanatorium for a time. Had there been no such retreats for those labouring on the mainland and islands near the Fly River, instead of having to record but one death amongst the eight Loyalty Island teachers with whom we commenced the mission in 1871, the probability is that all would have become victims to that terrible fever which has carried off so many elsewhere.

Finding the coast so unhealthy we determined to ascend the rivers by means of our little steamer, in search of suitable localities for the establishment of a mission in the interior, in accomplishing which the *Ellengowan* proved of immense service. We were the first Europeans who ascended the Baxter and Fly Rivers, the former for *ninety* and the latter for *two hundred and sixty miles*. Never had a European vessel or boat been seen in these waters. The honour of opening up these highways to the interior fell to the *Ellengowan*; and, although the natives on several occasions came out in their canoes to attack us, we managed to conciliate or frighten them away, preventing any collision, and accomplishing our object without injuring any one; succeeding also in establishing a friendly feeling with some of the tribes on our way down the river, and making known to them the real object of our visit.

It was well that we had impressed them with a sense of our superiority whilst going up the river, and with our friendly feeling in coming down; else when we stuck on a sandbank and broke our shaft *ninety miles* from the mouth of the river, opposite a large village whence they had come out to attack us on our way up, we should probably have had an unpleasant meeting with the fleet of canoes that surrounded us.

We have stuck on reefs and sandbanks seven or eight times, but have never sustained any injury except on the occasion alluded to up the Fly River.

Unable to find high land up the rivers, we sought more healthy localities along the coast towards East Cape, discovering many valuable harbours, bays, islands, rivers, and good anchorages (which have been made known to the authorities and placed on the new charts), naturally supposing that as we approached the end of the South-East peninsula the country would be less sickly, but sad experience has taught us that it is about as sickly there as in the Gulf.

The Directors have expressed their admiration of the excellent work which the *Ellengowan* has accomplished. Indeed, she seems to have exceeded the highest expectations of all who have taken an interest in and watched her movements. May she long be preserved to carry on her noble and difficult work in New Guinea.

II.—The Central African Mission.

THE missing mails from Ujiji, to which reference was made in our last number, have at length been delivered in London. They reached the Mission House on Monday, December 15th. Their dates are, February 25th, April 16th, and May 27th, and they place the Directors in possession of the events which have occurred in connection with the Central African Mission, covering a period extending to upwards of four months. When Mr. HORE penned his letter of February he was aware that the road eastward was blocked. That letter was consequently brought back to him, and was again despatched, together with his communication of April. Owing to the failure of the caravan of M. Debaize, a French traveller, the post bag was for the second time taken back to Ujiji. In the month of June, as a last resource, Mr. Hore entrusted the above-mentioned despatches, to which he added another, dated May 27th, to five veteran postmen attached to Mr. H. M. STANLEY'S expedition. By these trusty messengers the important documents were safely conveyed to Zanzibar, and thence transmitted to England. Although a telegram, already made public, has prepared the Society's constituents and friends for these letters, their contents will, we feel sure, be perused with keen interest. Thursday, March 27th, was the date of the Rev. A. W. DODGSHUN'S arrival at Ujiji; and on that day week, viz., April 3rd, our brother, as has, alas! been the case with other travellers, died from exhaustion consequent on the fevers of the country. His colleagues, Messrs. HORE and HUTLEY, possessing mutual confidence and working in entire harmony, have, in their respective departments, carried out the Directors' plans and objects with much efficiency and success. Neither of our brethren has suffered to any extent from the climate; provisions are plentiful and good; the market is open, the people are friendly, and there is every reason to hope that, with time and patience, the Wajiji will become accessible to Christian teaching. The details of Mr. Dodgahun's last hours, apart from the weary months that have intervened since the first announcement of his death, possess in themselves so mournful an interest that, without observing chronological order, our first quotation is made from Mr. Hore's letter of April 16th:—

"It has again become my painful duty to report a sadly eventful day in the history of our Mission—our brother Dodgahun has been taken from us, after only a week's stay here. We had long been looking forward to his arrival as bringing new strength and companionship into our work. He died quite suddenly (I believe of perforation of the stomach), on Thursday, April 3rd, at noon, just seven days after his arrival. From the second day after his arrival here he

was unwell, but there was no appearance of anything serious. I attributed his symptoms, all of which, with many others, I have frequently experienced in the weakness following fevers, to that cause, and I think he did so himself.

"Half an hour before his death he said he felt better. As far as I know, Dodgshun had suffered no very serious illness whilst with Broyon, but has very frequently had 'a little fever' and various small ailments. He described himself to me as being, during his solitary journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji, very languid and depressed, with frequent headaches and great weariness. For two days after he got here, he had fever, what appeared to be quite the ordinary, not a violent, kind, and lay down a good deal, but came with us to the *shauri* which we held with the Arabs the day after his arrival. He continued this way up to the following Tuesday, with what I did not suppose to be anything more than ordinary fever, doctoring himself, and every day doing a little towards putting his things to rights and consulting with me on mission matters. On two nights he took a dose of Dover's powders by my advice. On Tuesday, he and I together looked over all the stores, that he might take charge of them; and we made plans together as to our future movements—viz., that he should take charge of the station, and I should go about my work on the Lake. On Wednesday he was just what we call 'seedy,' and complained of nausea and of a strange feeling inside. That afternoon he took a short walk with me, at his own proposal, just outside the town. In coming home, he said he thought the fever was coming on again, and lay down; he did not join us at the dinner-table, but had some arrowroot and milk by himself. In the evening, about nine p.m., nothing seemed unusual about him. I retired to my room, and he shut the front door after me. On Thursday morning he was very thirsty, and took some more of the milk pudding. Just after breakfast, he complained of nausea, and said he thought he had better have an emetic. I accordingly mixed and gave him one, but it had no effect. Soon afterwards I gave him another dose of salt at his own request, followed by warm water, but also with no effect. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Hutley came and said, 'You had better come to Mr. Dodgshun; I think he is getting very bad.' I mixed up a strong dose of chlorodyne, but he seemed stupefied and helpless, and his jaws were so closed that I could not get him to take it: as I held the glass to his lips, he said, in a dreamy kind of way, 'That medicine smells very nice,' but made no effort to take it. He then became insensible, and passed away quietly, as one falling asleep. I could not tell the exact moment of death. As soon as I found he could not take the medicine, I adjusted him comfortably, and, finding his extremities cold, applied a jar of hot water to his feet, and, heating a flannel garment, rubbed him till all hope was gone. After the first shock of pain, just after he vomited (which was about ten minutes before death), I think he felt no more.

"This is indeed a blow to us; but much more must it be so to friends at home. There never seem to be any 'last words' before death among African travellers; but Dodgshun was *ready*, and there are some most comfortable words in his diary recorded on two or three occasions, when he thought death was near, which will be precious to all to whom his memory is dear. His faith was simple, and therefore powerful, that the blood of Christ was for him a robe of righteousness, glorious and acceptable. As you may imagine, every mournful duty had to be performed by my own hands; everything that Christian friendship could dictate was done decently and in order. Mr. Hutley made a coffin, chiefly of packing-case wood

which I covered with canvas, and affixed a plate of tin inscribed with nitric acid. I asked the Roman Catholic missionaries if they or either of them would accompany us ; but they politely said 'it was not their custom ;' so we walked to Kigoma with only the twelve slaves whom Nassour had sent to us as carriers, and Mr. Dodgshun's little boy, Sambo. The grave was dug close beside Mr. Thomson's, at Kigoma. I had been long looking forward with great pleasure to Mr. Dodgshun's arrival here. I considered I was holding *his* mission station until he should arrive, and kept this in view in all the domestic and mission arrangements. Mr. Dodgshun had been just two years travelling, and while with Broyon I fear both health and spirits suffered much. He was frugal in his diet to a fault, and constantly partook of the matama flour, which every one else found injurious."

The first question asked of parties arriving at Ujiji has reference to "news of the road." Down to the end of November, 1878, intelligence was favourable, the chiefs were reported to be friendly, and Mirambo and the Arabs as being at peace. On the 24th January of the present year four French priests arrived, and reported that while crossing the Marenga Mkali they were attacked by robbers, who carried off twenty loads of goods, and killed two of their men. Further difficulties arose when M. Debaize subsequently passed over the same road ; and it was reported that Mirambo had declared war against the Arabs on account of some natives having been taken prisoners and delivered to the Governor of Unyanyembe. The following version is given by Mr. Hore as "rumour and hearsay, which generally contains some truth, if it can only be sifted out":—

"The Arabs and Waswahili here are agreed (their source of information being chiefly their own men from Unyanyembe with the Frenchmen) that the Arabs and Mirambo are *not* at war ; that the chief accountable for the stoppage of the road is one whom Mirambo would be glad to see weakened ; that the Governor of Unyanyembe is simply 'clearing the road ;' and that if both the Governor and Mirambo *are* gone to the war, it is as allies for this purpose. All rumour comes to us through the Arabs, so we may call it Arabs' news. They confirm exactly the Frenchmen's news as to the murder of the white men, and add that the Arab was also attacked, but not before he had so fortified himself in a boma that he was able effectually to resist the robbers. The Governor of Unyanyembe is keeping everybody in Unyanyembe for strength, the Frenchmen's being the last caravan allowed to depart."

The population of Ujiji is composed of three classes—the natives of the country, who are styled Wajiji ; Arabs, and Waswahili, both of the latter being included under the term Colonists. The position of the Mission in regard to these three classes possesses undoubted importance and interest. The presence of Arabs and Waswahili is, we regret to find, a greater hindrance to missionary work than was at first anticipated.

"In an underhand way," writes Mr. Hore, in February, "they thwart us at every step, and ever with the plea of loyalty to the Sultan and anxiety for

our safety, who have been committed to their care. Under the plea that the Sultan has asked for us their protection they tie us up on every hand, and are so stupid that they encourage and join with the natives in protesting against our doing anything different to what Stanley or Cameron did. For instance, just now they have prevented me getting the services of Parla and two Wajiji boatmen (the men themselves being desirous to go), because I wish to make several short voyages, instead of one long one like Cameron or Stanley; not that I believe that to be their real reason, for I can see through nearly all their moves, which are, however, none the less hindrances. Indeed, so grossly ignorant are they, except two or three real Arabs, that were I a staunch Mohammedan and a slaver, and desirous of undermining missionary projects, I would most heartily abuse them. Of the seven men we have got, the result of the proof of long service is this, that, except Faragalla, who is invaluable, I do not like to have one of them out of my sight. After much *shauri* I have now engaged the services of two Wangwana here for the boat; one is Fundi Rehani, who killed one of his comrades in Stanley's caravan at Kagehi; the other has been some time in Arab service."

Again, under date April 16th, Mr. Hore writes:—

"Muniyi Heri, the so-called Lewali of this place, is away on a trading expedition to Uvira; he went away January 6th, and will probably not be back here for another six weeks. During the absence of Muniyi Heri, one Assani (his secretary) is supposed to act as his representative. This rascal, for he is nothing else [see, 'Across Africa,' vol. I., pp. 367—371], is one of the most bigoted and ignorant of the Waswahili, and by his coarseness and barely disguised villany has rendered himself extremely obnoxious to us. There are some three or four Arabs here who, although they seem to allow this man to retain the position of official leader, cannot in justice be considered to be represented by him; they are friendly with us, but shy of taking any independent action. These men are, apparently, above any ambition for the petty show of office, being willing that such men as Assani should take the attendant responsibilities along with the coveted bigness of official position.

"One Abdulla-bin-Suliman, of Kasimbo, a respectable old Arab, has most markedly kept out of the whole business: and with the Governor and Arabs at Unyanyembe Mr. Dodgshun was on the best of terms. I quite believe that were the leaders of the Ujiji community real Arabs, such as are at Unyanyembe, we should have had no trouble here. These Waswahili, in their ignorance, will not believe but that we are agents for the suppression of the slave trade, and for otherwise spying out and reporting their wrong-doings, and that by the hoisting of our flag we shall become possessed of some mysterious power which will be their ruin."

Mr. Dodgshun brought with him to Ujiji, on his arrival there in March, letters addressed to the Mission by the Directors, and by Dr. Kirk; also a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar to Muniyi Heri and the other Arabs of Ujiji, requesting them to permit the missionaries to acquire land or property as might be needed, and not to hinder them in their work.

"I requested the Arabs to assemble," adds Mr. Hore, "that I might deliver these letters to them to be opened before everybody concerned. This being quite in accordance with their way of doing things, they assembled the next

day, and I produced the letters. I said to them, 'When we first arrived here we told you the purpose for which we had come, and assured you of our desire to be friends with you; we have now been here for seven months, placed under restrictions by you which have much hindered us, in consequence of your not crediting our statements; but, not wishing to make any trouble, we have patiently waited for these letters, which we now hope will assure you that we have been speaking the truth.' After the letters had been read, the meeting was adjourned at the request of the Arabs that they might consult together, and also, they said, with the Wajiji. The tenor of Dr. Kirk's letter is to this effect, viz., it requests the Arabs that, should we require to build a house, &c., or get a piece of land to build upon and make *shambas*, they should not hinder us from so doing by such restrictions as they have hitherto placed upon us. They take it, however, to mean that now, in addition to being committed to their care, they are also requested to find for us a house and *shamba*; they also consider that our position is not one of freedom, with their assistance should it be required, but that we are committed to them, and therefore should do as they tell us and not as we wish to do. This is, of course, all a piece of acting on their part, but that is the position they assume.

"During the seven months of our stay here we have done much towards making friends with the natives; they have closely observed us, and admit that they can see nothing bad; but the influence of the Arabs is so powerful that they, the Wajiji, are afraid to make any definite negotiations with us apart from the Arabs.

"We have carefully cultivated the friendship of the local chief, or Mteko-Abe, and he is only prevented from being openly our friend by the influence above-mentioned."

"My invaluable man, Faragalla, can now talk Kijiji, and the Wajiji are now beginning to see the force of our words: 'We are not children to want the Arabs to speak for us; we want to speak face to face with you.' The Wajiji say, 'We like these white men, although we have not yet had much dealings with them, and the Wajiji, since they have been here, have been able to go to and fro to the market without being molested, and we see by their cloth that these Arabs have been palming off rubbish upon us.'"

The Wajiji expect tribute from all comers, as will be seen from the following paragraphs. The English missionaries, however, have secured a place in their regard which contrasts favourably with their feelings towards their Arab visitors, and which augurs well for the success of the former in their efforts to bless them both for time and eternity:

"The Arab merchants arriving here pay hongo to the Wajiji; we have paid this hongo, amounting in our case to twenty-eight cloths. The demand was made very gently, and the same good-will expressed after payment as if it had been a present. When asked for our words and as to what we wanted in the country, we told them that we required nothing from them except that they would be our friends; that they would look at us with their own eyes and judge us accordingly; and that, as strangers come peaceably to their country, they would give us a place to live.

"They said, 'Those are very good words;' and especially about the eyes, 'The words are very good;' and about the place to live, 'Yes, certainly, but'—then there is always a hesitation and murmuring about the Arabs, and hints that

we must wait a little and be 'pole-pole,' &c. As to their children, 'Yes, when you get settled we will bring you our children to be taught; that is very good, and these Arabs have never offered to do that; but we cannot give up our slaves to you, which we understand is the chief thing you want'!! This last slander has had more effect on them than anything else.

"However, I am sure we are gradually getting a hold upon the Kijiji affections, and, though it will be a matter of time and probably some expense, with God's help His work will, ere long, flourish in this poor dark country. I have carefully studied the method of treating both Arabs and natives with a due regard to economy without meanness—and this requires a sharp looking after, for the Arabs would have us pay dearly for what they get themselves for next to nothing."

Another question intimately connected with the opening up of the Mission is that of the traffic in slaves. The details given below place this matter in a clear light:—

"The slave trade at Ujiji is merely a small local affair—slaves captured in war, &c., amongst surrounding tribes, and passed from hand to hand, till they finally come to a stand in some Arab's *shamba*: this used to be done in the market, but since we came here, it has all been kept out of sight. Once only some Wajiji offered us a slave for sale as they passed by our *tembe*. The traders owning these domestic slaves have from twenty to one hundred of them (I think Muniyi Heri reaches the larger number); they are their domestics, boatmen, carriers, bodyguard, and cultivators, and, of course, form the principal population of the place, filling up with huts the spaces between their masters' larger houses.

"Slavery amongst the natives is another matter. The Wajiji are great slave holders, slaves being as common as domestic servants at home; but no great numbers are owned by individuals as among the Arabs. A common present between chiefs is one or two slaves, and Mirambo sends small parties from time to time to buy both slaves and ivory. When the Portuguese and Arab slave trades are crushed out, or nearly so, we shall see and more fully realise the extent of native slavery, or slave customs, which cover the continent through its length and breadth. The former will have cost an immense outlay of the power and influence of civilised Europe ere it is swept away. The latter will take years of faithful mission labour to eradicate.

"To fulfil my promise to an Arab, to whom I said, 'We do not want to buy except for our own use; but I will send your words to England,' I add these few lines:—

"The Arabs say, 'If the white men will come here and buy, we will grow as much sugar and rice, and spice and oil, &c., &c., as they want, and would much rather get our money in that way, than in dangerous [and, as they admit one by one privately, *illegal*] slave hunting.'

"I keep telling them that the slave trade is dying out, and they had better look to something else before they are left in the lurch."

We trust that ere this Messrs. Hore and Hutley have been joined at Ujiji by the Rev. W. GRIFFITH and Dr. SOUTHOX. The two former brethren have gained considerable experience with regard to the character of the people, the capabilities of the country, and the best methods of carrying on mission work. A division of labour agreed upon between them has worked

will, and the ability of each is manifest. When anticipating a journey in search of Mr. Dodgshun, Mr. Hore writes of his colleague: "Mr. Hutley will be able to 'hold the fort' while I am gone; mission work would not be hindered; besides, Mr. Hutley is a far better linguist than myself." Turning to the question of provisions and stores, our brother observes:—

"Food continues cheap and plentiful; the market is a great blessing—it fluctuates frequently, but the cause can generally be seen; a recent rise in prices was caused by the sudden arrival of several caravans of ivory from Manyema. We are doing a little better with the garden just now. One of our new men formerly worked in an Arab's garden, and under his advice and care we have onions now coming up, and some of the seeds from Cape Colony are showing signs of life. We have a good plot of sweet potatoes. The vegetable called nyumbo—mentioned by Livingstone as being very wholesome—is now procurable in the market; we find them very good and much like potatoes; in shape and size they are like good-sized long radishes with blunt tails, in colour and texture like English potatoes, but stringy outside. Good beef is not procurable. Fish, fowls, and goat's flesh are plentiful; also eggs and butter.

"Having a good supply of sugar we have tried preserving, and succeeded very well with lemon marmalade and jam of bananas and guavas. Mr. Hutley has acquired the art of bread-making, and we occasionally have an excellent loaf. We both find the maize meal wholesome; it is capable of being made into a variety of puddings. If I were asked of what am I in want in the shape of food, I would say, first, cabbages; second, rhubarb: and lo, only to-day, Mr. Hutley tells me that some savoy cabbage seeds are showing signs of life! so we may yet, with care, obtain several of the English vegetables, which beat anything in this country, with all its luxuriance.

"Wheat planting begins in a few days, at which we shall also have a try. I think it probable we shall be able to procure 'whole-wheat meal' from Unyanyembe in the season at a reasonable price. Men who know the roads in the forest go to Unyanyembe in eight days; this seems to us very near."

On his settlement at Ujiji Mr. Hore hired a small vessel, which he named the *Calabash*, and fitted it up with such appliances as were necessary for exploring L. A TANGANYIKA and its adjacent rivers. In this vessel our brother has since made several voyages. Respecting the work, he reports:—

"After writing my letter dated February 25th, I made a voyage on the Lake. I was eight days away exploring the coasts of Ujiji, Ukaranga, and Ukawendi, and the Malagarasi and Kibwe Rivers, and we got past the dreaded Kabogo without the usual offering to the demon and his wife, though my men demonstrated with me that it was a headstrong proceeding.

"A few days after despatching the mail of April 19th, I started on another voyage, and was twenty-eight days away—returning on the 22nd May. I visited Uguhha, and explored the mouth of the Lukuga River, which I now announce to be the veritable outlet of the Lake.

"I descended the river in a canoe as far as where the Mitwanse (which is now swept away) used to be, and landed at Stanley's farthest. I then walked for six hours good, and mounted the Kijanga ridge, which is farther down river than

Stanley places it ; here I slept—getting latitude by stars, and good bearings, and had a glorious bird's-eye view of the river from above where I landed far into Urua. It is a wide and very swift river.

"I cannot possibly give you a full account of my visit to Uguhha, but I will tell you that I have made, I think, good friends of the Sultan and his nephew (his successor), and, if the Directors are prepared to form another station, which includes, though to a very much smaller extent, the Arab-resident element, here, at any rate, is one eligible place. Uguhha, by general consent, is the gateway from Tanganyika to the West.

"There is no harbour here, so I have to keep the 'calabash' either in the mouth of the Liuche River or in the inlet at Bangwe ; the latter is the better and safer place, but involves a walk of nearly six miles to reach it.

"I have great trouble with my sailors, who of course are *not* sailors. On one occasion, I was close off Cape Kiungwe. About two a.m., pitch dark, a heavy squall burst on us from the northward, with sheets of rain. I could not see one foot in front of my eyes. This lasted for two or three hours, the boat sweeping along at a great rate without a stitch of canvas, and a nasty foaming sea. All six men became perfectly helpless, and huddled together inside the cabin. The good little binnacle, however, kept the compass-lamp burning, and by it only I knew where to steer ; had it gone out, none of them could have put it to rights. I could not possibly let go the tiller ; they were perfectly unable to work the paddles had they been required, and it was only after roaring myself hoarse at them that I could rouse them to bale the water out. When they get home they strut about with a little cane in their hands, and boast of their sailorising."

We cannot better close the present series of Extracts than by inserting, for the encouragement of all friends interested in the Central African Mission, the following hopeful words from one of Mr. Hore's latest communications :—

"I trust," he writes, "no one will call this mission disastrous, or condemn Ujiji hastily as unhealthy. It is certainly much healthier than Zanzibar, and both Mr. Hutley and myself were never more persistent in our determination to go on. Certainly we want more help, but the work is *going on*. We are living down native prejudices and suspicions, and the lies of slanderers. We will slacken no effort to carry on this work ; and I am speaking, not at home, but in the midst of the work and its difficulties. May God induce His stewards to do their part, and see in the vacant spaces of the ranks only cause for new and earnest effort. I commenced this letter with but mournful news ; I desire to close it with an expression of thankfulness to God for what health and strength and success He has given us, and with an earnest appeal to all missionary hearts to apply their means and strength with renewed vigour to this work, and to be assured that, however cavillers may talk of disaster, there is no despondency here."

On the eve of going to press the Directors have received a telegram from the Society's agents in Zanzibar, to the following effect :—"The Rev. W. GRIFFITH and Dr. SOUTHWELL arrived at UJJI on the 23rd September ; all well."

III.—Matebele Country—Hope Fountain.

HOPE FOUNTAIN is one of a group of six stations extending some five hundred miles north of the KURUMAN, and forming the Society's mission in CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA. Together with INYATI, it forms the MATEBELE branch, the most northerly of that mission, and extending within a few days' journey of the VICTORIA FALLS. The mission at INYATI was commenced in 1859, and that at HOPE FOUNTAIN in 1871. Present missionaries at Hope Fountain, Revs. C. D. HELM and J. COCKIN.

In 1870, two years after the death of the well-known Matebele Chief MOSELIKATSE, his successor LUPENGULA, with a portion of the people, left Inyati for a new location some fifty miles to the southward. It was at this period that the Society's mission station was formed at HOPE FOUNTAIN. As its name indicates the town is well supplied with water, while its situation in a valley lying at right angles with the ocean renders it remarkably healthy; indeed the climate may be described as temperate rather than tropical. Apart, however, from its physical features, the locality is admirably adapted for a mission station, being surrounded by native kraals which, although taken separately are but limited in extent, when taken in the aggregate form a considerable population within reach of missionary work and influence. All the reports which have reached this country respecting the Matebele tribes concur in describing them as being in the lowest stage of moral and spiritual degradation. The most recent testimony is from the Rev. JOSEPH COCKIN, who left England in the year 1877. He says, "They are cruel, cowardly, with exceptions, treacherous, grossly superstitious, lustful, and lazy, beyond anything I have seen among the other tribes through which I have passed." Equally uniform, alas! are the statements of our brethren as to the difficulty of obtaining a lodgment for the seeds of Divine truth in this hard and uncultivated soil; hence the apparent unproductiveness of missionary labour as hitherto carried on in Matebele-land. The outlook, however, is not entirely dark; already there are indications that the night of toil will ere long be followed by the dawn of a brighter day for these African tribes. The aspect in which they at present stand with regard to the Gospel can be best understood by a description of their numerous superstitions.

"The first thing which struck me," writes Mr. Cockin, "was the absence of amulets and charms. I have inquired about this. One native assured me that the Amandebele never use them about their persons. But one man who came to the station had a lion's claw fastened by a string round his neck. He told me he wore it so that he might shoot straight. Certainly their use is much less than amongst the Bakwena and Bamangwato. Their faith in witchcraft is unbounded. Scarcely a Leswena—slaves who formerly occupied all this country

—visits the place, bringing in rice, tobacco, and mats for sale, who has not a set of four pieces of wood rudely carved. These he uses as dice or as cards to tell fortunes, discover thieves, &c. The Amandebele do not understand how to use them, but they place great faith in the Amaswena (Mashona). More terrible in its practical results is their faith in *loyaing*—bewitching—and at present it is having full swing. The people have destroyed almost all the Amaswena kraals for some distance by their cruel, bloodthirsty raids. Latterly some of the kraals attacked have shown fight; and being many days away, and the towns denser, the Amandebele are becoming afraid to go there so much. Cattle and sheep and slaves not coming in so freely now from these distant raids, the people are constantly bringing accusations of bewitching against those who have collected a few cattle. I am told—but for this I cannot vouch—that not a day passes without some one in the country being put to death on this account. This I know, that a short time ago Cokotwayo, the king's brother-in-law, being ill, brought this charge against a number of people in his own town and in neighbouring kraals. The result was that nine people were beaten to death, and another would have met the same fate had he not taken time by the forelock and fled. Another great case is now being argued before the king and two indunas. It commenced about a stolen hammer; since then snakes, crocodiles, and all the other ingredients of a genuine witchcraft have been brought into the case. Soon the isanusa or witch doctor will be called in to smell out the amaloya or wizards, and then it will be killing.

“Certain snakes—harmless—are termed *amahlozi*; they are of different colours and sizes, but they are regarded as beneficent spirits, and the people treat them with reverence. A characteristic incident occurred a few months ago. A trader being about to leave the country was packing up his goods. In doing so, he came across a thin greenish snake about eighteen inches long. This he immediately killed. The natives were very indignant about it, and complained to the king. ‘Alley has had an *inhlozi* in his house. All these months it has been taking care of him, and now when he is going away, the ungrateful fellow has killed it.’ ‘Yes,’ said the king, ‘it is so, but these Amakiwa (Englishmen) don’t know any better, poor fellows.’ Natives always like a pool of water out of which they have seen a snake come. On the other hand there is scarcely anything they dread more than to be bitten by a crab, as such are sure, so they say, never to have children. About a mile or a mile and a half to the East of Gubuluwayo—the chief town—there is a very striking, flat-topped, isolated mountain, named ‘Intaba Yenyoga,’ or the snake mountain. As there is nothing, so far as I can see, in the shape of the mountain to suggest that name, I have very little doubt that it is regarded as in some peculiar manner the home of the snake spirit. Certain it is that there is a superstition connected with the mountain. When it is raining no native will point towards it, for if they do, they say, the rain will stop and cold will come. All the cold comes from there. The king punishes with death anyone killing a crocodile except by his orders, as its flesh is supposed to be medicine used for bewitching people.”

Of a higher order are gods of another class, in whom the natives repose great faith, and who form as it were a Matebele priesthood. These are men, residing at different centres, to whom have been assigned the

attributes of deity. When, however, the claims of their gods to this distinction are challenged, their votaries are fain to admit the inconsistency of their beliefs. Mr. Cockin writes :—

“ Amongst the Amaswena (Mashona) are numbers of men who claim to be gods. To the east, amongst the Amatoppo Mountains there is a town named Ematjetjeni, to the south is another named Enjeleli, and to the south-west is a third, named Umkombo. These belong to a man named Ungwali, a god in whom the Matebele have great faith. They say he is not a man, but a spirit, that you cannot see him, nor feel him. He dwells in a cave or series of caves, and when anyone approaches, a strange, rumbling sound is heard. When they tell me he is a spirit, I ask them what does he then want with isijeesa (or maize food), cattle, wives, &c. To the north are a god, also a goddess. The name of the goddess is Salugazani. The people say she has only one eye, one ear, one nostril, one arm, and one leg. When I ask how many mouths and stomachs she has, they cannot answer, except with a burst of laughter, for somehow or other these great gods and goddesses, who can bring on or avert disease amongst the people, cannot stay the cravings of their stomachs except with the carnal food of which ordinary mortals partake ; and, judging from the number of cattle and the amount of corn they consume, their appetites must be enormous. When I am insisting upon the fact that they are only men and not gods, it is to them an unanswerable question. How is it, then, that they being gods, have to come to the white men to beg for blankets to cover them from the cold. Mrs. Salugazani has a son named Mondola. He also partakes of the divine nature. The name of her husband does not appear. Judging by the general character of African ladies, I should say that his name is Mr. Legion. Not very far from Emhlangeni—Inyati Mission Station—there dwells another god named Ujugwa. I have the honour of his acquaintance. One Sabbath I was sent for by the king to see a child at Gubuluwayo, who had been kicked by a horse. When I arrived at the king's house, I had to wait some little time, as the king was lying down. So I had leisure to take a mental photograph of Mr. Ujugwa. He was the front man of a group of performers, consisting of, besides himself, his drummer, who beat his sacred drum,—a calabash, of which one end was cut away, and over the opening thus made a skin was drawn tightly. Round the outside of the drum were a number of shells ; and a group of girls who acted as chorus, and who at every pause made by Ujugwa, clapped their hands and chanted a refrain. Ujugwa is a young man about five and twenty years old, sparely built, undersized. His mouth is large, and, I know, no more thoroughly expressive word, slobby. His eyes are large, bleared, and roll slowly about when performing, or when he knows he is being watched. I have quietly watched him when he did not notice me, then his eyes were quick enough and inquisitive. His hair is curiously twisted, so as to project behind and before spear-like ; the remainder hangs down at either side in—for a native—long curls. In his hand he held a number of extremely small calabashes, such as the Amaswena make snuff-boxes of, strung together ; these being dry and hollow, produce a peculiar noise—half rattle, half rumble—when shaken. Ujugwa was squatted on the ground, his legs, sailor fashion, his head thrown far back till it seemed as if the slightest prick in the front of the neck would cause it to split. One hand, grasping the string of calabashes, was so placed that the back of the hand rested on his lumber vertebra. In this position he kept up a

succession of spasmodic jerks, at the same time chanting various expressions. These seemed rather to drop or roll out of his mouth than to be sung. Of course they were in falsetto. All the while he gently rustled his calabash circlet. I watched him for fully a quarter of an hour. Then he sent in a message to the king, which I could not hear. But I heard the answer:—‘Yes, he could rest now, and the king thanked him.’”

There is yet another form of belief which has reference to the worship of the spirits of ancestors. The extent to which this prevails is uncertain. The following is an illustration in point:—

“About the middle of October,” writes the missionary, “a patient, who was under treatment for an ulcer on the instep, the result of a snake bite, said she must go home, as all her people were going to pray to the spirits of their fathers. Her foot was almost healed, but required another week or so of attention. Some of the traders have told me that on certain occasions, when they have gone up to see the king, they have had to wait, as he was praying to the ancestors—whether of himself only, or of the whole nation, I have not learned. They describe the ceremony as being very impressive. All the people remain in dead silence, whilst he slowly walks round the kraal, stopping at intervals to point with a long rod and to utter some prayer or incantation. Everything belonging to Umzilikaze—Mozilikatse is a Sechuana form of the name—is preserved with the greatest reverence. Last year a grass fire occurred near to his grave, and some things over the grave, or near to it, were consumed. The spirit of Umzilikaze was appeased by the massacre of all the people—slaves—of three villages near to the scene. The number of persons slaughtered was variously estimated at from fifty to two hundred.”

The despotic rule under which the Matebele tribes are held and the universal fear which their present chief Lupengula inspires, tend to render the natives very reticent with regard to the new teaching. That a leaven of Christianity is stirring this mass of heathenism, there can be no doubt; but the nature and extent of the movement must for some time remain matter of conjecture. In reply to the question, “How has missionary teaching influenced the beliefs and life of the people?” Mr. Cockin writes:—

“As far as the immense majority are concerned, the rise is so slight, if any, above zero, that he would be bold who would assert that it is one degree. That no influence has been exerted would seem to me an impossibility. But I think that it is the lives rather than the teaching which has impressed the people. Short as the time is which I have spent here, I have been compelled to notice the greater respect in which the missionary is held as compared with a trader. Perhaps some of this is due to the fact that most of them consider us as ‘big medicine.’ Mr. Elliott’s magic lantern, and my electric machine, and, I think, above all to those who know of it, my chloroform are things which, spite of all our explanations, they cannot help regarding as part of the medicine given us by Umhimo Wolwanhle, the god of the sea,—to wit, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. They are completely puzzled when I tell them my home is to the north-west, beyond the Zambezi; their theory of the white men is that they

dwell with their king in the ocean. That he sends them with guns, powder, blankets, and beads—all of which grow in the ocean—to buy ivory for him to eat and feathers for him to wear. They were very much astonished when I explained to them the manufacture of calicoes and blankets. Of course, being a Bradfordian, all the processes of spinning, weaving, &c., are perfectly familiar to me. A common saying amongst those who have been much amongst the white people, and have seen some of our curiosities, is, 'There is nothing which the white men cannot do except turn back death ; and,' some add, 'they only die because then they go up above.'

"There is a smaller circle in which the missionary influence is more pronounced. At Inyati—the people who formerly were at the Inyati Station are now about two miles from here ; wherever they form their town is Inyati, or the Buffalo—there are three or four who can read very nicely, and I am told that they constantly read their Bibles. They rarely come to service now, but Mr. Helm goes over every Sabbath to preach there, when his congregations vary. The people of Emungeni, a small town on the hill at the back of our place, never dig on Sundays unless they have failed to hear the bell. I have at present a young woman named Lomagela, *i.e.*, a strip of calico, living as servant with us. She is from Inyati, and was formerly a servant with Mrs. Thomas. She reads very well, and, for she has abundance of time with us, is constantly at her Bible. She says she is a Christian. Whilst with us I have seen nothing inconsistent with that solemn profession. She is quiet, industrious, honest, and, as a fellow-servant assured me, constantly prayed. I am not yet sufficiently familiar with the language to make any examination of her opinions on the great cardinal doctrines. I don't think that she has much faith in the superstitions of her people ; at the same time I think she is quite free from dread of witchcraft. About seven miles from here there is a small village close to the road, between here and Emhlangeni (Inyati mission station). In it there is a man named Macala. He understands to read well, and he says of himself that he believes in Christ, and that he cannot keep from the books. Every night he reads to the people of his own place ; he comes every Sunday to service ; he wants to be a Christian, but he says he is afraid to give up the customs of his people lest he should be accused of witchcraft. As it is, he has to be exceedingly careful.

"This brings me to another question, What liberty have we to teach and preach ? Nominally we have full liberty. People can come to us and we can go to them. But I am told by different parties that in time past, different people, who were believed to be coming under missionary influence, were on various pretexts knocked on the head, or moved away to quite another part of the country. For this I cannot vouch, but I believe that it is true. Certainly, all have a great fear of being supposed to be coming under the influence of the Fundisi ; and so, though I generally have a few to service, it is not the same congregation regularly, except in the case of one or two. Another thing which makes me think the report is true, is the fear the people have of sending their children to read ; and none are more afraid than the Inyati people. In this country everything must be subordinated to the king. There are different calicoes and beads which none save the royal family may wear. Anyone revealing knowledge superior to the king is at once an object of suspicion, and the witch doctor is ever at hand to remove such objects. The witch doctor is a species of 'star chamber'—with this difference, that whilst the latter was as much hated as

feared, the former is as firmly believed in as feared. I do not despair of getting the children eventually, but, until we do, I do not look for striking results of our labour. We are all striving for this end, and I believe that at Emhlangeni they have already partially succeeded. Being further away from the king, they are less directly under his supervision."

Politically the country is in an unsettled condition. Surrounded by enemies of his own race, the chief fears to excite their jealousy by according to the English residents on his location their just rights; while, at the same time, the dread of British arms is just now his predominant feeling. His character is thus summed up by the missionary:—

"I, of course, am unable to compare the Lopengula of to-day with the Lopengula of five years ago, and therefore I cannot say whether he has deteriorated or not. I can only form my judgment of him as I now see and know him. My opinion of him is not favourable. I believe him to be thoroughly treacherous, unscrupulous, and bloodthirsty. He only wants the power to be another Chaka. It may be that his struggle for power and his knowledge of the number who are still hostile to him has developed this character. That it is true of him I feel certain. Were it not that he is now growing fat and unwieldy he would be a fine kingly-looking man; but his face has a low-cunning, treacherous expression I don't like. Personally, I am certain that he has little faith in the superstitions of his people. When I have taxed him with presuming to declare that he can make rain, he has acknowledged to me that neither he nor any man can make rain, or drive away disease—that, God alone can do. This to me privately, but not so does he speak to his people. I believe he regards superstition as many statesmen at home regard religion, viz., an excellent thing by which to rule the masses. His belief is public rather than personal. At present his position is a very difficult one. He has many sources of uneasiness. Enemies surround him, and in his own nation are many opposed to him. At present his chief anxiety is in regard to the English. I know that I have gained his confidence. For about six weeks I had his only son under my care, and had almost daily rides of twelve miles in order to attend upon him. The native doctors had given him up. By God's blessing I was the means of restoring him to robust health. Now the king has sent one of his daughters, Lamalanga, to stay at Hope Fountain so that she may be under my medical treatment.

"I think I have now given you as fair a report of the position here politically and, what is to us of primary interest, religiously. I grieve that I cannot give a brighter account. In many respects I cannot but feel it is very saddening. I know that the effect of living thus amongst this brutality, lust, and superstition is intensely saddening, and there are times when it almost drives to despair. But when I deliberately made my choice for Matebele-land I knew that I was choosing one of the darkest and most saddening fields of missionary labour. But I did not come here to despair, and I am not, God helping me, going to. 'Not by might, nor by power, but My Spirit,' is the motto it seems to me our God has given to His soldiers. I know that He who caused His light to break forth in the sullen cheerless winter gloom of Greenlandish darkness, can change Africa's night to day and bring to full fruition the prophetic vision of Ethiopia soon stretching out her hands to God. Yet I think that our night-toiling gives us a full claim upon your most earnest sympathies and prayers."

IV.—Widows and Orphans' Fund.

NEW YEAR'S SACRAMENTAL OFFERING.

THE suggestion, offered many years ago, that a special sacramental collection be made in the first month of the year on behalf of the widows and orphans of the missionaries of the Society has long been fruitful in advantage and comfort to many missionaries' families.

In the first year, when the plan was on trial, the collections amounted to £1,547 17s. 9d., while the claims were sufficiently met by £1,380. But as years have rolled on, the number of the Society's missionaries together with the lengthened service of those previously labouring in various parts of the world, has naturally produced an increase in the number of widows and children thrown on the Society's care. Thus during the year now ending, the claims upon the Fund amounted to over £5,000, while its receipts fell short of the expenditure by several hundred pounds. During the coming year, it will probably need an amount at least equal to that just mentioned (*viz.*, £5,000) to carry out the object for which the collection is made. Though called the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND, it should be distinctly understood that it seeks the comfort, not only of the families of DECEASED MISSIONARIES, but also of RETIRED MISSIONARIES themselves. During the year the Fund will have to provide for THIRTY-FIVE WIDOWS of missionaries; for FORTY-NINE CHILDREN; and for TWENTY-FOUR MISSIONARIES who, by length of service or through broken health, have been compelled to retire from their accustomed work.

The Directors believe that the increased number of churches aiding the Society, and their growing liberality, will enable them completely to meet the pressing claims of those on whose behalf they now appeal. They trust that, at the first Communion Service of the New Year, the widow and the fatherless will be remembered with loving sympathy, and the wants of those who have served Christ's Church in bygone years will be fully and fitly provided for.

(Signed)

ROBERT ROBINSON,	} <i>Secretaries.</i>
EDWARD H. JONES,	
J. O. WHITEHOUSE,	

MISSION HOUSE, BLONFIELDTRENT,

January 1st, 1880.

It is hoped that, should it be found impracticable to make the Sacramental Offerings now solicited on the first Sabbath of the *present month*, our Christian friends will kindly embrace the first Sabbath in FEBRUARY for the occasion.

V.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURE.

The Rev. J. E. PAYNE, returning to CALCUTTA, North India, left England November 20th, and embarked at Genoa, per steamer *Assiria*, November 24th.

2. IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. BEIGHTON, FORMERLY OF PENANG.

At Barnet, on the 2nd September, 1879, in her eighty-eighth year, Mrs. BEIGHTON, widow of the late Rev. THOS. BEIGHTON, of the Society's mission in Penang, passed away. She was truly "a mother in Israel," her name having been enrolled on the church books of Fetter-lane, London, when that church was under the pastoral care of the late Rev. George Burder. Mr. and Mrs. Beighton sailed for the Straits settlements in the spring of 1818, where they laboured as missionaries of the Society, first at MALACCA and subsequently at PENANG, and where Mrs. Beighton's efforts in the cause of Christian education are still bearing fruit. Mr. Beighton died at Penang in April, 1844; and two years afterwards his widow returned to England, where she resided until her removal by the hand of death to the better country.

MRS. ASHTON, OF _aBARKLY.

By a recent mail from South Africa intelligence was conveyed of the death, on Monday, the 20th October, of Mrs. Ashton, wife of the Rev. WILLIAM ASHTON, of Barkly, in the Bechuana-land district. The Directors deeply sympathise with their missionary brother in his bereavement, following so closely as it does the loss of a son under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Fatigue, consequent on the illness of a step-daughter, hastened Mrs. Ashton's removal. Her own illness did not exceed a week in duration. It occurred but a fortnight after the return to the colony of her only remaining son on the completion of his education at the Mission School, Blackheath. Mr. Ashton writes:—"My dear wife was a niece of the late Mr. Thomas Pringle. She came to the colony with her parents as a girl, with the Pringle party, who settled on the Bavian's River, where some of their descendants still reside. We had been married nearly twenty years, and during that time the dear departed has been my great help in my family and in my work. In her departure the natives also have lost a kind friend, as well as the missionary community in this country."

VI.—Contributions.

From 17th November to 13th December, 1879.

LONDON.			
R. E.	100 0 0	Mrs. Edmunds.	2 0 0
A Friend, per H. K. W.	50 0 0	Mr. Grant.	2 0 0
R. Sheffield, Esq.	5 5 0	Mr. J. T. Prestige.	1 1 0
R. P. C.	5 0 0	Two Friends, in connection with the day of prayer.	1 0 0
N. P. Roberts, Esq.	2 2 0	Mr. Cecil J. Parsons.	1 0 0
G. K. in memory of a departed friend.	2 2 0	R. S., for continued mercies another year.	1 0 0
W. S. C.	2 0 0	A Friend.	0 2 6
		A. D.	0 2 0
		Blackheath. Legacy of the late Mrs. William G.M., for Widows' Fund (£500) and Female Missions (£300) ..	700 0 0
		Bristol. Trinity Ch.	41 12 10
		Canadian Town. Park Chapel	17 5 7
		Selling—	
		Congregational Church for Female Missions.	14 1 9
		Miles Stoughton, for do. ..	1 0 0

<i>Plumstead.</i> Conduit Road Baptist Church, Rev. G. E. Arnold	2 0 0	<i>Hockliffe.</i> Special Thank-offering, per Rev. G. Grant	3 0 0	<i>Wiltshire—</i> Per Rev. T. Mann.	
<i>Legacy of the late Miss Mary Holdsworth, per Lionel Oliver, Esq.</i>	60 4 11	<i>Kidderminster.</i> Auxiliary ..	37 0 0	Broad Chalk	9 16 0
<i>Legacy of the late Miss E. F. J. Larwill</i>	10 0 0	<i>Kiloby</i>	1 0 4	Bulford	7 4 2
COUNTRY.		<i>Launceston.</i> Castle Street ..	17 17 6	Holt	21 6 3
<i>Alreswick.</i> Slon Cong. Ch. ..	21 14 2	<i>Leeds.</i> Auxiliary	30 0 0	Horningham	4 14 3
<i>Ashford.</i> Legacy of the late Miss Babson, of Willesbro' ..	25 0 0	<i>East Parade Church, Ladies' Missionary Working Party, for Rev. J. Emlyn's Mission</i>	5 0 0	Tisbury	3 11 6
<i>Ashley and Cheadle</i>	4 15 0	<i>Lichfield</i>	6 10 6	Wilton	9 2 0
<i>Amminster</i>	7 12 0	<i>Liverpool.</i> A Thank-offering ..	5 0 0	Wootton Bassett	9 6 7
<i>Barnstaple.</i> A Disabled Labourer, for Central Africa ..	0 10 0	<i>Long Buckley</i>	17 17 1	<i>Windsor.</i> Mr. T. Wooldridge ..	1 1 0
<i>Bedworth.</i> Old Meeting	7 15 8	<i>Maldon.</i> Auxiliary	34 16 6	<i>Wirksworth.</i> Auxiliary	24 6 4
<i>Birmingham.</i> Losells Chapel Ladies' Missionary Sewing Meeting	3 0 0	<i>Manchester.</i> Auxiliary	300 0 0	<i>Woodburn.</i> For Widows' Fund	1 1 0
<i>Birstall, near Leeds</i>	5 18 6	<i>Oldham Road Church ..</i>	37 3 10	<i>Worlington.</i> W. Morley, Esq. ..	2 2 0
<i>Bishop's Stortford.</i> Aux. ..	93 8 3	<i>Mrs. Rogers, for Central Africa</i>	10 0 0	WALMS.	
<i>Blackburn.</i> Chapel Street Ch., for Widows' Fund ..	2 2 0	<i>Milborne Port.</i> Auxiliary ..	5 17 0	<i>Keyston.</i> (Pemb.)	3 11 6
<i>Brampton.</i> For Widows' Fund ..	1 0 0	<i>New Brompton</i>	3 5 0	<i>Little Haven.</i> Auxiliary	14 19 7
<i>Brighton.</i> Queen Square Ch. ..	19 8 1	<i>Newmarket.</i> Auxiliary	24 18 10	<i>Pembrokeshire—</i>	
<i>Bristol.</i> Auxiliary	174 18 8	<i>Northampton.</i> Auxiliary ..	67 6 11	<i>Welsh Auxiliary</i>	64 13 9
<i>Ericham</i>	5 0 0	<i>Nottingham.</i> Auxiliary	100 0 0	<i>St. Florence Bethel and Newton Manorbier</i>	16 8 8
<i>Broadstairs</i>	4 7 0	<i>Reading.</i> Castle Street Ch. ..	14 0 0	SCOTLAND.	
<i>Broad Chalk—</i> Mr. J. Burrough	1 0 0	<i>Ridings.</i> Cong. Church ..	3 7 0	<i>Dundas.</i> A Friend	40 0 0
Miss Burrough	0 5 0	<i>Rochester.</i> Vines Cong. Ch. ..	25 0 9	<i>Dunfermline.</i> Erskine Beveridge, Esq., for training boys at Farnarates under Rev. W. D. Cowan	15 0 0
<i>Burrell and Beach</i>	10 16 3	<i>Roydon.</i> Kneesworth St. ..	7 7 11	<i>Frazerburgh.</i> Captain A. Strachan	3 0 0
<i>Byfield.</i> Prayer Meeting Box, &c.	1 5 6	<i>Runcorn.</i> Auxiliary	23 14 10	<i>Glasgow.</i> J. H. Gray, Esq.	5 0 0
<i>Cambridge.</i> Legacy of the late Mrs. Anne Green	100 0 0	<i>St. Columb</i>	8 15 0	<i>Kilgilt.</i> Cong. Ch.	2 0 0
<i>Charleworth</i>	5 7 6	<i>St. Leonards.</i> Auxiliary ..	49 10 6	<i>Langholm.</i> Collected by Youths	1 16 6
<i>Cumberland.</i> Auxiliary	91 14 1	<i>Admiral Orlebar, R.N.</i>	1 1 0	<i>Milliest.</i> Cong. Ch.	11 10 6
<i>Deborah</i>	1 3 6	<i>Sandon</i>	9 17 4	<i>Montrose.</i> Auxiliary	123 3 5
<i>Dunbury District.</i> Aux. ..	94 0 0	<i>Sandwich</i>	61 16 9	<i>Roseheart.</i> U. P. Church ..	1 0 0
<i>Dudley.</i> Auxiliary	18 8 6	<i>Scarborough.</i> Bar Church ..	65 5 0	Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.	
<i>Essex.</i> Auxiliary	150 0 0	<i>South Cliff Church</i>	39 6 6	Aberfeldy	7 0 10
<i>Exmouth.</i> Ebenezer Church ..	1 11 4	<i>Southport.</i> Auxiliary	248 2 6	Airdrie	0 5 1
<i>Foulmire</i>	12 0 0	<i>Stalbridge.</i> Per Rev. T. Mann	1 8 1	Forres	5 0 0
<i>Great Wakering</i>	2 5 1	<i>Sutton Weaver.</i> Union Ch. ..	11 17 10	Girvan	1 12 0
<i>Halifax District.</i> Auxiliary ..	81 13 0	<i>Tynemouth.</i> Cong. Church ..	25 19 10	Haddington	7 17 0
<i>Halstead.</i> W. S. Wallis, Esq. ..	1 1 0	<i>Uxbridge.</i> Providence Ch. ..	25 0 0	Halsburgh	9 15 0
<i>Hastings.</i> Robertson Street Church	51 1 5	<i>Warwick.</i> Auxiliary	16 6 4	Llanthgo	0 8 10
<i>Horne Bay.</i> Auxiliary	4 7 0	<i>Wellingborough.</i> Auxiliary ..	104 18 1	Musselburgh	0 10 0
		<i>West Bromwich.</i> Mayers Green Ch.	31 9 9	Peterhead	16 0 6
		<i>Weymouth.</i> Gloucester St. ..	12 15 0	IRELAND.	
		<i>Whitstable.</i> Auxiliary	8 13 3	<i>Antrim</i>	1 10 0
		<i>Widnes.</i> Milton Congregational Chapel	10 0 0	<i>Castlegn.</i> Cong. Ch.	2 0 0
				<i>Kingstown.</i> J. Bond, Esq.	1 0 0
				<i>Strabane—</i>	
				G. Gordon, Esq.	1 0 0
				Miss Houston	0 10 0
				Mr. J. Honeyford	0 6 0
				Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.	
				Belfast	7 10 6
				Limerick	1 0 0
				FOREIGN AND COLONIAL SOCIETIES.	
				<i>Montreal.</i> Auxiliary, per Rev. Dr. Wilkes	4 6 5

For Deficiency in the Year 1878-9—(continued).

<i>Mrs. J. Aldridge, Throop</i>	100 0 0	<i>E. Y.</i>	2 0 0
<i>Newbury Auxiliary</i>	37 0 0	<i>W. S. Wallis, Esq., Halstead</i> ..	1 1 0
<i>Market Harborough Auxiliary</i> ..	25 8 0	<i>A Friend, Havant</i>	0 10 0
<i>Miss Helen Challinor, Derby</i> ..	20 0 0		





Mr. very truly
Robert Harley.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

The Duty of all Christians on the Temperance Question.

SECOND PAPER.

IN my last paper it was my chief, and almost my sole, object, to urge on the thought and the conscience of all Christian men the call, which undoubtedly sounds with emphatic clearness to us Englishmen at this present time, to be up and doing in the great battle against the gigantic evil of intemperance. If, however, by such consideration any one shall be induced to ask the question, "What can we do?" it seems but right to offer some suggestions as to various means of action, which are open to all, and which have, in various degrees, proved their efficiency in the good cause.

I. Before, however, we attempt this, we must make up our minds clearly on certain first principles.

First, on all these questions it is necessary to remember that all right growth of human nature is really an "education," carried on by a harmony of influence from without with the free capacity of action within. In the deepest and most ultimate sense, each man stands alone, free and responsible before God; whatever is good must grow from within, under no other influence than the light and the grace from above. Yet, in a secondary but very true sense, each man is under a continual play of influences from without, both from circumstances and from persons, from individuals and from society at large. These influences, as truly as man's own freedom, are God's ordinance: by them, in various degrees, that which grows from within is drawn out and perfected. Hence, in dealing with all evils—not least in dealing with this—it is absolutely necessary to give

scope to both these correlative forces, and to keep them in their right order and relation. It is equally foolish, because equally unnatural, to despise the influence from without, or to exalt it to the first place of importance. Failure, and worse than failure, must be the penalty, if we disregard the profound wisdom of our Lord's simple declaration: "These things"—the things from within—"ought ye to have done: and the other things"—the things from without—"not to leave undone."

Next, it is not less necessary to estimate thoughtfully and calmly the true relation of "the Law" to "the Spirit"—that is, of compulsion and motive to the free impulse of conviction—in this education, whether it go on by God's direct action on the soul itself, or indirectly by the action of men under His providence on the outer life. "The Law is good, if a man use it lawfully," was the judicial declaration in old age of one whose life had been devoted to a great and prevailing protest against idolatry of Law. To use it lawfully is to recognise it as "made because of transgression"—as good, neither for the spiritual man, who is above it, nor for the reprobate man, who is below it; but for the imperfect condition of this life, in which it may advantageously stand between a man's higher and lower self, or between the individual and the tyranny of society. To idolise it is to make it the chief moving force in spiritual education, to destroy the freedom which is sacred, and to seek to transfer the responsibility which is inalienable. Its function will greatly vary in scope and importance in different ages, to different characters, under different conditions of life. But a secondary function it must always be. To exalt it to predominance is to emasculate human nature, perhaps to introduce hypocrisy, certainly to risk a fatal reaction of licence. Whatever use we make of "the Law," it is to spiritual influences, freely and gladly welcomed by the soul, that we must ultimately trust.

II. Keeping in mind these principles—which we might perhaps take for granted as accepted truisms, if we did not see them constantly violated—we may consider first of all, what can be done by direct influence from without to guard man against this deadly sin.

Now here, turning first to the action of law as ordinarily understood, I feel a strong conviction that much can be done by this agency, and that much more ought to be done. The appeal to the

law is, in principle, already accepted. The law, as has often been urged, treats all liquor traffic as an exceptional traffic, which, in the interests of society, must be regulated. Its interference is, therefore, a question of degree. It gives power of regulation, and in isolated cases of suppression, to certain authorities. The determining to whom this power should be given is, therefore, a question of mode. But that the present condition of things does not work satisfactorily must be obvious to any one who considers the number of drinking-places allowed to exist, especially in our great towns, and the times during which they are open, in comparison with the most liberal estimate of the real needs of the population. Accordingly, of all the various proposals for its amendment, we are bound to make up our minds as well as we can which is the best, and then to fight for it, with that earnestness which is necessary for coping with a vested interest of the most formidable power. In exercising our political privileges, we can at least insist that the representatives of the people shall seriously take up the question, resolving that whatever is best shall be done to cure this deadly wound of the body politic, and that the hindrances, either of positive opposition or of negative apathy and cowardice, shall be vigorously dealt with. The matter is a great one, and cannot be put off. It is mere pedantry to insist that because law cannot do everything, therefore it is to be held of no account, and that, because excess of legal regulation impairs freedom and manliness, therefore all regulation is to be denounced or sneered at. Surely it is perfectly clear, that, man being what he is, the removal or lessening of temptations may do much for him, and by the strong hand of the law he may be saved from himself; and what applies to all men must apply especially to the poor and uneducated, who, more than all others, need what is in misplaced contempt called "paternal legislation." To my mind it is not more foolish to suppose that England can be "made moral by Act of Parliament" than to forget that by Act of Parliament very much may be done to improve the conditions of life and society, under which the higher moral forces may successfully work. Whatever may be decided hereafter as to more drastic measures—such, for example, as the "Permissive Bill"—there is much of legislative regulation which can be taken up at once. It will be a disgrace to our statesmen, if the wise and moderate suggestions recently

made by the Lords' Committee remain a dead letter; and it is greatly to be hoped that the noble proposal of Birmingham, under Mr. Chamberlain's direction, to try the Gothenburg system, once unhappily rejected, may be received and sanctioned. It will be a terrible proof that the power of the vested interest in liquor "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," if Parliament, and the constituencies, which make Parliament, should hold their hands, and see a lion in every path of reform.

III. But besides this application of legal constraint, there is a nobler and freer influence from without, which comes from voluntary association, helping a weak brother by sympathy, by rule, or by pledge, to stand up against a besetting sin. The power of such association, concentrating and intensifying the force of public opinion, is simply enormous, and in our own country it roots itself in a congenial soil.

In it there is, as I have already urged, a great and important place for the inculcation of Total Abstinence, and for aiding, by voluntary association and sympathy and example, those who need it, and yet in their enfeebled moral and physical condition cannot of themselves venture upon it. It is no slight matter that there are already some 5,000,000 of persons bound by vow or resolution of such abstinence, and working earnestly in its cause. It is impossible not to wish them God speed! Even if there is at times something about them of fanaticism, properly so called—that is, of absorption in one idea, and of devotion to one work, as if it were the only thing worth living for—we may remind ourselves that such fanaticism is at all times a remedy against stagnation, and that in the face of the extraordinary havoc wrought by drunkenness, it may well be excused.

But still I cannot but think that this power of voluntary association must enlist Temperance as well as Abstinence in its cause, if it is to work large and permanent good. It is for this reason especially that I rejoice in the constitution of the Church Temperance Association. It began as a Total Abstinence Society; but its promoters rightly felt that, if it was to be taken up by the Church as a whole, and to attempt to cover the face of England with a parochial network of local agencies, its basis must necessarily be widened, so as to admit all who hate drunkenness and desire to fight against it by all lawful means. The work is surely a work which a Church, claiming

in any sense the name of National, ought to take up, and in which without interfering with other organisations, deservedly honoured as having been foremost in the field, it can do great and peculiar service. But if it is to be so taken up with anything like comprehensiveness and breadth of action, the Association must give free scope to the Temperance Section as well as the Abstinence Section, and—what is even of more moment—the adherents of both must learn to act cordially together. It is in the last respect that the only real difficulty lies; and (so far as I can observe) I own that it is to the bitter intolerance or the irritating condescension of some of the more fanatical Total Abstiners, that the chief risk of failure in combined action is to be traced. For extreme parties always fancy themselves, and call themselves, “advanced”—by an appellation which begs the whole question at issue. In all popular assemblies the intensity of a rigid system, intolerant of all but itself, is apt to prevail over the larger counsels of a real moderation, which it falsely brands as compromise. But if the great work is to be done, this intolerance must be sternly rebuked by those in authority. If it be, I trust (with my friend Canon Ellison) that the time may come when a branch of the Church Temperance Association shall be considered as a regular part of parochial organisation.

The particular methods of working such associations must be carefully studied; and rough-and-ready devices, even if they produce a great immediate effect, ought certainly to be viewed with some suspicion. The use of pledges (for example) taken solemnly before God and man, and sealed by asseveration or by oath, is, of course, not unlawful. But all experience shows how carefully it needs to be guarded, if it is to work for good, especially when it is applied to the young, or accepted in a moment of hot enthusiasm. A vow is, after all, a self-limitation of freedom, imposed, therefore, by no higher authority than that which submits to it. It is properly an appeal to “Philip sober,” to coerce the Philip, who may hereafter be in danger of being “Philip drunk,” by a resolution taken in the lucid interval of sobriety. The process is an artificial one; and, as such, must be applied with more reserve than one absolutely natural. If its weakness be bolstered up by solemn promise to man, or oath before God, there is at least danger lest it should still fall, and drag down these higher sanctions in its ruin. But these points, however important, are points of detail. They do

not touch the great value of the force of voluntary association, nowhere more powerful than in England, nowhere more needed than in the conflict against our great national sin.

IV. In both these agencies we appeal to influence from without—partly of the law, partly of the spirit. Both have done, and are doing, incalculable good. It would argue an almost savage love of independence, and a considerable ignorance of human nature, to denounce their action indiscriminately in the much-abused name of freedom. Yet still it is most certain that we must trust chiefly, not to these half-coercive forces, but to positive influences upon the soul itself, freely set in motion and freely accepted.

Now, in order to discover and apply these, the first thing needful is to understand the true nature of the evil itself. It appears tolerably clear that drunkenness is not, in most cases, like gluttony or sensuality, a simple indulgence of taste and appetite. It is beyond all other things a craving for "elevation" or excitement, the excitement which affects at once the body, the soul, and the spirit. In each of these spheres it must be met.

In regard to the bodily craving, it is certain that it is stimulated in our lower classes by the wrong physical conditions of their daily lives—by the want of good air and good water, by bad or scanty food and insufficient exercise, by overheated and ill-ventilated workrooms, by the necessity of excessive and unwholesome labour. These things necessarily lower and weary, if they do not poison, the whole bodily constitution, till it seeks the fatal stimulant, which for a time shall quicken the pulse and brace up the nerves, revive the jaded spirits, and induce a diseased energy. These things, if we would conquer the sin of drunkenness, we must somehow, whether by private beneficence or by public laws, contrive to root out of our land. We can do far more than has yet been done to sweep away those (so-called) homes, ill-built, ill-drained, ill-ventilated, where health, and cleanliness, and decency are all but impossible. We can do more to teach men the laws of health; to give scope and time for manly exercise; to mitigate, if we cannot abolish, or to counteract, if we cannot mitigate, these unhealthy and excessive conditions of labour. This is not, indeed, the highest or noblest phase of our great battle, but it is one absolutely necessary; it is certain to do good, and without it the more spiritual agencies will labour in vain.

For in the soul—that is, the excitable, emotional, imaginative element of man's nature—I cannot doubt that this miserable craving for the excitement of drink is at least partly due to want of any intellectual or artistic interest, and to want of free, bright, innocent amusement. When a man, for want of all education, is thrown back on mere animal pleasures, and when his life has nothing in it which is not cold and narrow, dull and dingy, I cannot wonder that he seeks the one excitement which for a time will never fail, and by it utterly spoils and degrades even such amusements as he can find, till they who best love the people most dread the recurrence of a public holiday. If we can teach our English people—what they are proverbially slower than other peoples to learn—not how they can work, but how they can rest, how they can innocently and wholesomely amuse themselves, how they can gain a taste for the higher interests of literature and art; if we can but do something to purify the popular novel and newspaper, the stage and the music-hall, and afford (whether on principles of abstinence or temperance) opportunity for refreshment and companionship without creating an interest in the traffic in drink,* we shall be doing, not, indeed, the highest work, but a work full of usefulness, certain to promote happiness, and to unite all classes in sympathy. For we shall be meeting the craving for excitement in the soul, not by stern and impossible repression, but by wise direction and by wholesome moderation, making it a free servant to the yet higher elements of the inner life.

After all, it is in the spirit—the mind, the imagination, the affection, the power of high aspiration—that every spiritual battle must at last be fought. On this matter St. Paul gives us a startling admonition, from which, without his apostolic authority, we might be inclined in reverence to shrink—"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." Against the deadly excitement of drink—so powerful in its action even on the intellectual and imaginative and emotional faculties that the Greeks referred it to the inspiration of one of the beings they called gods—the Apostle sets up nothing less mighty, nothing less sacred, than

* The Coffee Tavern movement is already doing excellent service in this direction. So are the Working Men's Clubs, some on the principle of Temperance, some of Total Abstinence—all aiming at free, bright, social intercourse, without temptations to drink.

the enthusiasm of the Spirit. It is not in sense of prudence, sense of duty, sense of reverence—it is in enthusiasm, carrying away the soul into bursts of joy and thanksgiving, kindling it by the fire of love, and cheering it by the bright light of hope—that he finds the true safety of our spiritual nature. For after all, enthusiasm simply means the being “full of God”—the consciousness of His Spirit in us, pervading our spirit with all the force of a Divine inspiration.

It has many forms corresponding to the threefold relation of our being, to self, man, and God. There is what may be called an enthusiasm within, in the delight of exercise, under the grace of God, of the higher faculties of our nature. There is such an enthusiasm in the absorption of study; in the sense of the wonders of science, both in the things which it discovers and in the mind which discovers them; in the rapt contemplation of art, especially the music which is so emphatically the art of the people; in the entrancing and soothing influence of the beauty of nature on the soul; most of all, perhaps, in the delight in invention and creation which every artist and every good workman knows. The more this is fostered, the more absolutely superior will the spirit become to factitious excitement, because the more will it learn to find a sunshine within, capable of gilding the very dullest life, and the more, consciously or unconsciously, will it taste the joy of working together with God.

There is an enthusiasm of humanity, a faint copy of the Divine love, which rejoices over all that He has made. It is the being possessed with the joy of some beneficent work for the welfare of man, and that, not only for duty, but for love, and therefore not only with the cold strength of stern resolution, but with that glow of enthusiasm which no false excitement can ever rival. Every life may have something of this enthusiasm; in the glow of personal love which lights up the fireside of home; in the glow of loyalty and patriotism, glad to live and die for a great and free country; in that glow of philanthropic love—that is, love to man as man—which is a creation of Christianity, because it is the very image of the Christ, whose joy it was to go about doing good, and for the love of man to “endure the Cross and despise the shame.” In this, which is one form of the inspiration of God, life finds that noble excitement which it needs, and finding this, can despise the lower counterfeit excitement which the wine-cup yields.

But above this, yet in perfect harmony with this, there is the enthusiasm, properly so-called—the being full of God's love, and the overflowing of the soul in love to Him. In different degrees, I know, but surely in some degree, all religious life should have, not only humility and repentance and self-abasement, not only seriousness and soberness and reverence, but something of this high enthusiasm of a communion with God. This it is which pours itself out, even to tears, at our bedside, in silent prayer and thanksgiving. This it is which swells out in the adoration of the sanctuary, bearing all souls upward on that strong flight of united praise, to which the power of sacred music lends wings, that it may soar upward and upward and upward to the very throne of God. Heartiness and enthusiasm are not everything, but surely they are something; and they who study the raptures of psalmist and apostle know how they claim their right place in every saintly life. Where they are, even the homeliest life cannot be poor and dull. Where they are, who can need, who will not loathe these lower excitements, which are "earthly, sensual, devilish"?

V. It is clear, even from this brief summary, that the influences by which this great evil is to be met are manifold. Each may select for his own action whatever approves itself best to his judgment, or best suits his capacities and opportunities. One man may choose to throw himself into the public and general work, intended to tell on society at large. Another may prefer to work more quietly and simply in his own city or neighbourhood, among those whom he knows by personal familiarity, and who learn to know and trust him as really caring for them. One may believe in short, sharp remedies, and in influences from without. Another in the slower action of general treatment, and on the *vis medicatrix* of the spiritual nature within. Let every one do what he will, but let all do something; and let each, as far as possible, aid by sympathy and forbearance whatever is good, even if it may not seem to him "the more excellent way." For only by combined action, gradually creating a sound public opinion, can this great work be done. Above all, in the classes, commonly called "the working classes," most affected by drunkenness, I cannot think that much good will be done, till the influence of those who are in other things their leaders be enlisted in the cause. Hence the most urgent appeal must be made to them.

Others may and will gladly help them in the work. Still it is not from without, but from within these classes, that the spirit must come, which shall shame this deadly evil, and brand it there, as in other classes, as a disgrace and a sin.

After all, I come back again to that with which I began. I shall be glad, if any considerations here thrown out may be of use in suggesting definite means of action. But it is, I repeat, the chief object of this paper to impress on its readers the infinite and pressing importance of the subject itself, and then to leave the thought to work itself out as it may in practical results.

If it should meet the eye of any who feel, even in the slightest degree, this deadly evil stealing over his own life, then all that can be said is to urge him to awake to his danger before it be too late, and by any wrench, by any sacrifice, by any hardness of abstinence, to break its bonds while he may. But it is to those who are themselves free from that danger that the call is earnestly addressed to think and to act on these things. It might well be made in the name of our country. There is much to show that for her the times are critical. Her commercial leadership and prosperity are menaced; her empire abroad, in proportion as it extends, is the more open to attack. At such a time, the strength of every nation is not in her commerce and her arms, but in her moral and spiritual life. He who aids in any degree to cut out this cancer eating away that true strength, certainly does more for England than he who pours in the gold of trade, who saves provinces, and gains triumphs, in war or in the council-chamber. But, after all, they who must be saved are not only Englishmen but Christians. The strongest appeal comes from the voice of Christ who died for them. We have but to think of the peace of being with Him, and of the horror of being against Him; to consider (if we dare) what it is to scatter those whom He would have gathered in, leaving them to the bondage of the flesh, and to the horror of eternal loss; and to remember the glory of gathering into His kingdom of heaven, and of the infinite bliss of sharing His redeeming joy. Then the sense of mission from God must possess the soul. It will ask earnestly, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" It will follow the call, whithersoever it leads.

ALFRED BARRY.

The Theology of our Great Poets.

EDMUND SPENSER.

POETRY and theology are like two vast intersecting circles which to a great extent occupy the same ground. If we speak of the "poet's corner" in theology, we must understand a very large corner indeed. Divine revelation itself has come to man chiefly through a poetic medium, and it appeals almost always to the poetic or the imaginative part of man. The prophetic word was usually so dependent upon symbolic vision that it spontaneously assumed a poetic form. The miracles—pre-eminently those of the Gospels—appeal to the imagination more powerfully than all poetry, music, and works of art whatsoever. It might even be allowable to liken Christ's miracles to poems of transcendent beauty and sublimity. A theology without poetry, or a poetry without theology, if such a thing can be, must be the poorest thing of its kind. It is reasonable to suppose that a great poet, if not a great theologian, will at least be worth examining as to his theology, and will be able to interest and instruct us in a theological point of view. Without any more preamble, then, as my space here for this expansive theme is so limited, I will introduce first of all, in Milton's words, "*Our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.*"

Readers of this brief article will kindly remember that literary criticism is not the thing aimed at, but only a just view of the poet's theological position.

1. I invite attention at the outset to Spenser's *creed*, because a man's creed, or what he believes to have been revealed, must always be the vital part of his theology, and also because it so happens that in this great poet's case it is easier than usual to exhibit his creed in unequivocal extracts from his poems. Spenser's creed was *evangelical*. Amidst his bewildering medley of gorgeous and of grotesque fancies, there comes upon us continually one distinct unchanging belief in Jesus the Saviour of men. He believed in divine love, incarnate, suffering, atoning, triumphant, all-redeeming. He laid on this foundation quantities of "wood, hay, stubble," as well as of "gold, silver, precious stones"; but it is evident he never substituted anything for this foundation. His fancy would sometimes revel amid the horrors of a grotesque Inferno, in which Tantalus, Nebuchadnezzar and

Pontius Pilate were suffering eternal torment together ; but it is easy to distinguish all this from his *belief*. Plenty of alloy we find, but no attempt to mix it with the gold. God's evangel was the substance of his creed. It was evangelical. We do not strain the meaning of that noble word, in applying it to the theology of our "poets' poet." We do indeed claim for the word a greater antiquity and a greater fulness than can possibly belong to it in any mere technical and modern sense, and we let it ring out with all its original music.

The keynote sounds in the following stanzas of the "Hymn of Heavenly Love."

" Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which He reignéd with His glorious Sire,
He down descended, like a most demiss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire."

" O blessed Well of Love ! O Flower of Grace !
O glorious Morning Star ! O Lamp of Light !
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God."

" And let thy soul, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and groan in grievéd thought.
Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze."

This hymn was written to retract and amend some hymns in praise of love and beauty, composed, as he says, "in the greener times of my youth"; but that the atonement was at the centre of Spenser's creed appears in all parts of his writings. In the sixty-eighth of the Sonnets, or so-called *Amoretti*, we find a prayer, "that we being with Thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin, may live for ever in felicity." It would be easy to cite many illustrations of my point from the *Fuery Queen*; but all who are curious to know can easily see for themselves. The title of the Red Cross Knight is a description of him.

" And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, Him adored."

2. If next we think of Spenser's theology as it was formed and coloured and affected by *his own idealising genius and wonderful*

imagination, we shall at once be face to face with two grand ideas which were foremost and predominant in all his religious thinking, the infinite *Beauty* and the infinite *Love*. His exquisite sense of all kinds of beauty was what made him "the poets' poet"; and his imagination, unsurpassed in luxuriance and affluence by any of the world's greatest poets, was continually employed in idealising whatsoever things were fair and lovely, and in tracing them up from nature and art and human goodness to their eternal archetype and source, the All-Beautiful and Loving God. I believe that this fact, if duly weighed, will go far to acquit him of the absurd and monstrous exaggerations and flatteries that he seems to have been guilty of, while it points us to what was the highest inspiration of his poetry. That Spenser's was a courtier-like disposition, with a strong taint of servility, aggravated by various unhappy circumstances, and that he left no one behind him in the customary adulation of Queen Elizabeth, is beyond a doubt; but, notwithstanding that the Dean of St. Paul's (in his recent extremely able work on Spenser) is one of the severest of his judges, it is worthy of note that Spenser's critics are gentle or hard with him precisely as they recognise or as they ignore the deep religious spirit of his poems. The truth is, he magnified and transfigured persons great and small into types and personifications of ideal excellence, which was wont to associate itself in his glowing mind with divine glory, and to arouse in him a religious enthusiasm. It was his involuntary habit, it was the bent of his genius, to transform things and persons into his own ideals. And in his "*Faery Land*," although real things and persons may be vaguely distinguishable, yet it is only as mere shadows which become anything the poet wills.

The *Gloriana* of the *Faery Queen* was far less Queen Elizabeth than a radiant creation of Spenser's own fancy. The flattery, however great, was the least part of it. In the *Epithalamium*, that peerless ode in which the poet celebrates his own wedding—"song made in lieu of many ornaments"—he extols his wife with praises quite as superlative as ever he lavished upon the Queen. But in neither case is it the actual woman, but his own bright ideal which is painted out with such prodigal imagery. Beauty, with him, was no mere effect of harmonious forms. Love was no mere human passion. It was the instinct of his genius to see in all beauty and love at once a sug-

gestion and an emanation of the infinite Beauty and Love which dwell in the Eternal, which are God Himself. We may note also in confirmation of this, that he often personifies the perfections of God in his free allegorical style, as where he says—

“ Eternal Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears, can make *herself* a way ”;

or where Charissa entrusts the Red Cross Knight to the care of an ancient matron, whose name was Mercy—

“ That *Mercy* in the end his righteous soul might save.”

I would also refer my readers for an illustration of Spenser's way of blending, without confusing, what is angelic or ideal with what is divine, to those exquisite stanzas in the second book of the *Faery Queen*, at the beginning of the eighth canto—

“ And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits...? O, th'exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard ! ”

3. But Spenser's theology is not more ideal than *practical*. If this great poet shows, as few others have shown, the function of the imagination as an aid to religion, he at the same time teaches that there is nothing so practically powerful and useful to mankind as a lofty religious ideal. Like all great spiritual teachers, and in this respect like Bunyan most of all, he renders inestimable service by showing how the most imaginative estimate of life is the reverse of imaginary, is most intensely real. One great use of taking pains to understand him is that he impresses upon us the terrible folly of contrasting ideal views with practical ones, as if poetry and plain truth were at variance with each other! With Spenser, theology was the inspiration of virtue, the vigorous root of manliness, the mainspring of moral enthusiasm. The first book of the *Faery Queen* (a poem complete in itself) is as truly, though not so transparently, a religious allegory as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. We may learn the drift of the whole from the following stanza :—

“ Ay me, how many perils do enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And stedfast truth acquit him out of all !
 Her love is firm, her care continual,
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
 Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall.”

Spenser is no dramatist. His knights and ladies are but shadowy men and women. But on the other hand, every spiritual grace, every moral virtue, is with him a real existence, an object of rapturous and passionate love, a “bright effluence of bright essence increate.” The purity of his mind is revealed even in his bold and unrestrained handling of things from which a less pure mind would shrink. In his marvellous vision of the “Bower of Bliss,” he accumulates images of all kinds of sensuous beauty to make them all seem loathsome apart from goodness. He describes the beautiful Charissa as “full of great love ; but Cupid’s wanton snare as hell she hated.” But of Duessa he says, “For evermore she hated, never loved.” There is no beauty without virtue, and there is no virtue without God.

“No fort can be so strong,
 No fleshly heart can armed be so sound,
 But will at last be won with batt’ry long,
 Or unawares at disadvantage found :
 Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.”

“If any strength we have, it is to ill ;
 But all the good is God’s, both power and eke will.”

He thus represents the power of Faith :—

“And when she did pour out her larger sprite,
 She would command the hasty sun to stay.....
 And eke huge mountains from their native seat
 She would command themselves to bear away :
 Almighty God her gave such power and puissance great.”

Spenser himself, in his prefatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, calls his poem “a continued allegory, or dark conceit ;” and forestalling the objections of some to whom “this method will seem displeasing,” he adds : “So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by example than by rule.” In the same letter he explains the armour of his “Knight of the Red Cross” to mean “the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul.”

The noblest use of the imagination, as exercised in the realm of poetry and romance, is to show in its vivid way how human character

and conduct are beautiful and amiable, or ugly and odious, because right or wrong, because holy or sinful. Our literature abounds in fine examples of this, but the finest of all are to be found in our two greatest allegorists, in Bunyan and in Spenser.

4. *Personal temperament and experience, personal enjoyment of Religion*, must have much to do with all theology that is worth anything. Spenser's portrait is extant, with "thoughtful brown eyes, whose upper eyelids weigh them dreamily down . . . with a touch of sadness." The few biographical details that we possess of him suffice to show what an autobiography he has left us in his poems. He was born in London just before Queen Mary came to the throne. Six or seven years of age at the time of Elizabeth's coronation, he was old enough to feel an impression of those dark days of Popish cruelty which would never be effaced from his heart. His residence in Ireland (the influence of which upon his poetry is well brought out in Dean Church's interesting and suggestive account of "Spenser in Ireland") was a dreary page of a dreary chapter of one of the saddest of histories. A sensitive man, yet anxious to push his way in the world, his outward life was mainly one of suspense and disappointment and sorrow. Its end was tragical. His house was burnt by an Irish mob, and his little child perished in the flames. He escaped to England, to die soon afterwards broken-hearted, at the age of about forty-seven. Looking at Spenser's life, I do not wonder that he fled for refuge from disappointment and trouble to an ideal world of pure, noble, and satisfying aspirations; nor can I doubt that he found in those ideals, "*being mixed with faith*," the attraction of a personal Saviour, and the consolation of the living God.

5. We may study Spenser's theology as a *mirror of his time*. His life was cast in the main current of that great transition of our history which came between the Reformation and the Puritan age. His poetry reflects the very life of that strange memorable time, in which old and new ideas were clashing so fiercely. Let any one try to imagine what it must have been to have lived in those young days of the Renaissance and of the Reformation. I think it will strike him that the salient point of interest for that great stirring period was not the revival of letters or the discovery of the New World, but the Bible in English, read and expounded, and discussed and pondered as it spoke newly in the mother tongue. There can have been no "literary sen-

sation" in our times anything like that! Spenser was the most learned of poets. He was also, as was certain to be the case with such a man at such a time, profoundly intimate with the Scriptures. This explains at once why his theology was so evangelical and so strenuous and high-pitched in its moral tone.

At the same time, his fervent attachment to the Puritanism which was just entering upon its mighty work, an attachment so boldly avowed in his early pastoral called the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and so fiercely displayed in the *Faery Queen*, reflects all the passion that stirred in England in the days of the Spanish Armada. The worst foe of the Red Cross Knight is the scarlet-clad Duessa of Rome. The closing stanzas of the eighth canto of the first book contain one of those Spenserian pictures of hideousness which, like too many of the Spenserian pictures of loveliness, are as repulsive to modern taste as they are overwhelming in imaginative power. It is the description of Popery unveiled; and it shows a "supreme energy of loathing," a surpassing *odium theologicum*, which invests even these masses of loathsome details with something sublime.

"Such is the face of Falsehood; such the sight
Of foul Duessa, when her borrow'd light
Is laid away."

His Dantesque description of "The House of Endless Pain," in which "ten thousand sorts of punishment the cursed creatures do eternally torment," indicates a severity more peculiar to the period than to the man. Nor must we suppose that Spenser mistook for literal truth such outrageous and horrible imaginings. Still, it must be charged against him that he had a share in the bad work of corrupting the great Puritan theology with mediæval superstitions about hell. So long as those conceptions remain poetic, figurative, vague, so long as they only haunt the "*poet's corner*" of theology, they may be dim and awful shadows of *truth*; but what injustice to the glorious Gospel, and what tampering with "the terrors of the Lord," to transfer such fancies from the pages of Spenser or Dante to systems of divinity and sermons preached in the name of Jesus Christ! In fine, it is perfectly true, as a recent critic has pointed out, that Spenser failed in "that profound and insatiable seeking after the real, which made Shakspeare so great, and his brethren great in proportion as they approached him."

Dulwich.

W. P. DOTHIE.

Correspondence of Apollos Howard: The Great Choir Battle.

VERY shortly after Apollos Howard's settlement in Michaelstone, before his marriage, and while he was absent with the intention of undergoing a university examination, a breeze blew over the hills and adown the dale which cost him an academical defeat, many sleepless nights, and some friendships. If it had not been for the eager and beautiful sympathy of one young heart, and the manly conduct of the deacons, including Zachary Bates, Apollos would have prolonged that absence indefinitely, and a ministry rich in spiritual results would have been blighted, perhaps arrested, at the very commencement.

The great choir battle, as it was afterwards termed, originated no little correspondence, and as I turn over the voluminous pages, I am much amused at the portentous gravity with which this storm in a milk-pail was discussed. The affairs of Ashantee, Cetewayo, Afghanistan, as described in contemporary blue-books, will not prove more serious reading. Is it not often the case, when we peruse old letters, dealing with defunct and forgotten anxieties, that we cannot imagine how we could ever have cherished sentiments so strong, been so bitterly grieved or so highly elated by events or speeches which have utterly passed out of remembrance ?

For some weeks the relations between the choir and the pulpit were somewhat strained, and the psaltery, flute, sackbut, and bass fiddle did not seem to profit by the meditations of the new minister. There was much fluttering and shifting of papers and books, and many words were whispered between the choir-master and the first violin, even while Apollos was pleading in finely-strung sentences for harmony with God, and trying to lift the veil and allow the light of heaven to fall upon his congregation. As beams of solar or electric light breaking into darkened chambers reveal a world of motes and germs and floating dust, so these jets of sunshine, striking on the Michaelstone choir, made a similar revelation. Apollos did not scruple to remonstrate with his friends. They, sincerely believing that "the last hymn" was quite as serious and important a part of the morning worship as the discourse of their minister, did not scruple to give him this opinion of their services. He reflected on this rather startling judgment, and found no small amount of truth in it. "They are

right," said he, to a sympathetic friend. "All that I can do for the congregation is to bend their attention towards some great truth, incline them to think more loyally and joyfully of Christ, their King, gather their affections together that they may pour them forth to God. The 'last hymn,' if sung in harmony with such poor teaching as I can supply, is often the proximate end of my whole sermon. If I can only get five hundred persons to sing from the depths of their hearts once in their lives, 'Rock of Ages,' or 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' it is worth living for." "All that is very true," said his friend; "but you must choose your own hymn, and select your own tune, or the entire stress of your sermon is neutralised. Last Sunday, if you had asked us to sing 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,' it seems to me that the whole audience would have responded in some utterly new and sacred way to your Master's question, 'Lovest thou Me?' But, unfortunately, those tiresome people had been fidgeting with their part-music, and fingering their instruments, and before the words were out of your mouth, stood up to perform that sentimental trash of Alexander Pope—'Vital Spark,' to the rollicking and inappropriate music which has corrupted the taste of two generations. You must choose your own hymns and tunes if the last hymn is to be as important as the discourse."

Apollos Howard took the hint, and without preparing the way for such a vital change, announced his intention to make this arrangement for the future. This was as a spark to a train of combustibles, and the next Sunday the flute, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music had disappeared. The choir pews were all empty, and Apollos had to raise the tunes himself. The congregation, accustomed to lean on the loud-voiced, many-stringed choir, badly sustained him, and the services collapsed grievously. A conflict began which raged through seven weeks, some of the details of which will appear in the following correspondence. The storm cleared the air, and at length a victory was won in the cause of order, harmony, and sound sense.

1. *Letter from Apollos Howard to the Deacons of the Church at Michaelstone.*

London, November, 186—

MY DEAR FRIENDS;—I am particularly sorry that the urgent business which has called me to London prevents my doing duty next

Sunday. The agitating experience of the day before yesterday is likely to frustrate my success in the university; but whatever may be the issue of that, I know I shall have your sympathy. Serious as those issues may be all round, the constitution of the choir *must* be modified. At present the sole condition of fitness to take part in the worship of Almighty God has been ability to play some instrument, or the possession of a moderately good voice. Not long since, a notorious atheist, but fine tenor, was singing conspicuously, "My faith would lay her hand," etc. This portentous inconsistency must be brought to an end. You must sustain me, and the Church must be requested to resolve that no one be admitted to the choir without the consent of the pastor and deacons. The resignation of the choir must be unequivocally accepted, and a new one be formed on a fresh and more rational understanding. On every ground, and specifically because the worship-song is of pre-eminent importance, the pastor, who is entrusted with the responsibility of the conduct of the worship, must have either unconditional direction of, or absolute veto upon the hymns and music of the Sunday services. However sharp the struggle, this principle must be secured if I am to remain amongst you.

Your affectionate pastor,

A. H.

2. Letter from Mr. Zachary Bates to Rev. Apollos Howard.

MY HIGH-SPIRITED AND VIGOROUS FRIEND,—I am not a venerable archdeacon in your cathedral close, but a new-comer into your romantic dale, drawn thither in part by words I heard you speak, for I hold that when a man has found a helper and a teacher in this world, that is of more consequence to him than income or archæology. I quite agree with you, that numerous discourses and meditations of yours, and of other godly and gracious men, are driven out of mind and memory by certain bursts of "horrid clang" called worship. "The blest pair of syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy, sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse, should wed their divine sounds" to deepen, not obliterate impression. It may be that the plan you suggest to your deacons will be of service. I am quite ready to tell the people that "the man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons" and the like, though my saying so will not give Jacob Lewis a voice, nor help Jeremiah Sharp to sing in tune. The officers

of the community will stand by you, and pass any number of resolutions. But, my impetuous minister, what are we to do for the sweet sounds? My voice strongly resembles the simmer of a cracked warming-pan, and my wife cannot now rise above D-sharp. Meanwhile we have a chapter of lamentations. "How has the fine gold become din," is muttered at many a tea-table; and "Ichabod" is, I see, chalked up on the walls of the Meeting. What idiots there are in the world! As they used to say at *Notown*, "There's nout sae odd as foak."

3. *Letter from Jacob Lewis to Rev. Apollos Howard, B.A.*

DEAR PASTOR,—I tried my best on Sunday, but I had the singing all to myself. The choir sat in a row outside the empty pew, and grinned their satisfaction at my feeble performance. The deacons have selected a few of our best friends to help me next Sunday, when Dr. M—— preaches. I trust we shall have no disaster.

4. *Letter from Jacob Lewis to Rev. A. Howard.*

DEAR PASTOR,—You will hear from several of your friends the conduct of the old choir last Sunday. No sooner had I and six helpers commenced singing "Dundee" to "O. God of Bethel," than the choir, with sundry instruments, struck up "America," and some of the congregation sang one tune and some the other, until the Sunday scholars laughed, and even solid Mr. Bates put his handkerchief to his face, and I had gravest difficulty in persisting with my tune. In one way or other every hymn was assailed, and the "last hymn" was fairly taken out of our lips by our mistaken friends. I hope you will return to Michaelstone before next Sunday.

Yours truly,

J. LEWIS.

5. *John Randall to Rev. Apollos Howard.*

REVEREND SIR,—In apprising you of the resolve of the members of the Independent Meeting Choir to withdraw from the conduct of the singing-pew, we think as you aught know that me, and my father and grandfather afore me, has sat in that pew; and that the bass fiddle is their own property, which they have every reason to believe will be acceptable to the Primitives at Lower Vale Chapel. I take it, moreover, that you have not counted the corst of your ill-

advised invasion of our prerogatives. What is the use of an Independent Church unless the choir be independent to manage its own affairs?—it would be better to go at once to the Parish. Prerogatives, I say—rights is what I stand on. The independence of everybody is my card. I verily believe the old viol would not speak right notes if it were otherwise; for I often think there is a kind of sense in the old instrument, that I may be so bold as to say has seen more than six ministers in and out. Your discusses have, I must confess, been very happy lately, and I was pleased myself to see the pews under the left gallery not so thin; but all will be no avail if the music, which has been the admiration of the whole dale, is discontinued.

I am, yours truly,

J. RANDALL, Bass Violin.

6. *Mr. Zachary Bates to his brother-in-law, Sir Frederick Esdaile.*

DEAR FREDERICK,—You would have smiled at the pluck of our young minister. We have had a battle royal between the congregation and the choir. The authorities of all kinds, the minister, the trustees, the deacons, and even the Church (these benighted people have neither bishop, nor rural dean, nor archdeacon to appeal to—and I do not see very well what a bishop could do if he tried)—have resolved that the singing-chorus should be under the direct instruction of the minister who was responsible for the worship, and that introduction into the choir in future must be sought at his hands. This has roused all the bile and venom that was slumbering in the old discordant musickers' liver, and they resolved to set up a rival shop in the singing-gallery. That, I told them, was "the dissidence of dissent," which they took as a great compliment, and said they knew a thing or two down in Yorkshire. "You independent geese, you tempestuous donkeys," I mildly observed, "if you persist in this wicked folly, I shall suggest to Apollos Howard a remedy that will prevent your singing hymns for a thousand years after you get to heaven." "Go to law, hey?" "Brawling i' church?" they replied. "Nah, nah! we know oor man." They did know that the gentle young fellow would not call in the magistrate to fine or imprison them for spiritual offences; but they did not know the quiet strength that was in him. For seven Sundays he adopted the truly sweet Quaker custom, which dispenses with audible singing, unless a

brother be inspired by the Spirit all at once, with words, and voice, and music. Crowds filled the queer old Meeting, and at the parts of the service in which they were accustomed to worship the Almighty in song, there was a death-like stillness for five minutes. A strange quiet and awe fell on the people, and it was broken only by a sob. Not until seven of these Sundays had passed, did the obstinate choir yield, and give their "pledge in writing" not to interfere with the worship. It was a victory of silence over discord, of gentleness over bluster, of Christian patience over unwarrantable claims, and the young man touched me with his sermon on the words—"There is a time to keep silence." He did not make any reference to the silence recently enforced upon their worship; but he discoursed upon (1) the *natural* silences of the desert, and the night; the silences of sleep, of deafness, and of death. Then he spake of (2) silences enforced by great mysteries of Providence and faith; by bitter losses, great disappointments, and the like; by the unanswerable questions of ignorance, by the unutterable groanings of the soul, by the portentous hush that falls upon the departed spirit. Then (3) there were voluntary silences following resignation to the Divine will; a man is never compelled to say, "Thy will be done," for he *may* and *can* fill the world with his wail. Even Job was not always "dumb," and many a psalmist has "cried unto God with his voice." It is, however, within the range of a human soul to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Then he spoke (4) of cowardly, mean, damnable silences, sometimes basely covered by the ægis of this text; and of the silence that was often adopted heartlessly by those who might speak for God, and he did it with such point and power that when the congregation, musicians, and children, whose voices had been so long quieted, sang out—

"Art thou silent, Church of God,
Thou that art redeemed by blood?"

I had a new sensation in my throat, and "although unused to the melting mood, shed tears as fast as the Arabian tree does its medicinal gum."

Yours affectionately,

ZACHARY.

The Gospel Story.

THE kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain man who had two sons. And the younger of them, instead of saying to his father, "Father, *give* me my portion, that I may go and spend it," took his fate into his own hands, and carrying off that which he had been forbidden to touch, took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his father's substance in riotous living. And when he had spent all, and began to be in want, his father, whose love had never changed or faltered for a moment, sent him all that he needed, with many tender invitations to return. But he would not. Living on his father's bounty, he nevertheless spurned his father's love, and evil entreated the messengers who brought him so many gifts and invitations. Some he beat, and some he stoned.

Now the elder son remained ever in his father's house, and was his father's delight. But even in their happiest moments a shadow would fall upon them as they remembered the son and brother who had lost himself in the riotous excesses of the dark and remote land to which he had strayed. At length they could bear it no longer. The same thought sprang up at the same instant in both their hearts, so truly were the twain one. The father said within himself, "I will send my firstborn : peradventure he will hear him." And the son said within himself, "I will go after him ; perhaps he will listen to me, and come back with me, and then my father's joy will no more be clouded with grief."

So the elder son arose and left his father's house, where all that the father had was his, and in which day by day he made merry with many friends, to seek and to save the son that was lost. With patient feet he trod the long devious road, suffering many strange indignities at the hands of the citizens of that country, till at last he found his brother ; whom, when he saw, he ran forward to meet, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. With many pathetic words, and many cordial signs of love, he besought the prodigal to return—to be the stay and comfort of their father's heart. But the prodigal, though so poor, thought himself rich ; though in a most miserable captivity, thought himself free ; and he hardened himself against the tender memories of home which rose within him, and all the appealing grace of his brother's lips. He renounced the father who had begotten him. He

claimed as the fruit of his own toil the gifts his father had lavished upon him. He denied that his brother was his brother to his face. Nay, he conspired with the citizens of that country, and the dark tyrant whom they served, against the brother who came to save him from them. They mocked at him, they buffeted him, they put him to a cruel and a shameful death.

That crime awoke his conscience. He was filled with remorse and despair. He cursed his cruel madness. And but for the grace of Heaven, he would have laid violent hands on himself, and have gone "anywhere, anywhere out of the world." But the brother, whom he had adjudged to death, had a life he could not touch. He rose from a grave that could not hold him. He came back to the sullen desperate man, who sat in dumb rath and self-despair. He renewed and multiplied the tokens and entreaties of his love. And at sight of him, and at the touch of a love stronger than death, the hard heart melted. He rose from the ground on which he had cast himself—rose from it, but only to fling himself at his brother's feet, and sob out broken confessions of his guilt, his utter unworthiness of a love so staunch and tender. But the elder grasped him by the hand, raised him to his feet, took him to his inn, washed away the stains of his foul and abject condition, put a new clean robe upon him, and joyfully yet tenderly led him home.

As they came and drew nigh to the house, their father, who was hungrily watching for them, saw them while yet they were a great way off, saw too that the task of love was accomplished, and ran to meet them, and fell on the neck, first of one and then of the other, and kissed them. And when the younger son would have sunk at his feet, and once more confessed the sins which made him unworthy of home, the happy father prevented him, and bade his servants bring forth a still better robe, and commanded them to prepare a great feast; for, said he, "*This*, my son, was dead and is alive again; and *this* was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry; and soon the whole spacious house rocked to the dancers' feet, and to the sound of the music to which they danced.

S. Cox.

LET the chain of second causes be ever so long, the first link is always in God's hand.—*Lavington*.

Notæ Theologicæ.

MR. MILL ON NATURE.

Wilton.—You will, I have no doubt, remember that Mr. Mill defines nature in one place as “the sum of all phenomena, together with all the causes which produce them, including not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening; the unused capabilities of causes being as much a part of the idea of nature as those which take effect.” Again, he says, “Nature, then, in its simplest acceptation, is a collective name for all facts actual and possible, or (to speak more accurately) a name for the mode, partly known to us, and partly unknown, in which all things take place.” I cannot congratulate Mr. Mill on the perfect consistency of these definitions, for he has generously made us a present of two which are by no means equivalent. But to pass this by, he proceeds to point out what he deems to be a mistaken use of the word “*nature*” as a contrast to “*art*,” whereas in his opinion *nature* includes *art*; for he says, “even the volition which designs, the intelligence which contrives, and the muscular force which executes these movements are themselves powers of nature.” Now if Mr. Mill choose so to enlarge his definition of nature as to include within it the province of art, he is at liberty to do so, after giving due notice of his intention, provided always that he remembers, in the first place, that he is ignoring a distinction which philosophy has recognised for thousands of years, and will continue to recognise; and provided also that he is consistent in the application of his own definition.

Arundel.—I think you may trust Mr. Mill on both points.

Wilton.—I am not so sanguine, my friend, as you appear to be, for it is clear that his remarks on the maxim, “Follow nature,” arise both from forgetfulness of his own definition, and from a misapprehension of what the ancients meant by the inculcation of the duty of “following nature.” He tells us that all praise of civilisation, of art, or contrivance, is so much dispraise of nature, an admission of imperfection which it is man’s business and merit to be always endeavouring to “correct or mitigate” (p. 21). But in what sense does Mr. Mill employ the word “nature” in this extraordinary sentence? It is clear that he is here restricting it to the forms and forces of external nature, a sense in which no philosopher in ancient or modern times ever inculcated the preposterous duty of “following nature.” Nor, so far as I

am aware, has it ever been conceived by any man whose opinion was entitled to the smallest respect, that "nature"—that is, "external nature"—was imperfect because she was capable of being moulded and adjusted by "art" and "contrivance" to the necessities or conveniences of man. What philosopher has Mr. Mill encountered who accounted it a "dispraise of nature" that man has to make a bridge or a boat by which to cross a river? Is Nature imperfect in any sense which a correct thinker should impute to such a term, because she has not so managed matters as to provide bridges or boats wherever man needs them or desires them, or has she failed because he is born without a covering sufficient to screen him from the cold, or because she has not built or furnished him a house, or because she has rendered it needful for him to break up the ground and sow the seed—or because, indeed, she has permitted him to feel the pangs of hunger, or to need any nourishment at all? If nature had made man hungry, and supplied him with no resources out of which food could have been procured—if he had been a bundle of wants without any ingenuity or contrivance by which they could be satisfied, if the earth would not grow the corn, or the iron refused to be smelted and moulded, or the stone to leave the quarry, or the tree to yield to the stroke of the woodsman, then, viewed in relation to man at least, nature would have been "imperfect"; the inconvenience, however, would have happily been very ephemeral, for a race (if race it could be called) thus absolutely unprovided for would have expired at the beginning.

Osborne.—Have you been able to form a distinct idea of what Mr. Mill means by "the imperfection of nature"?

Wilton.—Far from it, and I think that if he had only employed his acuteness in an attempt to define that term, it is possible that he would have been spared the trouble of writing one-half of this essay on "nature." I suspect, however, he was too wise to adventure the experiment, for no sooner would he have given a definition than he would have seen that the "imperfection" was not absolute, bearing relation to universal nature as known or knowable to us, but only, and that doubtfully, to man. It is imperfection from one point of view, but surely all perfection in material things is relative, and probably all imperfection equally relative. A knife may be perfect for cutting, and a watch for showing the time, but both would be imperfect enough if called upon to exchange their functions.

Osborne.—Or you would say that Mr. Mill's logic, though a perfect treatise on the science and art of reasoning, would be a very imperfect treatise on the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

Wilton.—Assuredly so. But to revert to our author's remarks on "following nature." I should like to call your attention to a passage on pages 25 and 26.

Arundel.—Yes, I find that even I have thickly underlined that paragraph, and placed a huge note of interrogation at its side.

Wilton.—I am not surprised to hear it. It is one of the most painful portions of his treatise, and a certain amount of heated feeling seems to radiate from it as one reads it. "For," says he, "however offensive the proposition may appear to many religious persons, they should be willing to look in the face the undeniable fact that the order of nature, in so far as unmodified by man, is such as no being whose attributes are justice and benevolence would have made with the intention that his rational creatures *should follow it as an example*. If made wholly by such a being, and not partly by beings of very different qualities, it could only be as a designedly imperfect work, which man in his limited sphere is to exercise justice and benevolence in amending. The best persons have always held it to be the essence of religion that the paramount duty of man upon earth is to amend himself; but all except monkish quietists have annexed to this in their inmost minds (though seldom willing to enunciate the obligation with the same clearness) the additional religious duty of amending the world—and not solely the human part of it, but the material, the order of physical nature" (pp. 25, 26).

Here Mr. Mill is not employing the word *nature* in what he terms "its simplest acceptation, as a collective name for all facts actual and possible," but in the more restricted sense, "the order of physical nature." Now in this sense no sane man ever inculcated the duty of following nature, for no man has ever yet comprehended the order of physical nature, or felt that such order was to him a law of duty. What portion of physical nature does Mr. Mill suppose that man was ever expected to follow? The sun, or the moon, or the rivers, or the sea, or the birds, or beasts, or fishes? If he follow any part of it as an example, he is not following nature as a whole; and to follow nature as a whole—that is, physical nature, of which Mr. Mill here speaks—is a task which has been assigned him in no system of

ethics that has ever yet seen the light. In other words, the writer is assailing a man of straw, and a miserable scarecrow at the best.

But what does he mean by man amending the world—that is, the order of material or physical nature? Is it amending the material part of the world to drain morasses, or to redeem land from the sea? Here again we need the great logician's own ingenuity for the purpose of defining the word "amend"; he has forgotten that this, like the terms "perfect" and "imperfect," is a relative word, and that what may be amending in one phase and with one object, may be injuring in another phase and with another object. What part of the world has man amended absolutely and in its *universal* relations?

Osborne.—Well, I think it is an absolute and universal amelioration to drain morasses.

Wilton.—To drain morasses, my dear friend—surely this is only an amending which is relative to man. But do you think that, man apart, there is, either in bog, or in unreclaimed land, any waste or defect in nature? Were the waste or defect felt before man appeared on the scene? There is rich luxuriance of life even in the unhealthiest swamps of Savannah, a profuseness of vegetation incapable of production in less favoured spots; and when man intrudes upon the region with his peculiar organisation he finds himself anticipated by other claimants to whom the swamp is their heaven, and when he brings his amending schemes and implements he is regarded as an unwelcome reformer who succeeds in improving his own conditions of existence only by ruining those of thousands of living creatures, who, if they could plead at all, would plead the title of a prior occupation. With the utmost possible respect for Mr. Mill, I must deny that man has "amended," except relatively and in a figure, the swamps when he has drained them, and affirm that he has improved the "order of physical nature" only in his own favour, and not at all in favour of the creatures he has supplanted. Many jungles have been cleared by the "amending" ordinances of man, but with loud and angry protests from the tigers that have been thus evicted from their dwelling-places; and we can imagine that a committee of crocodiles would have denounced by a unanimous vote the amendment which improved them out of the rivers which had been the *habitats* for generations of themselves and their illustrious parents. Wolves have not lightly yielded their prescriptive rights and accepted man's

ideas about "amending the order of physical nature." Their judgment, if they could only find tongue to express it, would be to the effect that ever since the appearance of man within their ancient domains the order of physical creation has undergone a rapid and melancholy depravation. Again, then, I must ask what Mr. Mill means by man's "amending the order of physical nature"; and again I must aver that, as it seems to me, the amending is not in the "order of nature" at all, according to his definition of it as "physical nature," but is simply a re-adjustment of it for the purpose of securing a sphere for the existence and action of man. The amendment is in view of man, and in subordination to man.

Osborne.—I do not see how Mr. Mill could well deny the force of your observations.

Wilton.—Be it so; but to admit their force is to surrender this portion of his argument, and for my part I see not how he can avoid the necessity. The confusion of which I complain in Mr. Mill incessantly re-appears, as for example when he says "if the artificial is not better than the natural, to what end are all the arts of life? To dig, to plough, to build, to wear clothes, are direct infringements of the injunction to follow nature" (p. 20). On all which I observe, at the risk of repetition—of which, however, this great author gives me an encouraging example—that the artificial is only better than the natural in its relation to man, and that if the existence of man be discounted, the superiority of the artificial to the natural ceases at once; and further, that digging, and ploughing, and building, and the wearing of clothes are not infringements, either direct or indirect, of any "injunction to follow nature," for no such injunction to follow nature, in Mr. Mill's sense of the terms, was ever given by any rational thinker since the world began.

I must also express my surprise at the astounding statement with which Mr. Mill seeks to corroborate the sentiment on which I have just animadverted. It is as follows: "The consciousness that whatever man does to improve his condition is in so much a censure and a thwarting of the spontaneous order of nature, has in all ages caused new and unprecedented attempts at improvement to be generally at first under a shade of religious suspicion, as being in any case uncomplimentary, and very probably offensive to the powerful beings (or, when polytheism gave place to monotheism, to the all-powerful Being)

supposed to govern the various phenomena of the universe, and of whose will the course of nature was conceived to be the expression " (p. 21).

Arundel.—But surely you do not mean to contest the accuracy of Mr. Mill's allegation?

Wilton.—It is precisely its accuracy that I do contest; and I would venture to ask where is the proof that the making of clothing, or shelter, or the arts of husbandry, or the invention of any implement or instrument for the furtherance of such arts was regarded with religious suspicion? The earliest account we have of clothing is in the Book of Genesis. Is there any hint that it was viewed with distrust and suspicion as possibly an offence to God? We have there also the earliest account of the tilling of the ground, and of the keeping of sheep, both things requiring a certain amount of art and skill; but there is no indication that these operations, involving as they did constant and purposed interference on the part of man with the usual and spontaneous processes of nature, were viewed as dangerous provocations of the divine jealousy and anger. The earliest accounts we have of tents and houses are in the Book of Genesis; but, so far as we can learn, the tent was spread and the bricks were piled on each other without any apprehension that there was a treasonable tampering with the "order of nature." In that same book also we read of a man named Jubal, who was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ; and of another man named Tubal-cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron; but we do not read that either of these inventors feared an earthquake or a fire from heaven in chastisement of their audacious interference with the course of nature.

Arundel.—Very plausible, my good friend, very plausible; but you are not supposing that Mr. Mill would accept your wonderful legends?

Wilton.—It is immaterial to my argument whether Mr. Mill regards them as legends or histories. In either case he would not deny that they have a respectable antiquity, and that whensoever they were penned they reveal no hints of that superstitious dread of inventions which constitutes the substance of his indictment. And if you can point me to any records of any other nation, equally ancient and trustworthy, in which the alleged dread of invading the order of nature is manifested, I shall be glad to know them. At present I

must plead ignorance of them. Mr. Mill tells us that "Each new interference was doubtless made with fear and trembling, until experience had shown that it could be ventured on without drawing down the vengeance of the gods." And he communicates to us his theory respecting the manner in which men became reconciled to the various inventions which they made from time to time with trembling apprehension. It is this: "The sagacity of priests showed the people a way to reconcile the impunity of particular infringements with the maintenance of the general dread of encroachment on the divine administration. This was effected by representing each of the principal human inventions as the gift and favour of some god" (pp. 21, 22).

It would be interesting to know what was the precise period in the history of the world when the influence of the priests became so convenient and powerful. At what date did this wonderful priesthood take its rise? In what nation or tribe did it prevail? In what manner did it manage to emancipate itself from the abject superstition and dread of supernal vengeance which are supposed by Mr. Mill to have pervaded the people? Had there been no encroachment on the divine administration, in the shape of inventions and methods of improving nature (as our essayist puts it), before priesthood became an organised system? And if there had, how did the people become reconciled to these encroachments before they obtained the unspeakable benefit of priestly sagacity? The earliest priests were, in all probability, the fathers of families who might not unnaturally be supposed to be the inventors of various arts. Whom would they need to allay their fears of the wrath of heaven? So far from accepting these facts and this hypothesis, I reject them both, and maintain that the earliest intimation we have of the attitude of the divine agency and human inventions towards each other is not one which affords the least authority for Mr. Mill's whimsical theory that such inventions were perilous invasions of a divine province, but that they were the absolute and beneficent inspirations of God.

Arundel.—But you are not prepared to deny that the attitude of priests has been again and again adverse to invention and discoveries?

Wilton.—Assuredly not; but this is not Mr. Mill's point. With

him the priest stands in the relation of a tranquillizer of the popular mind in its ignorant alarm—an alarm which, I repeat, did not exist—in reference to “any attempt (to use his own language) to mould natural phenomena to the convenience of mankind.”

Arundel.—But Mr. Mill admits that “no one asserts it to be the intention of the Creator that the spontaneous order of the creation should not be altered, or even that it should not be altered in any new way.”

Wilton.—He does; but this admission should have restrained him from imputing to any sane mind the doctrine that to “follow nature” meant to abstain from re-arranging her materials and combining her laws in the interests of humanity. There never was a nation or a tribe which either lived, or professed to live, in accordance with nature, in the sense of renouncing all personal activity in the manipulation of her forces and laws. Mr. Mill seemed haunted with the notion, that some one, somewhere, and at some time or other, had propounded the doctrine that it was the duty of man to “follow nature”—that is, the physical order of nature. You, Arundel, took at college a high position both as an Aristotelian and a Platonist—do you remember either of these illustrious philosophers discussing such a dogma either in the way of support or opposition?

Arundel.—Not certainly in the shape in which it is formulated by Mr. Mill, though I am convinced that there is profound wisdom in the maxim, “Follow nature,” employing that phrase in a more restricted sense than you have been just considering.

Wilton.—Precisely so. I agree with you, but you will allow that the sense I have just been considering is not my own, but Mr. Mill’s—or rather, one of his senses, for he avails himself of at least two, and vacillates most perplexingly between them. I feel, however, that I owe you an apology for the extent to which I have monopolized the conversation.

Osborne.—Excuse me, there is no need for any apology, and I feel disposed to trespass a little further on your good nature by recalling your attention for a moment to that paragraph of Mr. Mill, on the imperfection of nature, on which you have just animadverted. Is he not right when he says that “her (Nature’s) powers are often, *towards man*, in the position of enemies, from whom he must wrest by force and ingenuity what little he can for his own use, and deserves to be

applauded when that little is rather more than might be expected from his physical weakness in comparison to those gigantic powers ? ”

Wilton.—But if Mr. Mill be right, how would he have had nature arranged in regard to man, so as to free her from this charge of imperfection ? Would he have had her so constituted that man should have been relieved from the necessity for all forethought and toil, that he should have been able to walk upon the stage of this world and find his clothing ready for his back, houses ready for his habitation, food ready to supply his hunger, carriages ready to transport him when and whither he might choose, and every other necessity graciously met, as by some enchanting fairy ? Suppose this fantastic dream had been realised, and man, with his present apparatus of faculties, had stepped in lordly fashion upon the scene, would not some sceptic have ventured to impeach the perfection of nature for having done too much for man, and would he not have said, Why this ludicrous surplusage of faculties in a creature in whom she has left so little room for their exercise and development ? If she was bent on doing so much preparatory work she had better have brought forth a race of idiots to occupy the luxurious domain ; but to do all the work for man, and then to endow man with the skill and ingenuity and power to do all the work for himself had he only been left to himself, is an extravagance of supererogation which convicts nature of the grossest infatuation. If she meant to have such a creature as man at all, why doom his faculties to uselessness by doing everything for him ? And if she meant that such faculties should not only exist but have full play, why should she “ bridge shores,” “ drain marshes,” “ excavate wells,” and perform a thousand similar operations which lie within the scope of man’s own powers ?

Arundel.—But might she not have done much more for man without doing all ?

Wilton.—To speak frankly, I don’t think “ *she* ” could have done more, nor less. That more could have been done for him I do not doubt, and also much less, but I am not as yet ashamed to avow that, all things considered, man has no great reason to complain of the *modus vivendi* which he is able to maintain with the order of physical nature. He has found it possible to extort not a little already from what Mr. Mill considers “ her ” grudging hand, and I doubt not that he will extort much more.

Osborne.—In whatever else nature is defective, yonder, at least, is a perfect sunset, for which it is worth while to suspend our discussion.

To this the rest agreed, and they all went out and sauntered in the garden until the stars sent their messages of light and love from yet more distant heavens.

ENOCH MELLOR.

"The Gunpowder and Glory Business."

THE very remarkable speech which Lord Derby delivered recently at Huddersfield, fell like a beam of spring sunlight on "the winter of our discontent," amid which the saddest and gloomiest year of the century passed away. The new year naturally brings with it new hope. The reign of Christ is our warrant for the association of hope with new mornings, new years, and new eras in history. Always the movement is onward and upward; and the reason lies deeply enfolded in the nature of things why "*Sursum corda*" seems always to be the message which new times and seasons bring to our too easily depressed and despondent hearts. And it happens that as we enter on the new year there is a general lifting all round of the cloud which has so long enveloped us, and things in every direction seem taking a turn for good. Trade is reviving, profitable investments for capital are offering themselves, confidence is returning, sound political and financial principles are regaining their hold on the popular judgment, the Liberals are winning the ear of the country, and it is being discovered both here and on the Continent, that, not in a material sense alone, but in a far deeper and graver sense, the "gunpowder and glory business" does not pay. Of the new hopes which the new year brings with it, Lord Derby stands forth as the prophet. The most cautious, sober, and moderate of our public men has not only lifted up his voice to rebuke our despondency, but has been at no little pains to prove to us that we had no need to be afraid. Lord Derby is probably the most unromantic man among our leading statesmen. He is the last man to allow his imagination to colour his vision, or to let the glamour of fancy do duty for hope. When he says that we are doing well, we may take the full comfort of his words. And he establishes by rigid figures that during these years of what we have moaned over as depression, the country was making substantial progress; that our wealth has been steadily increasing, and that the working classes on the whole

are enjoying an amount of comfort—due partly to cheapness of food, to improved dwellings, and to steadier habits, and partly to the position which they have won by the stern and costly conflicts of past years—which has probably no parallel in any past age of our national history. Surveying the prospect he sees no reason for any grave anxiety about our future. Keen competition we shall have, and there is no reason that we should dread it. Our only formidable competitor, according to the present aspect and bearing of things, is America, in Lord Derby's judgment. With America he thinks lies the industrial future of the world; but for the present we have no need to be alarmed for our supremacy. It will last out our time and beyond. Of the competition of the Continent he speaks with something like contempt. European nations may press us for a season and on special points; but looking at it in the long run and on a large scale he holds it to be simply impossible, that peoples whose industry is so crippled and hampered by the enormous expenditure of men and of money which their schemes of conquest or revenge entail upon them, can compete successfully with a people endowed like the English with the highest natural advantages, which they are able to put to the best use. The absence of the conscription, and of the bloated armaments which the militarism that curses all Continental States necessitates, is an enormous advantage to us in the race. And this brings us to "the gunpowder and glory business," as Lord Derby scornfully terms it, and which, to our sorrow and shame as Christians be it spoken, seems to be still the chief business of Christendom, after the Gospel with all its benign and peaceful influences has been at work upon it for well-nigh nineteen hundred years.

With the exception of England, is there a single leading State in Christendom in which the industry of the people is not deliberately limited and crippled by supposed imperial necessities; by considerations arising out of the retrospect or the prospect of wars? Some have lost valuable provinces by war, and by the sword they mean to reclaim them. Others have won in the bloody game, and stand on guard full armed to retain their spoils. Some have coveted districts on their borders to annex when war furnishes a safe opportunity; others crush down conquered populations under the iron heel of military despotism, and must maintain a vast military establishment, no matter at what cost, that the heel may press firmly

on the victim's neck. Everywhere, in every great State, there is some grand imperial scheme uppermost in the minds of the rulers which demands the first attention, and to which they unhesitatingly affirm that all other political and social interests must be postponed. They are pleased to identify these schemes with the honour, nay with the very existence, of the nation, and to represent their contention for it as a struggle for life. And so the young men of the nation are pressed into the army during the years in which their industry would be most helpful to the country; marriage is postponed, population is limited; taxation is increased to breaking strain, and Free Trade is laughed to scorn, that the sacrifice on the blood-stained altar of Moloch may be ample and complete. And there is no concealment about it. France is bearing with wonderful courage and cheerfulness a crushing burden of taxation, because in her secret heart she knows that it is arming and training her for the war of revenge. In Germany, Prince Bismarck with cynical frankness announces that the unity of the Empire, which means the retention of conquered provinces, is the one thing which he can afford to think about. Trade may languish, the people may starve, socialism may flourish and grow dangerous, no matter. The army, the largest and completest military instrument which the world has ever seen, must be maintained in a state of perfect preparation for war; it must be ready to a "gaiter and a shoe-tie" to pour an overwhelming force in nine days on any country whose rulers may be bold enough or mad enough to challenge it to the fight—and for the rest, the future must care for itself. The Italians must build the largest turret-ships and mount the biggest guns in the world, that they may be prepared, when the fitting moment comes, to avenge their terrible naval defeat in the war of independence and to bombard Trieste; while multitudes of the people are literally starving, while rich lands in Tuscany and elsewhere are going out of cultivation through the intolerable pressure of taxation, while there are bread riots even in such a city as Ravenna, and the South swarms with brigands who carry off rich proprietors from their castles, and make the Indian mail train their prey. Austria, fairly safe from any external assault, must keep on foot one of the largest and costliest armies in Europe, partly in honour of the tradition of ancient days of Imperial power and splendour, but chiefly because she has schemes of aggrandisement in the South-East of

Europe, the magnitude of which we suspect is by no means at present disclosed. While Russia not only keeps on foot nominally at any rate the greatest army of all, but marches her columns on to the German frontier with ostentatious menace, as if challenging a war, at a time when the very framework of Russian society seems in a state of dissolution, and a daring and powerful party of destruction rather than revolution, is hunting her tormented and life-weary Czar to death. We have a dread revelation of the extent to which this demon of military pride has possessed the rulers of Europe, in the fact that at this moment when society in Russia is in the throes of mortal agony, we hear more of the movements of Russian troops and of schemes of Russian conquest, than of the internal reforms which alone can save the empire—if indeed it is not too late.

We have spoken of the probability of grave trouble in the South-East of Europe, in connection with schemes for the extension of the Austrian Empire. We suspect that few negotiations of greater moment have been carried on of late, than those which issued at last in Prince Bismarck's Austro-German alliance. The results which have been allowed to appear have been very far from insignificant; but Prince Bismarck did not trouble himself to be his own plenipotentiary at Vienna, and Austria did not capitulate so entirely, so abjectly, to her distrusted and detested conqueror, just that improved commercial relations might be established between the two empires, and that Austria might feel at ease in the annexation of an Eastern province to her realm. Prince Bismarck went, there can be little doubt, to secure the guarantee of a firm Austrian alliance for the integrity of his newly-consolidated empire, should France and Russia join hands to threaten it; and it seems to us that he must have offered a much larger bribe to the Austrian Government than has at present been allowed to appear. Austria has placed herself in a position of almost humiliating dependence on the policy of Berlin. And for what? Doubtless there is an understanding between the two governments, as to arrangements which may be feasible in the approaching dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, which at any rate look towards Constantinople. It has been a steady aim of Prince Bismarck's policy to push the centre of gravity of the Austro-Hungarian realm as far as possible towards the South-East. The movement has begun, which will not end until the succession to the sick

man's possessions is determined ; and the settlement may cost Europe a great deal of trouble, difficulty, and possibly blood. But with these schemes afoot the reduction of armaments is a thing to be sighed for, to be talked about even with unction, but by no means to be done. And so the present crushing military tyranny must go on its way, wasting the substance and wearing out the very life of the nations ; until the people who writhe under it are at last goaded to madness, and rise up in frenzy to strike it to the dust. And signs are not wanting, happily, that the hour of its fall has come. Happily, we say ; for there can be no peace for Europe, no progress in a Christian sense, until it is overthrown. But it will die hard, and its overthrow will be bloody and costly work. There is a furious spirit rising in the democracy everywhere which reminds one ominously of the days which preceded the French Revolution. Never in the world's history, probably, has a sovereign been so hunted by assassins as the Czar. Never, probably, was a society so honeycombed by destructive socialist plots as is the empire which is ruled by the policy of Prince Bismarck. And in spite of the wonderful self-control and moderation of the French Republicans, signs are not wanting which awaken dread forebodings of the scenes which may be enacted if ever the Clericals and the Radicals get at each other's throats in France. There is a fierce spirit rising which marks a new era in the history of imperialism ; God grant that it may be the beginning of the end. It is brought home to us very portentously in England, when even in London a priest at the altar is not safe from the hand of the assassin. But the people everywhere are simply maddened by the needless miseries which the military despotism, that is the despotism of the military spirit, compels them to endure. There would be misery enough, alas ! to sadden every compassionate heart, were all political evils redressed, so long as vice and selfishness distract and degrade humanity. But the fearful aggravation of human care and misery which results from the system of things which is now dominant in Europe, defies calculation ; and could the account be fully stated would fill all hearts, not utterly hardened and corrupted by it, with agony and shame. "How long, O Lord, how long !" breaking hearts are crying in wild impatience of the slow sure methods of heaven. "Thy kingdom come," the wiser pray ; "Thy will be done, on earth as it is done in heaven."

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

Poetry.

SOLOMON AND THE LILIES.

KING SOLOMON has built himself a throne,
 The like no kingdom in the world can show ;
 Of ivory framed, and overlaid with gold,
 Rounded behind, that he may sit at ease ;
 With stays whereon his royal arms may rest,
 And golden footstool to support his feet.

Beside each stay a noble lion stands,
 And on the six ascending steps are placed
 Twelve other lions, carved with perfect art—
 Types of the monarch's majesty and power.

King Solomon is seated on his throne,
 Tended by his great ministers of state,
 Wearing his purple robe, 'broidered with gold,
 And on his head a sparkling, jewelled crown,
 And in his hand the sceptre of his sway
 O'er all the chosen people of the Lord.

He sits in judgment, and with marvellous skill
 Unravels every web of right and wrong ;
 Dealing to all their due, admired by all
 The crowd of suitors that before him wait.

* * * * *

Near to a group of humble, listening men,
 Stands One, much like the rest, but with the air
 Of heaven's authority upon His brow,
 And in His voice the tenderest tones of love ;
 And, pointing to some wayside flowers, He says—
 " These lilies of the field, consider them ;
 Mark how they grow, without a thought of care ;
 They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet
 I say to you, that even Solomon
 In all his glory never was arrayed
 Like one of these." And so He taught them this :
 To trust their Heavenly Father to supply,
 Of His rich bounty, all their daily needs.

JOHN S. EASTMEAD.

Literary Notices.

The Life of Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D.,
Author of "Life of John Wilson, D.D." Vol. II. (Hodder
and Stoughton.)

The concluding volume of this memoir exceeds the first in interest. The ever-augmenting influence of this illustrious man as he drew near the close of his life, gives an almost epic grandeur to the unvarnished record of his great career. In our notice of the first volume we endeavoured to describe the essential principles of his missionary work, and the formation of the noble institutions, at Calcutta and elsewhere, in which he embodied them. The present volume shows the effect on the Presbyterian missions in India, of the "disruption" and the formation of the Free Church. Dr. Duff had a splendid opportunity of manifesting his power of self-sacrifice, his faculty for organisation, and his personal persuasiveness, and he embraced it to the full. The varied work of the mission had all to be done over again, in face of the wondering inquiries of mystified heathen and bewildered Europeans, and it *was* done. By the press and the pulpit, by the *Calcutta Review*, as well as the High School, and the vernacular teaching, he maintained the cause and exalted the principle of missions.

The death of Dr. Chalmers led to a sudden call upon Duff to take his place in the Church at home. While steadfastly resisting this temptation, he did spend years of almost boundless energy in travel and organisation; first through India, and then through Scotland and America, occupying the chair of the General Assembly, and holding his own in Parliamentary committees; everywhere and in every place, he awakened the deepest emotions and perfect tempests of enthusiasm. Many specimens of his burning rhetoric are given, and numerous accounts of the magic force of his appeals and the resistless sweetness of his character. His eloquence was undoubtedly efflorescent and redundant, and on the model of Chalmers rather than of Hall; but his heart was a furnace of holy fire, and his impetuous fervour converted each subject on which he dilated into a lava stream which kindled everything in its onward rush. After the tremendous excitement of these three or four years, when his strength was on the point of utter exhaustion, he returned to India. He had hardly done so,

when the outbreak of the Mutiny occurred. We can read in this volume a vigorous sketch of that calamity. Like Thackeray's description of the battle of Waterloo, from Brussels, Dr. Duff's journal, written in Calcutta, recalls the incidents of that tremendous catastrophe with extraordinary vividness.

The intimate relations between Dr. Duff and a succession of Governors-General and Lieutenant-Governors, reveal the firm grasp with which he held the principle of Christian education, and the awful blunder and sin which he considered to have been committed in the systematic disparagement of Christianity. He gives abundant evidence that the Mutiny was not a religious war, but a political rebellion, and he traces to that crisis the commencement of a new and nobler career for the Church. The failure of health which once more drove Dr. Duff from India, enabled him to visit the missions in Africa, and ultimately to undertake the general conduct of all the missions of the Free Church.

The last fourteen years of Dr. Duff's life were occupied in one incessant round of arduous and zealous efforts, to sustain the fire of evangelistic love in the Church, to make peace between contending parties, to bring about union between the slightly differing Churches of Scotland, and as a Professor of the Philosophy of Missions in the three University cities, to enlighten candidates for the ministry on this fundamental theme. The biographer has done signal service to the cause of missions, in his brilliant effort to clear a canvas on which this noble missionary and illustrious man has unconsciously drawn the features of his own wonderful career.

Gleanings from the Life and Teaching of Christ. With an Appendix, on the Fatherhood of God. By Henry H. Bourne. (Elliot Stock.) Mr. Bourne has discoursed with deep feeling, strong conviction, and fine personal appreciation, concerning thirteen themes well chosen from the life and teaching of Christ. Considerable space is given to the valedictory words of the Master. The author takes Dr. Candlish's view of the Divine Fatherhood in Christ, and argues strongly against the "Universal Fatherhood of God." Many of the points made by Mr. Bourne deserve careful consideration.—*The Student's Commentary on the Holy Bible.* Founded on the "Speaker's

Commentary." Abridged and Edited by J. M. Fuller. Vol. II. (John Murray.) This volume embraces the books from Joshua to Esther, and conveys the substance of the more important notes and emendations of the text. There are no practical reflections, but there is much information with which it might be well to supplement family reading of the Old Testament Scripture. Canon Rawlinson is the author of the larger part of the original work here abridged, and it covers ground in which his special studies make his briefest note weighty.—The following works have been lately published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton:—*The World of Moral and Religious Anecdote*, by Edwin Paxton Hood, Fifth Thousand, is an admirable pendant to "The World of Anecdote," by the same author. His introduction to this volume is a charming vindication of the place of anecdote in history, religious experience, Christian biography, ecclesiastical principles, and political conflict. He shows how great preachers and writers have wisely availed themselves of them, and have illustrated by their use, numerous principles which have hardly come under the comprehensive classification that follows. The book is delightful and amusing as well as instructive. "Christian Eccentricities," "Illustrations of Ignorance, Superstition, and Folly," "Glimpses of the Supernatural," "Death-bed Lights," are among the headings under which this versatile and omnivorous reader has accumulated his well-selected spoils.—*The Saint and his Saviour*. By C. H. Spurgeon. This edition (with portrait of the author) of perhaps the best known and most highly appreciated work of Mr. Spurgeon, is everything that can be desired in the way of type, paper, or finish. The wide circulation of it will lift troubled spirits from prolonged despondency, and throw much and needed light on those dark places and deep secrets of Christian experience which it is so difficult to put into words. No human lips can utter the secret of the Lord, but it has been given Mr. Spurgeon to uncover the ear of men that God may Himself whisper it to them.—*Homiletic and Pastoral Lectures*. Delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Church Homiletic Society. With a Preface by Right Rev. C. J. Ellicott, D.D. These addresses on various departments of homiletic and pastoral science, by distinguished prelates and dignitaries of the Anglican Church, have been previously published in the *Clergyman's Magazine*, and, though very varied in merit, they form a valuable addition to the abundant literature on

this subject. The "Hints" of Dean Howson, Archbishop Thomson's discussion of "The Emotions in Preaching," and the admirable paper on "Texts," by Archdeacon T. Perowne, appear particularly wise. We cannot say the same of Dean Fremantle's "Prophecy in Relation to Preaching," which runs along the lines of a very narrow interpretation of Scripture. Dr. Bernard and others have contributed healthy advice to young ministers of all Christian Churches, and we hope the volume will have a wide circulation.—*The Early Years of Christianity. A Comprehensive Survey of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church.* By E. de Pressensé, D.D. In Four Volumes. Translated by Annie Harwood-Holmden. These volumes have been reviewed by us as they have appeared in their larger and more expensive edition. The publishers have conferred a boon upon all students by this reprint. The work of Dr. de Pressensé is now well known. It combines fine scholarship with glowing sympathy, a keen insight into character with a firm grasp of principles. We have here a history of the origin of Christianity and of its first struggles with both enemies and traitors, with the secular power and the spirit of error, which steers safely between the rationalising and the ecclesiastical currents of modern literature, and leaves an abiding impression of the power of the Holy Spirit which reconstituted thought and society in the first centuries of our era. The translation is excellent, and the first of the volumes is adorned with an admirable portrait of the distinguished author.—*The Voice and Public Speaking.* A Book for all who Read and Speak in Public. By S. P. Sandlands, Vicar of Brigstock. There is excellent advice contained in these pages, and certain exercises are suggested with a view to induce among speakers in public a more rational and useful habit of breathing correctly, of opening the mouth, and using with effect the various elements of our vocal organ. We have no space here to discuss with the author his extraordinary classification of the consonants, nor the long list which he gives of conventional pronunciations, to some of which we should demur. The advice is given from practical experience, and is delivered dogmatically, with little of the help which students crave touching the *rationale* of the various directions. It is impossible to read the volume without having attention called to the numberless and irritating defects of the majority of public speakers.—*Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel according to St. John.* By

Lyman Abbott, D.D. This commentary is eminently fitted for bringing its readers into closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus, and thus increasing their qualifications for Christian work. The author makes a judicious use of the writings of Godet, Luthardt, Lange, Alford, Maurice, and other labourers in the same field. The work is not intended for either controversial or devotional purposes, but for practical workers in the kingdom of truth, righteousness, and love. The more it is studied, the more it will be appreciated.—*Aldershot : A Record of Mrs. Daniell's Work amongst Soldiers, and its Sequel.* By her Daughter. This filial memorial of Christian work illustrates the efficacy of prayer, the growth of power for doing good, and the leavening influence of vital Christianity. It should stimulate others to "go and do likewise."—*Sermons Preached at Margate by the late Rev. Henry W. Butcher, with brief Memoir.* It appears that there were no startling incidents in the life of Mr. Butcher; but this brief memoir, with the thoughtful and practical sermons which follow it, will deepen holy impressions made by his Christian character and work.—*The Migration from Shinar; or, the Earliest Links between the Old and New Continents.* By Captain G. Palmer, R.N., F.R.G.S. With considerable ingenuity but extreme dogmatism the author shows how the human family may have spread from one centre over the globe, and suggests the probability of a migration from Africa to America in the south, as well as a migration from Asia to America in the north, by Behring Straits.—*Bible Hygiene; or, Health Hints.* By a Physician. Since God is the Author both of physiological and spiritual laws, the observance of the former is as obligatory upon us as the observance of the latter. The Bible recognises both, and if its references to the laws of physical health be less numerous than the author imagines, he shows that they are more numerous than many persons suppose. To him there is an evidence of divine inspiration in Bible health-hints concerning food, drink, air, exercise, sleep, cleanliness, clothing, etc. It will be seen from the subjects treated that the work is thoroughly practical.—*1. Seppel; or, the Burning of the Synagogue in Munich.* By Gustav Nieritz. Translated from the German. *2. Levelsie Manor.* *3. Mary Hazeldine's Desk.* *4. Alice Brookfield's Trial.* *5. Harry Foster's Rules.* By Mrs. H. H. B. Paull. 1. A somewhat original story; gives a good deal of information concerning the burdensome nature

of the ceremonial imposed on the Jews, and the cruel persecution they have suffered at the hands of professed Christians. The other stories are commonplace in both incident and style : 2. and 3. teach some of the wholesome uses of affliction ; 4. details the troubles of a suspected but honest servant, and the final triumph of truth ; and 5., although the incidents are varied, is virtually a reproduction, "in a religious spirit," of the ancient story of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. The tone of these stories is not elevating, the reward of virtue consisting chiefly in the acquisition of things "seen and temporal."—*Miracles no Mystery; or, the Old Testament Miracles considered in their Evidential Character.* By an English Presbyter. (London : Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.) The questions considered in this book are mainly verbal. Accept the definitions given and the conclusions follow ; but we fail to see that the restrictions put upon the meaning of the words "miracle" and "miraculous" will be helpful in controversy.

The Expositor. Edited by Rev. Samuel Cox. Vol. X. No other publication is so exclusively consecrated to the free, but reverent exposition of Holy Scripture. The writers are not giving us their theological constructions or personal reading of the problems of the universe, but are content to tell us what is the true meaning of the Bible. Whether readers hold the Bible to be God's Word, or hesitate as to its sufficiency or authority, they all alike desire to know what is its real signification. The writers of this and of previous volumes have furnished specimens of sound, ingenious, honest, and popular exposition of Divine Revelation. The Editor and Dr. Payne Smith have supplied admirable treatment of obscure passages of Old Testament Scripture, Dr. Reynolds has given the concluding portion of his commentary on the Pastoral Epistles, and Drs. Farrar, Morrison, Matheson, and Fairbairn have introduced one or more articles of original research and conspicuous ability.

The annual volumes of *The Sunday at Home* and *The Leisure Hour* are more gorgeous than ever in their external garb ; and of the contents it is enough to say, that in point of variety, instruction, and amusement, they fully maintain the high standard which has been reached in any previous year. The illustrations are a very attractive feature in both these serials, which are increasingly worthy of a wide circulation. Dr. Macanlay, the able editor of *The Leisure Hour*, has

prepared a capital volume for young people, entitled "All True: Records of Peril and Adventure by Sea and Land—Remarkable Escapes and Deliverances—Missionary Enterprises—Wonders of Nature and Providence—Incidents of Christian History and Biography." The editor thinks that this collection of true incidents may prove as attractive and more useful than the innumerable story-books that are every year provided for the young. We wish it great success.

Obituary.

REV. WILLIAM ROSE.

ANOTHER aged minister, long known and highly esteemed by a large circle of friends, has recently passed away. The Rev. William Rose, who commenced his ministry in 1834, and exercised it during a period of forty-five years in Portsea, Bristol, and some other places, finished his course at Horncastle, on December 10th, 1879. In 1877 he resigned his pastorate in that town, but he continued to preach whenever opportunity was offered to him, and he still spoke with a vigour and ability truly surprising in one who had nearly completed his fourscore years. Only a few days before his death he conducted services in Boston, with his wonted energy; but the fogs of the Fen country, and the severity of the weather proved more than he could endure. On Saturday, December 6th, his strength began to fail, and on the following Wednesday he entered into rest.

During a ministry of nearly forty-six years, Mr. Rose had been distinguished for the zeal and earnestness with which he pursued his work as a pastor, and the fervent simplicity with which he had preached the Gospel of Christ; and in the various places where he has lived and laboured, he has left many friends who will feel that they have lost in him a wise counsellor and a kind and faithful friend.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Wilmslow, by Mr. T. Crewdson, £6 1s. 4d.; Hackney, Old Gravel Pit, by Rev. J. D. Williams, £4 4s.; West Hartlepool, by Mr. F. English, £3 18s. 4d.; Oswestry, by Mr. T. Minshall, £3; Andover, by Rev. T. E. Edwards, £2 3s. 6d.; Woolwich, by Rev. T. Sissons, £2; Huyton Park, by Mr. S. J. Capper, £2; Liverpool, Edge Hill, by Mr. S. Hughes, £1 10s.; Seaton, by Rev. W. Phillips, £1 1s.; Wickham Brook, by Rev. F. Vaughan, 11s. 10d.

Managers' Meeting.

THE Half-yearly Meeting of the Managers of the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE was held at Carr's Restaurant, Strand, on Tuesday, January 20th, 1880.

The Rev. J. Viney, the Treasurer, presided.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. R. Bruce, after which the usual business was transacted.

The Treasurer presented the accounts duly audited. Thanks were voted to the auditors, who were requested to continue their services.

The Secretary reported the death of the Rev. Dr. Fleming, who had been a Manager of the Magazine and a Trustee of the Funded Property for many years, and who had long evinced a very lively interest in the circulation of the periodical.

The Managers present expressed their regret at the loss they had sustained, and conveyed to the widow and the bereaved family the assurance of their Christian sympathy.

The Application Papers for renewed grants were examined, and the following table shows the number of each widow on the list of grantees, as entered in the Treasurer's book, with the age and the sum voted :—

No.	Age.	Amount.	No.	Age.	Amount
1	84	£10	205	70	£8
2	74	10	207	77	8
20	67	8	210	75	8
27	78	10	215	80	10
33	76	10	239	78	10
45	44	6	240	59	8
54	55	6	241	68	10
55	67	8	266	79	8
77	77	10	268	72	10
83	80	10	290	79	10
92	58	8	307	64	8
93	57	8	308	66	8
94	55	6	310	65	8
95	50	6	320	73	10
106	85	8	323	68	8
107	67	8	330	86	10
108	74	10	335	76	8
114	79	8	347	77	10
116	58	8	351	73	10
141	74	10	355	75	10
143	72	10	372	68	8
161	86	10	404	81	10
172	82	10	409	64	8
176	62	8	410	74	10
179	80	8	416	60	8
180	77	10			

Some special donations were voted to meet urgent cases, and several cases were adopted to fill up vacancies occasioned by death.

[FEBRUARY, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I—"Only a Missionary."

A SHORT sentence, not unfrequently uttered, indicating in the speaker either ignorance, thoughtlessness, prejudice, or some deeper moving cause still more to be deplored. Many, who see the missionary only from a distance, whose associations, reading, and inquiries rarely lead them near his path or his work, think him to be a narrow-minded, uncultured fanatic. To such it may be said: "Draw nearer, observe closely, and judge honestly. Facts innumerable are against you. The history of the Church and of the world in many lands and in many forms proves that your estimate is faulty."

"Only a missionary;" but, bearing that name, he is sent on his errand by some one—generally by a committee of a benevolent and Christian institution; and they may be regarded as indices of the hidden working of a Divine guiding hand, carrying out in their human and committee action God's plan for His servant, and instrumentally leading him to and supporting him in the place and work for which God has fitted him, and in which he will labour as God's missionary.

It is no light thing to be a link in God's chain of causes, to have a mission from God to discharge in the world, however low the office and the duty may be. It is better to recognise this mission, and diligently to cultivate qualifications for it, and still better persistently and faithfully, and always for God, to strive to fill the place and do the work of this Divine commission.

Abundant opportunities for forming a correct estimate of missionaries are available to those who choose to use them. Christian men and women under Divine commission are often to be seen in London and in the great cities and towns of this land. Simple in attire, unpretentious, earnest in look, and anxious and worn with their daily struggle with many-phased difficulty, they thread their way through dreary paths of human life, among the rough and the depraved, the desolate and the hopeless. They

are "only missionaries," but they are true benefactors to their race, waging a hard warfare with ignorance, degradation, error, and vice, but making true and lasting conquest for God—winning many a blessing from those whom they have snatched from imminent danger, ruin, or despair; and winning, too, the smile of God in their daily toil for Him.

These may be called "fanatics" by some, but if the spirit which inspires them be fanaticism, may it spread widely in the earth, and deeply affect those who now, looking at it from afar, despise it.

Another large band of those who are "only missionaries" have left home, country, and fair prospects for this life, "smitten," as their critics affirm, "with the wild notion of converting the heathen." Yes, this was their object, the object which Jesus Christ set before them; and the conversion which many of them have been the means of accomplishing has been of a very broad and remarkable character, having in it a blessing for this life and also for that which is to come. It was a long and a varied process, making heavy demands on both body and mind, and taxing to the utmost patience, ingenuity, and fertility of resource. The missionary entering upon scenes strangely diverse from those of his former life, and in many cases taking a position at the Divine bidding, as he believed, among people upon whom the degradation and savagery of many generations has left its deep mark, grows into the possession of qualifications which no high educational culture nor university curriculum could have conferred. With a courage inspired by a firm trust in God, he faces armed bands of painted savages, and disarms them by the peaceful moral weapons which he wields. His confident and kindly bearing is felt to be in strong contrast to that of other white men who have visited their shores, and begets their confidence and allays suspicion. Thus he makes way, and with perseverance, tact, and elasticity of plan deepens the first favourable impressions, aided by various means, and among them medical and mechanical skill. Then comes gradually the acquisition of the language, often with but little help beyond that of a quick and attentive ear.

But another "fanatic"—a brave-hearted woman—has accompanied him, animated by a like spirit with her husband. She is his ally in his conflict with barbarism and in his routine of effort to elevate and bless. Their domestic life is a daily power for good, silently instructive as to woman's rightful place in the human family, showing the true tone and dignity of the marriage relation, and giving a practical illustration of the working of Christian principle in home life. More than the wife of the missionary, she is herself a missionary. Though no hands of a human presbytery have ordained her to the office, she feels the strong impulses of the bidding of

the Divine Head of the Church, and with a woman's heart and tact and with a Christian's motive she fills an important place, and the impress of her hand is seen in many lines of action peculiarly her own.

Thus they together and by various means carry on preparatory work and clear the way for higher forms of effort. Gradually, though not without many difficulties and disappointments, the way opens for imparting instruction and promoting the highest object of their mission. Then, step by step, follow on the commencement of regular Christian worship, the reduction of the language to a written form, the establishment of a school, the preparation of school books, the introduction of the printing press, the translation of the Scriptures, the training of teachers for schools and of evangelists. By such a process, perseveringly carried on for years in the face of many checks and hindrances, the whole aspect of the people is changed. Cannibalism becomes a thing of the past. The idols are abolished. Christian places of worship take the place of the temples formerly devoted to heathen and abominable rites. A new sound—the hum of the school—is daily to be heard. Books are in the hands of the people, and chief among these is the Bible. The arts of peace are learnt, the spear is turned into the pruning-hook. Agriculture is promoted, God blesses the labour, and the earth yields her increase; commerce is developed, and ships of other nations visit the shores and bear away the fruits of a young Christian civilisation.

Thus they live and work for God and for man, and grow gray in the service of both; and at the call of the Divine Master they rest from their labours, and find a grave in the midst of the scenes and results of their life's varied toil. But, though the body sleeps with the Christian's sleep, they live still in their works. Ignorance or prejudice may write "Only a Missionary" upon the simple stone which marks the burial place, but, as of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, so in some island gem of the ocean, arrayed in a higher than natural beauty through their presence and labours, a truthful and worthy inscription will be, "If you seek a monument, look around." In ten thousand forms their life shows itself, and will continue to do so: in the physical aspect of the people, in the birth-rate and death-rate, in dress, houses, public buildings, domestic life, employments, education and literature, law and social order, peace between rival factions and tribes, commercial intercourse with other nations, interest in, and acquaintance with, the history and proceedings of people of distant lands, but, above all, in character and life, in religion and worship, in Christian effort and liberality, in the Christian tone pervading the whole community, in Jesus Christ received and followed as the Guide of life, and

in trust in Him as the hope in death. Truly the life of such Christian messengers is one "full of immortality." They are among the blessed ones who, "turning many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

In other fields, while the general object of the missionary will be the same, the process will be different, arising from a difference of circumstances. In some he will take his place in the midst of a people advanced in civilisation, literature, and philosophy, with an elaborately arranged social system and with religions of great antiquity, in which the seed-principles of religious truth are smothered and lost, as powers for life and progress, in a mass of error. He here finds scope for the exercise of the most cultured intellect, and sees in the object which is set before him—the overthrow of the false and the establishment of the true in the principles of religion and of life—a work in which success can be attained, not by the power of acute reasoning, but by the might of the Spirit of God, which will create a desire after truth, earnestness in seeking it, and courage and persistency in obeying its requirements.

In these hard fields the results of missionary labour are not few. Each new decade of the present century has marked an increase of result in general enlightenment in the relaxation of social bondage, in the advance of sound education, in the decay of the power of idolatry, in a higher and more correct estimate of Christianity, and in the number of those who have publicly acknowledged their reception of it as their religion, and whose lives bear witness to its habitual influence.

The reports of missionaries, the evidence of travellers who have seen for themselves and formed their opinion without prejudice, and the statements of official documents drawn up by men holding place in connection with the government of the country—men of wide observation and long experience, who cannot be regarded as Christian enthusiasts—all testify to the reality, breadth, and variety of the beneficial results flowing from the steady and well-directed efforts of missionaries.

These citadels of error and superstition, before which missionaries take their stand, are vast and strong, and their outworks numerous and widespread. But the steady siege-work of the missionary gains inch by inch and foot by foot. It makes but little show of result, and his name is known in but a small circle; but he finds a sustaining power in the belief that he is working under and for Him who is the Truth, and, though he dies in the trenches, and others pass on beyond him, he is gladdened by the thought that he will have a share in the final and certain victory, and that the progress of others will be advanced by what he has done. This is

not a mere imaginary picture, but a statement of what has been reality in not a few instances in many fields. Such men, such aims, patient effort, habitual self-denial, and loyalty to a Divine Leader deserve something better than a sneer ; and they have something better in the approval of men whose approval is worth having, and much more in the Divine welcome, " Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Men of one idea !" Yes, truly so ; but theirs is a large idea, having God for its centre, and embracing within its wide circumference a varied field of His works, in their nature and relations, relations to each other, but chiefly their relation to their Creator. With observing eyes and inquiring minds and tongues they turn to good account spare moments in the home and by the way ; and a large circle, including the savans of many lands, in due time obtain the benefit arising from the harvest of their quiet and persevering research.

Through them the rocks tell their tale ; geographical and meteorological facts are recorded : new and strange plants are discovered, and sent to enrich collections at Kew and elsewhere ; rare animals are found, and their habits watched and noted. The songs and legends of recently barbarous people are gathered up, and, stripped of their coating of wild imagery, made to yield solid grains of history. The physical features, the national customs, and the words and grammatical structure of the languages of various tribes and nations are brought under careful review and comparison ; and thus materials are accumulated for determining the origin and relations of portions of the human family now widely separated, and valuable data are supplied for the use of the skilled ethnologist. Dictionaries and grammars, histories of peoples, and treatises on their religions and their philosophies, grow under the busy hand in the midst of strange surroundings, from which they pass into the outer and civilised world to aid students both of this and future generations. Thus, through these quiet and distant eyes, the scientific and reading world of to-day looks upon a page of varied fact far broader and fuller than that which former generations possessed.

In living for God these "men of one idea" seek to live for their fellow-men. In many lands, in the bye-ways of human life their righteous souls have been and are too often vexed by witnessing cruel wrongs inflicted by the strong, and in many cases, by the civilised, upon the weak and defenceless. Their pens and their tongues cannot but give expression to the deep and strong movings of their indignation ; and thus, now and again, their evidence attracts the attention of the benevolent in Christian lands, while

their pleadings for the helpless and oppressed are submitted to those in authority with a view to checking injustice and bringing out a due regard for the rights of men and women of every complexion and nation. Let inquiry be made, and it will be found that missionaries have been largely instrumental in laying bare the horrors and crimes of the slave-trade and slavery, of infanticide and suttee, in bringing to light the iniquity of "kidnapping" in the South Seas, and of the disguised slavery connected with the coolie system, and in exposing the guilty greed for wealth which prompted and maintained, in years gone by, the close connection of the East India Company's Government with idolatry; and the disregard for the high claims of humanity which still characterises the action of the British Government in making large revenue out of the production and sale of opium.

Thus, with a broad interpretation of its meaning and scope, they carry out their Divine commission in many ways, benefiting man and serving God, and thus following in the steps of Him whose messengers they are, and who was Himself the first and chief MISSIONARY OF GOD.

The names of not a few missionaries of this and former generations stand before the Christian public almost as "household words." But the object of this paper is not to point to some who, by circumstances and special work, have been brought to the front, but rather to do honour to the missionary band as a whole, many of whom have been satisfied, at the close of a long and widely useful life's work for God, to leave a monument behind in the results of their labour, but *without a name*.

II.—Native Missionary Work in Madagascar.

THE attention of the Society's missionaries in Madagascar has for some time past been directed to the south-eastern coast of the island, especially as affording an outlet for the Christian zeal and effort of the native churches which have been planted in Imerina. Nearly four years ago, the Rev. JAS. SIBREE, on the invitation of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, accompanied Mr. LOUIS STREET to the district bordering that coast, and in 1878 the Rev. W. MONTGOMERY was proceeding thither when severe illness compelled him to retrace his steps, and eventually to return to England. The object of Mr. Montgomery's journey was to introduce four evangelists to the Taimôro, Taifasy, and Taisaka tribes, among whom they had been appointed to labour by the Native Missionary Society in the Capital, where a valedictory service was held, a report of which appeared in the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE for July, 1879. One of these native mission-

aries died of fever within a few weeks after reaching his station ; the other three have remained at their posts, and have sent letters from time to time to friends in Antananarivo, describing their position, their work, and their difficulties. Under these circumstances it was deemed advisable by our brethren of the Imerina District Committee that one of their number should be deputed to visit these native evangelists, to inspect their work, and to consult with them as to their operations and plans, their difficulties and encouragements. The Rev. JAS. WILLS having kindly volunteered for this service, and having been entrusted by the members of the Congregational Union in the Capital with messages of loving greeting to their colleagues in the south-east, set forth on his journey on Friday, the 1st of August. The result of Mr. Wills's visit has amply justified the wisdom of the undertaking. After the failure of previous native missionary efforts, owing to the hostility of the tribes among whom agents were placed, it is specially encouraging to report that there is every prospect of the present movement proving permanent and successful. On the way to the coast Mr. Wills visited some of the Norwegian stations in North Betsileo, and he acknowledges in warm terms the kindness and cordiality with which he was received by the missionaries of that Society.

"Following the course of the River Mananjara," he writes, "we reached the important town of Itsiatosika, on the Mananjara, within a few miles of the coast. This is the capital of the *district* of Mananjara, and the residence of the Hova Governor and a small garrison of Hova soldiers. At the time of my visit the Governors of Masindrano and Mahela, the two ports connected with Itsiatosika, were there in conference with their chief on official business, and the pastors of the churches, who are officers also, were with them. They gave me a kind and friendly welcome, and on the Sunday called for me on the way to the chapel. The congregations were good, very largely made up of the Hova followers of the Governor. In the morning I preached on 'Nathaniel,' and in the afternoon the pastor from Masindrano preached a very good sermon on the evidences that Jesus was the Son of God. After the service I held a short examination of the school children present, and found fourteen boys and eleven girls who could read very nicely, and twelve boys and six girls who could write, their writing being especially good. They were not, however, so well versed in Scripture knowledge as they should have been, on which subject I took occasion to give the teacher some advice.

"Itsiatosika should have at least two educated evangelists living there or in its neighbourhood. Its political power extends as far south as to the River Farany, a district containing a large population of Taimoro, among whom churches and schools have been gathered, and who look to the church at Itsiatosika as their 'mother church.' The Governor also takes a great interest in education, and does what he can for these distant places. But the work will not be effectively accomplished without the superintendence of men specially educated and set apart for the purpose."

Travelling southward, Mr. Wills, on Wednesday, August 27th, reached the sea—a novel experience to him after nine years' residence on the heights of Imerina. On the following day he arrived at a Taimoro town, called Namòròna, a few miles inland. The picture is dark, but, as the sequel shows, it has a brighter side.

"I was surprised beyond measure," writes Mr. Wills, "at the large number of houses in the town, and at the density of the population. The appearance of the women and children as they flocked down to the river to meet us was altogether different from that of other tribes I had seen, especially in the style of arranging their hair. The 'king' of the town, a fine stalwart fellow, met me and took me to the pastor's house, and sat down for a talk. He soon let me know that he preferred rum and wine to anything else; but, as I had none of such things, he would like a Testament and hymn-book, which I gave him. In conversation with the pastors I afterwards learnt a little of the state of things in this large and populous town. They have a place of worship and a few communicants, but it is more a matter of political time-serving than the result of knowledge, or even anxiety to know anything of Christianity. The ignorance is dense, and no desire to learn is apparent. The senior pastor is often away on business, as he gets no help from the people. The junior pastor, who is also teacher of the school, has been obliged to give up teaching to look after his livelihood, as he also receives nothing from the people. I asked for any scholar who could read, but none appeared, as the few who had made such advance were also away seeking their means of living. Nevertheless, amidst all this discouragement, one incident showed that there was some anxiety among some of them on one point of education at least. Their school, as well as others, had been to Itsiatosika to be examined by the Governor; and, as none of them were able to do any arithmetic, they were told to learn before the next examination. They searched for an arithmetic book, and at length found a well-used copy, which the owner did not care to part with; but in order to gain their point they actually gave two shillings for a dirty copy of a book, the selling price of which is eightpence. I gladly left a new copy with them, and also some of the catechisms which are taught in our schools. Some few bought Testaments, and I had great pleasure in giving a Bible each to the pastors, the younger of whom is an intelligent and earnest young man."

Arrived at the River Faraòny, whose banks are studded with numerous villages peopled by the Taimoro, the missionary was recognised by a Taimoro "king" who had seen him in Imerina. It was pleasant to meet with one using a familiar dialect.

"But," adds Mr Wills, "the most interesting result to me of his being at Vatomasina was that the Taimoro from all the districts round came to 'mamangy' (visit) him, so that I had an opportunity of seeing a great many. On the Faraony there are seven churches and schools. Six of these sent deputations with their teacher to Vatomasina, and the teacher of the seventh (which is a day's march distant) also came. On the Sunday, therefore, we had quite an interesting congregation, and the various schools sang with a great deal of spirit. After the preaching those who could read did so, and thirteen lads and two girls acquitted themselves very well. They were also able to answer some of the catechism on

the Word of God which is taught in our schools. Then the young king got up and said, in few words, what he had seen in Imerina of the desire of the Queen and Prime Minister that the children should learn in the schools, and the people should go to a place of worship.

"I also saw at Vatomasina a number of men from Ikongo. They seem tired of fighting with their neighbours, but are not yet prepared to receive teachers or begin 'the praying,' lest they should lose their 'kingdom' and become subject to Imerina.

"Our next two days' journey was by the sea-side, and I was very interested in meeting large numbers of people from different tribes going up to Imerina with the custom dues from the ports on the south-east coast. They were under the leadership of Hova officers, and were bound to reach the capital before the Fandroana, or Malagasy New Year's festival. From Ambohipeno came the Taimoro; from Vanguindrano came the Taifasy and Taisaka; and from Fort Dolphin (Malagasy, Faralofay) came Taisaka, Tandroy, and Tanosy. All these people would spend some weeks in the capital, and certainly would carry back strong impressions of the power of the Hovas on their return."

Again diverging from the sea coast, a ride of a few hours brought the missionary to a town where one of the evangelists, Ràiniàmboàzafy, is settled. The place is thus described:—"Ambohipeno is a Hova garrison near the River Mâtitananà, from which the district takes its name. On all sides, but especially along the river, are large Taimoro towns, in many of which are congregations connected with Ambohipeno, and under the care of Rainiamboazafy and the pastors." Here Mr. Wills stayed some days, during which he had the twofold advantage of receiving the evangelist's report and of himself inspecting the work accomplished.

"The most important Taimoro tribes near here call themselves 'Zafin Ibrahim,' or descendants of Abraham, and they say their ancestors came from Mecca. They have books written in Arabic characters in nearly every family, and these are copied by the young men of each successive generation. The influence of these books (apparently extracts from the Koran and magical books) did not keep the people from the fetishism and superstition of the other tribes, and they only burnt their idols at the time of the Queen's renunciation of idolatry. They, however, still trade in charms and 'ody' of all descriptions. They get little pieces of all kinds of wood and smear them with oil and colouring matter, and then go off to the Bara and Sakalava and other still heathen tribes, and, as the evangelist tells me, they often come back bringing numbers of bullocks with them. They are, in fact, the 'ody' makers for South Madagascar; and in this they are only carrying out their old traditions, for the national idol, 'Kelimalaza,' was brought from Matitanana to Imerina by Queen Ranavalona I., of persecuting memory. So that self-interest is specially opposed to a *genuine* reception of the Gospel in this district; but, as the Word of God so mightily grew and prevailed at Ephesus as to lead the users of curious arts to burn their costly books, so let us pray that it may grow and prevail in this district.

"Rainiamboazafy found great reluctance on the part of the parents to send their children to school, on account of some undefined suspicion that there was

Hova deception at the bottom of the plan. When he had succeeded in getting a school together, he had to begin to teach the alphabet, as none could read. I examined the school, and the result of twelve months' work was as follows:—

"Number of scholars on the books	180
Present at the examination	70
Number who brought Testaments	38
Number who brought slates	51
Number who could read the Testament	49

"Writing I did not examine, as they have only recently got their slates; and the evangelist says it has been very difficult to teach them to write the Roman characters, as they have been so accustomed to the Arabic. But a goodly number, he said, had learned to write a little.

"In the 'Catechism' (simple Scriptural questions) they were able to answer one half. And five lads stood up and repeated respectively Matthew v., vii., viii., ix., and Luke iv.

"On Sunday was the Communion, when I preached and presided at the Lord's Table, and took the opportunity of impressing on the people the necessity of learning the meaning of the religion they now follow. On the Monday was the 'United Prayer Meeting,' when three other congregations joined that at Ambohipeno, and we had the chapel nicely filled, and had a good service. I was sorry I could not do all I wished, as, for the first time since coming to Madagascar, I had been attacked by fever."

Another evangelist, Raôbêlina, is stationed at the town of Mahamanina, and thither Mr. Wills proceeded, accompanied by the evangelist previously referred to, having sent letters to Rainizafy, the third evangelist, to meet him there. The advanced state of things at Mahamanina may be attributed to the peculiar advantages which the station has possessed. Here the missionary found a class of twenty preachers, some of whom look after the country congregations. The school examinations produced very gratifying results. Mr. Wills's advent was hailed with unmistakeable signs of pleasure.

"We slept one night on the road, and the next day at a village about three hours from Mahamanina. Raobelina, with about 150 of his schoolboys, met us, and received us with the greatest cordiality. The boys, he said, had been so excited that they had knocked him up before daybreak, in their anxiety to start. On our road we came to the River Manambava, when all the youngsters dashed in, and disported themselves to their hearts' content, diving, swimming, and floating. As we advanced, groups of young men and women, singing, were waiting at various points; and, as we got nearer our goal, members of the church and teachers from the surrounding congregations were waiting to greet us, till our procession grew quite imposing. At length we came in view of Mahamanina. This is a Hova garrison, and the most imposing in appearance of any in this part of the country. The stockades are of the most massive character, and the Lapa or Government house is upwards of ninety feet high. The whole enclosure stands on a promontory, and is thus partially surrounded by a deep natural fosse. The name of Rainilaitafika, the governor who founded and built it in Radama I.'s

reign, is still proclaimed by the people—how his own hands did what his carpenters could not accomplish, and how he made all his officers keep horses, so that on State occasions fifteen horsemen would ride out from the Rova. The effect of such a fortress on the surrounding conquered tribes must have been somewhat equivalent to the effect of the great baronial castles of old England on the towns and villages near them.

"Arrived at the town, we were carried up the Rova and set down in the square in front of the Lapa, in the centre of which was the flagstaff with the national flag. The square was surrounded with people and soldiers, the Governor and his band occupying a prominent position under the balcony, and a formidable array of gorgeously dressed ladies a no less prominent position at one end of the square. The evangelists and myself were conducted to some chairs in the centre of the open space, and there we awaited the march of events. Suddenly the Governor shouted, and the seven guns and ten swords of the military force rattled; then the same voice shouted, 'Hivavaka!' (Let us pray). This Raobelina did most appropriately. Then followed the usual loyal inquiries; and Rainiamboazafy gave out a hymn, after singing which he engaged in prayer; then hand-shaking all round, and I was conducted to my house. Soon after the various churches came down to mamangy me, and sat outside the house in separate groups and sang in turns. That from Mahamanina was headed by the wife of the Governor, accompanied by a number of women nicely dressed in various coloured dresses and wearing European shawls. The Taimoro were gaily dressed after their fashion, their hair being dressed in the most elaborate styles. But I was specially interested in the Taifasy people, as this was the first time I had seen them in any numbers. They, too, were very smart, especially those wearing fillets of shining bells in their hair, and beads round their necks. All the girls of both tribes wear a narrow strip of fancy mat round their breast. After much and vigorous singing our friends separated about sunset, and I was left to a quiet evening after a very delightful day."

Rainizafy was expected on Saturday, the 14th; he did not, however, arrive until the following Tuesday, when he was accompanied by the pastor of Ankarana. Owing to the prevalence of small-pox there, and at Vangaindrano, it was deemed inadvisable for Mr. Wills to visit those places. The state of the mission, as detailed to him by Rainizafy, is given in the following paragraph:—

"The Governor is a Roman Catholic, and puts many obstacles in the way of carrying on the work; and the chief officers are polygamists, and have been put out of the church. But the chief evil influence at work is a blind man who gives himself out, like Elymas of old, to be a sorcerer and prophet. This man is supported and countenanced by the Governor, so that the people are obliged to do what he says has been revealed to him in his dreams. It is evident that Rainizafy's position is one of peculiar trial and difficulty; and he says he is often cast down, but then, he says, his wife encourages him to persevere; and when she is discouraged then he tries to cheer and strengthen her. I advised him to change his residence occasionally to Ankarana, where there is plenty of work, and the people will be glad to receive him—a suggestion he at once adopted with great

pleasure. From Rainizafy's statement, the state of things at Vangaindrano, so far as numbers are concerned, is as follows :—

" School—Numbers written on the books	250
Numbers having slates	10
Able to read	40
" Church—Preachers	5
Communicants	75 "

It now only remained for the deputation to meet the three native brethren in formal conference on matters affecting their work and the plans and methods of its prosecution. The occasion was a deeply interesting one. It was the first time they had all met since they left the capital, twelve months previously. The chief points of general interest discussed in the conference were the following :—

"(1) The absolute necessity of insisting on candidates for baptism and church membership *being instructed* before being received. Up to the arrival of the evangelists no attempt whatever had been made to instruct candidates. At one place the aspirant was accustomed to intimate his desire to the Governor, and on the Sunday morning the pastor was informed of the application, and forthwith performed the ceremony. As might be expected, the introduction of stricter rules has occasioned some murmuring ; but the three brethren decided to bring the matter more prominently before the pastors who are associated with them, with a view to a more regular and systematic instruction of the people. (2) They agreed to meet (D.V.) for mutual conference every six months, alternately at Mahamanina and Ankarana. (3) They agreed to unite in ordering books, and Scriptures, and school materials from Imerina which they wished sent down by way of Fianarantsoa. (4) They unitedly represented that one of the chief obstacles to the progress of their work was the conduct of Hovas coming down from Imerina on Government and other business, and drinking rum and setting the people on to do so likewise. Also that the practice of divorce among the people was very common, and was a great hindrance to the advance of true religion. But in spite of all their difficulties they spoke hopefully and cheerfully of their work, and of their determination in God's strength to persevere. They asked me to convey their Christian greeting to the churches in Imerina, and to beg them to be constant in prayer on their behalf.

"As the result of a pretty lengthened intercourse with these three brethren, and a pretty strict personal examination of the work of two of them, I could not but feel thankful to the Great Head of the Church that He had raised up such men among the churches of Imerina to carry the Gospel to the distant tribes of their own land. The stations are well chosen ; the men are men of thorough integrity of purpose, doing their work, not as unto man, but as unto God. The results shown after the first twelve months of work seem to me marvellous. Their influence is felt throughout the large district of country between the Matitanana and Vangaindrano rivers. They have bordering on them still turbulent tribes addicted to cruel and debasing customs, among whom we may hope some rays of Gospel light may spread. In the meantime they have abundance of work around them, and they are working with both hands heartily. At present they are intellectually equal to the work before them, but they are laying a foundation upon which European missionaries should hereafter raise the superstructure."

III.—The Central African Mission.

THE letters and journals from the Lake region (thirteen in number), which came to hand on the 12th of January, comprise in the main an amplification of the announcement by telegram, given in our last number, of the arrival of the Rev. W. GRIFFITH and Dr. SOUTHON at UJJI on Tuesday, the 23rd of September. The journey of our friends is believed to be the quickest on record, the time occupied between Saadani and the Lake extending to ninety-nine days only. To this circumstance the excellent health and preparedness for work with which the two members of this expedition reached their destination is, under God, to be attributed. Expense, also, has been saved; and, while the extortionate demands of capricious native chiefs were resisted in all quarters, favourable impressions have been made upon the people, and in some instances friendly relations have been established among them. Within a few hours after the arrival of this reinforcement, the brethren constituted themselves into a committee, and on the 26th September held their first formal committee meeting. The topics then discussed, with the proposals arising therefrom, are at present under consideration by the Directors. They deal mainly with the importance of securing an eligible site for the head-quarters of the Mission at or in the neighbourhood of UJJI; the question of the acceptance of MIRAMBO's invitation to his town and neighbourhood; and the desirability or otherwise of establishing a station at UGUHA, on the western shore of the Lake. Indeed, openings for Christian effort are so numerous, and the desire for the presence of missionaries is so apparent, as to involve considerable difficulty in the apportionment of men and money to the best advantage. The country between the coast and the Lake has been described so often, and the daily experiences of a missionary journey in Central Africa are so well known to our readers, that we need not here refer to them. The Ruche is the last river encountered on the journey, and, owing to its windings, our travellers crossed it five times ere they became aware that they had emerged on the Ujiji side. There remained only an easy march up to the town. Dr. SOUTHON writes:—

“We met Mr. Hore on the hill, and a right joyous welcome he gave us, as did also Mr. Hutley, whom we found busy making preparations for a repast for us.

“With the missionary banner unfurled showing the ‘Dove of Peace,’ we entered Ujiji; and whilst guns were being rapidly fired off in honour of our arrival, and all the people were turning out to greet us with ‘jambos’ innumerable, our hearts were full of gratitude, and our thanksgivings to God were being silently expressed. Such was our entrance to Ujiji.”

Very pleasant in realisation was the long-anticipated intercourse between the brethren, each representing a different branch of mission work, and all having retrospective and anticipatory topics to discuss in common. The first Sunday spent together is described as one not soon to be forgotten :—

“In order to avoid disturbance,” writes Mr. Griffith, “we assembled for our morning service in my own room ; but there is no such thing as seclusion here ; people will come and crowd round our windows and listen till our services are over, trying to make out the mystery of it. In the evening, besides our usual service, we had a communion service, and to my own mind it was a very solemn occasion, though we were only four sitting round the table. I could recount the difficulties and dangers, the pleasure and prosperity of an important expedition since I last had an opportunity of doing the same thing ; our two brethren looked back to the time when they were at Kirasa, and we all recalled the goodness of God in all His dealings, and renewed solemnly our consecration to His service.”

After referring to the superstitions of the Wajiji, especially their belief in witchcraft, and to the bondage, both of body and mind, in which they are held by the Arabs, Mr. HUTLEY speaks hopefully of indications which exist among the natives of growing confidence in the missionaries, and a corresponding distrust of their Arab oppressors :—

“There has been one thing,” he writes, “which has caused the natives to lose their fear of us, viz., the perfect openness of our house ; if ever natives have come to see us they have always been invited near, and we have taken them in and shown them a few things. This has generally delighted them and has formed a marked contrast to the Arabs, who do not allow any but their own people to enter their houses. One day, while Mr. Hore was away on one of his voyages, I was visited by nearly one hundred Wabwari, who had come to Ujiji to sell their ivory and slaves in return for salt and cloth ; and hearing of the Wasungu they came up to see us. I went outside to see them when I heard of their coming, but no sooner had I appeared at the door than most of them precipitately fled, leaving but one or two of their number behind. With these I commenced talking as well as I could, and the others viewed at a distance my actions. Finding that I did nothing to drive them farther, some others ventured near, and very shortly I had the verandah full of them. After some more talk I took out a few things for them to look at, and what most astonished them was a looking-glass ; some looked at it, and then, on seeing their own reflection, became afraid—of what I did not know ; others examined the glass all round to find the man whose face they saw. After an hour or so they left me, but on the following days they often came up wanting me to buy their ivory. I told them that it was not my business to buy ivory, and then explained as well as I could what my business was. I spoke in Kiswahili, which is more or less understood nearly everywhere.”

Mr. HORE's voyages in and around the Lake have served to awaken an interest in the Mission among native tribes both far and near. During his absence on a recent occasion, a party of Watongwe, representing the chief of Mtongora, a village near the mouth of the Malagarazi, visited Ujiji ;

also the son of the chief Kasanga and his Waguha followers, bringing with them several loads of food.

"They had also brought slaves for sale, amongst whom was one little boy from Goma, the adjoining country to Uguha. The poor little fellow seemed to understand only too well that he was coming to a hard life, far different from that to which he was accustomed. I was struck by the little fellow's intelligent face, which formed a marked contrast to that of another boy of the same age, from Marungu, so I inquired about him, and was told that both had been captured in war, and were brought over here for sale. The little Goma boy, hearing this, began to cry bitterly, but the men spoke to him very sharply, and he soon lapsed into quietness. I then told the men that we looked upon all men as brothers, and that we were taught so by God, and therefore considered it wrong to make slaves of our brothers—to buy and sell them as we would animals. To this they assented, but pleaded that their custom was to do thus. They came in several times after this, but never brought any more slaves."

Mr. HORE thus describes his interview with the chief's son:—

"I found waiting for me here the young son of Kasanga, the chief of Uguha, a lad who delights to be shown European things, and is clean and intelligent. I got him to understand that the Bible contained an immense number of good words—God's words—and that we wanted to tell his father and himself and all his people these good words. Kasanga has sent him here with salutations to us, and a present of ten man-loads of grain. I am sending him a suitable present in return, and a promise that I will tell my brothers as soon as they come that he wants a white man to come and live in his country. I have already had several patients since my return, and to-day received a visit from, and made a present to, Bogo, the chief of Gungu, in Kigoma Bay; he is a man of some importance, and a friend of Mirambo's. While in our house to-day, Bogo said to our landlord, who happened to come in, 'These white men are a great deal better than you.' All the Wajiji confess that they can find no harm in us."

The care of the medical department of the Mission, although professionally devolving upon Dr. SOUTHOX, is shared in a friendly way by his colleagues, and none is more ready to acknowledge their efficiency and devotion in ministering to the bodily necessities of the natives than the doctor himself. Mr. Griffith describes an incident that occurred during the absence of the latter.

"Another very important case, which required all the skill Mr. Hore and myself possessed, was that of a man with a gangrenous hand—a slave of Muniyi Heri. The slave having committed some offence, the most dreadful threats were uttered against him, such as plunging the lower part of his body into boiling oil. But his master, dissuaded from doing this, hammered a three-quarter-inch iron bar round his wrist, to which a nine-inch spike was attached, and this was hammered into a large beam lying on the ground. In this position the poor creature remained for a long time. Whether the iron was put on hot or whether it was hammered so as to injure the wrist I have not ascertained, but either must have been the cause. After a time the spike was pulled out of the beam, and then he went

about, every one trying to pull off the iron; and when he came to us his hand was three or four times its normal size, and quite gangrenous. He was also reduced greatly in strength—a mere skeleton, as it were—so that it was doubtful what to do with him. If he was left to himself, death seemed to be certain with his exhausted frame. So we decided to amputate the forearm, and, although the shock was very severe to him, yet in three days he greatly recovered, and the arm seems to get on favourably.”

In our last number reference was made to the voyage of Mr. Hore in the *Calabash* to the LUKUGA, and to his conviction from personal examination that that river is the outlet of the lake. Additional interest and importance has been given to our brother's expedition by the request for a missionary made by Kasanga, chief of the neighbouring district of UGUHA, the “gateway to the west.” The following are extracts from Mr. Hore's journal:—

“Wednesday, May 7th.—Calm nearly all day. By Thursday morning, however, I was well over towards Cape Kiungwe—strong breeze came on from South, and we stood across to Uguha, with the wind and sea abeam—a hard day. About two p.m. we had got so far across that I was able to keep away and run straight for the Lukuga, which I was able to recognise by Cameron's map. Ran right into the Lukuga at 5.30—three to five fathoms in entrance. As the river narrowed, we found ourselves rapidly swept in (one requires to be rather lively here), and made the boat fast alongside, about one mile inside.

“Called on the chief, Kawe Nyange, who was friendly at once. He is a tall, lively, cheerful fellow, and, as far as I can judge, his character corresponds with his appearance. There is no gloomy mystery about him: he puts all questions in a straightforward way. He does not beg; but, when asked, expressed his desire to become possessed of some civilised sort of clothing and to see and hear all the wonderful things of the Wasungu. Inside this chief's large hut, the floor and sides of which are of clean black pottery work, numerous smooth and uniform logs are fixed on end, forming tables, partitions, and a fortified bed place. Having, through the kindness of the chief, secured the services of a fine, active, intelligent guide, one Mtweta My-y-ya (whose spear, with two carved female figures, I have sent home), I started on Saturday morning to explore the river. Mtweta brought with him three little lads and a large pot of pombe; nor would he provide other food, though he knew my intention was to stop away all night; Faragalla, who accompanied us, also neglected to provide food. Notwithstanding my protestations, they both anticipated they would tire me out and return the same evening; they were both taken in considerably.

“We descended by boat to Stanley's farthest, the rapids beyond being dangerous for our canoe. Here Mtweta thought I should give in, but, landing, I directed them to prepare for the march, which they all did unwillingly; however, at last, finding I was determined, they started, first mooring the canoe, and hiding the paddles and the precious pombe in the grass, doubtless expecting to return in the afternoon. Going about half a mile, passed the River Rabamba (Stanley did not pass here); several good views of the river along the road; the rapids are only about half a mile, then the river widens as before, gently winding; at about two

miles and a-half on road, River Msengeli ; two more miles, an empty village, and then the River Kawindi ; one more mile, River Luaminwa.

"Soon after passing the Kawindi, the three lads put their loads down and declared they would go no further. Mtweta, doubtless, thought this would stop me (but I was determined to ascend the Kiyanja ridge to see the river and to get latitude), so I shouldered one of the loads, and Mtweta was manly enough, when I put it to him that way, not to 'break his agreement,' and so he, Faragalla, and myself proceeded alone, Mtweta, shortly afterwards, taking my load in addition to his own ; but still I had much trouble to urge them on. We were not going along a road which, he said, led to a fisherman's camp, but to get to the ridge we must leave this road and strike across country. This, Mtweta hesitated to do, hoping to the last that I might give in ; but late in the afternoon, finding he was in for it, we left the road and struck straight across for the Kiyanja. In the valley between, we crossed the Luaminwa again, a most refreshing little stream, and, struggling through the jungle, reached the base of the Kiyanja ridge. The ascent was very, very steep, a climb in fact, necessitating frequent rests, but each halt brought us to a more extensive and glorious out-look than the last, and my little kettle of cool water (which I was carrying myself) afforded excellent refreshment. At about 800 feet, I selected a camping place, and the men made me a little hut, and collected firewood. I mounted afterwards, about 300 feet higher, and saw the Lukuga flowing far into Urua. I got bearings, and at night the latitude, which, with the latitude at Kawe Nyange, will enable me to make a decent plan of the river. It would have served the men right to let them hunger, for it was all their own fault. I had told them to bring food. Mtweta wandered about and picked up a few seeds, which he chewed ; but they both looked so miserable, that I gave them a small allowance from my own food, which consisted of cold maize porridge and cold roast fowl. The hill is covered with the same quartz and mica with which the sands of the little river below sparkle and glitter. From our camp there is a very fine and extensive view. The lake, itself distant, is bounded beyond by the lofty peaks of Kungwe. The reaches of the Lukuga lay at my feet, as on a plain, and sweeping round the foot of this Kiyanja, 'came lost to the view westwards among the hills of Kwa Mekito and Kalumbi's, in Urua."

Writing before the intelligence of Dr. MULLENS's death had reached Ujiji, Mr. HORE expresses his feelings of satisfaction at the anticipated co-operation of our lamented friend in personally arranging the affairs of the Mission. He, however, adds :—

"It was not without a shade of perhaps sorrowful surprise that I heard this same news, for the thought occurred to me that there must be a dearth of men for the work. Surely there ought to be plenty—the harvest is great, and the people are crying, 'Come over and help us.' I don't mean this in a vague general sense, but I see it and hear it all round the Great Lake ; the people are eager to get something better than they possess, both materially and spiritually ; while, still fearing and therefore influenced by the Arabs, they rejoice that there are men who deal and speak with them honourably and truthfully."

Should not such words as these awaken the response in many a heart—
"Here am I : send me !"

IV.—Special Appeal.

THE Directors feel devoutly thankful that, in the Providence of God, new fields of missionary enterprise have in recent years been opening before them, and that the Divine blessing has crowned the work, both new and old, with encouraging success ; but the multiplication of opportunities, and this cheering measure of success, have so seriously increased the liabilities, and the widespread commercial depression has so largely diminished the resources of the Society, that it is now burdened with a debt of over £5,000, which must greatly retard further progress, and will, if not removed, necessitate a withdrawal from some forms of evangelistic work now hopefully carried on.

The usual outlay for the current year in the several missions having been already sanctioned, there is no possibility of any immediate check to the annual expenditure, and to have to sell out yet more of the Society's invested funds, which help so considerably to augment the income, is a course of action the Directors are exceedingly anxious to avoid. Hence this appeal to the Christian liberality and zeal of the friends of the Society that, instead of drawing back, the missionaries may be enabled to proclaim the Gospel of Christ in wider fields, and to people among whom His saving name is yet unknown.

The Directors gratefully acknowledge the sum of £3,000 already sent in response to this appeal ; but they would remind their friends that this still leaves over £2,000 that has yet to be provided for, and which, if allowed to remain, would seriously affect their future operations, as the actual deficiency of last year amounted to £17,000, necessitating the disposal of a portion of the reserved funds.

Special contributions, large or small, will be thankfully received at the Mission House, and will be promptly acknowledged.

J. KEMP-WELOH, J.P., *Treasurer.*

ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary.*

Blomfield Street, London Wall, E.C.,

January 1st, 1880.

Notice.

THE usual Sunday in May when sermons on behalf of the Society are preached in London being *Whit-Sunday*, the Directors are making arrangements so as to have these services held on the Sunday previous to the Annual Meeting—viz., May 9th.

V.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. DEPARTURE.

Mrs. JOHNSON, wife of the Rev. W. JOHNSON, B.A., and infant, returning to CALCUTTA, North India, embarked at Liverpool, per steamer *City of Mecca*, January 3rd.

2. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. J. P. ASHTON, M.A., from CALCUTTA, *via* Bombay, December 23rd.

3. DEATH OF MRS. MUIRHEAD, OF SHANGHAI.

It is with deep regret that the Directors have to announce the death of Mrs. MUIRHEAD, wife of the Rev. WILLIAM MUIRHEAD, of Shanghai, China. Early in 1879 tidings reached the Mission House that for some months previously Mrs. Muirhead had been suffering in her health, which had become so seriously affected as to render an immediate return to Europe necessary. She reached this country on the last day in March, and until very recently hopes were entertained that the change would produce the desired result. Notwithstanding, however, the solicitude and care of relatives and friends, combined with the best medical advice, these hopes were not destined to be realised. Her weakness became more and more apparent, until on Wednesday, the 7th of January, while sojourning at Matlock Bridge, she passed away at the age of fifty-nine. Her loss will be greatly felt in Shanghai by all members of the community, both European and native, and especially by the mission circle, of which for thirty years she was a respected and useful member. To their bereaved brother the Directors tender the expression of their affectionate sympathy in a loss which his absence in China must render doubly painful.

4. AFTER MANY DAYS.

In 1835, Dr. Meadows, in making a journey along the coast of China, called for a few hours at a small island, where he distributed some tracts and small religious books. The island remained unvisited by any European for thirty-three years, when a missionary went thither and began to preach the Gospel. To his astonishment, one of his hearers said, "We know that doctrine;" and on being asked whence they had obtained their knowledge, the man replied, "Many years ago a foreigner came here and left some little books and other writings, which contained that doctrine which you preach. He gave them to my father, who charged me when dying to read them, and keep them carefully, and, perhaps, some day God would send someone who would teach us the doctrine more fully." The result of the seed sown by Dr. Meadows, thirty-three years before, was the formation of a church which speedily numbered sixty members, and is now in a healthy and thriving state. Surely these facts contain encouragement, not only for missionaries, but for tract distributors generally, and for all who are engaged in sowing the good seed of the kingdom.—Rev. E. R. Barrett, B.A.

VI.—Acknowledgments.

The thanks of the Directors are respectfully presented to the following, viz.:—

- For South Seas.—To the young people of Rev. W. Shillito, Newport, Mon., per Mrs. Shillito, for a Box of Clothing, &c.
To Missionary Working Party, Miss Isley's Pupils, Ryde, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. J. L. Green, Tahiti.—To the Sherwell Ladies' Missionary Working Society, Plymouth, per Mrs. Shelly, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. T. Powell, Samoa.—To Mrs. Bullen, Bootle, nr. Liverpool, for three Parcels of Useful Articles.
- For Rev. A. Pearce, Raiatea.—To friends at Wrington, for a Parcel of Drapery.
- For Rev. J. Sadler, Amoy.—To the Committee of the British and Foreign School Society, for a Supply of School Materials.
- For Rev. E. Lewis, Bellary.—To friends at Oundle, per Rev. J. Beatty Hart, for a Case of Work, &c.—To Castle Gate Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Nottingham, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To Ladies' Working Society, Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, per Mrs. Budden, for Box of Clothing, &c.—To the Ladies' Missionary Working Society, Countess of Huntingdon's Church, Brighton, per Mrs. Passmore, for a Case of Useful and Fancy Articles.—To the Female Missionary Working Association, Christchurch, Westminster Bridge Road, per Mrs. Heffer, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. W. Lea, Nagasaki.—To Mrs. Williams, Sydenham, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Mirzapore Mission.—To the Ladies at Ventnor, per Miss Smith, for a Box of Clothing and Useful Articles.
- For Mrs. Hutton, Mirzapore.—To friends at Oldham Road Independent Sunday School, Manchester, for a Case of Mixed Goods.
- For Rev. J. G. Hawker, Belgium.—To Elgin Place Congregational Sunday School, Glasgow, for a Box of Clothing, &c.
- For Mrs. Hutchinson, Coimbatore.—To Ramsgate Juvenile Society, per Miss Sadler, for a Bale of Clothing.
- For Rev. B. Rice, Bangalore.—To Ladies' Working Society, Clapham, per Mrs. Southgate, for a Case of Clothing, Toys, Books, &c.
- For Mrs. Duthie, Nagasaki.—To Juvenile Society at the Weigh House, per Mr. Bell, for a Case of Clothing.—To Miss Marples, Birkenhead, for a Box of Useful Articles.—To the Misses Scott and Friends, at Norwood, for two Parcels of Clothing, &c.
- For Dr. Thomson, Neyoor.—To Mr. T. M. Penney, of Walham Green, for a Parcel of Useful Articles.
- For Mrs. Bacon, Cuddapah.—To Miss C. Manchester, Clapham Common, for a Box of Clothing.
- For Miss Linley, Calcutta.—To Mrs. Marshall, Sheffield, for a Case of Useful Articles.
- For Mrs. W. E. Cousins, Madagascar.—To Mrs. Mellor, Shaw Royd, Halifax, for a Parcel of Work.—To friends at Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Mills, for a Case of Clothing and Useful Articles.—To Working Party at Tunbridge Wells, per Mrs. Coleman, for a Package of Clothing, &c.
- For Rev. J. Pell, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for a Case of Sewing Cotton and Sundries.—To Dunkworth Street Congregational Chapel, Darwen, per Mrs. Davies, for two Packages of Clothing, &c.
- For Miss Bliss, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for a Case of Sewing Cotton and Sundries.
- For Rev. J. Pearce, Madagascar.—To friends at City Temple, per Mrs. Harrison, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To the young people of the Congregational Church, Ash, per Mr. Chandler, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To Mrs. C. Robinson, of Coventry, for a Box of Haberdashery.
- For Mrs. G. Cousins, Madagascar.—To Missionary Working Party, Lancaster, per Miss Dawson, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. T. Brookway, Madagascar.—To the Working Society for Foreign Missions, Bishopsgate Chapel, per Miss Bird, for a Box of Clothing.—To the Ladies' Working Association, Stepney, per Mrs. Oram, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, per Mr. Martin, for a Box of Hardware and Haberdashery.
- For Rev. E. H. Stribling, Madagascar.—To the Princess Street Chapel Young Ladies' Working Class, Gravesend, per Miss Badman, for a Box of Clothing.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, per Mr. Martin, for a Box of Hardware and Haberdashery.
- For Rev. R. Toy, Madagascar.—To Miss Peckover, Wisbech, for a Package of Materials for Work.—To Mrs. Bentham, Rochester, for a Parcel of Flannel.—To Mrs. Pillans and friends, at Huntly, for a Box of Clothing.
- For Schools at Fianarantsoa, Madagascar.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, per Mr. Martin, for two Boxes of Hardware, Beads, &c.
- For Madagascar.—To Mrs. Edington, Edinburgh, for a Parcel of Dresses.
- For Rev. R. Baron, Madagascar.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, per Mr. Martin, for a Box of Hardware and Haberdashery.
- For Rev. W. D. Cowan, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for a Box of Prints, &c.
- For Rev. C. T. Price, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for a Box of Medicine.
- For Rev. J. Wills, Madagascar.—To the Ladies' Working Society, Clapham, per Mrs. Southgate, for a Case of Clothing, &c.
- For Rev. J. Cookin, Hope Fountain.—To the Missionary Working Society, South Macdolesfield Street Sunday School, City Road, per Mr. E. Fowler James, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To Friends at Henry Wight Memorial Church, Edinburgh, per Mr. D. Bell, for a Box of Clothing and Useful Articles.
- For Mrs. Taylor, Oradock.—To the Working Party at Union Church, Putney, per Mrs. Smith, for a Box of Work.
- To an Invalid Lady, per Rev. W. Seaman, for a Parcel of Children's Clothing.—To Miss Cole, Nottingham, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To Miss F. Nock, Windsor, for a Parcel of Books.
- To a Friend, near Lynn, for a Box and Parcel of Evangelical Magazines.

VII.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 15th January, 1880.

LONDON.

A Friend	...	50	0	0
E. Wiltshire	...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Spicer	...	3	3	0
Mrs. Dykes	...	1	0	0
Abney Ch.	...	15	11	10
Acton	...	4	3	1
Addiscombe, Mrs. Burden	...	0	10	0
Ardium Road	...	5	5	0
Beckenhams Road	...	1	1	0
Backham	...	26	12	3
Camberwell	...	30	9	2
Camden Town, Park Ch.	...	18	10	6
City Temple	...	25	0	0
Clapton, Lower	...	10	10	0
Clapton, Upper	...	25	0	0
Craven Ch.	...	20	0	0
Craven Hill Ch.	...	25	0	0
Croydon, George Street	...	10	7	9
Selhurst	...	2	8	11
South	...	8	4	0
Dalston, Middleton Road	...	5	8	6
Shrubland Road	...	1	14	6
Dulwich Grove	...	1	10	0
Edmonton Square	...	10	11	4
Etham	...	6	0	10
Forest Gate	...	2	0	0
Forest Hill, Trinity Ch.	...	4	3	9
Hare Court Ch.	...	13	3	3
Harbury Ch.	...	10	2	0
Hornsey, Park Ch.	...	15	0	0
Hounslow	...	1	10	0
Kingston, Union Ch.	...	30	0	0
Kingston	...	25	0	0
Kenish Town, Hawley Road	...	8	18	4
Kingland	...	4	4	0
Kingston-on-Thames	...	3	3	0
Lewisham Congregational Ch.	...	30	0	0
Lewisham High Road	...	22	2	6
Leytonstone	...	6	0	2
Loughborough Park	...	8	10	0
Milton Road	...	2	8	3
New College Ch.	...	14	8	0
Norwood, Upper	...	11	4	9
Orford Road	...	4	14	0
Peckham Rye	...	4	0	0
Poplar, Trinity Ch.	...	8	1	2
Putney, Union Ch.	...	6	1	5
St. John's Wood	...	2	7	6
St. Mary Cray	...	4	8	0
Stamford	...	2	17	3
St. New Ch.	...	1	11	0
Stratford Hill	...	12	0	0
Stratford Ch.	...	2	2	0
Tottenham Park, New Court Ch.	...	11	4	1
Tottenham Court Road	...	11	0	0
Trever Ch.	...	6	6	0
Walford Road, Trinity Ch.	...	1	13	0
Walthamstow, Marsh Street	...	5	7	6
Wandstead	...	6	6	0
Weigh House Ch.	...	9	0	5
Wimbledon	...	9	12	6
Woodford Congregational Ch.	...	13	10	0

COUNTRY.

Accrington, Oak Street	...	2	2	0
Whalley-road	...	0	10	0
Alfreton	...	0	15	0
Bagley	...	0	16	9
Banbury	...	1	14	9
Barnsley	...	3	0	0
Barnstable	...	4	0	0
Barrow-on-Humber	...	1	0	0
Berkhamstead	...	9	0	0
Birmingham, Carr's Lane	...	10	0	0
Bishop's Cleeve	...	16	0	0
Blackburn, Furburghate Ch.	...	1	5	0
Blandford	...	2	10	7

Bolton, Rosehill	...	1	6	6
Bournemouth, Richmond Hill Ch.	...	4	0	0
Bradford-on-Avon, Morgan's Hill Ch.	...	1	13	6
Bridgewater	...	5	0	0
Bright	...	1	1	0
Brighton, Clermont Ch., Preston	...	2	2	0
Bristol Auxiliary—				
Highbury Ch.	...	36	18	8
Oldland Common, Tabernacle	...	1	1	0
Pembroke Ch.	...	5	14	0
Redland Park Ch.	...	10	3	2
Clevedon	...	6	0	0
Burnley, Bethesda Ch.	...	2	0	0
Salem Ch.	...	2	0	0
Westgate Ch.	...	5	15	9
Colne	...	1	16	9
Nelson	...	0	19	0
Burslem, Queen Street	...	1	11	6
Bury, New Road	...	1	15	8
Bury St. Edmunds, Whiting Street	...	1	6	0
Canterbury, Guildhall Street	...	1	15	1
Caterham	...	6	15	0
Cheadle Hulme	...	2	5	4
Chelmsford, Baddow Road	...	2	5	0
Chesham	...	1	2	0
Chester, Queen Street	...	5	0	0
Ditto, per R. S. Hudson, Esq.	...	20	0	0
Northgate Ch.	...	4	0	0
Chichester	...	2	5	0
Chorley, St. George Street	...	4	1	7
Cirencester	...	3	6	9
Colchester, Head Gate Ch.	...	2	3	0
Lion Walk Ch.	...	10	0	0
Coventry, West Orchard Ch.	...	4	0	0
Crediton	...	1	1	0
Darlington	...	3	3	0
Darwen, Belgrave Ch.	...	3	3	0
Duckworth Street	...	9	12	8
Derby, Victoria Street	...	14	15	3
Dewsbury, Earlsheaton Ch.	...	1	17	6
Dollar, Mrs. E. Millen	...	1	0	0
Dorchester	...	2	7	9
Dorking, West Street	...	4	17	0
Dudley, King Street	...	4	4	0
Eastwood	...	0	10	0
Egham	...	1	12	0
Fovant	...	1	5	0
Glossop, Littlemoor Ch.	...	4	0	9
Gomeral, Grove Ch.	...	3	3	0
Gravesend, Princes Street	...	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth	...	8	2	2
Hadleigh	...	5	0	0
Harwich	...	2	0	0
Haalingden	...	1	0	0
Hatherlow	...	2	0	0
Havant	...	1	12	6
Haverhill	...	1	13	0
Highworth	...	1	0	0
Honiton	...	1	1	0
Hornsea	...	1	0	0
Horwich, New Ch.	...	1	16	0
Hull, Albion Ch.	...	5	3	8
Himnster	...	1	1	6
Ipewich, Nicholas St.	...	2	17	9
St. Clement's Ch.	...	1	5	0
Tacket Street	...	5	0	0
Kidderminster, Old Meeting	...	4	4	0
Kirkham	...	2	0	0
Knarsborough	...	2	7	6
Launceston	...	1	0	0
Leamington, Spencer Street	...	10	13	0
Leeds Auxiliary—				
Beeston Hill	...	2	0	0
Bethal Ch., Wortley	...	0	12	6
East Parade Ch.	...	25	0	0
Headingley Hill	...	10	0	0
Queen Street	...	20	18	0
Leicester, Emmanuel Ch.	...	1	0	0
Littlehampton	...	3	0	0

Liverpool, Berkley Street	3 11 0	Ramsbottom, Park Ch.	3 3 0
Bootle	10 0 0	Reading, Broad Street	2 13 0
Brownlow Hill	1 3 2	Reigate	2 13 8
Chadwick Mount	5 0 0	Rochester, Vines Ch.	3 0 0
Edge Hill	2 0 0	Roydon, Kneesworth Street	2 3 1
Great George Street	20 14 7	Kyton-on-Tyne	1 2 3
Wavertree Ch.	10 14 3	Saffron Walden	2 10 0
Westminster Road	2 10 0	Sandford	0 10 0
Long Sutton	1 10 0	Sandon	1 6 7
Lymington	3 5 7	Sandwich	5 0 0
Maulesfield, Park Green Ch.	6 0 0	Scarnough, Bar Ch.	6 0 0
Maldstone, Westboro' Ch.	1 8 0	Eastborough Ch.	2 6 4
Manchester Auxiliary—		South Cliff Ch.	7 8 6
Broughton Park	10 0 0	Sounthorpe	0 6 6
Chapel Street	2 5 0	Shanklin	1 4 6
Charlestown, Pendleton	2 10 0	Sheffield, Broom Park Ch.	4 0 0
Grosvenor Street	15 0 0	Wincoank Hall, Schoolroom, Maisty	2 6 0
Knot Mill	2 5 0	Shrewsbury, Abbey Forge Ch.	7 7 0
Levenshulme	8 6 9	Sittingbourne, Free Ch.	3 0 0
Park Ch., Cheetham	1 19 7	Soham	1 10 0
Pendleton	5 12 6	Southport, Chapel Street	13 18 0
Rusholme	7 0 0	Stafford	3 0 0
Stockport Road	2 2 0	Stamford, Star Lane Ch.	2 10 0
Tottington	1 0 8	Stockton-on-Tees, Norton Road Ch.	2 3 0
Manfield	2 3 4	Stourbridge	2 10 0
Maabro, 1879	5 0 0	Stowmarket	3 0 0
Do. 1880	6 3 2	Stroud, Bedford Street	5 0 0
Maulden and Amphyll, Union Ch.	0 12 6	Old Ch.	1 10 0
Middlesbrough	1 0 0	Stabbins	2 10 8
Middleton, Providence Ch.	1 0 1	Sutton-in-Ashfield	0 19 6
Moorgreen	0 10 0	Sydney, Pitt Street	14 17 3
Morley	1 5 0	Woolahra	5 12 6
New Brompton	1 5 0	Barwood	5 10 6
Newnham	0 8 9	Taunton, North Street	20 1 1
North Petherton	0 10 0	Tisbury	2 10 0
North Shields, St. Andrew's Ch.	2 10 10	Tisbury	0 7 10
North Walsham	1 7 8	Uppminster	3 16 6
Northampton, United Collection	8 0 8	Uxbridge, Old Meeting	2 3 6
Norwich, Chapel-in-the-Field	5 16 5	Wakefield, Zion Ch.	7 9 8
Princes Street	15 0 0	Wallingborough	9 10 9
Ongar	3 2 7	Wirksworth	3 10 10
Ossett	2 0 0	Wollerton	0 9 0
Oundle	1 12 1	Wolverhampton, Queen Street Ch.	10 0 0
Oxford, Cowley Road	2 0 0	Snaw Ch.	2 0 0
Flymouth, Sherwell Ch.	12 1 0	Tattenhall Wood Ch.	0 10 6
Portsmouth, Buckland Ch.	1 1 0	York, Salem Ch.	5 10 6
Potters Ferry	1 0 3		

VIII.—Contributions.

For Deficiency in the Year 1878-9—(continued).

John Cunliffe, Esq.	100 0 0	F. Fitch, Esq., Hare Court Ch.	10 0 0
G. M. I.	20 0 0	G. A. Turner, Esq., ditto	5 0 0
W. J. Lucking, Esq.	10 10 0	S. Milledge, Esq., Gosport	5 0 0
T. P., Ilanwryd	10 10 0	Misses Lambert, Elloughton	5 0 0
T. B. Child, Esq., Wotton-under-Edge, additional	10 0 0	A Friend, per G. Bough, Esq., Dundee	2 0 0
J. McLaren, Esq., Park Ch., Camden Town	10 0 0	Rev. S. B. Strifling, Southampton	1 1 0
Miss M. Struthers	10 0 0	Mrs. E. Millen, Dollar	1 0 0
W., Derbyshire	10 0 0	Rev. W. Farrer	1 0 0
Rev. W. Tyler, Mile End New Town	10 0 0	D. R.	1 0 0
		Mrs. Wheatcroft, Wirksworth	1 0 0
		Miss Wright, ditto	1 0 0

(Remainder of List next month.)

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.



Yours faithfully
James Cutrop
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Engraved by J. Cochran from a Photograph.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

MARCH, 1880.

Saintliness.

WHAT is saintliness? Who are the saints? A ready answer to the former question breaks from our lips. Saintliness is moral purity—freedom from the pollution of evil—from all forms and degrees of moral imperfection, whether of the acts or the tempers of life. But when the question is, Who are saintly? the answer is not quite so confident. We think of saintliness as a distinct and separate type of life, rather than as an exalted condition of common life.

When our thoughts are of saints in heaven—"the spirits of just men made perfect"—we conceive of them as altogether different from good men and women upon earth: they are a caste, a church of devotees, singing hymns and given up to religious fervours and sentimental ecstasies. When we think of saints upon earth, we do not spontaneously picture to ourselves good men and women, holily doing the common work of life—faithful in secular duties, battling with the temptations that are in the world, ministering services and benevolences in the common relationships of life. We have, indeed, lost the word "saint" out of our common religious speech, we never think of applying it, as the New Testament does, to all who love and serve Christ. We reserve it as a special designation for unusual characters—for monks, or nuns, or devotees—for men and women to whom arrogance, superstition, or enthusiasm has given a diploma of sainthood—persons ascetic in their piety, exceptional in their church-going, fervid in their hymn-singing, or remarkable in the assiduity and self-sacrifice of their religious work. In ordinary use, the word "saint" has become a cant term, the equivalent of sanctimoniousness. In religious use we apply it only

to Christian notabilities : those are deemed most saintly, who by seduction, or asceticism, or special service, have severed themselves most completely from the ordinary occupations and spheres of human life.

Is this special and reserved use of the term its true and scriptural use? Does it accord with the noblest and manliest conceptions of religious life? The Christian men and women to whom Paul and the New Testament writers applied the designation were not of this special class; they were common men and women; the new converts of Rome, and Colosse, and Ephesus, and Thessalonica generally who had believed in Christ and had received the new life of God's Spirit, and who, in ordinary ways of life, and with manifold imperfections, were seeking to serve Christ, and to perfect their Christian life. The term is never applied to a spiritual caste in a church, always to the whole body of the faithful. Saintliness is the common and necessary characteristic of all religious men.

Let us put the question again. What is saintliness, and how is it attained?

There are two elements or spheres in every religious life. There is the aspect of a man towards God, his feeling, attitude, and conduct in his Godward relations: this we call *piety*. Its expressions are, worship, prayer, obedience, spiritual purity, love. Acts of devotion have respect, not to man, but to God. We set God before us, think of Him, seek Him, speak to Him, and feel towards Him, independently of all our fellow-men. The same is true of the things that we do in obedience to divine injunction, or in the expression of our grateful love. This domain of religious life is the man's *piety*.

There is also the aspect of a man towards his fellow-men—his attitude and conduct as they affect them: The expressions of which are, truth and honesty, chastity and brotherhood. This we designate *morality* or *virtue*. It is our feeling and behaviour in the common acts of human relationship—in the home, in business, in society, in our entire intercourse one with another.

These two things—piety and virtue—are both essential to a true religious life, but they are broadly distinct in idea, and often in fact. There are thousands of men who are moral, virtuous in their human relationships and acts, who do right towards their fellow-men, who are truthful, chaste, and benevolent, and yet who are altogether destitute of piety. They never worship God, or pray to Him; they do

not love Him; they do not often think about Him; in some instances they do not believe in Him. They are virtuous, but not pious men.

On the other hand, there are men who are pious and not virtuous. They think about God, they feel love to Him, they praise Him with fervour, and pray to Him with earnestness. In thought and feeling, they commune with Him; but in their morality towards their fellow-men they are, to say the least, very defective. They do not always speak the truth, they are not always upright and honest, they are sometimes unchaste, they are selfish and churlish, and manifest but little of the spirit of brotherhood. That is, they are pious towards God, but not very moral towards men. Some might say they are good saints, but bad moralists. Shallow or thoughtless people would summarily pronounce them hypocrites. But this would not be either true in philosophy, or just in fact. They are, no doubt, perfectly sincere in their pious feelings towards God, even while thus defective in virtue towards men. If their immorality were gross, they would necessarily be hypocrites; there is a limit beyond which consciousness cannot be deluded. No man can be ignorant that God demands rectitude towards men as well as piety towards Himself; that holiness includes both classes of feeling and conduct. But then few men are grossly immoral; and it is not easy to say how far self-delusion may go—what degree of defective morality is consistent with the sincerity of a man's piety. History tells us of many men, men are continually to be seen in modern church-life—it is the explanation of much that astounds us in commercial immoralities on the part of religious men, and of the piteous shipwrecks of perfervid revivalists,—who do grossly wrong towards their fellow-men, and are yet palpably sincere in the acts of their piety. They keep up worship, feel pious fervours, and maintain a general religious habit.

Hypocrisy is not the explanation of the anomaly, but self-deception. Men easily persuade themselves, that because they are consciously sincere in feelings of worship and love towards God, they are essentially religious men, and that defective morality is but a venial inconsistency. Their very pious feeling deceives them; and thus they live in the religious fool's paradise, while onlookers are laughing at their piety, and calling them hypocrites, which they are not.

It is a common mistake for men to think themselves right because they are sincere; many things besides sincerity are necessary to make

a man right. He may be sincerely wrong as well as sincerely right. Saul of Tarsus "verily thought within himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." Some of the most remorseless persecutors, some of the most intolerant bigots, are sincere enough, their very sincerity makes them such. Whereas other men sin against conscience, their conscience goes over to the side of their persecution, they think that they do God service.

A man will sincerely enough tell you that his conscience compels him, so that he cannot call you brother, or worship with you, or deem you accepted of God. But the previous question is, How came his conscience to be in such a state? By what process did it arrive at its conclusions? If his be an "evil conscience," a "false conscience," a "blind conscience," will not God have something to say concerning the educational processes, the regulating moral feelings whereby it became such?

Clearly God has made the second table of the law as imperative as the first. He has as much required moral virtue towards men as piety towards Himself; He has made it part of religious duty. If a man have a right conscience towards God, he will have a right conscience towards men; for piety itself is the highest attainment of moral feeling. It is feeling righteously, purely, lovingly, towards God—the perfection of all moral excellence. He who so feels cannot act wrongly towards men. A true piety—which is something more than a sincere piety—will always constrain a true morality. If it does not, the man is deceiving himself.

We return, then, in the light of these distinctions, upon our primary question, What is saintliness? Is it merely piety—right feeling towards God, spiritual fervours, worship, prayer, religious service? Is the monk, or the nun, or the devotee its true type?

Of course no man can be a saint without piety; however virtuous, however moral towards men, no one would think of calling him a saint if he were not devout and fervent towards God. But neither can a man be a saint, however pious towards God, who is not also moral towards man. And we never ought to think of so designating him, as sometimes we do. Church saints are often very undesirable persons: under pretence of piety towards God they are often guilty of much that is wrong towards man, and unfaithful to human life. If saintliness be selfishness, or intolerance, or persecution, or idleness, or filthiness; or a

disavowal of natural human relationships; or a shirking of any duties of human life—personal, social, or political—it can scarcely commend itself to any healthy religious judgment or sympathy. One thinks of old church saints in their lazy cells, of indolent monks and useless nuns; one thinks of morbid, sentimental pietists of our own day, with their unspiritual asceticism, their ungodly repudiations of the duties of life, their visionary and unhealthy dreams, their unnatural and perilous ecstasies, their spiritual pride and intolerance; repudiating one-half of God's appointed order and duty of life, and scorning all goodness but that of their own little sects; and we ask in amazement—Can this be Christian saintliness? I find the Plymouth Brother, for instance, deeming common business too secular a thing for him to engage in; the common duties of social relationships too unholy for him to participate; the family altar, where a pious father officiates, too profane for him to kneel at; the churches of Jesus Christ throughout the world too unhallowed to be tolerated; Christ's holiest disciples not good enough for his fellowship and recognition; and I ask again—Can this be the saintliness of Christ and the New Testament—everywhere so full of broad charities and of eager sympathies with every form of good? So far from being saintliness, this is not even piety; its more fitting designation is pietism—piety perfectly sincere, but morbid and fanatical rather than normal and healthy. It is not the broadening and sanctifying of human nature, it is the narrowing and befooling of it. It is not a higher but a lower measure of piety. It excludes some things from its domain. It repudiates some of God's most blessed gifts, and most wholesome processes. It enthrones Christ as only a partial king, and surrenders to the devil unchallenged some of the most important departments of life. It may be singing and praying, but it is not "eating and drinking to the glory of God."

The saintliness is defective and meretricious that does not include both piety and morality, and that does not insist upon the utmost inclusiveness and perfection of both; and God has so made us that they cannot really be divorced. It is but little to say that God has constituted moral virtue towards man, a pious duty towards Himself; and that if in this we are disobedient, we cannot be even truly pious. The obligation to be virtuous lies deeper than this. Both piety and morality have their root in right feeling, feeling that is pure and true

and righteous; and a man cannot be right in these feelings towards God, and wrong in the same feelings towards men; any more than he can be moral towards one man and immoral towards another. If feeling be right, it will express itself to all men alike. Religion is but a higher degree of morality, with a special reference to God. The feeling which makes a man pious towards God, will therefore make him virtuous towards men. The objects and the forms of the feeling may differ, but it has a common root—it is, in each case, the inspiration of a pure and holy heart. We “love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and strength, and our neighbour as ourself.”

So that mere church-going and worship, and loving emotion towards God is not saintliness; or if it be, it is only a maimed and morbid saintliness. Saintliness demands the complement of morality. Nor is it holiness to avoid duties of life because there may be moral peril in discharging them. A man is not a good soldier who keeps out of battle to preserve his uniform unsoiled. The highest saintliness of life is to be wrought in the market and not in the cell, by the man who fights with the devil in common life, not by the man who runs from common life because the devil is there. A man who bravely toils for the support and education of his children; a man who devotes himself to the service of his country in the senate; or who gives himself to commerce or to literature, to science or to travel, that he may benefit his fellow-men; a man who seeks by his service in it to purify social life and win it for Christ; a man who is resolutely upright and godly in business; who will not take an undue advantage of the ignorance or necessities of those with whom he trades; who is as scrupulously just towards others as towards himself; a man who is forbearing, gentle, and self-denying towards the members of his own household, so that nothing provokes him to arbitrariness, ill-temper, injustice, or inconsiderateness, has attained to a far higher degree of saintliness than is possible to any anchorite or mere church-goer. Saintliness is the culture and perfection of the entire character—of the patience and self-sacrifice of active life, as well as of the fervours of the devotional life. The best preparation for heaven is not to shut ourselves up from the world, but rightly to live in it. A man may die as greatly and as holily doing a righteous thing in his business, as praying upon his bed. Holiness in work is a much greater achievement than holiness in worship. In the New

Testament very little is said about sequestered devotional life, a great deal about holy practical life. It is better for the Master to find us with our implement of work in our hand, than with a viaticum in our mouth.

Few things have prejudiced religion more than false notions of saintliness : few things will help it more than wholesome common-sense ideas about the holiness of common life. It is the highest saintliness of a man—"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

All the conditions of life are designed and adapted for moral discipline, for the perfecting of faith, of patience, of self-sacrifice. Every experience is intended to exert moral influence. God "visits us every morning, and tries us every moment." We are children of immortal life, and every agency, "direct and indirect," is employed by the great Father "to build up the being that we are." All things have in them a soul of spiritual meaning, a power of spiritual purifying. They test and strengthen our virtues, they put touches to our moral perfection. Had we but spiritual discernment of things we should live a charmed, a divine life. Did we but regard each thing that comes as a teaching and test of the great Father, how wise and patient and holy we should become ; "giving thanks to the Father, who thus makes us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

HENRY ALLON.

Aquila and Priscilla : Priscilla and Aquila.

THE unworked mines of Holy Scripture are very many, and as rich as they are numerous. The Bible is so written that the idle must miss half its treasures, while they who make "diligent search" ever find new rewards. The most prominent figures in its story are recognised by all, and in a measure appreciated ; but there are many minor characters that still challenge study. Particularly is this true of names referred to in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of Paul. It should be no matter of complaint that we have to collect notices and hints from incident, allusion, and salutation. The results of industry and study will oftentimes gratefully surprise us, and the admiration of partial acquaintance will be deepened by the shame and loss convicted negligence impresses. The worthies who give name to our paper are not the only instances that illustrate these observations.

Aquila and Priscilla, or Priscilla and Aquila—we write them both ways; seeing that Luke and Paul do so without hesitation. It is by combination of several passages that we learn who they were, and what was their worth. Before touching these separately, two or three remarks of a general character may be submitted, as their recollection will essentially aid our true acquaintance and appreciation. The first of the references is separated from the last by an interval of from twelve to sixteen years. The great Apostle of the Gentiles comes in his second missionary journey to Corinth, and there he finds Aquila with his wife Priscilla (Acts xviii). This was in or about the year 52. The last of the references occurs in the salutation Paul sent to them in his second letter to Timothy, the date of which is probably 68. This salutation (2 Tim. iv. 19) expresses the genial affection with which the Apostle delighted to remember Christian excellence; and thus we seem to have before us happy instances of stability, growth, and maturity. They are not to be ranked with those who did run well but afterward suffered hindrance. Rather may we picture them to ourselves as “going on unto perfection”; as “stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.”

Nor are the virtues and works attributed to them all of one sort. They could labour, and teach, and suffer; they were hospitable and enterprising; they had zeal and sympathy, and these alike for the individual and for the community. Their piety was full-orbed; not a sickly and morbid extravagance in one or two directions, leaving an unpleasant sense of deformity. It was equally beautiful and strong in its symmetry—they came behind in no gift or grace.

They are always mentioned together—never apart. They went arm-in-arm through life in its holiest works and walks—twin-stars, each shining with its own individual lustre, and each contributing to the brightness of the other. Here was no unequal yoke—no unbelieving husband, no unbelieving wife. We class them with Zacharias and Elizabeth, who were “both blameless and walked in all the commandments of God.” Whether it was helping, teaching, suffering, or entertaining that the writer adverted to, they both did it, they both shared it—it was a joint act. Sometimes the husband stands first in the enumeration, sometimes the wife. Neither was a cipher, a mere appendage—individuality was intact; its strength was there, and its grace too. This was as it should be. This was normal in

the Christian household. Let such traits mark our personal and social Christian life, and there will be strength, fulness, and beauty that cannot fail of high and constant service.

We will now glance at the particular scenes which are sketched or suggested. Paul has come to Corinth from Athens—with much trembling, weakness, and fear, as he pathetically states in his first letter to the Church he planted there (1 Cor. ii). The soil of Athens was hard and unfriendly—learning and philosophy are apt to refuse the humbling lessons of Christian truth,—and the Apostle feared lest Corinth might prove another Athens. There, however, he found Aquila and his wife, fugitive Jews from Rome, under the edict of Claudius; and as they were tent-makers and he was a tent-maker, he took up his abode with them. Aquila was a native of Pontus; for aught we know he may have been a witness of the marvels of Pentecost, and one of those stricken in heart by Peter's sermon. It seems most natural to suppose that he and his wife were Christians before this sojourn of Paul with them. The term "Jew" in the description presents no solid objection to this conclusion, for the edict of Claudius was not likely to discriminate between Jews and Christians; and surely had such intimate associates and helpers been the fruit of Paul's ministry some hint would have been dropped by Luke or by the Apostle himself:

What a scene is opened to us! Here was Paul, in noble independence, working with his own hand because he would be chargeable to none; in deep solicitude about his ministry in the city; unbending himself in all the privacies of friendship, in all the incidents of business. They would see how the man and the apostle modified each other—their fine, impressive harmony and unity; they saw him when men accepted his message, and when they withstood it; welcomed in the synagogue, and cast forth from it; dejected almost to despair, and re-assured by a vision of the Lord. His temper, his speech, his aims, his habits, were all unveiled. Well does Chrysostom describe him as teaching and working his miracles, and then stitching hides together, regarded by angels with love, and by devils with fear. The giving in this intercourse was not all on one side. Aquila and Priscilla were real "helpers in Christ Jesus," helpers by zeal and sympathy, and by a noble courage and self-sacrifice which would cheerfully risk anything and everything to preserve and promote the

high work of this servant of God for the Churches. So intimate and precious was the union that when the Apostle departed for Ephesus he took them with him. Thus ends our first scene.

The second is very different; yet it also brings this lowly, unofficial couple into most prominent relations with a great preacher of divine truth. It lay in Ephesus. Paul has left his friends there, while he himself hastens to Antioch and thence to Jerusalem. He has promised to return, and he does so. But in his absence Apollos comes from Alexandria, with ardent soul and eloquent speech, possessing a rich familiarity with the Old Testament, and keen appreciation of its promise, but "knowing only the baptism of John." How he had learnt that baptism, and how he had been hindered from learning all the momentous facts of the Messiah's actual life, ministry, death, and resurrection, we are left to conjecture; his case may help us to realize how gradually it was, and with what seeming caprices of partiality, that the knowledge of the Gospel spread. But a nature and gifts like those of Apollos must prove themselves. And so at Ephesus he began his work, "teaching diligently the things of the Lord" so far as he knew them, and leading his auditors on in confident hope and expectation.

Then it was that Aquila and Priscilla did another service for which the Churches of the Gentiles might thank them. They expounded to the new preacher the way of God more perfectly; they told him of hopes fulfilled, of redemption achieved; of the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and of the high seal which Pentecost had stamped on it, and on subsequent events. On their delighted listener they urged all this, illustrating it by Paul's marvellous story, ministry, and success. They acquainted him with what they had seen and heard from the great Apostle; and thus they furthered the mission of Apollos by confirmation, by expansion, by richest equipment; and when he passed over to Achaia and to the city of Corinth, so dear to their hearts, he became indeed a "polished shaft," mightily convincing the Jews, and much helping them who already believed. The picture charms on whichever figure the eye falls—on him who learns, or on those who instruct; on *his* humility and delight, or on *their* intelligence and zeal.

It was remarkable that Apollos should go to Achaia; it was no mean reward of the care and fidelity of his instructors that he should make Corinth the scene of that ministry they had so essentially

exalted. Paul returns to Ephesus, and there he finds his old friends ; and we doubt not the intercourse of former days is fully renewed as circumstances will permit. While there, tidings arrive from Corinth, grave and various. Burning questions have arisen—delicate, intricate, and vital. The “care of the Churches” which came on the Apostle was in this instance no slight burden. The least perfunctory of all men, he felt every peril, and he wrote with vivid sense of all alternative issues that awaited his counsel. He gratified his large and tender heart with closing salutations and charges, and amid them stands our next allusion. “The Churches of Asia salute you. Aquila and Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with the Church that is in their house.” The force and warmth of that word “much” we can estimate aright only as we recall their relation to Corinth. It is so artless a touch, and so merely a touch, that no forger would have invented it or been content with it! But the readers at Corinth could measure its worth. Aquila and Priscilla knew their whole story, their perils, their character ; they entered into all the debates that had arisen. Their interest was fresh and prompt as when they lived among them, and their salutation must breathe this—“They salute you *much* in the Lord. . And not only they, but the Church that gathers in their house. These are informed and inspired by Aquila and Priscilla concerning you.” And so, as with one stroke of the pen, a thrill of grateful and devout sympathy was sent through that still-remembered Church which Paul had planted and Apollos had watered.

“The Church that is in their house” has been variously interpreted—some regard it as of their family who were Christians ; some seem almost as if they thought it denoted the whole Church as yet gathered in the city ; far more easy is the supposition that their occupation might require somewhat ample room, and so facilities be given for the assembling of a considerable portion of those who believed. Our chief interest in the description just now is this, that it is repeated in the reference to their dwelling at Rome. The double mention presses the thought of a habit, a practice on their part—wherever they went, wherever they stayed, they would help on the Church’s growth, the world’s evangelization. They were not weary in well-doing. They devised liberal things.

This letter was written some three or four years after Paul and his friends had left Corinth, in the year 57.

A year later—58—the Apostle is writing to the Church at Rome ; he dates from Corinth, and Aquila and Priscilla have returned to Rome. Most prominent among the remarkable salutations that close that letter is the message and commendation concerning this Christian man and woman. “Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks ; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the Churches of the Gentiles : likewise greet the Church that is in their house” (Romans xvi).

It is strange, according to our judgment, that we should have no clue to the incident of devotion here described. What was its character ? Where did it take place ? Was it at Corinth when tumults arose, and insurrection was made against Paul, and when, in the judicial indifference of Gallio, enraged Jews might be tempted to take the law into their own hands ? Was there the peril of personal violence, and was it averted by their fine courage and exposure of themselves ? We cannot say. Did it occur at Ephesus ? And were they among the disciples who stood between Paul and his destruction “when he would have adventured himself into the theatre” ? We cannot say. But the devotion is none the less certain or noble, and finely does it complete their character for our admiration. “They counted not their lives dear unto themselves.”

The last reference is, as I have said, the salutation through Timothy (2 Timothy iv. 19)—“Salute Priscilla and Aquila.”

And now, who does not admire the worth that presents itself through such a testimony ? It appeals to us on either side of our duty, the active and the passive ; and admiration in moral and spiritual relations must here, as ever, prove its sincerity by imitation. He whose grace is seen in others can work as effectually in us. He will, if we desire Him, if we will let Him. What centres of attraction and of aggression would our Churches at once become if our piety closely followed the pattern of Aquila and Priscilla !

The whole survey enforces such lessons as these—how important is the equal yoke ; how the lowly may help the more prominent ; how diverse are the acts and opportunities of complete Christian service ; what may be done during a brief residence in a locality ; how precious is true sympathy ; what a grateful admiration the good cherish for each other.

Torquay.

G. B. JOHNSON.

Noctes Theologicæ.

III.—MR. JOHN STUART MILL ON NATURE.

RESUMING the conversation, Arundel said: I was just on the point of asking Wilton, when Osborne drew our attention to that magnificent sunset, whether he had not felt the tremendous force of Mr. Mill's indictment against Nature, or whether he was prepared to adduce rebutting considerations. I confess that, as I read that cumulative series of accusations which begins with page 28, I felt my blood curdle with horror.

Wilton.—With horror! My emotion was one of surprise, mingled with indignation.

Arundel.—But you will, I think, allow that, whatever be the rhetorical strength of Mr. Mill's language, his facts are unchallengeable. Is it not true, as he alleges, that, "next to the greatness of these cosmic forces, the quality which most forcibly strikes every one who does not avert his eyes from it, is their perfect and absolute recklessness? They go straight to their end, without regarding what or whom they crush on the road."

Wilton.—I could have wished that Mr. Mill, having to deal with cosmic forces, had abstained from the employment of tropical language, which, whether he intended it or not, imputes to them a spirit and a purpose, of the existence of which, in them at least, there is no proof. "Perfect and absolute recklessness" cannot exist in cosmic forces, and it would have been well if Mr. Mill had not given to them such strong and misleading personification. I take the same objection, and for the same reason, against the statement—"they go straight to their end, without regarding what or whom they crush on the road." It is quite true that an avalanche, disturbed by the tread, or even breath, of an Alpine traveller, will bury him fathoms deep in snow, and may overwhelm a whole village that was sleeping defenceless below.

Arundel.—Well, but is not that terrible?

Wilton.—Terrible, no doubt—but not reckless. It was the action of the law of *gravitation*—but would Mr. Mill have cosmic forces that should be independent of gravitation? The very same law which enabled the avalanche to fall, enabled the traveller to mount. With-

remember them), dwarfed as they may seem to be in presence of the sterner cares of the present time ; but the days were, when they were felt to be the supreme sorrows of the soul. Mr. Mill, amiable as he was, and willing to do a good turn to any one, has been a torment to hundreds by his admirable work on Logic, which, however, no one masters by an easy instinct, and yet which has to be mastered in some sort by those who aspire to university honours. How many have floundered in him hopelessly as in some Serbonian bog. It is not impossible that even his politics have been hated by not a few, in revenge for the pain he has inflicted upon them. And what other knowledge does not make its way into the mind through a process more or less painful ? If the knowledge of language, of arithmetic, and some half-score of other things, be so essential to the well-being of that part of Nature which we call man, why, we may ask, in the spirit of Mr. Mill, has Nature done her work with such arrant bungling that she has neglected to lodge such knowledge as instinctive, and connatural furniture, in the mind ? Why has she given such scant endowment to the human race in its earliest years, especially when she has so richly replenished the young of other creatures with their full equipment of necessary instincts ? Surely it was necessary that man, as the highest creature on earth, holding, as he does (with or without distinct prevision and destiny), such imperial sway, should have been guarded from the beginning against all error, and should not have been compelled to learn truth and duty through the painful process of mistake and suffering. But in such case Nature would be made a culprit, not only because she did not give to man his full complement of endowments, but those endowments in their highest degree of perfection—in other words, because she had not stored in him all the knowledge which he could possibly hold or use.

Arundel.—But, my dear friend, are you not pushing Mr. Mill's position to the extreme of caricature ? I think that Mr. Mill would disclaim the consequences with which you are seeking to burden him.

Wilton.—Nothing can be further from my intention, I assure you, than to take any unfair advantage of Mr. Mill, or to hold him accountable for inferences which are not strictly necessitated by his premises. I admit that some deductions which I shall be compelled to draw would be very unacceptable to him, but I am confident that

I shall affiliate none upon him, the parentage of which he can legitimately repudiate. He, as you know, was too ardent, intrepid, and relentless a logician to let an adversary off without displaying the full consequences of his position, whether it was in the region of politics or philosophy; and it would be a wrong done to his memory to suppose that he would desire greater forbearance than he showed to others, when the matter is not one of personal feeling, but of argumentation. Let us see where we are. I think you will allow that, according to Mr. Mill, Nature—that is, physical nature, or indeed nature in any sense which he has given of the word—is not perfect.

Arundel.—That is, of course, his thesis, which he takes great pains to set forth and prove.

Wilton.—Exactly so. And among other proofs which he adduces, is the existence of calamities, disasters, and outrages, of which, you remember, he gives a tragic catalogue, until you feel as if Nature stood in the dock as a portentous criminal, arraigned for trial by Mr. Mill. All these terrible phenomena may be summed up, according to Mr. Mill's philosophy, under the one word *pain*—pain of some kind or other, but still pain. The contention—which he makes, I readily grant, no effort to conceal—is, that the existence of pain is not consistent with the hypothesis of a perfect nature, or (for, as you know, he remounts higher) with the hypothesis of a perfect God. A perfect nature—or rather, a perfect God—could, and would, in his opinion, have fabricated a universe, if He had fabricated anything at all, in which pain would have no existence. You will not impute to me, I imagine, in what I have now said, a distorted representation of his position?

Arundel.—I think you have strict warrant so far.

Wilton.—Then the question with me is, How could Mr. Mill put in a demurrer to the inference that there must not be, in any part of the universe, according to his conception of a perfect universe, any pain, inconvenience, struggle, effort, or advancement whatsoever? There must not be young life, for it is immature; there must not be infant intelligence, for it is ignorant; there must be no progress, nor the capability of progress, for this would be a reproachful accusation against Nature for not having dowered each separate creature at its beginning with its highest energies, and its amplest capacities of enjoyment filled even to ecstasy.

Osborne.—That is a very startling conclusion, though.

Wilton.—It is a very startling conclusion ; but is it illicitly drawn from Mr. Mill's premises ?

Osborne.—I don't see the fallacy in your reasoning, but it is almost incredible that so consummate a thinker as Mr. Mill can have fallen into such a trap.

Wilton.—You mean should have made such a trap, and then have been caught in it.

Osborne.—Well, perhaps so. But do you mean me to understand that, according to Mr. Mill's conception of the Nature that should have been, if she had been perfect, I should have been able to master all the unfathomable mysteries and beauties of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, and Mendelssohn, without the rack of pain and weariness of hand which I have now to pay as penalty for a tolerable execution of one of their sonatas or fugues ?

Wilton.—Master them, my dear friend ! Master them is not the word. *Mastering* is conquest through effort and struggle, and that would argue the imperfection of Nature. You would have been each and all of these great kings of harmony yourself, and would have possessed in your blessed brain, from the day of your birth (except, unfortunately, that even babyhood is an imperfection) all the possible subtleties and grandeurs of music. Do you not see, that if there was one movement or effect you had to learn, Nature would have put you out of her hand imperfect ? There would then have been hope for Arundel, for music could not, of course, if Nature were perfect, be a monopoly of any man or any number of men. I had almost said that he would have taken rank amongst the greatest composers himself, but you will see that there could be no greatest where Nature had done her best for every man ; and I fear we must allow that the race of composers could, in that case, have had no existence at all, for who would have taken the trouble to produce and publish what everybody knew as well as he ?

Osborne.—We are drifting, I think, into a droll predicament.

Wilton.—Into a series of them ; for it is obvious that Mr. Mill must include it as a condition of " perfect nature," that all possible knowledge must be possessed by every man—that even Newton must be a slow and blundering arithmetician compared with the race of geniuses whom Nature would have engendered, had she not been so crazy and imbecile in her operations ; and that even Michael Angelo was

but a rude stonemason, and Raphael as rude a house-painter, compared with the sculptors and painters with which a nature more competent in knowledge and power would have filled the world.

Osborne.—What an exciting world that must have been, in which there would be no *chef d'œuvres* in any department of art! What a splendid sphere for ambition, in which every man could do all that his neighbour does!

Wilton.—I fear you are lapsing into your old vein of satire—and yet I do not wonder, for there is no end to the whimsical absurdities that grow, like a tropical harvest, out of Mr. Mill's position. According to his conception of what a more capable nature would have accomplished, the very existence of all sense of need, of all desire, of all appetite, must constitute a grave impeachment of the present order of things; for all these things are accompanied by a sense of pain—or at least of uneasiness—and whether this be intense or slight matters but little, for if Nature had been a better hand at her work, she must have effectually precluded from her domain the possibility of any inconvenience, however homœopathic in its quantity, or however infinitesimal in its duration. Hunger is, in such a case, a mistake—one of the screws which Nature has inadvertently or impotently left loose in the great machine; though how, without the irritation or stimulus of such a disquieting sensation, any animal would have taken the trouble to replenish its wasting powers it is difficult to see: I fear that, apart from some such gentle hint, the whole animal creation would have speedily succumbed to a general syncope. But, in fact, the whole philosophy of Mr. Mill as touching this matter, involves, as a necessary consequence, that Nature—especially living and sensitive Nature—could only be *perfect* on the condition that she should not be constituted of separate and individual things. For what do we mean by separate and individual things? We do not mean things that are absolutely independent of each other for their being, or well-being. Things not only *exist*, they *co-exist*, and they *co-exist* in reciprocal relations to each other—relations, that is, in which there is a “giving” and a “taking,” so to speak. Each one is what it is, partly because other things determine in it such and such a form, and such and such a quality, and in turn it re-acts upon them, moulding and modifying them by its own specific influence. Not one of them exists apart and out of all relation to the rest, and not one of them, therefore,

ought to be viewed apart. Each needs all, and all needs the one, and this whether we speak of matter unorganised or organised. If unorganised, the necessity is unfelt, but still real; if organised, and especially in the shape of animal life, the necessity is consciously realised. But on Mr. Mill's principle of reasoning, such dependence—and especially such conscious dependence, amounting in many cases to a distinct feeling of appetite—is a reproach against Nature, for it presupposes that the creature which experiences it does not possess a plenary satisfaction within itself, but has to seek for it elsewhere.

Arundel.—“Seek for it elsewhere,” indeed! a most delicate euphemism, truly, for that varied process of catching, and killing, and devouring, by which animals obtain their special sustenance! Is there not something frightful in the apparatus with which they are provided, an apparatus which beggars utterly the infernal inventions of the Spanish Inquisition? Only think of it!—some weave their webs; others lay their traps; others have fangs, and claws, and tusks, and horns; others their poison-bags; others can paralyse with electric shocks; others can fascinate with a look—and all for the purpose of obtaining their living! Surely it is incredible, that in a perfect system of things, such as would have been created by a Being who possesses unlimited power and benevolence, a place would have been found for such frightful atrocities; and I agree with Mr. Mill, that Nature, as at present constituted, is not an example, but a warning—that, in fact, to take one life for the support of another is a cruelty inexplicable in a perfect world.

Osborne.—Would you, then, say that this is one of those points in which, according to Mr. Mill's opinion, it is our duty to improve on Nature, and show how much art is superior to Nature?

Arundel.—Most assuredly so.

Osborne.—I fear the consequences will reach wider than will be quite pleasant to you, or any of us.

Arundel.—In what way?

Osborne.—Well, I was wondering whether you meant to dispose of your fowling-piece and fishing-rod, which, I fancy, have committed considerable havoc among feathers and fins. Moreover, I confess I have never been able to school myself into vegetarianism, any more than Mr. Mill, who, doubtless, in the course of his life, had assimilated a considerable number of animals which had been stuck, or knocked

on the head, or dragged unwillingly from the depths of the sea. But if to prey on others be a wrong—and it is as a wrong that Mr. Mill charges it upon Nature, or, if there be a God, on the God of Nature—I think that we must have the courage of our convictions, and restrict our regimen to vegetables. What say you—shall we go in for this point of Brahminical perfection?

Arundel.—Ha, ha—very ingenious, my friend. I observe that you have not forgotten your old sly strategic movement of the *argumentum ad hominem*; but do you not see that Mr. Mill would turn your flank, by insisting that this carnivorous propensity of man is a fresh confirmation of his position, that *Nature* is essentially wanton and cruel?

Osborne.—Pardon my obtuseness, but in what sense would you use the word “*nature*” in such connection? Would it be “*nature*” as *excluding* man, or “*nature*” as *including* man? for I must confess that I think Wilton convicted Mr. Mill of a palpable ambiguity in the use of the term.

Arundel.—Of course, I am using the term in its wider import, as *embracing man*.

Osborne.—Precisely so, but if “*nature*” includes man, whence is to come the art or contrivance which, according to Mr. Mill, is to improve Nature? and if “*nature*” excludes man—man being outside and above Nature, whose bounden duty it is, according to Mr. Mill, to spurn and resist the cruel teachings of Nature—I fail to see with what consistency he can condemn Nature in the very thing in which he follows her example—for her example he does follow, when he preys upon other life for the support of his own. And further, with the knowledge we now possess, of the extent to which animal life pervades, in one degree or another of its stupendous hierarchy, even the vegetables we eat, and the water we drink, I do not see how man could live at all without committing a widespread destruction, and that would bring us back to the conclusion, already stated by Wilton, that Mr. Mill’s argument against the conditions of Nature, as involving cruelty or suffering, would forbid the existence of animal life altogether.

Wilton.—A truce, my good friends, if you please, till Monday, when I think we may be able to look at Mr. Mill’s argument from another side. Now, Arundel, let us have a fight at chess while Osborne plays us a few sonatas. I trust the music will not interfere with your game?

Arundel.—Not at all : I only regret that I have no taste for an art which seems to yield so much pleasure.

Wilton.—Yes, and pain too, you must remember ; for the ear which admits the one cannot exclude the other.

ENOCH MELLOR.

The Tower of London : its Associations and Lessons.

THE WHITE TOWER.

TIME, by his constant touches, consecrates. That which bears marks of antiquity will invariably become an attraction.

“ Time’s gradual touch
Has moulded into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.”

The prime interest felt in old places and old buildings, arises from the associations of the past. With what delight we have frequented the hills and vales and plains which witnessed some of the memorable events recorded on the hoary pages of history ! We have moved with awe, and anon, as one entranced, we have stood to ponder the painful or pleasurable events which once transpired there. We heard solemn voices speaking to us from the very dust upon which we trod. Such spots may, in physical characteristics, be vastly inferior to others that we know, yet they are invested with a sacredness and importance by reason of the scenes witnessed there by long-lost generations. Southey has well said, “ He whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.”

Now, among the many spots in Old England immortalised by associated incidents none can surpass in interest the Tower of London. In nearly all the great events of our history it has played a conspicuous part, and to nearly all the families of distinction in our land it has “ bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.” To enter the Tower we cross the now dry and grassy moat, and pass, on our right hand, the celebrated Traitors’ Gate, which was blocked up in February, 1866. The noble arch of the gate is still visible, beneath which many aching hearts passed in the days when prisoners were

conveyed to the Tower by the Thames. Turning to our left, the gateway of the Bloody Tower is before us. As we look thereon we are reminded that in this tower the royal children of Edward IV. were cruelly smothered, and that in 1674 were discovered beneath the stairs some bones which in proportion answered to the ages of the royal youths. These relics were deposited in an urn and placed in Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. In the left-hand corner of the inner ward we observe a tower of a circular form with a vaulted roof. This is the celebrated Bell Tower where the renowned Bishop Fisher was imprisoned. It was from this tower he was led forth to be beheaded. As he stepped out into the yard and saw the scaffold ready for his reception, he took from his pocket his Greek Testament, and looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the volume, and his eye lighted on the text "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." He at once closed the Book, saying, "Praise the Lord! this is sufficient both for time and eternity." As we make the circuit of the inner ward we pass Beauchamp, Devereux, Flint, Bowyer, Brick, Jewel, Constable, Broadarrow, Salt, and Record Towers. Of some of these structures very little remains. Concerning the stirring events associated with one or two of these towers, we shall have somewhat to say in future papers.

To very many visitors one of the most interesting spots is the Jewel Tower, to which we may just revert for a moment. Very little of the ancient masonry remains. The repository of the royal jewels is of comparatively modern construction. The regalia at present kept there consists of five crowns, one of which is the Crown of State. This crown has only been worn once by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, but when she personally opens or prorogues Parliament, it is conveyed to Westminster Palace and is borne before Her Majesty as an emblem of Imperial State. The crown has three jewels of immense value—a ruby, a pearl considered the finest in the world, and an emerald seven inches round. It comprises also four smaller rubies, one large broad spread sapphire, sixteen other sapphires, eleven emeralds, thirteen hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds, twelve hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds, four pearl drops, and two hun-

dred and seventy-three pearls. The jewels are all set in gold, but the hoops of the crown are silver. The cap is of crimson velvet with an ermine border. The gross weight of the crown is thirty-nine ounces and five pennyweights troy. Besides these five crowns there are many other articles of interest—an orb, the ampulla, the curtana, Edward's staff, five sceptres, bracelets, and other minor matters. As we step out from the Jewel Tower we think of Blood's daring attempt to steal the crown jewels, and then Milton's words rise to our minds—

"A Crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem."

In the centre of the fortress is a massive quadrangular building, with four watch-towers, which are distinctly visible from London Bridge or from the deck of below-bridge boats on the Thames. This is the White Tower; eight centuries it has been standing. There is no prison nor palace that has survived so many years. The west front of the Burg in Vienna is the oldest piece of a palace in Europe, but that dates no farther back than the thirteenth century. William the Conqueror employed Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, to superintend the erection of the White Tower, and the date of its erection is given as 1080 A.D. For 500 years this White Tower was a palace—a place of kingly residence. From the days of Stephen to those of Charles II., the monarchs made considerable use of this tower. Many were the gay and godless gatherings, many the sad and sudden reverses on which the dumb walls looked. There, hopeful princes arrayed themselves in gilded trappings, that in "all the pomp of heraldry and pride of power" they might receive a sceptre. There, crowned heads bowed in religious ceremonials. There, kingly limbs were encased in armour for magnificent tournaments. Now, the palace apartments were gorgeously decorated for wedding festivities, anon, draped in sombre mourning for funereal rites. Now, the beautiful young queen, with flowing tresses and resplendent attire, was escorted to her brilliant home, and then, with gloomy vesture and a broken heart conducted to the scaffold. The walls have echoed to the strains of sweet music, the peals of merry laughter, the words of angry dispute, the sighs of suffering innocence, the voice of devout prayer, the cry of new-born infancy and the moans of dying men.

There are underground vaults where condemned pirates, and the poor persecuted Jews were imprisoned. One of these vaults, more wretched than the rest, is called "Little Ease." It was there that Guy Fawkes is said to have been placed after his diabolical plot. On the first floor are two large rooms. In the thickness of the wall is a cell ten feet long and eight feet wide. Tradition tells us that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined to that gloomy abode, and that it was there he penned his famous "History of the World." Some inscriptions are still visible here. On the jambs of the room are the words—

"'He that indureth to the ende
Shall be sauid.'

"M. 10.

"R. Rudston,

"Dar. Kent. Ano. 1553."

Another inscription with these words—

"'Be faithful unto deth, and I will give thee a crowne of life.'

"T. Fane, 1554."

Below this is the name of "T. Culpepper, of Darford." It would appear that these three prisoners were taken as engaged in the Sir Thomas Wyatt rebellion.

On the second floor are two rooms, and an apartment called "St. John's Chapel." It is a very fine specimen of the Norman style of architecture. It was here that the monarchs, their families, and attendants worshipped during the time that the White Tower was a palace. The chaplain who officiated received in Henry III.'s reign fifty shillings per annum for his religious services.

The Banqueting-room is the only apartment that has a fireplace. The chief room in the White Tower is in the upper story. It is the Council-chamber. As we enter it we recall some of the base, cruel, despotic meetings once held in the Council-chamber, with which the pen of the historian has made us acquainted; and we think with compassion over some of the victims of vice and bloodshed who have trod these floors. King John brought here Maud Fitzwalter, known to the singers of her time as "Maud the Fair." She had been captured by the king because of her beauty, and stolen from her father's house in opposition to her own and her family's wishes. The young Maud's exemplary virtue withstood the monarch's threats and entreaties. Finding she was unchangeable the base sovereign had her removed to a cold, lonely den near the roof of the Tower, and

commanded that she should be kept without food till she submitted. To her honour be it said, neither the pangs of hunger, the wretchedness of solitude, nor the discomforts of cold, could move her from her unflinching adherence to virtue. Disappointed and enraged, John sent by one of his servants a poisoned egg to the noble prisoner. Not suspecting the vile plot she ate the egg and died. The monarch was soon made to pay for his treachery. Maud's father, whom John had banished, hearing of the death of his daughter, returned to this country, headed a large body of nobles in revolt, fought against the heartless tyrant, and subduing him, helped, with other potent influences, to secure for his countrymen the Great Charter of our liberties.

Memory travels back to Monday, September 29th, 1399, when a deputation from each House of Parliament, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Northumberland, and many other notabilities were in serious deliberation in this Council-chamber. Something of more than ordinary importance occupied their anxious minds. In a room close by, Richard II. and Bolingbroke were conferring upon the demands of the populace. Presently the Council-chamber door was opened, and Richard, clad in his kingly robes, the crown upon his brow, and sceptre in his hand, entered the presence of the deputation, and with an aching heart renounced his crown.

Shakespeare thus renders his words—

“ I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths ;
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee ;
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd.
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days ! ”

J. HILES HITCHENS.

Francis de Sales.

THE name of Francis de Sales is held in high honour by Romanists. He is revered as a saint in whom all the graces of sainthood shone forth with unusual sweetness, and his writings are reckoned among the best guides in matters of practical religion to which the Church of Rome can refer her children. Several attempts have been made of late years to induce Protestants to appreciate "The Spiritual Letters" and "The Devout Life" of the Prince-Bishop of Geneva. There are difficulties in the way. It is not quite easy to reconcile loyal Protestants to the idea that much is to be learned from a Roman Catholic—one, too, who lived after the Reformation, and who, with regard to the great Reformation controversies, was emphatically on the side of Rome. But if we can get over this, we shall find that much is to be learned from the devout pages of Francis de Sales; while from another point of view, it is needful to have some knowledge of him, and of men like him in the Church of Rome, if we would understand how it came to pass that the Church of Rome retained its hold over Southern Europe, and even in some places recovered ground, notwithstanding its deplorable condition before the Reformation, and the blow which that movement inflicted upon it. Crafty churchmen and fanatical Catholic kings could never alone have saved Rome had not their efforts been aided by the revival of a religious life within it, which, if often narrow and superstitious, was still real and could abide scrutiny. Without a certain representation of piety in the midst of it, no Church can long continue to exist; but with such it may appear to prosper even, although its leading ecclesiastics may represent the spirit of the world rather than of the Church. The Catholic Church after the Reformation had its crafty ecclesiastics to cabal in the cabinet, and its armed ruffians to fight its battles in the field, but it had likewise its saints, and one of the sweetest and purest of them was Francis de Sales.

Francis was a native of Savoy and was born in the Chateau de Sales, near Annecy. His father, M. de Bois as he was called, was a man of noble family, and designed his eldest son, Francis, to follow a secular career; but while quite a boy he manifested a desire to enter the priesthood. Sent first to Paris and then to Padua to study letters and jurisprudence, the young Francis devoted all the time he could spare to theological studies. At the latter city he gave himself

to the study of the Fathers and of the Schoolmen ; and his life of devout piety seemed to point him out to all as a future priest. He did not, however, neglect other studies, and in 1591 he took the degree of Doctor in civil law. On his return home he found that his father desired him to marry an heiress in the neighbourhood, and had obtained for him from his prince the high honour of a seat in the Senate. But Francis was resolved not to enter upon secular life. He had determined to enter the Church, which he did soon afterwards, his father's disappointment being somewhat lessened by the circumstance that his son at once received the appointment of Provost or Dean of Geneva. It was on the 8th of June, 1593, that he received orders at the hands of Bishop Garnier, the Bishop of Geneva. In the same diocese he continued to labour, as provost, as coadjutor, and lastly as bishop, until the day of his death.

He might easily have left his diocese for a richer. Its income was only about two hundred pounds per annum, and when he became a famous preacher and bishop he was repeatedly asked to accept some higher preferment ; and on the occasion of a visit to Paris, when he preached before Henri IV., he was asked to become Archbishop of Paris, but he refused to leave Annecy. " He had married," he said, " a poor bride, and would not forsake her for one wealthier."

On being appointed Provost of Geneva, he first attracted attention by the extraordinary zeal with which he gave himself to the work of preaching. His father was not pleased at the frequency with which he preached, and evidently thought that his son did not aim high enough in his pulpit efforts. His son tells the following amusing story about the way in which his father hinted his disapproval. " Mine was the best father in the world, but he had spent most of his life in the field or at court. When I became provost, I preached perpetually everywhere, in the cathedral, the parish churches, and for every small confraternity. I never refused to preach, on the principle of 'Give to them that ask you.' My dear father used to hear the bells ringing, and asked who preached. 'Who, but your son?' was often the answer. One day he took me aside and said, 'Provost, you preach too often; even on week-days the bells go, and it is always the same story—the provost, the provost! It used not to be so in my day, sermons were much rarer. But then, to be sure, God knows those were something like sermons! full of learning, well got up; more

Latin and Greek in one than you stick in a dozen ! everybody admired those, and ran after them as if they were manna-hunting ! But now you make preaching so common that nobody cares for it or for you ! ”

Notwithstanding this well-meant caution, the young provost continued to abound in his preaching labours ; nor did he abate them one whit when he became bishop. Non-preaching prelates were less common at this period than they had been earlier, but the Bishop of Geneva evidently carried it to an extent which surprised and did not altogether please his fellow-bishops. Of course, a preacher who preached almost daily could not deliver set orations ; but he did not think that desirable. He, in a very interesting letter to his friend the Archbishop of Bourges, tells him what he thinks “about really good preaching.” It is not learning, he thinks, that the preacher most requires, still less is it eloquence. “The preacher,” he writes, “must instruct and move his hearers—teach them concerning vice, to hate and shun it ; giving light to the understanding, and vigour to the will. Thus, on the day of Pentecost God sent tongues of fire upon the Apostles that henceforth apostolic lips might bear forth the message of light and warmth. Then again, the preacher should please his hearers by the holiness of his doctrine, and by pious and suitable affection winning the soul to heaven, but not by another kind of attraction, which merely tickles the ears—a courtly elegance, or mere secular eloquence, curious expressions, fanciful words and narrations. All such I utterly reject for the preacher. Let him leave these to secular orators who do not preach Christ crucified. When a sermon is over I would not have the hearers go away saying, ‘ Oh, what a great orator ! What a memory, what learning, what eloquence ! ’ I would rather hear them say, ‘ How great a blessing ! How necessary true repentance is ! How great, how good God is ! ’ Still more would I accept their amendment of life as a tribute to the preacher.”

After urging upon his friend above all things to “preach the Word,” i.e., the Holy Scriptures, he gives him some sensible hints as to the manner of preaching, of which the following must serve as specimens. “Your manner must be vigorous, not languid, lifeless, or unmeaning. It must be grave, without those offensive little wiles of tones and salutations, arranging of surplices, and folding of hands. It must be rather slow, avoiding a short, sharp manner, which reaches the ear rather than the heart.” He concludes by saying, “I will conclude with

a most earnest entreaty that you will not allow any sort of consideration to hinder you in preaching. The sooner you begin, the sooner you will succeed ; and the best way of mastering the difficulty is practice. Cardinal Borromeo, who has not half your talent, preaches, edifies others, and is himself a saint. It is not our own honour, but God's that we seek ; and meanwhile He will take care of ours. Begin at an ordination, then at some special communion say a few words, a few more, and so on, up to half an hour, and go on to a regular habit of preaching. Nothing is impossible to love. Our Lord did not ask St. Peter whether he was learned or eloquent, in order to give him the commission ' Feed My sheep ' ; He only asked, ' Lovest thou Me ? ' Real love will suffice."

With such views regarding the work of preaching, it is not surprising that he was not reckoned a great pulpit orator ; but men heard him gladly, and his influence over his hearers was amazing. During some months which he spent in Paris he preached frequently in the Chapel Royal to fashionable audiences. So many hearts were touched and such numbers were brought to repentance by this preacher—who, we are told, never dealt in generalities, but always pressed " some definite point of doctrine or practice home to his listener's conscience " —that the preachers of Paris were amazed. A great scholar and divine said of Francis, " God has certainly given M. de Genève the key of hearts. If you only want to convince men, bring them to me by all means, and I will undertake the task ; but if you want to convert them, take them to M. de Genève."

The influence which the Bishop of Geneva acquired was not exclusively or even principally derived from his labours as a preacher. In his own diocese, at all events, it was known that the man was even better than his sermons, and the life of self-sacrifice and of loving service which so many priests were contented to talk of, he really acted out every day of his life. Of his slender income he gave away a great part ; and his household was a model of frugal simplicity. He constantly travelled in his diocese ; and even in cold winter weather the bishop might be seen on horseback, or in an open boat, going from one town to another. He also, to a very unusual extent, placed his time at the disposal of those who desired to consult him on spiritual matters. He would not allow such visits to be regarded as interruptions, but was always ready to obey such a summons even if

he had to rise from the dinner-table. One of his biographers tells us that even when vested for the altar he would turn back to hear any penitent who urgently required his help ; nor did he ever refuse to hear little children, or such people as seemed to be taking up his precious time unduly. "Confessors are husbandmen, and must never neglect to reap the harvest," he was wont to say. Though fond of a carefully-arranged and ordered life, as regards business, study and devotion, he never hesitated to set aside all plans and arrangements when "charity" required. The word "charity," indeed, gives the key to his character, and it was the secret of his power. He lived habitually in the love of God. His heart seemed always full of praise and thankfulness; and towards his fellow-men he showed a loving compassion which it seemed impossible to weary. If he heard of sin his feeling was always one of pity for the sinner, which generally resulted in some effort to bring him to repentance. And in all such efforts there was evident a compassion for the sinner rarely combined with the same love of righteousness which we find in Francis de Sales. Innumerable stories are told by his biographers of how any tale of woe and misery brought him to the rescue. As a bishop he was gentle towards those under him. "All love and no fear," says one of his biographers, "was the rule St. Francis laid down for a bishop's government. 'Those who like to be feared,' he used to say, 'are afraid of making themselves loved, and they are really living more in fear than any one, for while they make other men fear them, they fear every one.'" Some of his friends thought that he carried his gentleness towards the guilty too far, and encouraged vice by so doing. On one occasion a friend, who disapproved of his too great leniency, remarked to him—"Well, I believe that Francis de Sales will go some day to Paradise, but I am more doubtful about the Bishop of Geneva—I think his over-indulgence will stand in his way." "Ah, dear friend," replied Francis, "depend upon it, it will be easier to give account for having been too gentle than for having been too severe. Is not God Himself all love—the Father of loving kindness? the Son a Lamb, and the Holy Spirit a Dove? If anything were more profitable than gentleness, Jesus would have told us, but He bids us learn of Him because He is meek and lowly. Would you have me set aside His own lesson? Are you wiser than God?"

JOHN GIBB.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

• GOD'S COMFORTINGS.

SOMETIMES I get such lessons
Watching my little sons ;
They fill my soul with music
Of sweet celestial tones.
But these are only given
In my heart of hearts to stay ;
If I try to put them into words,
They fade and die away.

But I'll tell you a simple story
Of what happened the other night ;
I was sitting alone and musing
In the glowing firelight,
When I heard a gentle footstep
Come slowly up the stair,
And the door unclosed, and my little Frank
Came slowly to my chair.

His bright blue eyes were brimming,
The tears fell fast and thick,
And from the heaving bosom
The sobs came low and quick.
His heart seemed too full to whisper
The trouble I grieved to see ;
But I opened my arms to my darling,
And took him on my knee.

He folded his arms about me,
His head lay on my breast,
And I kissed the little forehead
As he closed his eyes for rest ;
And the only words he uttered,
In a sweet contented tone,
Were these—" Dear little mother ! "
But he woke with the trouble gone.

And I thought, as I watched my darling,
Of the words so dear to me—
"As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee."
But the fulness of their meaning
Was never fully mine
Till I felt my love as a mother
A clue to the love divine.

I thought, if mine were an image,
However faint and dim,
What depths of tenderness must dwell
To be revealed in Him!
He would not mock my human love;
And therefore His must be
Beyond what I can ever need
Through all eternity.

E. C.

Correspondence of Apollos Howard.

A YOUNG Men's Christian Institute was founded very early in Mr. Howard's ministry at Michaelstone. Lively debates followed the reading of papers on a variety of themes. As is often the case, the meat was rather too strong for some of the young men, and the new stimulus, after warming their hearts, sometimes rose into their heads. Some were led to large, serious, and humbling studies. They pondered great books, in a teachable spirit, and planned out for themselves courses of reading which were to occupy them for years. Some were so disheartened with their ignorance that they sorely chafed at their daily routine of positive drudgery. A few became conceited, and thought since they had produced a marked effect by the reading of a paper, that they were quite fit for the ministry. An unwise old teacher in the school patted them on the back, and said there was no need that Mr. Sharp should go to "the Academy." One or two of these men were disposed to be very critical of Sunday services, and to fret against any importance being given to any other institution than "the Christian Institute;" and it was, therefore, no surprise to

Apollos Howard, that after reading some violent and shallow attacks upon clerical treatment of science, some of his young friends should share in the spirit of these diatribes. A few letters, which he appears to have written to some members of the Young Men's Institute, may be read with interest.

Bagnères de Luchon,

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

May, 187—

What can have set your back up in this extraordinary fashion about the school anniversary? Have the children done any real damage to the damask in your uncle's pew, or by their prominence in the Sunday's service materially diminished the amount of intellectual pabulum you personally derived from the homilies of the great divine? Suppose they have; will not five shillings remedy the one evil, and your own privation be a little lesson in "the royalty of service"? I have little sympathy with the outcry sometimes raised against "hearing for others." It is the very essence of all that part of eloquence which has its origin in the audience, that people should hear for one another; that the well mailed should take some satisfaction in the sharpness and directness of the shafts which are to pierce the joints of other people's harness. There is a good side to it, the old Christian utterly sympathises with the free, simple utterance of the Gospel to the sinner, in all its purifying, purging, piercing power—not that he imagines that directly and immediately he needs the iteration of the commonplaces of the great Evangel, but simply because he stands in thought by the side of the preacher and utters *with* him the promises and warnings which are the very alphabet of Christianity. So all round the audience, the sympathy and agreement that the preacher claims and finds for his message in the conscience of one-half of his congregation constitute the very fervour and weight of his address to the other half. Can you not apply the principle when the five hundred children of our schools with their teachers come up from every available class-room, to crowd pews and aisles on what to me has always been the gala day of the year? "Let us do our work and not call it into such prominence," you say. By all means do your work, but why should not the children take more, rather than less part in our services? My experience in past years has been that the Sunday-school Anniversary when the hymns and anthems are sung in the main by the children, is the one

service of the year when there is something like widespread enthusiasm in the psalmody. The children feeling that they are essential factors in the worship of the Almighty Father, listen with decorum, and make some attempt at least at understanding every other part of our homage to God and His Word.

It would be more in harmony with the mind of our Lord if they were as prominent in every service. If these hold their peace, the stones of our old sanctuary ought to cry out. If our worship is such that they cannot join in it, the praise is not "perfect." The oldest Christian falls back continually upon the elemental truth, which is eagerly accepted by the child. "Give me a bairn's hymn," said the great-hearted Guthrie, on his death-bed. It is as children that we enter the kingdom. The wise and prudent fail, where the babes win the smiles of the Father. How large and how comprehensive was the love which dictated our Lord's thanksgiving on this head! The wise and prudent can become little children in their modesty and susceptibility, in their openness to the spiritual and their acceptance of the supernatural, in their docility, and tenderness of heart and willingness to receive the best and noblest and sweetest gifts without self-complacency or hypocrisy; but who can say that babes and little ones can become by any effort of the will "wise and prudent"? The Lord of heaven and earth knows better than we, the true conditions of seeing His face and entering into His kingdom.

Yesterday was "Ascension Day," a festival kept in Catholic countries with great pomp and rejoicing. Once on such a festival, I saw the Pope bless the people from St. John Lateran, and I have often witnessed some of the imposing ceremonial by which the Roman Church is accustomed to celebrate this greatest event in the history of humanity, the marriage between heaven and earth, between God and man, between eternity and time, between our sorrowing, bewildered, trembling flesh which is as grass, and the eternal Judge of quick and dead. They in their way, we in ours, do well to glorify God that our Lord Jesus Christ was thus received in triumph and great majesty, and "passed through these heavens that He might fill all things." Well, I never felt it more deeply than yesterday morning. About four a.m., I was aroused from sleep by the singing of sweet voices, and looking from my window witnessed a procession of about 400 children, with their teachers and minister the *curé* walking at the head of them.

They were winding along this beautiful valley and saluting the first rays of the morning sun just as it lighted up the snow-clad ridges of the Pyrenées which peer over the Port de Venasque into this sublime mountain gorge. The voices of 400 children were praising God and saying, "Thou, O Christ, art King of glory." The minstrelsy was re-echoed from the hills, and all nature seemed to take up the melody. I could not help saying, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise." We want to bring more and not less of children's worship into our sanctuary, more of the childlike spirit, more of its sweetness, simplicity, and trust.

A. H.

London, June, 187—

MY DEAR MR. SHARP,

You have repeated in your letter a speech I have more than once heard from your lips, that you were convinced you ought no longer to hide "your light under a bushel" or "wrap your talent in a napkin." In some circumstances self-consciousness is a virtue. Sometimes self-confidence is the handmaid of courage, and the servant, if not the sister, of faith. Desponding, timorous, shy, reserved folks, who habitually disparage all that they are, or have the opportunity of doing, actually need the stimulus, which the organization of other people would transmute for them into deadly poison. Some are too cowardly to let their faith in Christ ever assert itself, too shamefaced to avow a conviction which is nevertheless the secret consolation of their life. The light that God's hand has kindled by His love in their hearts, is in great danger of being extinguished by their nervous timidity, or by their selfish enjoyment. They may be constitutionally lazy and suspicious, and put to no use whatever, talents which have been entrusted to them; and the words of Christ are intended to rouse such from lethargy, or shame them into open confession of His claims. The cases, however, are very rare where these words can be twisted in the way you have done into a summons to undertake the solemn and tremendous responsibilities of preaching the Gospel as a life-work. The simple homely illustration of our Lord points to the natural use of a kindled lamp, viz., that all in the house may see or use the light.

Is your heart aflame with the Divine love? Does the home where you live see the blaze? Has it modified your daily occupations, given a new character to your amusements, rectified your

temper, taught you submission to the will of God, and devotion to the interests of others? If so, it is not hidden under the household "bushel." It is giving light. At the work-room, on the general holiday, on the Saturday night, are you busily occupied in some holy or gracious enterprise? Have you made your opportunity, instead of waiting for one to come at the end of a college course? Does false shame silence your testimony against sin, or for Christ? Must you wait until you have an audience compelled by conventional rules of decorum into apparent attention to your words before you are ready to say what is in you on the side of Christ and His kingdom?

Let me be faithful to you. What is the light of which you speak, which you seem to think some unfortunate bushel is smothering in concealment? What is the napkin which now enwraps your talent? When you quoted the trite passage to me, I thought it would have been fair, even if it were a little severe, to have quoted Robert Hall's rejoinder and said—"A napkin? a napkin, sir? Surely a pocket-handkerchief would be quite enough, sir." Do examine a little more closely the quality of the talent, and of the light of which you are so eagerly self-conscious.

When you told me you wanted to preach the Gospel, you cannot forget that you did not evince the power of putting into an intelligent form even the crudest conception of what the Gospel is, nor could you give me a single reason of the faith that is in you. Did you not confess to me that you had not once read the New Testament through, and that you were utterly unable to say what was the drift of any one of its books? How can you have the adequate spiritual motive to encounter the difficulties of ministerial or pastoral life when, as yet, you have submitted your faith to no test, and cannot put into any form what you mean or wish to do with such faith as you have? If there is real fire in your heart it will soon burn up any "bushel" that circumstances seem to have placed over it, and prove its own reality by its diffusive and inflaming force.

It is not an infrequent temptation for well-disposed youths like yourself to seek the ministry of God's word as their calling. The social prominence, the attractive power, the incense of admiration, the ungrudging deference accorded to the successful preacher, provide an unhealthy stimulus and provocative to enter into these lines of active service. Let me assure you that unless a man has a deep inward

conviction, a well-grounded faith, a strong self-consuming motive in preaching the Gospel, he had much better break stones on the high-road for a livelihood than seek to win it by any merely personal predilections for the ministry as a profession. The motive which impels you to this calling must reveal to you an object or end immeasurably greater and more valuable to you than yourself. This reiterated reference to the "light" and the "talent" make me think that the end you propose to yourself is that you should do something that you call "work," rather than that the work itself should be done. Surely, when the evil that is in the world, or the majesty and fulness of the Christ, or the overwhelming magnitude of "eternal things" have taken possession of you, you will not babble so much about the light that is in you, or the napkin which hides your talents. Think and read and toil over the great realities of God and man, of the Father and His child, of life and death, of law and conscience, of sin and redemption, of Christ's kingdom, and of the great day of the Lord God Almighty. Think over these things for six months, night and day. Read your New Testament through, in Greek if you can, but if not, in your mother tongue. Repeatedly peruse an Epistle or a Gospel at one sitting, so that the fulness of its revelation may burst upon you, and saturate you with its light, and then let me know something of the actual impression it has made upon you. If you then wish, as I devoutly hope you may, to abandon your whole life to the ministry of the Word; if after such a fire-baptism you still feel that you would be recreant to your Master not to give Him all you have and are, I shall not dare to say "God forbid." But, in God's name, don't put your calling of God to this work on your present lack of opportunity to do His will.

Yours, most sincerely,

A. H.

Apollos Howard to a Member of a Young Men's Christian Institute.

Your account of the serious antagonism between faith and modern science, and your very severe references to what you call the disingenuous part which God's ministers have taken in the adjustment of the relations between faith and science, have not entirely commended themselves to my judgment or historical conscience. I do not think that the candour and heroism, the honesty and love of truth, have always been on the side adverse to Divine revelation. I know there

are the stock illustrations of Galileo and Servetus, of Giordano Bruno and Roger Bacon, and it is well that organised priestcraft should have these glaring instances recounted of the temptation to which they have yielded, just as Dissenters should be reminded of the spirit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who are in public discourses so often swallowed up for their temerity in intruding on the priest's office. Still, I cannot forget the cruel edicts of the philosophic emperors, nor how the worldly men of the second century took advantage of them to silence such a voice as that of Justin or Polycarp, nor how the Arians persecuted the North African Church. The Parisian Reign of Terror has scarcely yet passed out of living memory, and I see, for my part, a good deal of the ostracism which so-called enlightenment is ready to inflict on those who cannot bow down to the last scientific idol. I do not think that the embodied principles of faith and science have any call to throw stones at one another. Let us acknowledge freely, that it has been always difficult to adjust the relations between these two methods of arriving at truth. It is a very old controversy, and principles of reconciliation were sought for in very early times. Nature-worship was the chief antagonist of Jehovah-worship. No sufficient answer was given to the passionate adorers of Nature, when they were told that she was the handiwork of the God of Israel. Even Israel herself attempted the Eirenicon involved in "worshipping Jehovah and also serving graven images." This plan has never altogether been successful, though subsequently tried on a great scale. Philo-Judæus, by his attempt to interpret the Books of Moses with the use of Platonic ideas and phraseology, was the great precursor of a hundred subsequent attempts to make the old law-giver talk the language of the last system of philosophy. Origen, in his class-room, and Clemens Alexandrinus, were rich in expedients for showing how the true "Gnostic" must be a Christian. We find the same problems exciting the eager polemic of Augustine, and subsequently of Abelard. One group of thinkers took as their watchword, "I believe that I may understand," and another, "I must understand first, that I may believe."

The reason why the conflict has prevailed so long, and why it will not be settled in this or the next generation, is that the subject-matter of the two great faculties employed in the search for truth, though profoundly distinct, does yet in many places overlap. There is,

however, this hopeful sign. Faith knows at length that she is not gifted with all the powers necessary for the interpretation of facts, or the generalisation of results. Science has found that she cannot penetrate the regions of most transcendent interest to every human being. These are more impenetrably closed than ever to her calculus and telescopes. The attempts at reconciliation between these powers have been numerous, and they are not always originated on the side of faith. Mr. Spencer has frankly declared that religion reached at a bound the sublime conceptions which the latest discoveries of science have at length formulated; and Mr. F. Harrison and others are so persuaded of the necessity of religion, that on the ruins of faith they are striving to constitute, after the fashion of Auguste Comte, the religion of humanity.

There is a region which has been most imperfectly examined, and that is the part which the real method of faith takes in the innermost processes of science. Does not science build upon the assumption of fundamental truths which she cannot verify? Does she not herself begin with faith? Does not faith give to her the very existence of matter and the conception of space? Has she not to live even upon the hypothetical existence of the very material with which she professes to deal? Must she not depend upon the testimony and the superior powers of those who have observed the ways of nature? Ought she to be contemptuous towards the conclusions of faith in other regions, into which confessedly she cannot pry? On the other hand, is there not room upon the data of faith for a thoroughly legitimate use of the inductive method? May we not hope and confidently expect something more satisfying than has ever seen the light in the *eirenica* of the future? When the broadest generalizations of those facts upon which religion rests, shall have been made; when theology, comprehending in its vast embrace all revelations of God, those which nature offers, and those which we confidently believe come from behind and above and beyond nature, shall have completed her survey of cosmic facts, and of all the fundamental phenomena of conscience and of the religious faculty, together with all the grand data of Christian experience and hope, it may be found that science and faith, the Greek and the Jew will clasp hands in the eternal temple. They will say—"We are no more strangers or foreigners, but fellow-heirs, fellow-citizens and of the same household."

Meanwhile, have patience. Leave the issue with Him who has given us both the grace of faith and the faculty of knowing, the power of accepting and of realising truth. Faith will never prevent science from doing her own work, even if, in her fear, she screams or threatens or persecutes ; but, on the other hand, science will never extinguish faith. It would be an act of suicidal mania, if she were seriously to try. Moreover, every birth of a human spirit, every death-bed and passing bell declares with still small voice more impressive than thunder, that there is a world of reality behind the two curtains, before which we spend this transitory life. Our hope enters within and behind them both, and in our heart of hearts we know that we belong as much to the world that is unseen and eternal, as to that which is seen and temporal.

Yours most sincerely,

A. H.

Literary Notices.

Sermons by the Rev. William Braden, late Minister of the King's Weigh House Chapel. (James Clarke and Co.)

This is a sacred book. It has about it very pathetic memories. The preacher is dead ; and in these pages he has left a voice behind which will speak to many hearts. The brief but touching preface from the pen of Dr. Reynolds is very valuable. It presents in a few graphic strokes and outlines the mind and soul of which this volume is in its measure a faithful presentation. The greatest part of a preacher is always that undefined something which we call the personality. Those who knew Mr. Braden will be thankful to Dr. Reynolds for bringing back to their wistful memories "the physical and visible effect upon him of the reception of any strong idea or novel and formative principle." He was not a preacher to hide his inner soul. His heart beamed through an expressive face and a kindling eye. These sermons are suffused with his own deep and generous emotions ; and even those who never saw the man, may here learn to love him for the truth's sake ; and through Dr. Reynolds' sentences may find who and what he was ; how he thought with passionate earnestness, how he clung to his conclusions with a firm grip, with what ardour he followed after truth, with what

unresting industry and patient love he tried to commend it to men, and under what physical suffering he pursued the last pathetic year of his ministry.

Of Mrs. Braden's dignified introduction it hardly becomes us to speak. It is a model of self-repression, and to those who can read between the lines, of true, womanly devotion to a most sacred memory.

The sermons themselves are fine samples of what in the truest sense may be called thoughtful preaching. There is nothing meretricious about them. They go straight to the mark. The clear, pellucid style is admirably fitted for the presentation of truths which will be welcome to all devout and reverent students of Christ. The great charm and characteristic of the volume are in the fact that most of the sermons are admirable specimens of what ought to be understood by "preaching Christ." There is no wearisome repetition of doctrinal platitudes. The great evangelical principles breathe their inspiration through all these pages; and yet these principles assume always a concrete form as they appear in the many-sided Life and Work of the Saviour. The atonement for example finds its fullest expression when the subject in hand is "The Wounds of the Risen Christ." Mr. Braden had a keen insight into character; and he brought this gift (for such it was) to the handling of the sublimest theme. We could not spare one of these loving and exquisite meditations on the Christ of God. A more miscellaneous selection would in some respects have given a juster view of the *varied* ministry carried on at St. Albans, Huddersfield, and Weigh House; but these discourses possess a unity which will, we trust, give them more than a passing interest to the Christian public. It says much for the high excellence of Mr. Braden's ministry that such sermons as these could be produced week after week, amid the distractions of a city pastorate and the calls of literary work. Such a result could not have been brought about except through incessant industry, working by means of exceptional natural gifts. It seems most mysterious that such a ministry, rich in product and in promise, should have been cut short. Our thoughts travel sadly to that sorrowful and deeply-affected throng which assembled round his early grave; and yet, as we look at this goodly volume we are comforted by the reflection that even here his work is not yet done. As to the service on which he has entered, there are in the book itself almost prophetic sentences which enable

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us to say, "All is well." To all who enjoy rest-giving Christian truth we commend this volume, as a voice out of the silence, which will at once penetrate and comfort the spirit.

S. P.

The Great African Island: Chapters on Madagascar. By the Rev. J. SIBREE, Jun., F.R.G.S., L.M.S. Missionary. 1880. (London: Trubner and Co.)

Since the late Rev. William Ellis wrote his history of Madagascar, great additions have been made to our knowledge of that interesting island. Mission operations have been carried on with great success since the year 1861, when the island was reopened to foreigners. M. Grandidier, a distinguished French traveller, has crossed the island by two different routes; several active scientific explorers have discovered new species, and have contributed valuable additions to our museums of natural history; missionaries, chiefly of the London Missionary Society, have traversed some unknown regions; many books, pamphlets, reports, and papers, read before some of the great British and foreign learned societies, have been issued containing much new material for a work on Madagascar.

Mr. Sibree has been closely associated with all these undertakings since the year 1863; he has resided for more than eleven years in the island; he has traversed many new regions; he has made maps of districts hitherto unrepresented; he is perfectly acquainted with all the details of mission-work; he has been a voracious reader of all that has been published by ancient and modern writers; he has had the honour of being made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; and in this handsome octavo volume he gives us, in a popular style, the chief facts about the physical geography, geology, natural history, and botany of the island. He treats of the origin, divisions, curious customs, language, superstitions, folk-lore (the most incomplete chapter of the book), religious beliefs and practices of the various tribes. He has two chapters on new lights on old texts and illustrations of Scripture and early church history derived from native statistics and missionary experience, and he concludes with a chapter on the "Madagascar of To-day: its Progress and Present Position Socially and Religiously."

We have read this book with intense pleasure, and have scored our copy with notes for future use, interspersed with a few queries and

corrections ; and having derived our knowledge of Madagascar from a residence in the island during a period almost as long as Mr. Sibree, we unhesitatingly say that this is the only work yet published that is really trustworthy throughout ; for even in the details of Malagasy spelling, accentuation, etymology, and explanations of terms, in which all previous writers have shown a lamentable ignorance, Mr. Sibree's book (with a few trifling mistakes) is worthy of the highest commendation.

The book is not professedly a missionary book, nor is it written from a missionary standpoint, but it bears the most decided testimony to the great and growing power of Christianity among the ruling tribe ; it shows how its influence is extending to the heathen districts, and as decidedly shows what a vast amount of heathen rubbish has yet to be cleared away before it can be said that Madagascar is won for Christ.

We especially commend to our readers the three concluding chapters. Mr. Sibree gives us no rose-coloured pictures of progress ; he indulges in no day-dreams of the future, but relates in a more subdued manner than we anticipated the various proofs of the beneficial results of Christian teaching. We are glad that he has written as he has done, and all interested in the permanent progress of Christian missions would do well to ponder what he says.

Some of his illustrations of superstitious practices in worship, and of sacramentalism in the churches away from direct missionary influence, are extremely interesting. We do not wonder that a people just emerging from heathenism, and with a mind so susceptible of superstitious beliefs, should sometimes look upon baptism and the Lord's Supper as charms, and should "pray to" and "drink" them as such ; and that there should be divisions in the church councils, and traces of practical episcopal forms of government in the positions of the native pastors. We rather wonder that there should be such a general simplicity and pure apostolical order in the majority of the churches ; especially when even in the Church of England in the latter half of the nineteenth century we hear of an archbishop "reverently eating" a stolen wafer, and of a "priest" destroying a pauper woman's apron because a little of the sacramental wine had been spilled upon it.

On the question of "Church and State," Mr. Sibree says but little ;

but his paragraph on page 349 is full of meaning. He confidently hopes "the Christian congregations may retain their freedom." We not only hope that they may, but we believe they will; for in God's providence the present Christian Queen and her husband, the Prime Minister, in the most unmistakable manner repudiate all idea of becoming heads of the church; and in recent perilous times, when the matter was forced under their consideration, they made the most unqualified statements that they would labour to consolidate and confirm the liberty which the churches at present enjoy.

We are sorry Mr. Sibree was not able to indicate more minutely some later signs of progress; he writes on page 161 and other places of the absurdly easy way of divorcing a wife, and he evidently refers there to the customs prevalent in Imerina as well as among the heathen portions. We are happy to say that a law was promulgated nearly two years ago abolishing the "sixpenny" divorce, and now only such divorce is legal as has been witnessed and justified by the Queen's officers in the precincts of the royal palace. Polygamy was at the same time declared to be illegal in the presence of more than twenty thousand people, and these laws, as well as one, making it compulsory on all parents under heavy penalties to send every child over the age of five to school, were printed and circulated by thousands among the people.

On page 189 he writes of the sensitiveness shown by the Government "to anything approaching a collection by foreigners of statistics as to population, the birth and death-rate, etc.," but fails to say that by a recent enactment more than 7,000 registrars and local police-officers have been set over the towns, villages, and principal hamlets of Imerina to keep a record of births, marriages, deaths, agreements, etc., every one of whom has been provided with the necessary books and certificate forms, printed at the Queen's own press (the largest in the island), the fees being such as the people can well afford to pay, and which leave a margin to cover expenses and remunerate the officers and young clerks, which latter have been taken from the scholars in the mission-schools. The grinding military life-service and no pay required from the poor, has been changed to a compulsory service of five years, binding upon all. The proclamation of the last edict produced such unwonted excitement and joy and confidence in the breasts of the people, that the flower of the young and middle-

aged men to the number of 20,000 came and voluntarily offered themselves for the first term of training in the military service of the Queen, from which only a year or two ago they would have fled to the uttermost parts of the kingdom to escape.

We could enlarge on these and other matters, but must conclude by advising all who wish to be well informed about Madagascar to procure Mr. Sibree's book. We feel sure they will be thankful for the information he gives them, will the more intelligently appreciate the success of modern missions, and will rise from the perusal of the book with the exclamation, "What hath God wrought!" J. R.

Contemporary Portraits: Thiers, Strauss compared with Voltaire, Arnaud de l'Ariège, Dupanloup, Adolphe Monod, Vinet, Verny, Robertson. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD-HOLMDEN. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. de Pressensé has put forth in these pages, what we consider to be his peculiar power. He has sketched with somewhat slight material, with coloured chalks on tinted millboard rather than with graver's tool on steel, or pencil on ivory, very lifelike portraits of men memorable either for faith or for craft, for holy living or for speculative thinking. We do not care equally for the subjects of these exquisite delineations, but some of them are masterpieces of suggestive biography. In our opinion the portraits of Adolphe Monod and Dupanloup are the most interesting of the group. The former is done with a kind of filial love and reverence, and reveals the life of one of the greatest saints in the Christian calendar; the latter is done with the *verve* of a Frenchman able to appreciate the parts, the force, and the weakness of one of the most brilliant of the enemies of what Dr. de Pressensé holds to be spiritual Christianity.

The portrait of Robertson includes an estimate of his theology, and gives great prominence to what we regard as his utterly unsympathetic, unscriptural, shallow, and petulant treatment of the ground of the Atonement, both in his sermons and his letters. Dr. de Pressensé points out the deficiency of Robertson's view with considerable power, but hardly characterises as they deserve the preposterous analogies that Robertson presumed to give as explanatory of the ordinary evangelical view. If the Atonement be nothing more than that which Robertson made it, we see no need for it whatever.

The Commonitorium against Heresies of Vincentius Lerinensis (A.D. 434). Translated from the Latin, with Notes, by John Stock, LL.D. (Elliot Stock.) This is a kind of work very useful to young students of ecclesiastical history and dogma. The author of the celebrated dictum that Catholics should believe "*what has been believed everywhere, always, and by all,*" is to many only a name. The English reader may here peruse at his ease, with an abundance of illustrative and critical notes, the classical treatise which takes the said dictum as its starting-point. Many will be startled by discovering the narrowness, bitterness, and loathing with which this defender of the faith spoke of all who could not accept the final decisions of the orthodox Church councils. Dr. Stock's criticisms are for the most part healthy and useful. For our part, we have no doubt, that Vincent would have swallowed without any very wry face, all the modern doctrines of Rome. His *dictum* can be made as elastic as india-rubber, and as rigid as steel, according to his bent.—*The Biblical Museum.* By James Comper Gray. *Old Testament, Vol. VI. The Psalms.* (Elliot Stock.) Mr. Gray is continuing his peculiar and entertaining method of illustrating Holy Scripture. The book of Psalms does not lend itself very easily to his plan. The reader longs for something which is more expository of those deathless poems, and feels more than elsewhere the lack of genuine exegesis. The "modern instances" and anecdotes are well enough, but the young teacher requires more help and discrimination. We are rather disappointed, *e.g.*, with the somewhat vapid illustrations of such Psalms as 16th, 19th, and 110th.—*Biblical Things Not Generally Known. A Collection of Facts, Notes, and Information concerning much that is obscure, rare, quaint, etc., in relation to Biblical subjects. Second series.* (Elliot Stock.) We have already called attention to the first series of this work. As in the previous work, there is an entire absence of classification. The work jumps from Daniel to St. John and back to the Canticles in the wildest way. The indexes to the two volumes will aid Sunday-school teachers to avail themselves of the curious miscellany of rare and valuable information.

The Calendar of the Congregational Colleges of England and Wales, including Hackney and the Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt, 1880. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This Calendar, and the

Senatus Academicus, the functions of which are described in it, will do much to give to these associated Colleges the character of a University. We have here the second yearly issue of this valuable and concise exhibition of the work done by the Congregational Colleges. We earnestly wish that all deacons of Congregational Churches would purchase, peruse, and occasionally refer to this work, which is not only a valuable condensation of eleven College reports, but a history of each of these interesting institutions. It also reviews several organisations, which exercise a common and vital influence on the entire collegiate organisation. More accurate information will induce a deeper sympathy and a greater readiness to help. The defects of the system as a whole may be studied alongside of the admirable results which are achieved. It will be seen that all these institutions are cruelly cramped for means, and that the sum total raised for the education of the ministry by the Churches is a very small affair. It will also be seen that an ever-advancing standard of education arranged upon improving principles is within the reach of our students.—*Africa : Past and Present. A Concise Account of the Country: its History, Geography, Explorations, Climates, Productions, Resources, Population, Tribes, Manners, Customs, Languages, Colonization, and Christian Missions.* By an Old Resident. With Map and Illustrations. (Hodder and Stoughton.) If our readers will carefully scan this title of a useful book, they will see that in our narrow space a review is impossible. The maps and illustrations are admirable. From Herodotus to H. M. Stanley, from the Gambia to the Zambesi, from Morocco to the Transvaal, from the Pyramids to Table Mountain, from the great Desert to the great Lakes, from hippopotami to scorpions and tsetse-flies, from slave-markets to modern missions no one and nothing seem to have been omitted in this volume of 390 pages.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Southampton, Above Bar, by Mr. R. S. Smith, £5; Tolmers Square, London, by Mr. W. Jones, £2 10s.; Morpeth, by Mr. W. Graham, £2 2s.; Birkenhead, Oxtan Road, by Mr. I. W. Court, £1 17s. 5d.; Ossett, by Mr. W. Saberton, 10s.; Clevedon, by Mr. E. Button, £2; W. Stobart, Esq., Blackheath (Donation), £5; Mrs. Pease (Donation), 5s.

[MARCH, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—North China—Tientsin Country Work.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN LEES.

WE have got a footing of some kind in seven districts—viz., Hsien-hien, Heng-sui, Chi-chou, Tsau-chiang, Ching-yün, Yensan, and Tsáng-chou. Besides, there are scattered converts elsewhere. Of course, in speaking of these places, I do not mean the cities, but the districts of which they are the centres. Except in Yensan, the work is thus far almost wholly in the villages. Of all this wide area, the circumference of which is not less than 420 English miles, one or two points may be noted. *First.* That—partly from the natural decay of the old idolatry (itself arising from various causes), partly from the favourable impression made by charitable work during the famine, an impression by no means weakest in districts *unassisted*, and largely, as I believe, as the result of a special Divine influence—the people are in a hitherto unknown degree susceptible and receptive. *Second.* That along the line I have indicated and, indeed, I might almost say within the circle it encloses, our own Mission is as yet working alone. *Third.* Heng-sui, Chi-chow, and Tsau-chiang being at present practically *one* station (the place occupied as a centre is about midway between these cities), it is remarkable, and, in view of many difficult and sad experiences in similar efforts elsewhere, a cause for thankfulness and reason for hope, that in at least three of the districts named we have now catechists regularly settled, and in two of them (Tsau-chiang and Yensan) have secured suitable permanent premises for our work with the full knowledge and concurrence of the native magistrates. It may be well at this point to give a brief account of the history of these inland stations up to the present. We will begin with those on the east of the Grand Canal, and so work round.

TSANG-CHOW.

The work here began with the young farmer, recently a student in my theological class, Wang-wei-cheng, who carried the truth to his native village of Ma-lien-tswang in 1876.* Since then the interest has spread to several places, and in one, a dozen miles away to the south, there is in some respects a more hopeful opening than in Ma-lien-tswang itself.

YENSAN.

Yensan men had been led to Ma-lien-tswang as inquirers, and when it came to be a question as to the best residence for a permanent catechist Yensan was chosen. Pastor Hiang has now been there about eighteen months. The city is one hundred miles south-east of Tientsin, thirteen from Ma-lien-tswang, the nearest Tsangchow station, and about twenty-five from the Ching-yün work. After some months' up-hill work our native brother succeeded in securing small but not unsuitable quarters for himself and his work inside the east gate.

CHING-YÜN-HIEN.

This is one of the latest developments of our inland evangelistic work. Singularly enough, the interest here also sprang out of the Ma-lien-tswang movement, and the man Wang, disappointed in his efforts to fit himself for a preacher, has yet been honoured of God to be the indirect means of opening several districts to the Gospel. Travelling one day, he fell into converse with a man from Ta-cheng-chia, a village some six miles from Ching-yün city. The ultimate result was that this young man and his father for some months used to travel often to Yensan, some twenty-five miles, to hear the truth from Mr. Hiang; and that, while the young man himself is now a student on probation in my class at Tientsin, our catechist, Shau-ping-chen, has been located for six months in his native village, and a very promising Christian congregation has been gathered. Here also the inquirers come from four or five villages. Our work in Ching-yün brings us to the Shantung border, and within less than a day's travel of the centre of the well-known Lauling mission of the English Methodists. It is worth a passing remark that thus there is now a nearly continuous series of inland stations from Tientsin to Chi-nan-fu, the provincial capital of Shantung. However weak some of these places may be as yet, this is surely a wonderful result of less than twenty years' labour! And this is but a specimen of what is going on in other quarters.

From Ching-yün, my route goes nearly due west, through the Ning-

* See MISSIONARY CHRONICLE for December, 1877.

ching-tsun and across the canal to Ching-chow, which is only thirty miles from our centre on the south-west. The whole distance between the Ching-yün and Tsau-chiang districts is three days' journey, or about a hundred miles.

TSAU-CHIANG.

This is by far the largest and most important of our sub-stations. The work here began in the Chi-chow district, and was formerly known as the Chi-chow mission. It is now, I suppose, fourteen or fifteen years old, but until within the last three years we had but a handful of adherents there. When I left for England in 1873 matters looked very promising, and Pastor Hiang was settled there; but, mainly as the result of passing persecution, our brother seems to have lost heart, and the station was practically broken up. There was a revival just before the famine, and we baptised quite a number of people, mostly connected with families of old converts. In visiting the neighbourhood with Mr. Barradale in the spring of 1876, the converts urged the removal of our preaching station from the small hamlet of Hing-chia to Hsiao-cháng, a market town in the Tsau-chiang district. On inquiry, I found that this place was really about the centre of the district, and thus, although the town is one of bad repute and previously very hostile to us, we decided to yield to their wishes. What at the time appeared to be a singular providence, hastened the decision. We had hardly entered the town before news was brought us of a very suitable property which, owing to the famine, was offered for sale at a low figure, and which, for lack of a buyer, was to be pulled down probably the next day for the sake of the roof timbers, which could be sold for fuel. In less than an hour we had completed the bargain, as much to the owner's satisfaction as our own. Subsequently, there threatened to be serious trouble about it with the officials, but on my visiting the Hsien of Tsau-chiang, his worship most courteously yielded, gave me even more legal assistance than I asked for, and actually issued a proclamation in which, at any rate so far as words went, he took both our philanthropic and evangelistic work under his protection. More than this, he came himself, accompanied by his military colleague, over six miles to return our call, and thus in the most public manner recognised us and secured our standing among the people.

VISIT TO THE DISTRICTS IN 1879.

Mr. Gilmour and I left Tientsin to make the circuit of these stations on Tuesday, January 14th, and arrived again at home, Friday, February 14th.

Our course was the opposite of what has been above described, certain business with the native officials making it necessary for me to visit the S.W. district first.

Our first stoppage was at the village of Hau-chia-tsun in the Hsien-hien district. Here we have two converts, one an old man, baptised some years since, and his son, received only last year. To my surprise and delight, it proved that the younger man had been lately exerting himself among his neighbours, with the result that five were reported as inquirers. We only saw two of these, however, but both had such a clear knowledge of the catechism and seemed in other respects so satisfactory that they were promised baptism on our next visit if they continued faithful.

STATE OF THINGS AT HIAO-CHANG.

It was late on a Saturday afternoon when we reached Hiao-chang. This circumstance secured one good end—viz., it enabled us to see the work there in its normal state, as the villagers were ignorant of our arrival and thus the Sabbath congregations were unaffected thereby. We soon saw abundant proof that our men had really been doing their duty, and that, under God, an important movement was in progress as the result. Soon after our evening meal, a bell rang, which proved to be the usual summons to evening prayers in the little chapel. Obeying its call, we found nearly a score assembled, ten of them being fine lads of from thirteen to eighteen years of age who for three months had been studying under the care of our young catechist, Mr. Liu. We got them to conduct the service as usual. I was greatly delighted. Liu is a good singer, but he must have worked hard to train those lads to sing as they did. The Scriptures were read verse about, as we do in Tientsin. Then came a brief exposition from the elder catechist, and, finally, prayer. We were hardly out of our room on Sunday morning before the preachers began to bring in candidates for baptism for examination. About 9 A.M. came the call to service. The small chapel was more than packed. Not a few could not get admittance. The morning was an inclement one, with threatened snow, and yet there were about one hundred and thirty present, eighty of whom were women. Considering the discomfort caused by the crowd, the orderliness of the congregation was very good. We learnt that at about the same time services were being held in two other villages.

The facts which struck us most to-day—and, indeed, all through our visit—were the extraordinary proportion of women, the distances many had come, the almost utter absence of those in the immediate neighbourhood, and that it was by no means the places which had received most during the relief work which were now the most promising.

By the following Sunday, of course, our presence was known everywhere; and one result was that, though from various causes a good many inquirers

were absent, and the weather was even more unfavourable, the congregation rose to three hundred. We had to divide it, Mr. Gilmour taking the men in the south court, while I held service with the women in the chapel.

During the second week we visited each day outlying villages three and four miles away, where branch services have been begun in rooms lent for the purpose. Everywhere we were forced into preaching in the open air, the congregations ranging from eighty to one hundred and fifty or more. It was touching to see the poor people standing or kneeling in the snow, and evidently anxious to learn. One day we went as far as seventeen miles, to a village on the north-east of the city of Heng-sui, and baptised there five persons. Every service was followed by an examination of the candidates in the district visited.

On the third Sunday special care was taken to confine the service to our own people. This reduced the congregation somewhat, but ensured order. There were two hundred present. Happily, it was a fine sunny day, and the worship in the chapel court was all that we could wish. Twelve men and seven women, who had passed satisfactorily a second examination, were baptised, and Mr. Gilmour and myself both preached. Many who had brought a little food with them stayed for the second service, which, as usual, was held about 2 P.M.

The net result of our visit here was the reception of 110 new probationers, besides the baptism of twenty-four whose faithfulness and progress since my last visit indicated fitness for the rite.

LARGE PROPORTION OF FEMALE CONVERTS.

I have already noted the singular number of women who are apparently interested. This is one of the most extraordinary features of the work, and one, so far as I know, quite unparalleled elsewhere in North China. What it means I can hardly say. What we felt on seeing these poor creatures crowding around us, welcoming us to their villages, showing no sign of timidity or distrust, and anxious to be taught, may therefore be easily imagined. The strange disproportion of women is said to be largely due to an actual lack of men in the country—the famine, it is said, having been much more fatal amongst the stronger sex—but that is not the whole explanation. Nor does the relief work explain it wholly. Several of those baptised had had no relief. One such has for months been walking regularly every Sunday to the services from a village five miles away. Eight or ten others have lately been walking (small-footed women, too!) over on the Saturday a distance of ten miles, and remaining over the Sunday. Their ignorance and often almost hopeless stupidity only make their

earnestness more touching. It is plain, at any rate, that with many all trust in idols is gone for ever. It is also evident that not a few have laid hold of the great facts of the Gospel. We saw poor creatures, who knew little more, weep as they spoke of the death of Christ for sinners. Surely the Spirit of God is moving amongst them !

INFLUENCE OF PSALMODY.

Another fact which impressed us greatly was the very wonderful way in which our Christian hymns and music were aiding the work. I have given much time and labour to this department. Some time ago I spent much of two years in preparing a hymn-book for the native church. Singing has always had a leading part in our city services, with the result that a taste and ability for it have been developed which few Chinese churches have shown. Since returning from England I have given them a smaller book, with about forty of the most popular pieces from Sankey and others. Among the Christian natives these are as much loved as at home. And now they bid fair to be truly preachers of salvation among the heathen. We were simply amazed at the way in which, at all the stations, but especially in the Hiao-chang district, old and young alike were learning these Gospel songs. They never tired of this delightful exercise, and often sorely tried my strength in teaching them. It reminded me of what history tells us of the revivals in the days of Luther and the Wesleys. Surely no sign could be more hopeful ! Many who know little of the Catechism can sing "The Great Physician" and "Whosoever will." Such glorious hymns as "Rock of Ages" and "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," are already firmly rooted in this new soil. I confess this fills me with intense gladness, and the thought that I have been permitted to do anything in bringing it about makes me very grateful. Unconsciously, these poor people are literally singing the Gospel into their heart of hearts. They may and will forget, or even fail to understand, much of the teaching they receive, but they will never forget these hymns, which will have a growing meaning and preciousness as the years roll by.

At Hsiao-chang we have now three paid catechists, and could easily find full work for three more. One of these is the young ex-student Liu-pai-ju, with his young wife, formerly in the girls' school at Peking ; he went there some three months since, and is doing excellent service, and by his modesty and prudence winning the good opinion of all. I may ere long have more to say of this young preacher, who, as the first of our Tientsin students to be planted in the interior, is naturally the object of many hopes.

EFFECTS OF ROMANIST TEACHING.

Pastor Hiang has the work at Yensan apparently well in hand, and is showing great prudence in its management, while it was pleasing to see that his wife is gathering around her not a few of the women. On the single Sabbath spent there, being voiceless and unable to do anything myself, I watched, with much interest, the ordinary service. The miserable little shed used as a chapel was crammed by a congregation of over fifty men, and from a dozen to twenty women. Yet, though the confined space made it difficult to sit and impossible to kneel, the most perfect order and attention was kept for more than two hours. The sermon, from the words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," was admirably suited to the people and full of faithful teaching.

There are peculiar difficulties at Yensan, owing to the policy and conduct of the Romanists who have long been working there. Their constant reliance upon the civil power and frequent unhappy use of it have the tendency to embitter the heathen population and also to encourage injustice and a singular kind of arrogant terrorism among those who become Christians. Evidently the utmost wisdom is needed in such circumstances. Happily, the people are slowly beginning to draw a clear line of distinction between ourselves and the Romanists. But Mr. Hiang wisely feels that more than usual caution is desirable in recognising new adherents, and that, before their baptism, special care should be given to their training. He has baptised sixteen here during the year. About forty were reported as hopeful candidates, but as he begged that for the above reasons their examination should be deferred, it seemed best to leave them in his hands. If he is over cautious, it is a mistake on the safer side.

STATISTICS.

District.	Central Stations where are Chapels, &c.	Sub-Stations with Sabbath Services.	Number of Baptised.	Present Number of recognised Candidates.	Sabbath Congregations about.	Number of Villages where are Converts.	Catechists in Charge.
Hsien-hien	2	2	...	1	...
Heng-sui	6	1	...	1	...
Tsai-chiang and Chai-chow	1 Hsiao-Chang.	4	55	122	300	About 40	3
Yensan	1 City.	2	16	40	60	5	1 Ordained.
Ching-yün	2	9	8	40	3	1
Tsing-chow	2	27	4	20	6	...
Totals	3	10	115	177	420	56	5

II.—North India—Benares.

THE city of BENARES, which is situated on the River Ganges, and lies four hundred miles above Calcutta, is pre-eminently the HOLY CITY of the Hindoos. It contains 200,000 people, and at the time of special festivals this number is greatly increased by pilgrims and visitors. The mission was commenced by the late Rev. MATTHEW ADAM in 1820. Present missionaries—Revs. M. A. SHERRING, M.A., LL.B., DAVID HUTTON, J. A. LAMBERT, and G. M. BULLOCH.

In estimating the results of missionary effort regard should be had to the character of the soil in which the Gospel seed is sown, rather than to the amount of labour put forth as compared with the harvest reaped. In some mission fields, a nation has, as it were, been born in a day, and those who have sown and they that reap rejoice together; in others, long years of toil are required to produce a single convert, and generations pass away ere the field becomes white unto the harvest. The Society's stations generally in North India come under the latter category, and this is emphatically true of BENARES. Here a hoary idolatry, fostered by a powerful priesthood, has taken so firm a hold of the Hindoo mind as to induce a self-satisfaction and pride incompatible with the reception of the religion of Jesus. That a leaven of Christianity underlies much that is apparently discouraging there can be no doubt; but, after more than half a century of earnest effort, the results are still of an indirect rather than of a direct character. Remarking upon the even tenor of his mission work, the Rev. M. A. Sherring writes :—

“In Benares, perhaps above all other places in India, the demand for patient and persistent labour is greatest. The influence of old rigid Hinduism is very powerful in this seat of idolatry, and, although Christianity and education are making steady and manifest progress, the conflict between the old things and the new, instead of diminishing, is becoming every year stronger. Sometimes the moral weakness of the educated classes, and the obsequious deference they pay to those who practise the ancient superstitions in all their grossness, suggests the thought that their inner heart has not yet been touched by the quickening energy which education based on Christianity generally imparts. But presently this subtle energy displays itself unmistakeably, reviving hope which had given place to despondency. The truth is, that the native character everywhere in India is a singular mixture of good and bad qualities. Strangers would be amazed to see the eagerness for knowledge manifested in this city. I understand that from the Government College this year some twenty students are going up for the B.A. degree of the Calcutta University. This is exclusive of the large number who will present themselves for the first B.A. examination and the matriculation. In our own Institution, of which I have charge in conjunction with my colleague Mr. Bulloch, we have nine students preparing for the first B.A. examination, and twenty for the matriculation examination in December.”

Missionaries of the Church and Baptist Societies have laboured in Benares, side by side with our own missionaries, for many years, and by their educational and other efforts have rendered efficient service in the warfare which is being carried on against that stronghold of Hindooism. Mr. Sherring proceeds :—

“The Church Mission College also will have a considerable number of candidates for the latter examination. This pertains to the higher education. But the same desire for knowledge is exhibited, only on a larger scale, in the lower departments. I will illustrate this by a reference to our own Institution. It has 437 students, all of whom learn English, but they also study their own languages—Hindee, Urdu, Bengalee, besides a classical language, such as Sanskrit or Persian. They receive a sound education in history, mathematics, grammar, general literature, and Christianity ; while some are taught special subjects, such as logic and chemistry. Mr. Bulloch and myself together instruct seven classes in succession daily. We have besides a large number of native teachers, one of whom is the Rev. Kashi Nath Dutt, who, I am glad to say, is now in good health. At the commencement and close of each day's proceedings all the students and teachers are assembled in the largest hall for prayer, and during the day the classes receive systematic Christian instruction. I mention these matters in detail in order that the Directors may form some correct idea of the exact nature of our work in the Institution. We have also, in addition, a number of schools in various parts of the city and neighbourhood for the instruction of young people of both sexes. Our girls' schools are in a prosperous condition, and contain nearly three hundred girls and young women, chiefly Hindus and Mohammedans. The Church Mission is doing a similar educational work on a larger scale even than what we are attempting. Then the Government, with its college, normal school, and numerous schools, is doing a magnificent work in the way of education. Moreover, the natives themselves are multiplying their schools. One for the instruction of Hindu girls of good caste, supported by the Maharajah of Vizianagram, has between six and seven hundred scholars. But I have said nothing of the direct evangelistic work carried on by the three missions in this city. Mr. Lambert has the principal charge of this work in our own mission. He is now at an interesting out-station fourteen miles from here, where he has started several schools, and has located several Christian teachers with their families. In the month of July a series of public lectures on Christian subjects was delivered in the institution by our old friend, Babu Ram Chandra Basu and were well attended by educated natives.

“In spite of obstacles and old-fashioned Hinduism lingering in the minds of the people, whether educated or illiterate, the outlook is promising and encouraging. Our converts from year to year are doubtless few, but the spread of Christianity is great, and its influence everywhere is becoming continually stronger. God will give us His blessing, I am quite sure, if we be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in His work.

“Dr. Mather's commentary on a portion of the Old Testament, for the printing of which the Directors generously made a grant, has been commenced, and nearly a hundred pages are in type. I am editing the work, which is being printed at the Mirzapore Mission Press.”

III.—The Central African Mission.

DURING the past month the Directors have deliberated with earnestness and prayer upon the proposals referred to in our February number, bearing on the consolidation of the Central African Mission, and their decisions follow in the lines of the scheme sketched out by the brethren on the spot. The Board approve of the formation of a station at URAMBO by Dr. SOUTHWELL; they sanction a tentative settlement at UGUHA, on the western side of the Lake; and, finally, they confirm Mr. HORN'S decision to remain at UJJI, with a view, by inquiry and examination, to secure a suitable site for a central station on the eastern side. On the 5th ult. letters reached the Mission House reporting that action had been taken in the directions indicated, subject to the approval of the Board. It may be added that such approval was conveyed to the Committee at the Lake by the outward mail which left England on the 13th February. From the letters above referred to, we learn that on Wednesday, the 22nd October, the Rev. W. GRIFFITH and Mr. HUTLEY, accompanied by Mr. HORN, set sail in the new *Calabash* for the western shore of the Lake. The boat was well laden with the personal effects of the two brethren, the heavier stores having been despatched the previous day in a hired vessel. Coasting the eastern shore, a halt was made at Rombola, for the purpose of adjusting the cargo. This accomplished, soon after sunset our friends were again moving forward, and before daybreak they had anchored the boat in the mouth of the Malagarasi River.

"Remaining at the Malagarasi for a day," writes Mr. Griffith, "I had a view of the country around, chiefly the southern bank. Following the river down for some six miles, we came to the only village in the country, and visited the young chief. It is a small village now; but if the scattered tribes of Kawendi unite together, it may become an important place. The young chief impressed me as possessing neither wisdom nor power, except the power acquired through the possession of a few firearms, on which he has unfortunately set his mind so much.

"The country around is very hilly; the greater part abounds in flint and limestone, the other part being more fruitful for cultivation."

Owing to contrary winds and heavy seas, it was found impracticable to sail westward until the evening of Saturday, the 26th. Night had again fallen ere the *Calabash* cast anchor behind Kavala Island, after a voyage of twenty-four hours, which the Arabs' boat had made in ten, two days previously. Two hours from Kavala on Monday morning, the 27th, brought the party to their destination—M'nowa. Again quoting Mr. Griffith:—

"Mr. Horn and myself went direct to see Kasanga Junior, but he was not at home. Later in the day he made his appearance, full of pomp and pride, and desired to

have one of our umbrellas, which was given to him as a present. This complimentary visit being over, I went out with Mr. Hore round Cape Mtowa with a view to finding a proper place for a station, and returned along the shore. Here there are numerous caves and arches in the red earth, formed when the lake was higher than at present. We were agreeably surprised when we came suddenly upon a slate quarry. There is, I believe, abundance of slate in the country, and with little skill it can be worked.

"On Tuesday, the 18th, messengers arrived from the chief at Ruanda, bringing complimentary messages to us and giving us permission to choose our own place. His words were, 'If you want to live there (Mtowa), good; if you want to live here (Ruanda), good; or, if you want to go over there (referring to a populous district north of Mtowa), go.'"

Exploring the villages on the coast north of Mtowa, and the hills forming their background, the interest of the natives (some of whom had never before seen a white man) prevailed over any feeling of fear, and they welcomed and hospitably entertained their new visitors.

"On Wednesday we went to pay a visit to the chief of Ruanda. The country between Mtowa and that place is truly beautiful. The rounded hill-tops, reminding one of the Devonshire hills; the numerous clear mountain streams, abounding in tropical wealth and luxuriance; and the thick trees with rich foliage and tropical creepers, make up a scenery which is seldom equalled in any land or clime. From one point the view exceeds all others. It is half-way to Ruanda. The country, to Mtowa, is to be seen to advantage from it, and the lake and the group of islands and the channels between them, and beyond even to Kabogo and the high-towered shores of Kawendi and the lofty Kungwe. To the south, right over Cape Kahangwa, is the Great Lake again, and the shores of southern Ugha and Marungu. To the west is the fine plain of Ruanda, with the mouth of the Lukuga and the mountains beyond; and to the north the hilly country gradually rises to mountainous Goma.

"Soon after we reached Ruanda I was down with fever, which interfered with my enjoyment of the visit. The chief's son and headman took us to the baraga (place of council), where a large crowd gathered together, much to my annoyance in the state I then was. Presently the big man himself made his appearance, apparently a little perplexed how to conduct himself in the presence of the white man. He was pleased with a present of cloth that was given him, and listened attentively to our words. We told him that we had fulfilled the promise in coming to live in his country, and explained to him, to the best of our ability, the object of our coming."

Mr. Hore stayed with his brethren eight days, and by his counsel and aid rendered valuable service in the selection of a site for a mission station at Mtowa. It is on the inner end of a broad cape between Cape Kahangwa and the islands.

"The natives," adds Mr. Griffith, "have been very willing in doing some work for us. They have brought loads of timber, and are bringing grass and other articles at very low wages compared with the coast men. I hope soon to dismiss all the coast people excepting a servant and a cook. There are now twenty-six

natives carrying materials for us, and as many were disappointed because there was no work for them. Within a week of our landing nearly all the posts of our temporary house were set up—which is 36 by 12, and 9 feet high. Adjoining there is plenty of good land which a few years ago was all cultivated; but, on account of the rising of the lake, the natives left the place. With the land, and natives to work, I hope the mission will be carried on before long with little expense.

"It has been suggested that the station should be called 'Plymouth Rock.' Several reasons may be assigned for this, one being the general aspect of the country, reminding one of Devonshire hills. Another, and the chief, because it is the first station on the western shore of the Lake, the landing-place of the first missionary party—reminding us also of the Pilgrim Fathers in the far West."

Turning from the westward extension of the mission to that to the eastward, we have to report that Dr. Southon left Ujiji on the 10th of October, and on the 26th entered URAMBO for the second time. His energies were forthwith devoted to the completion of the house before the rainy season should set in. Under date December 2nd he writes:—

"Relations with Mirambo continue friendly as heretofore. In many ways we reciprocate the help of one another. If he has any request to make, or needs my medical skill for himself or people, he assumes, as a matter of course, that I am ready to do my best; and, I am thankful to say, hitherto my efforts have been crowned with success. Many little instances have occurred in which I have readily done odd jobs of work of a mechanical character. For instance, I repaired a large musical box, re-seated a camp chair, and made a gun-case for him, all of which gave great satisfaction.

"On the other hand, he has supplied me with an ox, several sheep, and a goat, also given a considerable quantity of hewn timber and poles for the house, and, quite recently, forty-three bundles of straw for thatching. Owing to its being the busy season of planting, he has not given me many men to do the work of the house, but he instructed his own carpenters to assist me all they could, and their assistance has been very valuable.

"Mirambo has been very pleased with my skill at carpentering and the lathe turning. He sits for hours watching the work, and asks numberless questions respecting tools and the way this or that is done. He is far more intelligent than his followers, and readily comprehends an idea which is far above them. Anything new he eagerly inquires into, and does not rest satisfied until he understands it."

Dr. Southon's experience tends to confirm that of missionaries generally with regard to the influence which the outward observance of the Sabbath seldom fails to exercise upon the heathen mind. He writes:—

"I have always made it a point to strictly desist from work on the Sunday, and all the Wangwana have followed the example I set them, and dressed in clean clothes—I always wear white on that day—and to please me, probably, refrained from any kind of work on their own account. Quite recently the Wangwana of the Kwikuru, and belonging to Mirambo, have seen the advantages of 'keeping Sunday,' and follow the example of their other brethren; but, until yesterday, I had observed no such effect upon the Wanyamwezi. You may, how-

ever, imagine my pleasure when Mirambo stalked into my tent in a very different costume to that he generally wears. His old fustian coat was discarded for a long black Arab coat of superior make. A white shirt—beautifully clean—such as Arabs wear, and a white turban completed his attire. ‘Juma na pili’ (‘Sunday’), I said, when he entered. ‘Yes,’ he said, and then asked about Sunday and its usages. That this was in observance of the Sabbath is proved by the fact that to-day he appears in his old costume.”

In reviewing the mission as a whole, Mr. HORE attaches considerable importance to the friendship which has been established with MIRAMBO. “Both Arabs and Wajiji,” he writes, “accept the fact that when, some time back, it was reported that Mirambo was approaching Ujiji, he would, indeed, have attacked it, ‘but that his friends the white men were there.’” In the same letter he adds :—

“Patience and caution in dealing with the Arabs and chiefs here (at Ujiji), together with the influence of Mirambo, will, under the blessing of God, yet crown with success my long protracted efforts to plant a station here. I sincerely trust that two efficient men may be found to come and take charge of it.

“Many of the great difficulties we first encountered are now broken down if not entirely swept away.

“The Wajiji chiefs are certainly friendly and desirous to exchange the Arabs for white men if they can only see a way to do so without getting themselves into trouble.

“The Arabs have cooled down considerably ; they are now (instead of seeking a way to keep white men out of the country) somewhat resigned to the fact that white men *are* in the country.

“If Stanley and Cameron opened this country, it was by a door which required reopening for every entry ; our mission has taken that door away, and we await to welcome and assist all true-hearted men who would enter with good intent. This may read rather romantic, but no one will ever, perhaps, properly know of the plots and schemes, not excepting personal dangers, we have encountered, and, I trust, overcome by patient, smiling, obstinacy.

“One begins to breathe a little freely and look around with some rejoicing and satisfaction, on the fact of three mission stations here in Central Africa.”

It is with unusual pleasure that the Directors are able to append to the present paper the copy of a letter just received from their valued friend ROBERT ARTHINGTON, Esq., of Leeds, the originator of the Tanganyika Mission, containing an offer of £3,000 for the purpose of completing his scheme by securing and placing on the Lake a suitable steamer.

“LEEDS, 10th February, 1880.

“CHRISTIAN BRETHREN, DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,—The matter of the work we have on hand for the evangelisation of Africa is a solemn and blessed reality ; and the death of our departed brethren—Thomson, Mullen, and Dodgshun—seems to throw over it a yet more hallowed character.

“It is high time that the Church of Christ aroused herself—clad herself in the full strength she possesses in God—and in the fulness of faith determined that

now Christ's precious saving name shall be proclaimed in all the world—in all those parts of the world where Christ has not yet been named, and evidently set forth. Our spiritual strength and success are in connection with *continued prayer*. If this fails, *all will fail*—spiritual energy, abundant gifts, everything belonging to success.

"Africa is now open; the Lord in His providence has given us an open door. It is a very wonderful and great opportunity. How intensely gladdening it is to hear our brethren at the Lake Tanganyika saying, '*There is no discouragement here.*' We see that the Lord is with us. We are feeble instruments, and we shall be strongest as we habitually remember this—in God we are mighty. Oh! how I wish that the whole Church of Christ on earth would arise in her proper strength, finding it in God alone, and would apply herself to publish Christ's name over the whole earth, leaving no part unvisited with the Gospel.

"I have just seen the news that a telegram has been received by our Royal Geographical Society, to the effect that the exploring party which set out under the leadership of Keith Johnston (who died on the road) has reached and traversed the region lying between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and that the natives are friendly and the country level, and there are no serious difficulties for travellers.

"I am anxious to do my best to promote the Tanganyika mission so as to extend its influence and beneficial effects over as wide an area as possible. I am, therefore, disposed to offer to the London Missionary Society £3,000, specially for the purposes described, viz.:—On the understanding that they will at once procure a suitable steamer capable of being carried in parts, place it upon Lake Tanganyika, visit all the populations on its shores, explore the country lying between the north end of Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza, Mwata Nzige, or other lakes or large extents of water—with a view to find, and the determination to find, if possible, the best route from the Tanganyika Lake to the Nile, and with that to bring the populations of the region under the influence of Christian teaching up to 1° N. L. (one degree north latitude); and also seek an early opportunity of visiting all the populations of Uregga (or Ulegga), Manyema and Urus, and of the region of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo—maintaining the steamer, and visiting the populations again and again, classifying their languages or dialects, translating for them Luke's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, or the whole of the New Testament, and assisting them to learn to read, whilst the Gospel is preached to them by evangelistic visits, either by the European missionaries or by native converts.

"I should like by your means to convey to those who have specially contributed to this mission my joyful congratulations, with the sense of the blessed assurance that we shall reap abundantly, either in this world or in the world to come. Let us give as we purpose in our hearts to the Lord. Let the fruits of faith abound.

"Yours most truly in the everlasting Gospel,

"ROBERT ARTHINGTON."

IV.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. DEPARTURE.

The Rev. ALEXANDER KING, appointed to TIEN-TSIN, North China, with Mrs. KING, embarked for Shanghai, per steamer *Glenscales*, January 30th.

2. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. T. T. MATTHEWS, Mrs. Matthews, and family, from South Vonzongo, MADAGASCAR, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, per steamer *Balmoral Castle*, January 24th.

3. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

On Wednesday, the 14th of January, at Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, Mr. ALEXANDER KING, of Spring Hill College, whose departure for TIEN-TSIN, North China, is reported above, was ordained as a Missionary of the Society. The Revs. Dr. D. W. Simon, R. W. Dale, M.A., Arnold Foster, B.A. (of Hankow), and W. F. Callaway took part in the service.

4. DEATH OF MRS. WHITMEE, LATE OF SAMOA.

In the early part of 1878 the Rev. S. J. WHITMEE, then in England on furlough, decided on relinquishing his work in Samoa, on the ground of Mrs. Whitmee's state of health. We learn, with much regret, that the fears at that time entertained on her behalf have been verified, and that on Monday, the 16th of February, she died at Dublin, where, with her husband, she had for some months resided. Mrs. Whitmee had throughout her life, been identified with the mission in Samoa; she was the daughter of the Rev. George Turner, LL.D., and at the time of her union with Mr. Whitmee she was the widow of the Rev. J. M. Mills. Although she had scarcely reached her thirty-seventh year, her name and labours will long be a pleasant memory to the population of that group of islands, both European and native.

5. HERVEY ISLANDS.—RAROTONGA.

The following extracts have been selected from the report of his operations for the year furnished by the Rev. W. WYATT GILL, B.A.:—"There are now twenty-six students in the Institution, all married but one. We have been much pleased with their behaviour during the past year. A great deal of work has been accomplished, both intellectual and manual (*e.g.*, keeping up the premises). The plantation at Nikao has been regularly cultivated, although the drought in the early months of 1878 sorely tried our faith and patience. The students were very short of food for some time, yet never complained. The abundant rains of late have clothed the island with beauty and fertility. The Normal School has been maintained with efficiency. Several of the elder scholars have been dismissed with a good character, and will, we hope, become centres of usefulness in their own circles. At the end of November we received a letter from Mr. Chalmers, soliciting subscriptions towards the purchase of boats for the teachers labouring on New Guinea. I was very much pleased at the cordial way in which the deacons and churches took up the matter. Within a fortnight they placed in my hands 235 dols. 70c. (£47), which I retain for the present, in the hope of receiving something additional from the outlying islands. The whole amount will then be forwarded by first opportunity to the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, for the purchase of boats for the New Guinea Mission. Besides this, about £300 have been collected and expended

by themselves upon repairs of two churches and a school-house, re-seating, and shingling, &c. £100 have been remitted by me to the Bible Society, for the Bibles sold in the group during the past year. The great burden upon us just now is that we have to build a row of cottages for the students; the old ones built by Mr. Buzacott, of lath and plaster, at the commencement of the Institution, being utterly decayed. The work will fall exclusively upon the students, superintended by Tamaiti and myself. We move slowly. However, we have begun to burn lime. This itself is an immense work. To cut down gigantic chestnut trees in the valleys, and then to drag the severed trunks and limbs to the appointed place by sheer human strength, is no slight undertaking. As soon as the dry season sets in, we purpose to build. Should we succeed in completing the new row of cottages this year (as I trust we shall), we may think ourselves fortunate." Writing again three months later Mr. GILL adds:—"I have just remitted to Mr. Sunderland £162, a special contribution from the churches of the Hervey Group, for the purchase of boats for the use of the eastern teachers in New Guinea, at the discretion of Mr. Chalmers. A thrilling appeal was made by Mr. Chalmers to our people, who warmly took it up. At this village a collection was made on three successive Sundays at their own desire. An energetic deacon said, 'It is not enough; let us off with our ear-rings, and put them in the plate!' Men often wear gold ear-rings in these islands. Mangaia, as usual, gave the largest amount."

6. THE BIBLE ITS OWN WITNESS.

A story is told in the *Gleaner* of a Hindu devotee who sought peace for fifty years. He was convicted of sin under a sermon by Alphonse Lacroix, in the streets of Calcutta. He did everything for rest of soul, from being a devotee to becoming a member of the Brahmo Somaj. He found it, at last, where everybody else finds it that finds it at all, in the Bible. In two months he almost learned the Bible by heart. Then he withstood the wildest persecution from friends and priests. But he not only withstood: he burned and shone for Jesus, till his enemies were amazed and silenced. He died some months ago in joy and peace, a remarkable trophy of the grace of God.—*From the Christian Express.*

7. SOUTH AFRICA.—KAFIRLAND.

The sufferings of the native community in KING WILLIAM'S TOWN and neighbourhood, owing to war and drought, are referred to in the following passages from the Rev. J. HARPER's report for 1878:—"The past year has been a very trying one for us and our native churches. They have passed through a severe ordeal, and to their credit it must be said they came out of it well. With a few exceptions, our native Christians have been faithful to the Government through all the political troubles of the period. They have had a difficult part to play, but have maintained their loyalty, notwithstanding temptations and inducements to the contrary. They have been like sheep in the midst of wolves. On the one hand robbed by the rebels, and on the other harassed, suspected, and maligned by the colonial forces, who were allowed to keep all captured stock as spoils of war, and who often cast covetous eyes on the flocks of the loyal natives, and would gladly have seen them all take to the forest as rebels that they might get their cattle. Some few, driven to despair, went into the bush with their rebel countrymen, while others have suffered the loss of all things, and yet have remained loyal. For months our people had to watch their kraals at night, lest the rebels should

attack them; others had to move about from place to place for better security as the rebellion spread, and through all the progress of the war they have had demands made on their patience and forbearance which were sad to contemplate. But war was not the only nor the worst trouble we were called to bear during the last year. The terrible drought, now of three years' continuance, has brought the native people to the borders of starvation. In some places the people are dying of hunger. We have had some fine rains, and much seed has been sown, but it will be some months before they hope to reap anything to relieve their necessities."

8. "THE STORY OF ALL STORIES."

Dr. CHAMBERLAIN, of the Arcot Mission, India, says:—"I wish I could take you to a scene in the kingdom of Hyderabad, fourteen years ago. There, in a city, a walled town of 18,000 inhabitants, the people had arisen in a mob to drive us out, because we tried to speak of another God than theirs. We had gone to the market-place, and I had endeavoured to preach to them of Christ and His salvation, but they would not hear. They ordered us to leave the city at once, but I had declined to leave until I had delivered to them my message. The throng was filling the streets. *They told me, 'if I tried to utter another word, I should be killed!'* There was no rescue; they would have the city gates closed, and there should never any news go forth of what was done. I must leave at once, or I should not leave that city alive! I had seen them tear up the paving-stones, and fill their arms with them to be ready, and one was saying to another, 'You throw the first stone, and I will throw the next.' By an artifice I need not stop now to detail, I succeeded in getting permission to tell them a story before they stoned me, and then they might stone me if they wished. They were standing around me ready to throw the stones, when I succeeded in getting them to let me tell the story first. I told them the story of all stories, of the love of the Divine Father that had made us of one blood, who 'so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' I told them the story of that birth in the manger at Bethlehem, of that wonderful childhood, of that marvellous life, of those miraculous deeds, of the gracious words that He spoke. I told them the story of the Cross, and pictured, in the graphic words that the Master gave me that day, the story of our Saviour nailed upon the Cross, for them, for me, for all the world, when He cried in agony, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' When I told them that, I saw the men go and throw their stones into the gutter, and come back, and down the cheeks of the very men that had been clamouring the loudest for my blood I saw the tears running and dropping off upon the pavement that they had torn up. And when I had finished the story, and told them how He had been laid in the grave, and how after three days He had come forth triumphant, and had ascended again to heaven, and that there He ever lives to make intercession for them, for us, for all the world, and that through His merits every one of them there might receive remission of sin and eternal life, I told them that I had finished my story, and they might stone me now. But no, they did not want to stone me now; they didn't know what a wonderful story I had come there to tell them. They came forward and bought Scriptures and Gospels and tracts, and paid the money for them, for they wanted to know more of that wonderful Saviour of whom I had told them."—*From the Christian Express.*

V.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 14th February, 1880.

LONDON.

W. O. Gellibrand, Esq.	7	0	0
Jas. Spicer, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Spicer	5	0	0
Adelphi Ch.	2	11	0
Beckenham	3	12	3
Bromley (Kent)	10	0	0
Burnt Ash	10	0	0
Cambridge Heath	15	0	0
Cheahunt, Crossbrook Street	2	0	0
Clapton Park	23	3	3
Croydon, Trinity Ch.	8	10	0
Deptford	4	0	0
Dulwich, West	3	14	1
Ealing	11	10	0
Enfield Highway	5	10	0
Forest Hill, Queen's Road	5	0	0
Gelborne Road, Kensington	1	6	2
Hanover Ch.	3	10	0
Hare Court Ch. (additional)	1	1	0
Highgate	14	11	5
Holloway, Junction Road...	4	6	0
Latimer Ch.	2	0	0
Orange Street	1	12	2
Paddington Ch.	7	7	3
Silver Street	3	3	0
Stratford	6	12	4
Sydenham, Church in the Grove	5	0	0
Thernton Heath, Mofet Road	8	10	0
Tottenham High Cross	3	0	0
Walthamstow, Trinity Ch.	3	15	10
Wood Street (Molesey)	5	5	4
Wandsworth, East Hill Ch.	5	5	9
Wandstead (additional)	5	5	0
Westminster Ch.	10	0	0
Winchmore Hill	4	2	4
Wood Green	3	6	1
Woolwich, Rectory Place	5	14	6

COUNTRY.

Abergavenny, Castle Street	1	8	6
Alston	0	17	0
Alton	3	10	0
Arundel	1	12	6
Ash by Sandwich	1	10	0
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	1	0	0
Atherstone	1	15	9
Avebury, Free Ch.	1	12	4
Bath, Argyle Ch.	10	10	0
Berky Ch.	14	0	0
Beaconsfield	1	0	0
Birkenhead, Hamilton Square...	3	3	0
Blakeney	0	15	0
Blandford	2	10	7
Bolton, Maudslay Street	5	0	0
Bournemouth, Richmond Hill Ch.	4	0	0
Bradford Auxiliary—			
Greenfield Ch.	2	2	0
Horton Lane	13	0	0
Ilkley	4	12	3
Lister Hills	2	2	0
Wilsden	1	15	6
Braunton	1	2	6
Brentwood	5	17	0
Brighton Auxiliary—			
Cliftonville Ch.	4	0	0
Lewes Road	1	14	0
London Road	5	8	0
Bristol, Arley Ch.	7	8	10
Clifton Down Ch.	3	14	0
Gideon Ch.	0	10	6
Hope Ch., Clifton	3	10	6
Bromsgrove	1	13	6
Buntingford	3	0	0
Barnham	0	13	4
Bury, Bethel Ch.	1	0	0
New Road	1	16	8

Bury St. Edmunds, Northgate Street	2	0	0
Buxley	1	0	0
Buxton	2	10	0
Calne, Free Ch.	4	0	0
Cambridge, Victoria Road	1	5	0
Carlisle, Charlotte Street	2	2	0
Lowther Street	1	2	6
Castle Hedingham	2	4	0
Oneadle	6	2	7
Cheamford, London Road	10	0	0
Chertsey	1	10	0
Chester-le-Street	2	1	2
Cleakheaton, Providence Ch., 1879.	4	4	0
Do. do. 1879.	2	2	0
Cowes, West	3	2	8
Crews	1	15	0
Cuckfield, G. Knott, Esq.	1	1	0
Dartmouth	1	5	0
Deal	2	0	0
Devonport, Princess Street...	3	10	0
Mrs. Rourke	0	10	0
Dover, Great Russell Street	5	0	0
Driffield	2	16	3
Dundee, Newport Ch.	3	10	0
Pannure Street	13	0	0
East Grinstead, Ashurst Wood	1	0	0
Eastwood	1	8	7
Fareham	2	0	0
Farnham	3	14	7
Faversham	4	10	0
Fleetwood	4	4	0
Folkstone	5	0	0
Fordham	0	10	6
Frome, Zion Ch.	5	0	0
Glastonbury	1	1	0
Gravesend, Princess Street...	10	0	0
Greenock, George Square	7	14	6
Grimsby	3	7	2
Guswick and Briston	2	0	0
Guildford	8	3	8
Halifax Auxiliary—			
Booth	2	5	0
Elland	1	6	0
Park Ch.	10	0	0
Sion Ch.	6	0	0
Square Ch.	16	10	8
Hallaton	3	0	0
Hambleton	1	9	3
Harrogate	3	2	6
Harrod	2	5	1
Harwich	2	0	0
Haverhill	1	13	0
Hazel Grove, near Stockport	0	11	6
Hartford	2	0	0
High Barnet	2	10	0
Highworth	1	0	0
Holmfirth	1	0	0
Honiton	1	1	0
Horbury	1	1	0
Hoylake	1	0	0
Huddersfield, Ramsden Street...	10	0	0
Hull, Hope Street	1	14	6
Wycliffe Ch.	6	10	5
Jersey, St. John's Ch.	1	7	3
Victoria Street	1	15	0
Kettering	3	0	0
Keyworth	0	15	0
Kings Lynn	1	14	0
Knowl Green	0	15	0
Leicester Auxiliary—			
Centenary Ch.	13	14	0
Malton	0	9	0
High Street Ch.	2	17	4
Layer Breton	1	5	0
Leicester Auxiliary—			
Bond Street	7	10	0
Gallowtree Gate	7	10	0
London Road	4	16	2

Leicester Auxiliary—						Roydon, Kneassworth Street	1	13	4
Oxford Street	3	2	0			Rugby	2	6	3
Wycliffe Ch.	3	3	0			Runcorn	2	1	1
Mosla, Newland Ch.	11	0	0			Rye, Watchbell Street	0	17	4
Linton	1	5	0			St. Colum	1	0	0
Liverpool, Stanley Cong. Ch.	2	15	0			St. Helens	5	17	0
Waterloo Ch.	11	0	0			Sandown	1	1	1
Lowestoft	5	0	0			Sawton... ..	3	3	0
Ladlow	1	9	1			Selby	1	0	
Lutterworth	2	0	0			Sheerness	1	1	0
Mansfield, Roe Street	3	3	0			Shelfield, Broom Park Ch.	4	0	0
Kidstane, Week Street	2	0	0			Cemetery Road... ..	5	0	0
Manchester Auxiliary—						Shepton Mallet	8	1	0
Cavendish Street	5	0	0			Shrewsbury, Swan Hill Church	4	13	0
Cheetham Hill	5	0	0			Per Mr. W. Jones	0	5	0
Charlton Road	37	0	11			Skipton	4	19	1
Bushmead Road	10	0	0			Sleaford	1	0	0
Bowdon	37	4	3			South Petherton	1	3	3
Levernshams	1	1	6			Southsea... ..	7	13	0
Marple	2	4	6			Stamford, Star Lane	2	10	0
Manningtree	0	10	0			Stand	1	5	0
Mansfield (additional)	0	5	0			Stockport, Wycliffe Ch.	3	0	0
Marsfield	0	10	0			Stone	1	10	0
Massey's Ch. (additional)	1	0	0			Sunderland, Bethel Ch.	2	1	8
Nidston by Youlgrove	0	10	0			Sutton Valence	1	1	3
Mirnsden	0	10	0			Tadley, near Sasingstone	0	10	0
Montrose	10	13	3			Teignmouth	1	17	9
New Mills	1	6	6			Thame	1	1	2
Newcastle-on-Tyne, West Clayton Street	5	5	0			The Quinta	2	11	6
Newcastle-under-Lyne	3	0	0			Theddington	4	17	11
Newmarket	2	1	4			Tiptree	1	1	0
Newport (Isle of Wight), Node Hill Ch....	2	4	7			Tunbridge Wells, Emmanuel Ch.	6	6	4
Northfleet	0	10	6			Mount Pleasant Ch.	16	18	9
Northwich	2	10	6			Uley	0	10	0
Oakhill	13	10	0			Uttoxeter	2	2	5
Ormskirk	3	3	0			Wareham	2	0	0
Oswestry, Christ Church	3	4	5			Warrington, Wycliffe Ch	4	6	5
Otley	4	0	0			Watford, Clarendon Road... ..	2	5	0
Oxford, Cowley Road	3	0	0			Weedon and Floodre	1	8	6
Pennbury, near Tunbridge Wells	2	4	2			Weltringborough (additional)	0	10	0
Peele	1	13	0			West Malton, 1879	0	15	6
Purfland	1	4	5			Do. 1880	0	17	4
Poyle	1	5	7			Whitby	2	3	9
Proton, Cannon Street	5	5	8			Winansea	0	15	6
Grimshaw Street	1	11	0			Windor	2	12	0
Lancaster Road	4	2	10			Winslow	1	1	6
Reading, Castle Street	5	0	5			Wisbech	2	0	0
Redhill	4	14	7			Wolverhampton, Heath Town Ch.	0	9	4
Retford	1	1	0			Workop	0	12	7
Ringwood	3	0	0			Wyomdham	1	10	0
Ross	1	1	8			Yardley Hastings... ..	1	2	0

VI.—Contributions.

From 15th December, 1879, to 15th January, 1880.

LONDON.			
M. E.	200 0 0	Mari Dacie	5 0 0
J. Kemp Welch, Esq.	100 0 0	A Senior Class Teacher	5 0 0
G. M. E., per Mrs. H. Selfe, Leonard	100 0 0	M. M. Marples, Esq.	3 0 0
John Culliffe, Esq.	100 0 0	J. S., Wife and Children, for Central Africa	1 10 0
Dr. F. J. Wood	50 0 0	J. Alexander, Esq.	1 1 0
1679. Balance of One-Tenth to the Lord	20 0 0	J. Bloomer, Esq.	1 1 0
A. E. Y.	20 0 0	S. Lilley, Esq.	1 1 0
Mark Mills, Esq., for British India	20 0 0	W. Williams, Esq.	1 1 0
Per Mrs. Leonard, for Bible Woman under Mr. Pool, Madagascar	15 0 0	Mrs. Barnard, for Moffat College	1 0 0
Mrs. K. Struthers	10 0 0	Mrs. Haffer, for Female Missions	0 10 0
Do., for Boy, W. S. Struthers	4 0 0	A Friend	0 5 0
		Mrs. Farman, for Female Missions	0 1 0
		Abney Chapel	7 9 0
		Addiscombe. Mrs. Burden	0 16 0
		Annerley	9 9 4
		Beckenham Road	14 14 0
		Bishopsgate Chapel. May Collection	4 1 0
		Blackheath. Misses Wright, for Central Africa	2 2 0
		Camden Town. Park Chapel	125 15 4
		Christ Church, Westminster	25 0 0
		City Road	6 0 0
		H. Clapham, Esq.	5 5 0
		Green Hill. May Collection (additional)	0 5 0
		Dulwich, West	3 1 2
		Fetter Lane Chapel	9 12 8

<i>High Easter</i>	2 16 0	<i>Ripon</i>	10 17 3	<i>Whitlsey</i>	0 15 0
<i>Horbury</i>	8 0 0	<i>Rochdale</i> . Bamford Church	23 13 0	<i>Winslow</i> . Mr. Edward	
<i>Horden</i>	6 3 8	<i>Rugby</i>	14 16 5	<i>Parrett</i>	1 1 0
<i>Huntingdonshire</i> . Aux.	90 0 0	<i>Rugely</i> . The late Miss Har-		<i>Yardley Hastings</i>	6 10 11
<i>Ingers Vale</i>	7 4 6	<i>rriett E. Birch</i>	5 0 0	<i>Yolcecraft</i>	4 6 6
<i>Kewick</i>	11 7 0	<i>Sandbach</i> . Auxiliary.....	6 0 4		
<i>Ketton, near Stamford</i>	5 7 6	<i>Sandown (Isle of Wight)</i>	13 18 1		
<i>Leamington</i> . Spencer Street	14 0 9	<i>Shillington, near Hitchin</i>	1 10 6		
<i>Leicester</i> . Auxiliary.....	162 13 8	<i>Shipham</i> . Per Rev. J. Fose-			
<i>Little Waltham</i>	13 18 9	<i>man</i>	0 17 0		
<i>Liverpool</i> —		<i>Somerset</i> . A Somersetshire			
<i>Miss Kelly, per Mrs. Brad-</i>		<i>Mechanic</i>	0 14 0		
<i>bury, for Berhamptere</i>		<i>South Croxke</i>	1 8 6		
<i>Female School</i>	4 11 0	<i>South Ockendon</i>	4 3 0		
<i>Ludlow</i> . Auxiliary.....	11 2 7	<i>Stone</i>	2 16 2		
<i>Maidstone</i> —		<i>Therfield, near Royston</i>	6 18 7		
<i>Week Street</i>	17 1 0	<i>Tideswell</i>	3 12 2		
<i>Westborough Church</i>	5 0 0	<i>Tiptree</i>	6 4 8		
<i>Malton</i>	9 1 10	<i>Torquay</i> . W. Robertson ..	0 5 0		
<i>Manchester</i> . Auxiliary.....	311 4 4	<i>Tunbridge Wells</i> . Albion Rd.	14 19 2		
<i>Market Harborough</i> . Aux....	36 0 8	<i>Upway</i>	5 12 2		
<i>Newport (Mon.)</i> . Auxiliary	73 18 3	<i>Ventnor</i>	60 0 0		
<i>Northampton</i> . Commercial		<i>Warham</i>	10 0 0		
<i>Street</i>	57 0 0	<i>Warminster</i>	8 19 4		
<i>Nuneaton</i>	1 14 0	<i>Wendon and Floore</i>	6 12 10		
<i>Odiham</i> . Legacy of the late		<i>Wellington (Salop)</i>	4 14 11		
<i>Mr. James Coleman</i>	44 1 8	<i>West Melton</i>	9 8 11		
<i>Osselt Green</i>	26 19 10	<i>Wenton-super-Mare</i> . Per Na-			
<i>Parkstone, near Poole</i>	5 16 3	<i>tive Teacher, c/o Mr. Phil-</i>			
<i>Portland</i>	3 4 7	<i>lips, Salem</i>	18 0 0		
<i>Ringwood</i>	30 12 10				

WALES.

Port, Rhondda Valley 1 14 0

SCOTLAND.

Dundee. Auxiliary.....341 0 0
Mr. A. Matthew, jun.... 6 5 9

Edinburgh. Auxiliary.....84 1 8
Miss Baxter.....50 0 0

W. A. Arroll, Esq., Glas-
gow, for Dr. Moffat's

Mission, Africa.....10 0 0
Do., for India.....5 0 0
Do., for Japan.....5 0 0

Elgin. Auxiliary.....19 0 0

Glasgow. Auxiliary.....85 5 7
Elgin Place Church.....118 0 2

Central Mothers' Meeting
for Girls' School, Peking

Gretnock. Auxiliary.....39 19 5

Malrose. Mrs. Walker 2 0 0

Nairn Congregational Ch. .. 6 5 3

Per Rev. E. A. Warham—

Dingwall.....1 0 0

Dunfermline.....7 16 5

Galaahels.....8 16 2

Lockerbie.....7 16 5

IRELAND.

Dublin—

Legacy of the late Mr.
James Beckett.....15 0 0

Per Rev. E. A. Warham—

Dublin.....18 12 0

For Deficiency in the Year 1878-9—(continued).

<i>Thomas Bymer, Esq., Manchester</i> ...	50 0 0	<i>J. Cecil Curwen, Esq., s.</i> ...	2 2 0
<i>N. J. Powell, Esq., Bromley, Kent</i> ...	20 0 0	<i>Rev. J. W. James, Plympton</i> ...	2 2 0
<i>T. L. Jones, Esq., do.</i> ...	5 5 0	<i>A Thankoffering, Jersey</i> ...	2 0 0
<i>G. A. Nokes, Esq.</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>Alpha</i> ...	1 1 0
<i>A. Friend, Sheffield</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>Mrs. Lewis, Guildford</i> ...	1 1 0
<i>S. Hampton, Esq., Reading</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>First Class of Young Women, Albion</i>	
<i>R. S., Ventnor</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>S. S., Ashton-under-Lyne</i> ...	1 0 0
<i>T. S.</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>Mr. Holden, Guildford</i> ..	0 10 0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.

Leicester Auxiliary—			
Oxford Street	3 2 0
Wycliffe Ch.	3 9 0
Lincoln, Newland Ch.	11 0 0
Linton	1 5 0
Liverpool, Stanley Cong. Ch.	2 15 0
Waterloo Ch.	11 0 0
Levestoft	5 0 0
Leadow	1 9 0
Lutterworth	2 0 0
Mansfield, Roe Street	3 8 0
Maidstone, Week Street	2 0 0
Manchester Auxiliary—			
Crendish Street	5 0 0
Cheetham Hill	5 0 0
Charlton Road	37 0 11
Ensholme Road	10 0 0
Bowdon	37 4 3
Levenshulme	1 1 6
Murphy	2 4 8
Manningtree	0 10 0
Mansfield (additional)	0 5 0
Marsfield	0 10 0
Nybol's Ch. (additional)	1 0 8
Middleton by Youlgrove	0 10 0
Morden	0 10 0
Montrose	10 12 8
New Mills	1 6 6
Newcastle-on-Tyne, West Clayton Street	5 5 0
Newcastle-under-Lyne	3 0 0
Newmarket	2 1 4
Newport (Isle of Wight), Node Hill Ch.	2 4 7
Norfolk	0 10 6
Norwich	2 10 0
Oakhill	13 10 0
Ormskirk	3 3 0
Ormskirk, Christ Church	3 4 5
Otley	4 0 0
Oxford, Cowley Road	2 0 0
Pembury, near Tunbridge Wells	2 4 3
Pole	1 13 0
Portland	1 4 5
Poyle	1 5 7
Preston, Cannon Street	5 5 8
Grimsbury Street	1 11 0
Leamster Road	4 2 10
Reading, Oxle Street	5 0 0
Redhill	4 14 7
Reford	1 1 0
Rugwood	3 0 0
Rye	1 1 8

Keyston, Keesworth Street	1	13	4
Rugby	2	0	3
Runoon	3	1	1
Rye, Watchbell Street	0	17	4
St. Colomb	1	0	0
St. Helens	5	17	0
Sandown	1	1	1
Sawton	3	3	0
Selby	1	0	0
Sherneas	1	1	0
Shelfield, Broom Park Ch.	4	0	0
Cemetery Road	5	0	0
Shepton Mallet	3	1	0
Shrewsbury, Swan Hill Church	4	13	0
Per Mr. W. Jones	0	5	0
Skipton	4	19	1
Sleaford	1	1	0
South Feharham	1	3	3
Southsea	7	13	0
Stamford, Star Lane	2	10	0
Stand	1	5	0
Stockport, Wydliffe Ch.	3	0	0
Stone	1	10	0
Sunderland, Bethel Ch.	2	1	3
Sutton Valence	1	1	3
Tadley, near Readingstone	0	10	0
Taigsmouth	1	17	9
Thame	1	1	2
The Quinte	2	11	6
Theddington	4	17	11
Tiptree	1	1	0
Tunbridge Wells, Emmanuel Ch.	6	6	4
Mount Pleasant Ch.	16	18	9
Uley	0	10	0
Uttoxeter	2	3	5
Warrham	2	0	0
Warrington, Wydliffe Ch.	4	6	5
Watford, Clarendon Road	2	5	0
Weedon and Flore	1	2	6
Wellington (additional)	0	10	0
West Melton, 1879	0	15	6
Do. 1880	0	17	4
Whitby	2	3	9
Winaston	0	15	6
Windsor	2	12	0
Winslow	1	1	6
Wisbech	3	0	0
Wolverhampton, Heath Town Ch.	0	9	4
Workop	0	12	7
Wymondham	1	10	0
Yardley Hastings	1	2	3

VI.—Contributions.

From 15th December, 1879, to 15th January, 1880.

LONDON.					
J. M. E.	200 0 0	Earl Ducie	5 0 0	Abney Chapel	7 9 0
J. Kemp Welch, Esq.	100 0 0	A Senior Class Teacher	5 0 0	Addiscombe. Mrs. Burden..	0 15 0
G. M. E., per Mrs. H. Selfe, Leonard	100 0 0	E. M. Marples, Esq.	3 0 0	Anerley	9 9 4
John Cunliffe, Esq.	100 0 0	J. S., Wife and Children, for Central Africa	1 10 0	Beckenham Road	12 14 0
Dr. F. J. Wood	50 0 0	J. Alexander, Esq.	1 1 0	Bishopgate Chapel. May Collection	4 1 0
157. Balance of One-Tenth to the Lord	30 0 0	J. Bloomer, Esq.	1 1 0	Blackheath. Misses Wright, for Central Africa	2 2 0
A. E. Y.	30 0 0	S. Lilley, Esq.	1 1 0	Camden Town. Park Chapel	125 15 4
Mark Mills, Esq., for British India	30 0 0	W. Williams, Esq.	1 1 0	Christ Church, Westminster ..	35 0 0
Per Mrs. Leonard, for Bible Woman under Mr. Pool, Madagascar	15 0 0	Miss Barnard, for Moabit College	1 0 0	City Road	0 0 0
Miss M. Struthers	10 0 0	Mrs. Heffer, for Female Missions	0 10 0	H. Clapham, Esq.	0 5 0
Do., for Boy, W. S. Struthers	4 0 0	A Friend	0 0 0	Green. H. H. May Collection (additional)	0 5 0
		Miss Farman, for Female Missions	0 1 0	Dulwich, West	3 1 2
				Fetter Lane Chapel	0 12 8

<i>Horbury Chapel.</i> S. F. Starkey, Esq. a New Year's Thankoffering	100 0 0
<i>Isleworth.</i> W. and E., for Native Teacher, New Guinea	10 0 0
<i>Kensington.</i> Ladies' Missionary Working Party, for Female Missions.....	10 0 0
<i>Paddington Chapel</i>	24 10 0
<i>Poplar.</i> Trinity Chapel....	13 4 10
<i>Streatham Hill.</i> Ladies' Working Party, for Mrs. Siterama, Madras.....	10 0 0
<i>Wimbledon</i>	22 1 8
<i>Legacy of the late Henry S. Wren, Esq.</i>	91 10 0

COUNTRY.

<i>Aburick.</i> For Mary Alnwick, Bangalore (half year)	3 19 0
<i>Ashton-in-Mackerfield</i>	8 11 6
<i>Bath.</i> Robert Porter, Esq.	80 0 0
<i>Bedale.</i> Miss M. B. Greenwood	8 0 0
<i>Bernalston</i>	14 8 0
<i>Bradford.</i> Auxiliary	80 0 0
<i>Bristol.</i>	1 17 10
<i>Bristol.</i> Miss Brewin, for Girls' School, Madras	5 5 0
<i>Brizham.</i> Mrs. Harvey....	5 0 0
<i>Bury St. Edmunds.</i> Whiting Street	1 19 6
<i>Buxton</i>	10 1 0
<i>Catherham</i>	10 0 0
<i>Chelmsford.</i> Mr. and Mrs. W. Perry	20 0 0
<i>Cheltenham.</i> Legacy of the late Miss Wallace.....	45 0 0
<i>Chester.</i> Queen Street Ch. Ladies' Committee, for Female Missions	2 12 6
<i>Chesterfield</i>	29 2 8
<i>Cleveland District</i>	30 19 7
<i>Dittisham and Galmpton</i>	1 10 0
<i>Douglas (Isle of Man)</i>	29 16 11
<i>Eastbourne.</i> For Rajonina, c/o Rev. J. Pearse, Madras	10 0 0
<i>Epsom.</i> Auxiliary	33 3 6
<i>Fleetwood</i>	19 19 3
<i>Frome.</i> Auxiliary	143 9 0
<i>Golborne</i>	3 14 0
<i>Great Yarmouth.</i> Mrs. Rudkin	3 0 0
<i>Guildford</i>	33 19 8
<i>Guildford.</i> Mrs. Stephenson and Mrs. Williamson's Boxes.....	1 3 3
<i>Halifax District</i>	89 7 9
<i>Hickmondwike.</i> Westgate Ch.	6 18 2
<i>Heatham</i>	4 13 9
<i>Hocklife and Eggington</i>	1 13 6
<i>Mr. H. Edwards</i>	0 10 0
<i>Horley</i> —	
<i>Fern Hill Mission Room, &c.</i>	1 7 4
<i>Mr. H. Donkin</i>	1 0 0
<i>Huyton</i>	32 17 1
<i>Hythe</i>	8 4 10
<i>Ilkeston</i>	8 4 6
<i>Ipswich.</i> Crown Street, ...	10 17 8
<i>Jarrow-on-Tyne</i>	2 17 3
<i>Kenilworth.</i> Miss M. A. Barron	1 0 0
<i>Kirby Moorside</i>	18 3 0
<i>Kirkham</i>	9 0 0
<i>Lancashire, West.</i> Auxiliary	75 0 0
<i>Leamington.</i> Clarendon Ch.	4 19 6
<i>Leeds.</i> Auxiliary	73 10 6
<i>East Parade Ch., Ladies' Working Society, for Mrs. Rice, Bangalore ..</i>	5 0 0
<i>Mrs. Jas. Dodgehun, for Mrs. Jukes, Madagascar</i>	5 0 0
<i>Liverpool.</i> Mr. T. Price, for China	5 0 0
<i>Malden</i>	16 16 7
<i>Manchester</i> —	
<i>Chorlton Road Ch.</i>	120 0 0
<i>Oldham Road Ch., Newton Heath Branch</i>	3 3 0
<i>Matlock Bath.</i> Lady Glenorchy's Ch.	5 10 0
<i>Newark.</i> Mr. S. W. Cubley ..	1 0 0
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i> Aux. ..	31 17 6
<i>Newcastle-under-Lyme</i>	13 13 8
<i>Newnham.</i> Collected by Miss B. Wellington	0 16 0
<i>Newton-le-Willows</i>	19 7 0
<i>Nottingham</i> —	
<i>Friar Lane Ch., for Female Missions</i>	7 4 6
<i>J. J. Goodwin, Esq., for China</i>	5 0 0
<i>Oldbury</i>	7 12 6
<i>Oundle</i>	6 19 7
<i>Poole.</i> Skinner Street	19 14 2
<i>Rochdale.</i> Auxiliary	7 16 3
<i>Rosemount near Havant.</i> G. Cannings, Esq.	0 10 6
<i>Rotherham.</i> Auxiliary....	123 10 2
<i>Rothwell</i>	3 17 8
<i>Roydon.</i> Kneesworth St., ..	17 5 3
<i>St. Columb.</i> A Friend.....	6 0 0
<i>St. Helen's District</i>	38 8 11
<i>Sal.</i>	77 0 0
<i>Scarborough.</i> Miss Adams..	1 15 0
<i>Sanham Harbour</i>	2 8 3
<i>Seaton.</i> Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting.....	1 0 0
<i>Shaldon, near Teignmouth</i> ..	1 18 0
<i>Sheerness</i>	11 6 10
<i>Sheffield</i> —	
<i>Brightside, for Native Assistant, c/o Rev. P. G. Peaks, Madagascar.</i>	3 7 9
<i>Miss M. Roberts</i>	20 0 0
<i>Shillington.</i> Mr. W. Wells ..	1 0 0
<i>Shrewsbury.</i> Abbey Foregate Ch.	57 6 6
<i>Slough</i>	21 14 6
<i>Soham</i>	16 15 0
<i>Southend</i>	11 14 7
<i>Spilby</i>	5 7 6
<i>Stafford</i>	42 8 11
<i>Stoke-on-Trent.</i> Mr. J. Murphy	0 5 0
<i>Stone</i>	6 9 0
<i>Thaxted.</i> For Miss Geller's School, Colimbatour	6 11 6
<i>Thornston.</i> W. L. Bunting, Esq.	5 0 0
<i>Tipton</i>	2 0 0
<i>Titchfield</i>	7 8 8
<i>Tiverton.</i> A. Z., Weber	0 4 0
<i>Tunne</i>	24 6 0
<i>Tunbridge Wells.</i> Auxiliary ..	15 4 9
<i>Venmore.</i> Rev. T. Carter ..	1 1 0
<i>Walsfield District</i>	5 7 0
<i>Warrington.</i> Wycliffe Ch....	123 14 9
<i>Western District</i> —	
<i>Per Rev. T. Mann.</i>	
<i>S. S., for Tanganyika Mission</i>	100 0 0
<i>Bradford</i>	14 0 0
<i>Codford and Wylye</i>	8 11 0
<i>Cornham</i>	2 14 8
<i>Holt</i>	0 16 7
<i>Lavington</i>	8 6 3
<i>Poole</i>	0 6 0
<i>Sharnston</i>	2 0 0
<i>Trowbridge, Tabernacle..</i>	21 13 2
<i>Weybridge</i>	29 6 6
<i>Wigton</i>	13 0 2
<i>Witney.</i> Mrs. Strickland, for Dr. Thomson's Medical Mission	1 0 0
<i>Wollerton</i>	2 6 0
<i>Wolverhampton.</i> Snow Hill Ch.	41 18 0

WALES.

<i>Bridgend.</i> English Cong. Ch.	2 1 0
<i>Brynberian and Pontypool, &c.</i>	24 12 3
<i>Northyr Tydyl.</i> Market Square Ch.	1 18 9
<i>Pembroke Dock.</i> Aldion Square Ch.	11 8 2
<i>Pembrokeshire.</i> Welsh Aux.	27 19 9
<i>Tenby.</i> Auxiliary.....	43 0 0

SCOTLAND.

<i>Two Friends</i>	200 0 0
<i>Arbroath</i>	3 16 2

<i>Oldstream.</i> West U. P. Church Minister's Bible Class box	0 7 0
<i>Edinburgh.</i> A Friend for girl in Mrs. Edkins' School, Pekin	6 0 0
<i>Yarfer.</i> Sheriff Robertson	20 0 0
<i>Glasgow.</i> Auxiliary	45 10 11
Eglinton Street Cong. Ch. for girl in Mrs. Edmour's School, Pekin ..	6 0 0
R. G., for Central Africa ..	60 0 0
The late Miss Wood	20 0 0
<i>Mafat.</i> U. P. Church, for Catechist, Jan. Sephego, c/o Rev. W. Ashton, S. Africa	10 0 0
<i>Stromness.</i> U. P. Church ..	0 5 0

<i>Newton Stewart.</i> Mrs. Young ..	1 0 0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.	
Carnwath	1 18 8
Coatbridge	4 3 1
Edinburgh	1 1 0
Falkirk	2 2 7
Helenaburgh	49 4 0
Musaelburgh	4 19 3
Newport	1 0 0
Palmont	3 12 0
Roakeen	0 13 1
Stirling	12 5 0
Stranraer	4 19 1
Tillicoultry	0 17 1

IRELAND.

<i>Dublin.</i> J. T. Mitchell, Esq.	2 0 0
<i>Sligo.</i> Ladies' Auxiliary, for Female Missions	3 2 6

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL SOCIETIES AND MISSION STATIONS.

<i>Canada, Guelph.</i> C. Mickie, Esq.	10 4 6
<i>Samoan Contributions,</i> per Dr. G. A. Turner	360 0 0
<i>Victoria, Windsor—</i>	
T. Scott, Esq.	16 19 0
A Friend, per do.	7 17 6
Per Rev. J. Foreman, for Hyde Park Chapel, Demerara.	
Anerley, Rev. G. Latham ..	0 10 0
Belfast, Mrs. Workman	2 0 0
Birmingham, P. Warden, Esq.	0 10 0
Cooktown, J. M. Weir, Esq.	0 10 0
Dundee, J. Robertson, Esq.	2 10 0
Glasgow, Mr. James Sinclair ..	2 0 0
Leith, Professor Hunter	1 0 0

From 16th January to 14th February, 1880.

LONDON.	
G. F. White, Esq.	50 0 0
Reginald Jennings, Esq.	25 0 0
Dr. S. A. Habernahon, for Central Africa	10 0 0
In Memory of an Old Director	5 0 0
Mrs. Dennis. Box	3 0 0
Rev. J. B. French, for Mrs. Jones's Boarding School, Mare	1 11 6
Mr. Beaumont	1 1 0
Miss Alers Hankey	1 1 0
T. L. Devitt, Esq.	1 1 0
J. Moore, Esq.	1 1 0
Alpha, for New Guinea	1 1 0
Mr. James Steadman	1 0 0
Mr. G. Hardy	0 10 6
Mr. A. Kingdon	0 10 0
C. A. Thankoffering on recovery of a child from illness	0 5 0
Collecting Box at St. George's Hall for Central Africa ..	0 5 0
Christ Church, Westminster ..	48 5 4
Caption Park Church	140 19 4
<i>Being.</i> W. B. Habernahon, Esq.	5 0 0
<i>New Court Church</i>	2 9 6
<i>Highbury—</i>	
Park Ch., Harvey Street Mission Hall, for Cent. Africa	3 0 0
<i>Highgate.</i> Auxiliary	112 3 3
<i>Holloway</i>	30 2 4
Per Miss Carr, for Girl in School, Newyor	2 11 0
<i>Isleworth</i>	6 10 4
<i>Islington, Union Church—</i>	
Mrs. Isleton, for Mr. Mulhead's School, Shanghai ..	1 0 0
Miss Edmunds, for ditto ..	1 0 0
<i>John Street Chapel</i>	15 5 0

<i>Kensington.</i> Auxiliary	6 5 0
<i>Norwood, Upper.</i> Miss A. Blomfield, for Amy Blomfield, in Mrs. Lewis's Schools, Bellary	5 5 0
<i>Stamford Hill</i>	54 6 3
<i>Surbiton Park</i>	6 12 9
<i>Tollington Park.</i> New Court Church	13 2 0
<i>Wanstead.</i> Rev. N. Hurry ..	2 2 0
<i>Westminster Chapel</i>	30 0 0
<i>Wood Green</i>	11 5 1
<i>Woolwich.</i> Rectory Place ..	22 9 9
St. Paul's Young Men's Missionary Society	9 19 0
Legacy of the late J. E. Fitzgerald, Esq.	100 0 0
<i>For Female Missions—</i>	
Lady Reed	1 1 0
Mrs. Roxburgh	1 0 0
Mrs. J. S. Russell	0 10 0
Mrs. Bladon Bennett	0 10 0
Miss Bennett, Canenbury ..	0 5 0

COUNTRY.

<i>Abergavenny.</i> Castle Street ..	14 3 7
<i>Alton</i>	39 7 9
<i>Asington Sudbury.</i> Miss Gifford	0 5 0
<i>Atherstone</i>	22 18 2
<i>Baldock</i>	7 14 6
<i>Banbury, &c.</i>	21 6 11
<i>Barnstaple.</i> Auxiliary	72 12 1
<i>Bath.</i> Mrs. Williams	0 7 6
<i>Bedford—</i>	
Per Mr. G. Carruthers, M. Turnbull, Esq., Chichester, for Mrs. Bryson's School, Hankow	3 0 0
<i>Berkhamstead</i>	5 0 0
<i>Birkenhead and Wirral.</i> Auxiliary	70 14 2
<i>Birmingham.</i> Auxiliary ..	121 16 6
<i>Bolton and Farnworth.</i> Aux.	120 0 0

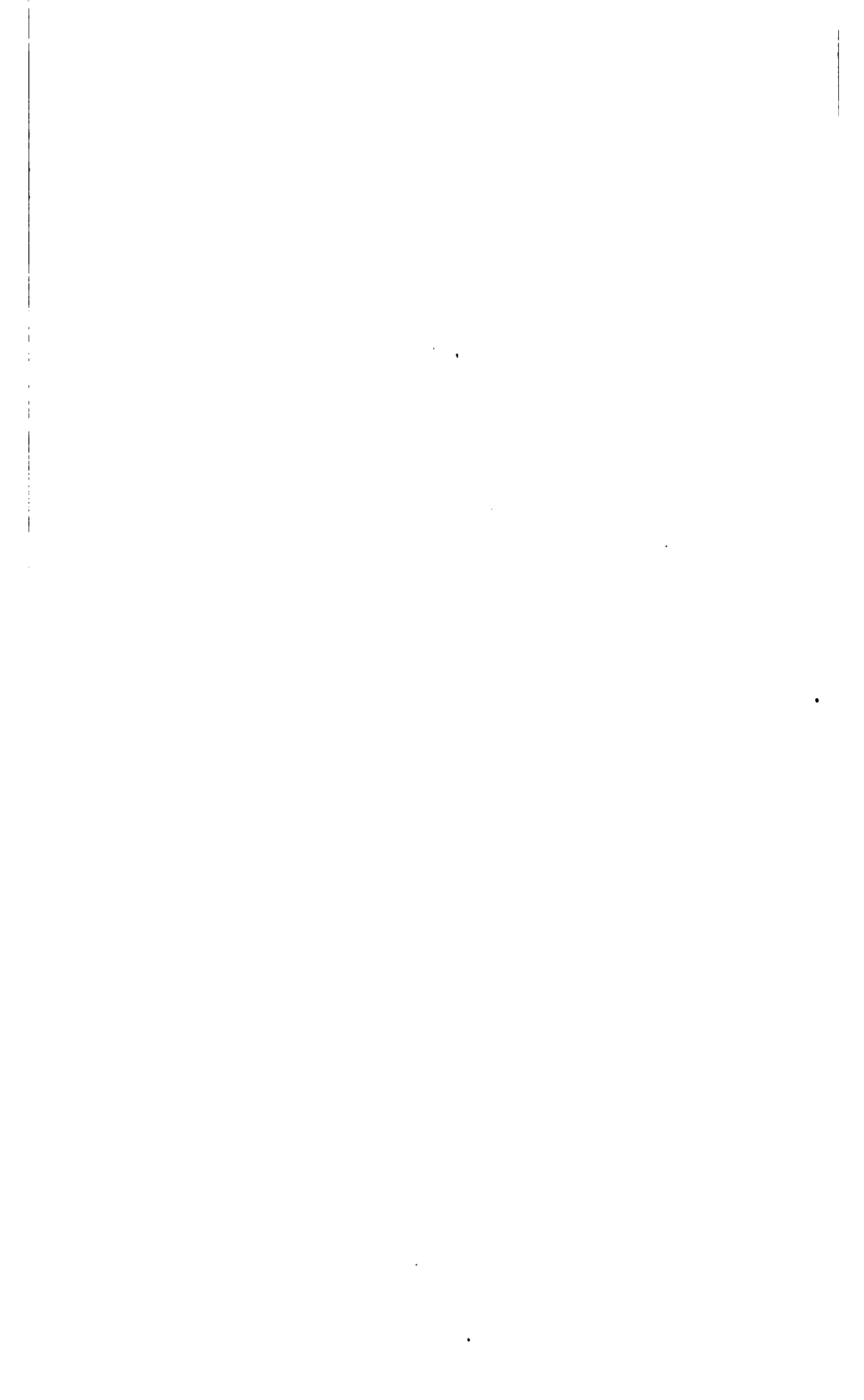
<i>Bradford.</i> Auxiliary	50 0 0
<i>Braunton</i>	12 12 19
<i>Brighton.</i> Auxiliary	40 0 0
Legacy of the late James Vallance, Esq.	270 0 0
<i>Bristol.</i> A. Mackenzie, Esq.	2 2 0
<i>Burton-on-Trent</i>	0 5 6
<i>Byeworth.</i> Rev. B. Gould, for Mr. Grainge's Work, Madagascar	5 0 0
<i>Chester-le-Street</i>	9 7 6
<i>Chinley</i>	13 8 6
<i>Clockheaton.</i> Providence Place Church	63 9 0
<i>Cowes, West</i>	7 13 0
<i>Cromdall</i>	9 19 8
<i>Cuckfield.</i> G. Knott, Esq.	2 2 0
<i>Dartmouth</i>	4 11 9
<i>Derby.</i> Auxiliary	44 0 0
<i>Dis.</i> Per Rev. J. Hewlett ..	1 13 0
<i>Douglas, I. of Man.</i> Finch Hill Church	10 0 0
<i>Dudley</i>	5 13 0
<i>Dunstable</i>	4 19 6
<i>Ermouth.</i> Mr. & Mrs. Hinde ..	4 4 0
<i>Farnham.</i> Rev. Jesse Hopwood	2 2 0
<i>Faversham</i>	16 4 8
Collected by Miss Hill	4 9 7
<i>Fordham</i>	6 4 4
<i>Gomersal.</i> Grove Chapel ..	17 12 2
<i>Gravesend—</i>	
H. Williams, Esq.	1 1 0
Mr. Williams	0 10 6
<i>Halifax District.</i> Auxiliary ..	70 4 8
Legacy of the late Miss Spencer	10 0 0
<i>Harpenden</i>	5 3 0
<i>Heytesbury</i>	11 2 1
<i>High Barnet.</i> For New Guinea	6 11 0

<i>High Easter</i>	2 15 0	<i>Ripon</i>	10 17 3	<i>Whitley</i>	0 15 0
<i>Horbury</i>	5 0 0	<i>Reckdale</i> . Bamford Church	23 13 0	<i>Winslow</i> . Mr. Edward	
<i>Howdon</i>	6 3 8	<i>Rugby</i>	14 16 6	<i>Parrett</i>	1 1 0
<i>Huntingdonshire</i> . Aux.	90 0 0	<i>Rugley</i> . The late Miss Har-		<i>Yardley Hastings</i>	6 10 11
<i>Ingress Vale</i>	7 4 4	<i>rnett E. Birch</i>	5 0 0	<i>Ycleveft</i>	4 6 6
<i>Kewick</i>	11 7 0	<i>Sandbach</i> . Auxiliary	6 9 4		
<i>Ketton, near Stamford</i>	5 7 6	<i>Sandown (Isle of Wight)</i>	13 16 1		
<i>Leamington</i> . Spencer Street	14 0 9	<i>Shillington, near Hitchin</i>	1 10 0		
<i>Leicester</i> . Auxiliary	162 13 8	<i>Shipham</i> . For Rev. J. Fone-			
<i>Little Waltham</i>	13 16 9	<i>man</i>	0 17 0		
<i>Liverpool</i> —		<i>Somerset</i> . A Somersetshire			
<i>Miss Kelly, per Mrs. Brad-</i>		<i>Mechanic</i>	0 14 0		
<i>bury, for Berhamptone</i>		<i>South Creake</i>	1 8 6		
<i>Female School</i>	4 11 0	<i>South Oxendon</i>	4 3 0		
<i>Ludlow</i> . Auxiliary	11 2 7	<i>Stons</i>	2 16 2		
<i>Maidstone</i> —		<i>Therfield, near Royston</i>	6 18 7		
<i>Week Street</i>	17 1 0	<i>Tideswell</i>	8 12 2		
<i>Westborough Church</i>	5 0 0	<i>Tiptree</i>	6 4 8		
<i>Malton</i>	9 1 10	<i>Torquay</i> . W. Robertson ..	0 6 0		
<i>Manchester</i> . Auxiliary	311 4 4	<i>Tunbridge Wells</i> . Albion Rd.	14 19 2		
<i>Market Harborough</i> . Aux.	26 0 8	<i>Upsey</i>	6 12 2		
<i>Newport (Mon.)</i> . Auxiliary	78 18 3	<i>Ventnor</i>	60 0 0		
<i>Northampton</i> . Commercial		<i>Wareham</i>	10 0 0		
<i>Street</i>	87 0 0	<i>Warminster</i>	8 19 4		
<i>Nuneaton</i>	1 14 0	<i>Wooden and Floors</i>	4 12 10		
<i>Odiham</i> . Legacy of the late		<i>Wollington (Salop)</i>	4 14 11		
<i>Mr. James Coleman</i>	44 1 8	<i>West Malton</i>	9 8 11		
<i>Ossett Green</i>	26 19 10	<i>Weston-super-Mare</i> . For Na-			
<i>Parkstone, near Poole</i>	5 16 3	<i>tive Teacher, c/o Mr. Phil-</i>			
<i>Portland</i>	2 4 7	<i>lips, Salem</i>	18 0 0		
<i>Ringwood</i>	30 12 10				

For Deficiency in the Year 1878-9—(continued).

<i>Thomas Bymer, Esq., Manchester</i> ...	50 0 0	<i>J. Cecil Curwen, Esq., n.</i> ...	2 2 0
<i>N. J. Powell, Esq., Bromley, Kent</i> ...	20 0 0	<i>Rev. J. W. James, Plympton</i> ...	2 2 0
<i>T. L. Jones, Esq., do.</i> ...	5 5 0	<i>A. Thankoffering, Jersey</i> ...	2 0 0
<i>G. A. Nedes, Esq.</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>Alpha</i> ...	1 1 0
<i>A. Friend, Sheffield</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>Mrs. Lewis, Guildford</i> ...	1 1 0
<i>S. Hampton, Esq., Reading</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>First Class of Young Women, Albia</i>	
<i>B. S., Ventnor</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>S. S., Ashton-under-Lyne</i> ...	1 0 0
<i>T. B.</i> ...	5 0 0	<i>Mr. Holden, Guildford</i> ..	0 10 0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.





*Yours truly,
Andrew A. Bonar.*

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

APRIL, 1880.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THE last sufferings are over ; the sacred head is bowed ; and the world's Redeemer hangs lifeless on the cross. That same afternoon two secret disciples, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, with the governor's permission, take the body down from the cross, and having washed it from blood and dust, and wrapped it in fine linen with a hundred pounds weight of spices in the folds, they place it in a new tomb, hewn out of the rock, in a garden close by, and blocking up the entrance in the usual manner, by a large, closely-fitting stone, they go their way. The Galilean women mark the spot, and see how the body is laid, and then return that they may prepare spices and ointment to embalm Him. Afterwards, on the representation of the Jewish rulers, who were haunted by the recollection of words that He had spoken about rising again the third day, the stone is officially sealed and a guard of Roman soldiers placed over it, to make sure that no one should remove the body and then give out that He was risen from the dead. There is a tone of unconscious sarcasm in Pilate's words, authorizing the guard, "Go your way ; make it *as sure as ye can*."

The Sabbath passes—a day doubly Sabbatic that year, being both the day of weekly rest and the first day of the Paschal Feast ; and very early in the morning of the first day of the week there is a great earthquake ; an angel descends, with countenance like lightning and raiment white as snow, and rolls back the stone from the door of the sepulchre ; the Roman sentinels tremble and become as dead men ;

and without a single human watcher looking on, the "mighty Victor" comes forth from the dark prison-house where He had lain—for it was not possible that the bands of death should hold Him.* It is the first stage in His exaltation to supreme dominion, according to the word of the apostle Paul, "God raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

Everywhere throughout the New Testament the resurrection of Jesus from the dead is set forth as a fact. According to the plain reading of the record, it is no *chef d'œuvre* of idealism and love, no passionate and glorious delusion to which the forlorn disciples clung for consolation amidst the infinite miseries of life; but an historical fact precisely as the Crucifixion was one. "With great power" gave the apostles witness to it, as a fact that lay within their personal knowledge, that accorded with the ancient Scriptures, and that carried in it a Divine announcement and assurance of mercy to sinners. They never hesitate nor falter in their testimony, and even the fear of death cannot seal their lips. Wherever they go, and whomsoever they address, the soul of their message is "Jesus and the resurrection;" they proclaim that the Crucified is the Risen One; and they preach repentance and remission of sins in His name. Their gospel is as much the gospel of the resurrection as it is the gospel of the incarnation and the cross. (Compare Acts ii. 22-36; iii. 13-19; iv. 10-12; v. 30-32; x. 36-43; xiii. 26-41; xvii. 31; xxii. 6-10; xxiv. 21; xxvi. 8, 22, 23.)

It is the same in their Epistles: the fact of the resurrection of Jesus is everywhere assumed; it is used for instruction, motive, inspiration of hope; it is interwoven throughout the whole texture of their doctrine. It is obviously, even at first glance, a fact of most commanding import; we instinctively feel that it vouches for and certifies all the claims made by Jesus. It is God's reply to the world's deed in

* A twofold form of speech is found in the New Testament; at one time it is the *rising*, and at another time the *raising* of Jesus from the dead—the latter preponderating in the Epistles: He is both the Raised and the Risen One.

crucifying His Son. It is the key to much that was mysterious both in word and institution under the former dispensation. It is the great miracle or sign of the new covenant. It is the necessary sequence of the life and sufferings of the Redeemer, apart from which they are unintelligible. It carries in it the assurance of salvation—of sin forgiven, death vanquished, the curse repealed, life eternal bestowed as the gift of perfect love. All previous Divine action leads up to it, and it becomes the seed of all future history. With this one fact the Christian system as a whole stands or falls—as the New Testament writers affirm, and as is clearly perceived by the assailants of the Gospel to-day, who are bending their utmost energies to disprove it or throw it into doubt.* Their other assaults are labour lost till this stronghold is taken.

"If Christ be not risen"—what then? Then for one thing the apostles are false witnesses, and the Christian Church is founded on a fraud: it is out of the question to maintain that they were honest men deluded by appearances. "If Christ be not risen," all other alleged risings are fables; the reign of death is unbroken; as regards the future we are just where the ancient heathen were, with nothing to fall back upon but guesses and vague yearnings which reason does nothing to confirm; even the cold doctrine of "the immortality of the soul" is reduced to a doubtful conjecture.† "If Christ be not risen,"

* The admitted and indubitable facts to be accounted for are these: Jesus was crucified; was buried; lay in the grave till the morning of the third day, when His body disappeared; His former companions say that they saw Him alive afterwards; they stake their lives for the truth of their affirmation; and a society which continues to the present day is founded on their testimony. These are facts beyond invalidation. They have been accounted for in various ways:

(1) The disciples stole the body, and then gave out that He was risen. This theory has now no advocate. It is not merely untenable, but admits too much. (2) He was not really dead, but in a state of lethargy, from which recovering He crept forth, and showed Himself to His disciples, afterwards dying of His wounds. As Godet says, "Strauss has once for all executed justice on this hypothesis." (3) The disciples were visionaries, imposed upon by their own excited imaginations, or there was some spiritual manifestation made to them. This theory does not account for the empty tomb. (4) The whole story is a forgery or mythical development of later times. How then account for the language of the universally admitted epistles of Paul, or for the existence of the Christian Church? (5) Lastly, the testimony of the apostles is true, that after His death on the cross, Jesus appeared to them, risen from the dead.

† Compare Aristotle "On the Soul," iii. 5; Cicero's "Tusculan Questions," Book i.; and the weird story of Er, the Pamphylian, in the end of Plato's "Republic."

the Christian preacher has no better message for a world in darkness and misery than the heathen moralist had, and our faith as Christian men is vain, being without foundation and without power. "If Christ be not risen," we are still in our sins, just as we were before; the Christian salvation is a mere chimera; Jesus Christ has brought us no deliverance from their curse, no righteousness, no reconciliation to God, no peace. "If Christ be not risen," they who have fallen asleep in Him are perished; whatever be the doom of sin, they are undergoing it; they died trusting in One who could not save them. "If Christ be not risen," then we lose one of the mightiest inspirations of life, that which is drawn from "the powers of the world to come;" and we lie open to the full force of the temptation to pursue the pleasures of the senses, according to the Epicurean maxim, "Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."

On the other hand, accept the apostolic testimony, "But now is Christ risen from the dead," and consequences follow whose reach cannot be calculated. The whole revelation of God presented in the Gospel, touching His character, His relation to us, His righteousness and grace, His living action in the universe, His method of rule, is attested by the fact. The mysteries of being are not indeed solved; for finite minds no solution is possible; but the whole domain of thought and life is illumined, and our deepest questions have a satisfying answer. Take such questions as the following by way of example:—

Who is Jesus Christ? This is the foremost question to-day, and there is none greater. It touches the right of empire over all human souls. The answer to it bears vitally on our whole beliefs, hopes, and moral conduct. The Man of Sorrows, who was so lowly and meek, so patient, so strong, so magnanimous, so pitiful and gracious, who showed forth so simply and wonderfully the love and truth of the eternal Father, whom His followers represent as the only refuge and hope of sinful men, who has so captivated hearts in every age that thousands have laid down their lives for Him, and thousands more would have done the same if He had bidden them, and who to-day rules a grander empire by His love than earth ever saw—who is He? Is He only one of the noble army of martyrs—perhaps the foremost—His title to dominion being the sublimity of His self-sacrifice, or is He higher still? His rising tells. He is "declared," marked out, defined, to be THE SON OF GOD by the resurrection of the

dead. It is impossible to admit the fact of the resurrection, of which the personal rising of Jesus is the firstfruits and type, without thereby admitting all His mighty claims.

He shed His blood for "the remission of sins"—He "suffered for sins," the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God—He is "set forth" as a propitiatory sacrifice;—does His sacrifice avail? Has God accepted it? And may I, a sinner, approach the Throne of Righteousness and obtain mercy? The resurrection of Jesus is the answer. "He was delivered on account of our offences, and was raised again on account of our justification." His death was due to our sins—His resurrection to God's justifying act, who "calleth those things which be not as though they were," and who views all believers of all time as "in Him." God, who "brought Him again from the dead," has manifested Himself to be "the God of peace." He "raised Him up from the dead and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God."

What is our life on earth meant to be? The very idea of it is this: "RISEN WITH CHRIST." Here is what the Gospel names "life eternal," the life that is in the risen Son of God. It is no mere hope of the future, gleaming beyond the mists of time and the valley of death-shadow, like a star seen through the rift of a cloud or the harbour-light seen across the foaming billows; but (though as yet "hidden" in its real glory) a present possession and enjoyment. There lies a grave between us and the old life. Risen with Christ, we are but lingering for a little while amidst the scenes and occupations of earth, in solemn and glad anticipation of the glory that is to be revealed. The idea of our life is thus an unspeakably noble one, corresponding not only to the greatness of our endowments and potentialities, but also to what we see in Christ: "because as He is, so are we in this world."

What is the power wherein such a life is to be sustained? It is that same power which the Father manifested in Christ "when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places." Our deliverance from the bondage of sin, our renewal of heart and will, our transformation of character, our sonship in the family of God, our gratitude, our love, our reverence, our celestial aspirations, our new obedience, our ability "to do all things," our security against falling, our hope of being at last presented

"faultless before the presence of the glory" of our Saviour-God—in short, our whole new life as Christian men—all is due to the working of that same omnipotent death-conquering power, within our breasts, that came forth in the resurrection of Jesus.

What is God's purpose concerning His redeemed? What does He intend for them? They are endowed with capacities that seem well-nigh boundless; their spiritual nature is just blossoming out into the promise of eternal beauty; vistas of illimitable progression are opening up to their view; they breathe and think as immortals: when suddenly, by a frost, a fever, a breath of poisoned air, or some little accident which no one could have foreseen, it is all cut short; they go down to the grave and death shall feed on them. Is this the goal toward which we are moving? Is this the summing up of those strange yearnings and aspirations of our souls, of those energies that seem deathless, of those thoughts that wander through eternity? Does it all end in darkness, and coldness, and corruption, a winding-sheet and a coffin and a chamber of clay? God's full answer is given in Jesus, who is the Revealer of the eternal purpose, and to whose image we are destined to be conformed. "As Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." "Every one in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming." "The dead in Christ" with one glad triumphant shout,—not one of them "lost," or left behind in the sunless realms of the grave,—shall rise, to enter upon their eternal heritage of glory. The least that we can say, therefore, is this: Because He lives, we shall live also. The boundary set by death proves to be the outer frontier of the eternal kingdom; life and immortality are brought into light; we are the "sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

It might have been thought that having given Himself a sacrifice for our sins, and having risen from the dead, it only remained for Jesus that He should ascend to the place of dominion assigned Him as Mediator at His Father's right hand. But instead of doing so, He continued forty days on earth, holding occasional intercourse with His former friends, making disclosures to them, and conferring powers upon them which would have been premature at an earlier season; and only at the end of that time He led them out as far as to Bethany,

and there was parted from them and a cloud received Him out of their sight. I cannot help thinking that we have dwelt too exclusively on the mere evidential value of this period, instead of regarding it as the transition to the life celestial. His appearances during the forty days were indeed "infallible proofs" that He lived again, and therefore "infallible proofs" that the Gospel is true; but they were something more; they were also disclosures of what He is. We know Him through His career as the Man of sorrows, traced by the hand of the four evangelists; we know Him still more fully through these manifestations which He made of Himself after His resurrection from the dead. My aim in the remarks that follow is not to exhibit the grounds on which the Gospel account deserves credence, to justify it before the tribunal of modern scientific culture, or to use it for Christian evidence, but simply to read afresh the record of these crowning disclosures of the Eternal Life in its radiant and stainless beauty.

Instead of attempting—what seems to me, owing to the fragmentariness of the accounts, an impossible as well as profitless task—to dovetail the notices of the Risen Life by the four evangelists into one, so as to form a complete and harmonious history, it will be more satisfactory to take up a single narrative and to examine it by itself, keeping in view the principle which guides the writer in what he tells us; and for this purpose I select the narrative put forth by the evangelist John. It is very simple and childlike, and has an inimitable air of good faith. The evangelist is not careful to press or even to suggest the question, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" as if some argument or apology were necessary in order to prepare the way for his testimony; he writes as if he quite expected to be believed—as if the things he narrates were quite in keeping with what he has previously told—and as if no assurance or farther evidence were required to procure them credit. While the narrative as to its expression is simple in the extreme, it contains very profound meanings, which supply an answer for the meek and lowly to some of the gravest questions of the heart, if not of the intellect. If we cannot fathom these meanings, we may at least gaze down into their luminous depths.

JAMES CULROSS.

Madagascar and its Missions.

NOWHERE in the entire history of Christianity has the ancient saying been more verified than in Madagascar, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." We must go back to the early ages of Christianity to find any instance of such prolonged and systematic persecution on the one hand, met on the other with such constancy, even unto death, and crowned with such glorious issues.

A brief review of the remarkable history of the progress of the Gospel in that island, is necessary to enable any one to appreciate the full significance of the peaceful and rapid revolution it is now producing.

Christian Missions are represented on the island by five societies.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel commenced a mission on the east coast at Tamatave, in 1864, which has since been extended to the south and north-east. It has also about ten missionaries and several lady workers in and around the capital, who give much attention to education and nursing.

A small Norwegian Mission was commenced in 1866. Its missionaries now number twenty, who are located in the capital and to the south of the Betsileo province. Some of them have recently been withdrawn from the south-west and west coasts, on account of the hostility of the people and the unhealthiness of the climate.

The Roman Catholics labour in the central province of Imerina, on the east coast, and have a strong mission in the Betsileo country.

The Friends' Foreign Missionary Association commenced its work at Antananarivo in 1867. It has now five or six European agents. Their sphere extends four or five days' journey to the south-west, where they have 109 congregations, 17,000 adherents, and some admirable schools. They labour in happy co-operation with the London Missionary Society. It is of the latter we shall especially write.

The first two missionaries of this Society arrived in 1818, but in a few weeks one of them, the wife of each, and two children, fell victims to the unhealthiness of the season. The solitary survivor retired to the Mauritius, but with a noble and unsubdued spirit returned in 1820, and under happier auspices reached the capital, where he commenced a school with only three scholars. How the number grew by

the favour of the sagacious king, how many schools were established and useful arts introduced by successive missionaries, cannot now be told,* but in 1828, when Radama died, there were thirty-two schools in which about 4,000 pupils were receiving a Christian education ; some thousands having passed through the schools. The Gospel had been made widely known by preaching, conversation, and the translation of many books of Scripture. Between one and two thousand persons usually met for worship in the two city congregations ; but none had openly received the Christian faith. In 1831 twenty-eight were baptized, and many seemed disposed to follow their example, but toward the close of the year the first marked indication of the Queen's policy was seen when the baptism of a number of soldiers and scholars was prohibited. Her distrust of the new faith unhappily deepened, until in 1835, in the presence of 100,000 of her subjects, Christian worship, baptism, the reading of the Scriptures, and any acts distinctly Christian, were prohibited, on pain of fine, imprisonment, or death. Four hundred officers were reduced in rank for assumed offences against these laws, and about 2,000 persons were fined ; but large numbers declined to comply with the edict. Most of the missionaries left in that fatal year, and the remaining two came away in 1836. The last few months of their residence were spent in secretly encouraging their converts, and in translating and printing the Old Testament and Pilgrim's Progress ; and before they left, copies of these and other Christian books were put into faithful hands, whilst many more were secretly buried. At that time not more than 200 persons had been baptized ; but the number well affected toward Christianity was considerable, and about 30,000 had learnt to read, most of whom possessed Christian books. It was supposed that the royal edict and the departure of the missionaries would lead the people to give up "the praying," and great was the surprise and indignation when it was discovered that large numbers held fast the profession of their faith, and were even zealous in teaching it to others. The following passage, from a letter secretly conveyed to one of the missionaries after his departure, reveals the hidden life of these noble sufferers for conscience' sake :—"We have opportunities of meeting on the mountains. We have also three services in the capital during

* "The Martyr Church of Madagascar." By the Rev. W. Ellis. Published by Snow and Co., London.

the week, after sunset. Our meetings are large, through the diligence of the disciples in conversation, in season and out of season. All the Christians here are teaching others to read; there are ten learning with one friend, six with another, and the number is increasing." Sometimes they travelled twenty miles to one of their midnight gatherings. The subsequent history of this martyr Church, until the death of the Queen in 1861, forms one of the noblest and most touching episodes to be found in the whole history of Christianity. Four were burnt to death, seventeen were hurled to destruction from a lofty precipice. Many were stoned to death; a large number were speared, and still more were subjected to the poisonous tangena ordeal; 157 were manacled with chains so heavy that few survived; many were enslaved, and yet more imprisoned and fined. Numbers fled for safety to distant, solitary dwellings, and to the forests, not a few of whom fell victims to the privations they had to endure. Mr. Ellis estimates that there were 10,000 who suffered in various ways; and the nobleness of their faith was attested by the infrequency of treachery or apostacy, and the boldness and persistency with which the truth was taught to others. "Amid all this the word of the Lord grew and multiplied." The number of the Christians was estimated by some of their leaders in 1856 to be about 8,000, and when Mr. Ellis arrived in 1862, he ascertained that there were in and near the capital 7,000, of whom 1,200 were communicants. How the numbers grew in 1865 to 15,000; in 1866 to 18,000; in 1867 to 23,000; in 1868 to 37,112 adherents, with 7,066 communicants, 20 pastors and 437 preachers and teachers, we can only summarily state. We must pass over the dangers that threatened the Christian Church during the brief reign of Radama II., and his successor, Queen Rasoherina. Their policy was on the whole favourable to Christianity. Missionary labour was resumed in 1862, and since that date has been steadily widening its sphere and increasing its efficiency. But it is only since the accession, in 1868, of the reigning sovereign, Ranavalona, that religious freedom has been assured. It will be remembered that at her coronation, instead of the emblems of heathenism, the Bible was placed at her side, whilst around the canopy, beneath which she sat in the presence of the people, were the words—"Glory be to God;" "Good-will among men;" "On earth peace;" "God shall be with us." These were no empty words. The

policy of the Government has ever been true to them. The Prime Minister, the husband of the Queen, shortly after attended Christian worship in the presence of more than 2,000 people. Toward the close of the year, the Queen herself was present at the opening of a church erected in memory of the martyrs, and early in 1869, she received Christian baptism. The burning of the national idols speedily followed, and then the people in numerous towns and villages committed their idols to the flames, built chapels all over Imerina, and became eager for missionaries, schoolmasters, and books.

Since then, in spite of some reverses and dangers, the progress made has been great, as the following facts will show.

At the close of last year, twenty-nine English mission agents represented the London Missionary Society. Associated with these were eighty-four native pastors and educational evangelists, and about 2,800 assistant preachers. Doubtless, the exigencies of rapidly increasing Christian work have led to the employment of many whose zeal is most commendable, but whose attainments are very limited.

Most of these labourers are stationed in the capital and the ruling province of Imerina; while a few of them are in our districts among the Betaileo, about 200 miles south of Antananarivo. There is only one European, with a small band of assistants, in the new Sihanaka mission to the north, where there are thirty-one churches. One is in the Iboina province, on the north-west coast, where there are twelve or fourteen churches.

On the east coast, north and south of Tamatave, there are many Christians, but unhappily no missionaries to superintend them, and it is to the honour of the native church in the capital, that it has repeatedly sent evangelists to distant tribes in the north-east, and south-east. The Christian congregations under the charge of the Society number 1,088, and the baptized population 233,188, of whom 68,299 are church members. There are, however, tens of thousands willing to be baptized; and one of the difficulties of the missionaries is to restrain converts from church membership until their conception of its responsibility is greatly elevated. There is a college at Antananarivo for the training of pastors and evangelists, which is presided over by two European missionaries and two native assistants. There are two good normal schools, with training schools, a girls' central school, a printing press, and ten

churches; and the light is spreading. Referring to the country districts, the last report of the mission says:—"The general character of the agencies at work may be gathered from the following extract in the last general printed report. 'A visit to any of these stations shows at once the wonderful changes that have been wrought during the last two or three years. The model chapel and school-room, the improved style of native houses, the day-school, containing perhaps from a hundred to two hundred children, the orderly and attentive congregations on Sundays, the clean dresses and lambas of both parents and children, are all indications of progress most pleasing to those who are anxious for the spiritual and social well-being of the people.'" The schools of the Society number as many as 784, in which there are 45,000 scholars, while at the same time there is great zeal in spreading the Gospel, and in chapel building.

Two native Missionary Societies send their agents to far distant tribes. Several of the older churches have as many as 109, 80, 37, congregations under their care; and the desire for structures superior to those in which they have hitherto assembled is very great. Mud buildings thatched with grass or rushes, are giving place to brick buildings having glass windows and tiled roofs. "Mr. Pool, the missionary architect, is besieged for plans for new country chapels, and for professional help in the building of them." The people contribute liberally for these purposes.

The awakened religious life of the people is powerfully affecting their social and political institutions. The policy of the Government is humane, noble, and enlightened, and reforms are introduced with quite as much rapidity as the people can bear—prepared as they undoubtedly are in the central provinces for great innovations. A glance at recent events will show this. Slavery was abolished more than two years ago. The inveteracy of selfishness and ignorance impedes the accomplishment of so just and benevolent a design, and the sincerity of the proclamation has been very unnecessarily questioned; but the missionaries unite in saying, "There is at present not the least doubt in the mind of any one in Madagascar, European or native, as to the honesty of the Government in liberating these slaves, or as to the fact of their liberation. A Mozambique is everywhere, and by every one, recognised as free; and no one has power to hold him as a slave."

Further, the Government is adopting methods to reform the admin-

istration of public justice, by checking bribery and extortion, and securing the poor and defenceless from wrong. A remarkable step toward a higher form of society, has recently been made in the appointment of over 6,500 officers, in Imerina, called "Friends of the Villages," whose duties combine those of a registrar, a policeman, a magistrate, an Indian civil servant, and a French minister of public worship. However incongruous these duties may seem to us to be, the office is admirably adapted to the state of a simple people just emerging out of barbarism into civilization.

Far older Christian countries might learn much from the prohibition of government labour on the Sabbath, and the encouragement and example it offers to the devout use of the day. Its policy on the drink question shames our own. It would stop the traffic absolutely were it not for the danger that would be incurred from the opposition of the French Government, and the powerful interests on the east coast. The duty being levied in kind, every tenth barrel of rum was formerly broken open that its contents might flow into the sea ; now it is sent back to the Mauritius, and sold by the agent of the Madagascar Government.

Old barbarous practices, such as the "Tangena," or trial by the ordeal of poison, are forbidden. War is discouraged, and, when inevitable, waged with a forbearance hitherto unknown. Even since we commenced this article, a carefully matured mandate has been issued, relating to military service, which immensely relieves it of some of its most oppressive and objectionable features.

The people are encouraged, not only by ministerial edict and utterance, but by royal example, to send their children to school, to be just, industrious, kind, and temperate. The force of ancient superstitions, and the defective qualities induced by generations of despotism, ignorance, and heathenism, still prevail over the great mass of the people, and exert no small power over the professing Christian community; nevertheless, the progress made is truly marvellous, and affords a grand evidence of the power of the religion of Jesus Christ and the success of modern Missions, especially if the opposition encountered and the feebleness of the Christian agencies from 1818 to 1862 be duly considered.

EDWARD STORROW.

Life amongst the Christian Poor.

WITNESSING AGAINST HIS OWN CHILDREN.

WE hear much of work done for the poor, but we must not forget the noble work they do for themselves. There are giants among them, who cultivate moral heroism as certain Scotch writers were said to have cultivated literature—"on a little oatmeal."

In London we have, unfortunately, a class of *loafing* poor, who trade on indigence, and who seem to think that they exist for the highest welfare of wealthy Christians, enabling them to amass spiritual capital by parting with their temporal substance. Of this class was a man I know, who obtained £2 from "the parish" for the purchase of a wooden leg for his wife; but when the lifeless member was found to be a bad fit, and otherwise ineligible, the would-be poor man had it improved at a cost of £5, which he defrayed out of his own pocket!

These are the persons who come between Charity and her true object, and they not only intercept her gracious boon but make many believe her to be, not the angel she is, but a gentle simpleton.

But enough of these characters. I wish to speak of another class, present to the mind of Gray when he wrote the lines—

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

No class are more interesting than the true poor. Dr. Arnold of Rugby advised his pupils to seek their company as a certain means of deepening the spiritual life, and of learning how independent that life is, of what is more than "our daily bread."

I have one of the true Christian poor before my mind now, and I shall never forget him. He was born and bred in one of the flattest and most squire-ridden villages in England. A childhood without education, a youth passed in rough field-labour, varied with such sport as driving nails into house-gables, and climbing up by their aid to take birds' nests out of chimney-holes, was followed by an earnest manhood, in which he learned to do two great things—to read, and to call Christ his Saviour. A spirit of enterprise was soon engendered,

and he went to do better work in a town. Here he lost his employment through refusing to vote for his master's Tory candidate; but he soon obtained fresh work. Men believed in him when they looked at his face. A gentleman who once engaged him told a friend of mine that he did so because he could not help trusting a man with a face like that. The countenance thus praised was large and open—something like Mr. Bright's, and as calm and kindly. The brow seemed to run parallel with the shoulders, and a considerable narrative might have been written on its front. He was, in short, the strong, thoughtful, praying, incorruptible kind of man, twenty thousand of whose sort, like Cromwell's Ironsides, would win another Naseby against any army in the world.

But when some years had passed, a great trial came to him, a trial such as few have to bear. His daughter married a young man who at first promised well, but turned out badly. He worked in the same warehouse with his father-in-law. The latter, although still poorly paid, was a confidential servant, and had frequently to sign important accounts. The son yielded to temptation. He was found tampering with his master's books, and was strongly suspected of having appropriated goods to a considerable amount. The grief of the father was very great, and was increased when it appeared that the chief offence committed was the forging of his own signature. He was summoned as a witness for the prosecution. His evidence was the only evidence that would convict. If he answered in the negative a plain question, whether a certain signature was his, he would send his son-in-law to prison, and plunge his home into profound grief.

The struggle assumed a cruel form. The relatives of the prisoner were godless people, who told his father that it was his duty for his daughter's sake to tell a lie. Sophistical reasonings, cajolery, appeals to parental affection, offers of reward, and threats, were all made use of. The tears ran down his face as he answered, the evening before the trial, "*I must tell the truth, and you must not tempt me.*" They glared on him as he uttered the words, and rushed out of the house, banging all the doors between him and the street.

The morning of the trial dawned on at least one sleepless man in that little town. As nine o'clock sounded from the church tower, a crowd had gathered before the high, embossed oak doors of the

Assize Court, awaiting the first chance of a rush inside. Some were joking, some silent, some uttered ejaculations of hope or rage, some drew close together exchanging timid whispers of unknown import.

But long before that hour arrived, and before a shutter was down in the most wakeful thoroughfares, one humble family, deeply concerned in the issues of that day, had come down to their plain morning meal. Their bread was given them, according to the promise, but to-day it was very bitter bread, and the form—for it was no more—of eating it was gone through in silence. It was hard for them to keep down the tears which rose like fire in the heart's burning wells. It was harder still to pray, but the Bible was taken down from the shelf as it had always been. One who was present says that the short Psalm chosen that morning took long to read. The words became the personal utterance of the reader's grief, and he could not pronounce them. Strong in God as he was, by the time he reached the second verse he found himself in deeps that called to each other, and in waves and billows which went over him. Pauses, so long that it seemed impossible he should ever resume, made the younger children weep. The final words were at length reached, as a swimmer reaches the shore through the boiling surf, and the family knelt in prayer. But he whose voice of prayer, strong and yet of a child's tenderness, had gone up with the morning sacrifice of that little home-altar for twenty years, had no voice to-day. Minutes of agony passed, and the suppliants could give God nothing but the spectacle of their silent, imploring grief. At length, after many efforts, in which the heart-strings seemed to snap, a few words were wrung out from his spirit. They came forth in a stream of sobs and tears, were such a prayer as only God could have inspired. They were these words:—"O Lord! it seems as if I am to witness against my own children to-day. O God, it is very hard! Help me, and help all of us, to bear this great trial. Give me strength to speak the truth to-day, whatever it may cost me. Oh, hear us, and—for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

At eleven o'clock, the man who offered that prayer entered the witness-box, with an anguished heart, to show that the prayer had been heard, and that he could drink of his Lord's cup. In his replies to counsel his voice faltered, and the pleader, not knowing the cause, said roughly, "Speak up, man." At this a group of spectators

laughed. They were the prisoner's friends, who had tried to undermine the integrity of the witness, and had now come to mock his distress. They had their reward.

In another moment the question on which everything turned was put—"Is this signature in your handwriting?" Every eye was now upon the witness, and he felt that the crucial moment had come. But another Eye, which seeks for "truth in the inward parts," was looking him through, and he opened his spirit to its gaze. He looked weak and pitiable and crushed, but the answer came, as clear as it was sad, "The signature is not mine." The words were true, guilt was proved, and bitter consequences followed to the guilty. As the witness left the court he was hissed by some of his neighbours; but he sought his daughter, and wept with her before God. They agreed together that the thing was right that had been done, and were able to understand, by the interpretative power of a common anguish, what it is to hate father, or mother, or child, that Christ may be supremely loved.

Years passed away—years of simple, brave life, marked by no such cruel trial as the one recounted, but by many others, met and conquered in the same spirit. The closing scene came suddenly, and "in the temple." The man who had been a faithful witness all his life, was at the Church meeting in his humble chapel when the summons came. Speech and sense forsook him in a moment, and he was carried out never to speak again. But when they buried him in a shaded hollow under lilacs—a spot which many know, and which he had long before chosen to lay his body there—even the poorest and the vilest of those who had been his neighbours, all agreed that he had "gone home." One poor fellow, not very intelligent, but full of faith, who had received much Christian love from the departed, stood on some of the clods of the valley near the grave, and was heard to say, as he pointed up towards heaven, "Friends, we don't need to ask where he's gone."

J. HIRST HOLLOWELL.

Noctes Theologice.

IV.—MR. JOHN STUART MILL ON NATURE.

WHEN they met on the following Monday, Osborne opened the conversation by observing that he had been reading once more the essay on Nature, and found himself involved in so much perplexity, that

he would be glad to hear from Wilton those other considerations which he promised at the close of their previous discussion. I confess, he continued, that I have been striving to form some conception of a universe which should be free from all the imperfections which Mr. Mill has alleged against the present condition of things, even on the supposition that that universe were the production of a God infinite in power and wisdom and goodness, and I have failed in the attempt.

Arundel.—But you surely have found no difficulty in picturing to yourself a creation which shall be immeasurably superior to the present in its exemption from pain. Your fancy, I know, is vigorous enough to enable you to discount from the world, if not all, at least the most of the suffering which prevails among its animal creation, and which Mr. Mill has described in such vivid and even appalling terms.

Osborne.—If one confine his attention to the “suffering” alone, I admit that it may seem easy enough to conceive its *diminution*, but still no diminution which falls short of entire extinction would satisfy Mr. Mill’s demand for a perfect world. With Mr. Mill, all pain, the least as well as the greatest—the most ephemeral as well as the most enduring, is evil, and is therefore, in his view, irreconcilable with the idea of a God whose personality combines infinite benevolence with infinite power. It is not, and cannot be, with Mr. Mill, a question of more or less. His major premise is, that no world made by infinite power and goodness would contain pain; his minor premise is, this world does contain pain; and his conclusion is, that therefore this world is not made by infinite power and goodness. Now, though, as I have already acknowledged, my fresh perusal of Mr. Mill’s essay on Nature has left me in a state of perplexity, I cannot accept it as a self-evident truth, upon which to base so tremendous a syllogism, that the conception of pain and that of infinite power and goodness are absolutely incompatible.

Arundel.—But surely infinite power can fashion a universe in which there should be no pain?

Osborne.—I should say infinite power could form many universes of such a kind, but I can imagine that Wilton would say that such systems of nature might not be, at the same time, manifestations of that *infinite goodness* which can never be displayed except in connec-

tion with *living things*. Infinite power might employ itself in the formation of worlds which should be little else than the dead, however skilful, products of a mechanician ; but infinite goodness, if manifest at all, must be displayed in connection with sentient creatures.

Wilton.—Exactly so ; but if the universe consisted entirely of unorganised substances, forms, and operations, and was thus but a prodigious “*exposition universelle*,” I should imagine that even Mr. Mill would view with contempt an omnipotence which was thus restricted in its handiwork, which was but an artificer in dead matter, and which *dare not, could not, or would not* surround itself with living and conscious worlds.

Osborne.—An odd world, indeed, that would be, filled with articles that were meant to be seen solely by their maker ; but it would be difficult to understand the “omnipotence” which could not create life, and impossible to conceive of an infinite benevolence in a universe in which there was no creature upon which it had been expended, or by which it could be felt.

Arundel.—But Mr. Mill does not object to life. His quarrel is with the existence of a sentient world in which there is pain or inconvenience.

Wilton.—Then his quarrel is with the existence of any finite sentient creature whatever, which is at all capable of progress, for in every such creature the limitation is an inconvenience which it is perpetually seeking to remedy. Thus Mr. Mill’s universe would be one which comprised only such kinds of living beings as were stereotyped from the beginning in forms incapable alike of advancement, and of the desire for it, a universe of which the revolting monotony awakens ineffable thankfulness that God’s thoughts were not Mr. Mill’s thoughts, nor His ways Mr. Mill’s ways. Do you think, Arundel, that it would have been a better scheme of things if there had been no infant life, because of the limitations with which it is beset, its weakness, its ignorance, its dependence, and even the perils through which it makes its way to manhood ?

Arundel’s eye moistened, for he had buried, two years before, the only child with which his marriage had been blessed, and he said with a manifest attempt to suppress his feelings : No, I think this world would be intolerable without its children, whether they live or die—and Tennyson’s sentiment is as true of a child as of man or woman :

"Better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Wilton.—At the close of our last conversation I hinted that Mr. Mill's argument was capable of being viewed from 'another side'; by which I meant that in his indictment against Nature, grounded upon her alleged cruelties, he had indulged in the gravest exaggeration, and that the tone of his observations is more that of a passionate advocate than of a calm and impartial judge. "The course of nature," he says, "being replete with everything which, when committed by human beings, is most worthy of abhorrence, any one who endeavoured in his actions to imitate the natural course of things, would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men" (p. 65). And again: "In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are nature's every-day performances" (p. 28). Now it seems to me, that Mr. Mill, usually calm enough, was here carried away by a sudden freshet of unreflecting indignation. It simply is not true in any rational sense of the term, that nature—that is, physical nature—"is doing every day nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing." What are these "things"? Are they certain outward deeds which inflict suffering and death, deeds that are regarded solely in their consequences, and not at all in the motives by which they are instigated? The "things" for which men are hanged or imprisoned are things which have certain moral roots which it is the business of legal tribunals to investigate. A pointsman whose failure to adjust the points has wrecked a train and sacrificed the lives of hundreds, is neither hanged nor imprisoned, if the investigation should issue in proving that he had been previously seized with an epileptic fit; but he may be justly hanged if it can be shown that he was either negligent or malicious. The "thing" done, as to its consequences may be the same, but in no other sense. Who would regard it as a wise use of language, which should represent that terrible catastrophe at the Tay Bridge as being the same "thing" as if it had been blown up by some malignant enemy of the North British Railway Company?

Osborne.—Perhaps Mr. Mill might see no essential difference, for as he denies the freedom of the will, and resolves all processes into an invincible chain of causes and effects, man is bound by the same

necessity as nature, and therefore the hurricane which overwhelmed bridge and travellers was as guilty as would be the villain who should have destroyed them by exploding a ton of dynamite.

Wilton.—Or, conversely, the villain would be as innocent as the hurricane.

Osborne.—Just so, as it seems to me.

Wilton.—Waiving, however, the discussion of Mr. Mill's doctrine of the will, which demolishes the contrast he institutes between man and nature (there being wantonness and cruelty, upon his principle of reasoning, alike in *both*, or in *neither*, and this, too, however he might disclaim the consequences), he has charged this invective against Nature, with a blackness of colouring which the facts do not warrant. It is admitted that some animals feed on animals, and that they are provided with the most exquisite apparatus for seizing and killing their prey. But this, so far from being a proof of the cruelty of Nature, is an illustration of that benevolence and wisdom which has rendered possible the support of a maximum of life together with a minimum of suffering. With regard to the sub-vertebrate creation, some scientific writers doubt whether in their case death is associated with any suffering at all. Of the vertebrated, whole tribes feed on grain and fruits and herbs; and of the rest, which feed on each other, it may be said that frequently pain is reduced to a vanishing fraction, being both less keen and less prolonged than Mr. Mill's description would have us suppose. The experience of Livingstone when attacked by the lion, throws a flood of light upon that merciful provision by which animals may secure their appropriate food with as little cost of suffering as possible to their prey. He says, the lion "caught my shoulder as he sprung, and we came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all

animals killed by the *Carnivora*, and if so, it is a merciful provision of our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

Arundel.—Possibly this experience of Livingstone was exceptional.

Wilton.—There is no reason to suppose such to be the case, barring the circumstance that it is seldom that a man who has been in such a critical encounter with a lion or tiger has the privilege of recalling and reciting his sensations. In all probability the experience of the great traveller was typical of what would happen in similar conditions; and if in the highest class of the vertebrated creation, where sensation and reason predominate, and where the issues of death undoubtedly affect all the relationships of life over a wider area than in the case of any other creature, there can exist that strange enchantment which relieves men of all "sense of pain" and "feeling of terror," while preserving a full "consciousness of all that is happening," we may count with all certainty upon the operation of a similar law in the lower orders of creation. To them death cannot be what it is to man, whether it come violently or by slow decay. Neither, as a conception (so far as a conception can have any existence in the lower animals), nor as a fact, can death be the same with them as with man. The crab can fling off the first joints of his large claws as if they were gloves; disembowelled beetles can walk about for days; the dragon-fly is not hindered from locomotion by the loss of his head; the hawk-moth seems to be none the worse if you transfix him through the thorax for a whole day, and when the night comes he is ready to rove again. No doubt, if we allow ourselves to endow the whole animal creation with the sensibilities which man possesses, and ignore all those provisions of nature by which pain is either rendered instantaneous or abolished altogether, there is no limit to the indictment that can be framed against the present constitution of things. But I demur to the counts of this indictment as gross exaggerations. The representation which Mr. Mill gives of the world, as a scene of all but universal and ruthless suffering and indiscriminate massacre, derives its darkest colours from his own imagination. He leaves the impression that the page of the world is merely filled with blots, that the music of the world is chiefly a progression of revolting discords, that the world's day is thick with shadows interlaced but here and there with struggling gleams of light. This is not a picture of the existing order of things, but a caricature. I cannot accept without limitations

amounting almost to a reversal, his declaration "that if there are any marks at all of special design in creation, one of the things most evidently designed is, that a large proportion of all animals should pass their existence in tormenting and devouring other animals." The "torment" here alleged is neither proven, nor can be, and though it is admitted that the lower animals are divided, with "scarcely an exception, into devourers and devoured," there is every reason for supposing that the pleasure secured, and intended to be secured, by this arrangement infinitely counter-balances the pain which is incidentally connected with it. What organ is there in any creature which was designed to inflict pain as its main and obvious purpose? or, to say nothing either of purpose or design, what organ is there, or even nerve, which is clearly better adapted on the whole to inflict pain than pleasure? Where is this grim arrangement to be found? And where is it to be found, not as an abnormal and diseased exception, but as the ordinary type and condition of any species? It is granted that the eyes of some individual animal may be so deranged that light may be a torture instead of a joy, as a diseased palate may shrink from what in health is the most coveted and best-relished food; but such aberrant cases can ground no argument against the ordinary constitution and adjustment of the nerves of sight and taste. The saturnine tone in which Mr. Mill has uttered his indictment against nature, would have been justified only if pain had been the law, and pleasure the exception, a supposition which is in monstrous contradiction to the facts of the case. Indeed it is difficult to conceive the continuance of any system of animated nature in which there should exist so unhappy an arrangement and proportion. The very zest of life would perish, and with it life itself. I need not say that of such consummation there is no sign in air or earth or sea, for there seems to be an undiminished and even an increasing prodigality of life, which, if it prove anything, proves that the general conditions of existence include more elements of pleasure than of pain. With all the misery there is in the world, there are, as Leibnitz observed, "more houses than hospitals," and as one of his disciples remarked, "more cooks than doctors."

Arundel.—I do not know that Mr. Mill would be prepared to deny that inference. At least I do not remember any passage in which he

has asserted that in the general system of nature there is a preponderance of pain over pleasure.

Wilton.—Possibly not. What I complain of in Mr. Mill is the habitual use of language, often vague and indefinite, in which he suggests conclusions without distinctly stating them, and thereby begets a prejudice against any views which he may for the time be controverting. I hold that his invective against nature would be just only on the supposition of her arrangements being predominantly and purposely for the production of pain, and such a view is a broad and inconsiderate libel against her.

Arundel.—Is it not, however, possible that you may be erring on the opposite side, and presenting nature under a *coulour-de-rose*, which diverges as widely from a just representation of nature as you suppose Mr. Mill's to do? When you have made all possible abatements and palliations, there still unquestionably exists a terrible remainder of suffering which you cannot dismiss by the mere waving of a logical wand. I am not prepared to dispute the existence of those alleviations which you have adduced. But how will you dispose of that terrible remainder? You will not, I am sure, deny that it is there.

Wilton.—No, that is impossible. There it is, surrounded, too, with a mystery which it will not surprise you to hear I can make no pretensions to dispel. But I have yet to see how, while admitting the existence of both the evil and the mystery, I should be impaled ruthlessly on the horns of that formidable dilemma which Mr. Mill designed to be the terror of all positive theists.

Arundel.—What dilemma do you mean?

Wilton.—That which insists that the very fact of the existence of evil necessitates the conclusion, either that the Creator is omnipotent and not benevolent, or benevolent and not omnipotent, a dilemma the consideration of which, if agreeable to you and Osborne, we will adjourn till to-morrow.

To this proposition both Arundel and Osborne assented, and for the present the discussion dropped.

ENOCH MELLOR.

The Way of Life.

AN EASTER HOMILY.

FROM THE "CHRISTLICHE REDEN," BY DR. J. T. BECK.

"THE LORD IS RISEN!" This was the disciples' greeting to each other at that first Easter festival in Judea, and like a ray of light the words flashed through their deeply-troubled souls; with death in their hearts, they had but just stood beneath the cross and before the grave, and now with life in their hearts, they walked again by the Lord's side. Had all the treasures of the earth been lavished on them, their hearts would not have rejoiced so much as at those few words, "The Lord is risen," as at that salutation from His lips, "Peace be unto you!" A peace came over them such as the world, with all its wealth, has not, knows not, cannot give—a peace of which ambition, luxury, and riches, with all their enjoyments, have no foretaste.

In this vain, unstable world, brethren, where men are tossed about between sleeping and waking, running and fainting, want and superfluity, the heat of youth and the frost of age; between life and death, joy and sorrow, what is there more glorious, than to see men who in the inmost depths of their souls rejoice at something that is not of this world, or in a hope which nothing can take away from them, as these first disciples did? We see—how truly indeed!—that man lives not by bread alone, by the nourishment and strength supplied by earth. There is something better in store for him than carnal joy can yield, a treasure, even though poverty be his lot. The older we grow, the more we discover that all which enchants the eyes and gratifies the pride, is but a swiftly-passing vapour; what we now call fair, withers, and its charm is gone; what we now call pure, grows spotted and becomes evil; what now seems lasting and full of life, decays and perishes, and there is left only mould and dust! It is a perishable, polluted, and fading inheritance, large as it may be, which devolves to us from this world, and the happiness it bestows for a time, and of which, in our years of inexperience, we never think it possible to weary, vanishes like the fumes of intoxication, and leaves to thee, oh pleasure-lover! a heavy, faint head, a barren, exhausted heart!

Is this ordered thus for our punishment, by Him to whom we all pray "Our Father"? Is this our sad superiority over the brute creation, that the more we learn to know of this world, the less rest

and contentment we find in it ; that when we attain to a knowledge of good and evil, we have no longer a place whereon to lay our heads in peace? Has our Father in Heaven condemned us to the sad choice, either not to recognise that we are made in His image, and like the beasts to follow only our carnal impulses, or if the Spirit worketh its judgment in us, to bear in our hearts a worm that dieth not, a fire that never is quenched? Can that be the Lord's will concerning us? Is it not rather God's will that every man should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth—not a truth which strikes and wounds the heart, but one which heals and blesses?

The heart seeks and longs for an abiding good, unlike all else around thee, incorruptible, therefore is thy soul so disquieted within thee, it needs a rest which will not fail though storms rage without and fair weather changes into foul ; an inward peace which cannot be shaken though there be war abroad. Therefore, when we meet men who are truly content, who can find consolation and encouragement, and be of good cheer under any circumstances, who can be happy without money, who never weary themselves in the endeavour to realise unattainable wishes, and who are cheerful in spite of the apparent hardness of their lot, should we not often willingly exchange with them, and let them initiate us in their art, the priceless art of possessing a contented spirit? Lo! from Jerusalem come such men—if peace and happiness have their dwelling anywhere on earth, it is with them, in them. Those words—words which we have heard perhaps a hundred times before, without divining the treasure they contain—words bare of all worldly pomp, and yet words which have confounded millions of proud human speakers, and their human works—"The Lord is risen!" those glad words make them rejoice as though they were lords of heaven and earth, and those few men defy a whole world, and maintain the field (2 Cor. vi. 5), "in afflictions, in necessities, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report ; as dying, and behold they live ; as chastened and not killed ; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing ; as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Nothing could deprive them of their watchword, nothing take away the peace it gave ; and the well-tried Peter, that rock against which the billows of the world's hatred had lashed so long, vigorous and joyful as if pure

sunshine had lighted up his whole life, after all his painful pilgrimage, broke out into the words, "Blessed be God, which, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us!"

Is not that a peace which passeth understanding? or have we succeeded, with our own wise thoughts, philosophical arguments, and sage axioms, in weaving a garment of peace which may spread over our outer and inner life, and preserve us alike from pride and faint-heartedness, arm us against misfortune, and in prosperity win us favour with God and man? Every day may convince us of the worthlessness of our vain imaginations, if we will but learn; let us not, then, use them to close the door against a knowledge of the truth. The heart, with all its subtle reasoning, its laws of will, and enthusiasm of feeling, is crushed when God calls the soul of man to judgment. We are so poor in all that can truly refresh and comfort us under oppression and affliction—the look may be proud though the heart be already broken; the walk firm and confident though our inmost souls may have suffered the shipwreck of their most costly treasures—trust, love, truth, the hope of eternal life: therefore are we so poor in ourselves that none can lend to his neighbour, and that in which we have trusted for strength is so lamentably insufficient for us. The Lord's breath passes over it and it is gone!

Then shall we not, brethren, seek that secret of the apostles which can overcome even the world's wild unrest? seek that peace of the soul where they found it? Shall we always persist in wearying ourselves in our own ways, the only gain of which, after all, as the Preacher says, is vanity? Shall we dig wells full of holes to quench our soul's thirst, instead of going to that Fountain from which, from the beginning until now, eternal life and eternal peace can alone be drawn? Shall our Easter never put away from our hearts the old leaven of vain care, sadness, and idle pleasure, that we may find fresh life and the strength of holy peace in the message, "Our Lord is risen"? It is not a dead idol whose feast we solemnise, our Father is the Living One, whose word is omnipotent, and who is merciful to all who call upon Him; our Redeemer is the Living One, who is with us always,

even unto the end of the world, and the end of the world is not yet. But this is the all-important question—Are we going the way of those old disciples, the way whose end made such a joyful resurrection festival for the apostles?

What first attracted them to our Lord? The voice of their hearts and consciences, which testified loudly for Him when the Baptist cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"; when Christ Himself said, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." The longer they were with Him, the more needful He became to them, Father, Teacher, Brother, Friend—He was all to them. Many who had followed Him in the first excitement, left Him because His saying was too hard to bear; but these did not go away, although many of His words were beyond their comprehension, and there was yet more which their understanding could not compass; yet their constant belief and confession was, "Herein is life eternal," and we can find it nowhere else. From day to day their faith became more sure, that He was the promised Saviour and King of Israel, who should make all things new. They were true Israelites, therefore they could hardly expect this to be fulfilled until He had established the kingdom which should reinstate their people in all the old power; they loved the Lord ardently, therefore they desired impatiently that He would enter into His glory, and show His enemies who and what He was. They discoursed of His victory and kingdom on every occasion, and disputed amongst themselves who should have the first places and be the greatest. The Lord often reproved them on this account, and they bore it patiently, although they could find no evil in it. With all their faith, their spirits were still too weak to enter into the divine thought, through lowliness to glory, through suffering and death to victory and dominion, through the thorn-crowned form of a servant to the majesty of a monarch. With their mother's milk they had imbibed the ordinary conceptions of the glory of a temporal kingdom, and they could not uproot the hope without bitter pain.

This school of tribulation soon came; just as their Lord had triumphed publicly over His enemies by His solemn entry into Jerusalem, when their hopes were stretched to the utmost, just then the heavy blow fell, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, leaving them no time for recovery, for blow followed blow. He who should subdue all peoples, became the victim of a council of blood; He with

whom they hoped to sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, was dragged from tribunal to tribunal, mocked, spat upon, and scourged; no man spoke in His defence, and He Himself seemed to have lost all His former power—all the world in conspiracy against Him, and God in heaven silent. The previous evening they had eaten with Him, and heard words full of divine strength and heavenly life: in the morning He hangs upon the accursed tree, at noon He bows His head, in the evening He is cut off out of the land of the living.

Who can say, brethren, how the disciples felt all this in their hearts? They had sinned against Him in many things—grieved Him, instead of comforting Him in the last moments; they had forsaken Him, denied Him, had not attempted to defend Him from the false accusations brought against Him. Their hopes, their living joy, lay with Him in the grave; but yet, spite of their sore perplexity about Him, they loved Him still, their hearts still beat with the old fidelity, though fear had silenced it for the time. Every recollection of Him would henceforth be torture; every agonised contortion of His face, every expression of scorn from the multitude, would be an arrow in their souls; and ah! the lips which were wont to pour balm on their wounds, and the Spirit of life into their barren hearts, were now closed in death.

Once more, how was it now with their belief in a Messiah? Where were now the old promises made by God concerning Him? Where was His kingdom? How did what had just occurred agree with the great words they had so often heard Him speak, that it was He who had life and immortality, who was Lord and Judge of the living and the dead, and out of whose hands no one could take His own? He lay there, a corpse, like those crucified with Him, with a stigma on His name. His enemies, who had long pointed at Him as a perverter of the people and a blasphemer, were triumphant; like a broken reed He lay upon the ground, and the light which the Lord had kindled in the disciples' hearts was but as smoking flax.

Verily they are tempted to ply the old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself!"—if healing be possible: marvellous things must come to pass if the old and new promises should ever become Yea and Amen in Him! And lo! they come, even where, with men, all is finished; there does the Crucified One work in the most powerful, the most

living, the most victorious manner. His murderers hear it with terror, His disciples with incomprehensible joy: He lives again—walks openly abroad—no grave, no stone, no soldier's watch can chain the feared, the loved, the adored dead. He comes into the midst of His disciples through closed doors, with the old salutation of "peace"; His words stream into their souls like flames of fire and His promises are made bright with heavenly meaning in their spiritual fulfilment; all thoughts of a worldly kingdom must be given up, the sword sheathed—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost," by which I have overcome the world and death; as my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you into all the world, with power over their sins; signs shall follow you, and you shall be endued with power from on high.

So spoke the crucified and risen One, and now the disciples understood Him, the whole course of His life, His sufferings, and His death. He had fought with principalities and powers, and had triumphed over them. If the disciples' souls had drooped like scorched-up blossoms, the Lord's blessing now passed over and revived them. They were like sons who recover a father, like those who regain a lost friend—"He was dead, and lo! He is alive! He was lost, and is found!"

These disciples of Jesus now call to us in trumpet tones, "Rejoice in the Lord always! for you also He died, for you also He rose again!" They bore the word through hut and palace; they sealed it with their blood, and upon this apostolic testimony is built the great Church of Christ, which, throughout the whole world, is now assembled with us to worship Jesus Christ, who rules as Prince of Life alike over the graves of earth and the Hosts of heaven.

Francis de Sales.

It is as a spiritual director that Francis de Sales is best known in his own communion, and the writings on which his reputation chiefly rests, are either letters addressed to persons whose spiritual adviser he was, or notes of discourses to religious persons in communities in which he took an interest. As Protestants, we do not like the idea of a spiritual director, as it seems to place a fellow-mortal between God and the soul in matters in which there should be no such inter-

vention. Religious communities and religious vows are associated in most of our minds with the mischievous mistakes of the Church of Rome, with the neglect of home ties, with fantastic and wilful piety, with a woeful wasting of good impulses. To such objections to the institutions of his Church, Francis de Sales would not even have listened. He was no Pascal who had fathomed all the abysses of doubt, and had emerged a trembling believer. He never seriously considered the questions at issue between the Church of Rome and the Reformed Churches. He followed the advice which he gave to another. "You ask a remedy," he wrote, "in the trouble arising from temptations of Satan concerning the faith of the Church. Such temptations must be dealt with like those of the flesh, without discussion; rather imitating the children of Israel, who were forbidden to break the bones of the Paschal Lamb, which they were to burn whole. You should not answer, or seem even to hear, what the enemy says. Let him hammer as he will at the door, do not you ever say so much as, Who is there? . . . I will neither dispute nor argue—Eve argued, and was lost. I believe in Jesus, I cling to His Church."

After reading such utterances, we are doing Francis no injustice when we say, that never, probably, in his life did he give any consideration to questions regarding the desirability of the confessional and confessors, or of religious orders. Accepting them, as he did with all his heart, as instituted by the Church, his praise is that he made them so little harmful, and often so beneficent in their influence. Instead of priestly assumption or gloom, there runs through his letters a spirit of humane sympathy, kindly cheerfulness, and profound common-sense. We could almost fancy that it is Luther who is speaking when we read what he says against gloom and sadness in religion. "Cultivate a gentle, cheerful spirit." "Be brave and be joyful, my dear child, and that in the very depths of your soul." Such counsels abound in his letters, and even when advising or permitting a species of religious exercise which might tend to sadness, he seeks, so far as possible, to avert it. "Meditation on the four last things will be useful to you, but, my daughter, I beg that such meditations may be ended by hope and confidence in God, not by fear and terror, in which case they are dangerous." Whether he was unconsciously influenced by the teaching of the Reformer, or was led by spiritual

instincts to the same truth by another way, it is certain that he had comprehended the necessity of joy and cheerfulness for the religious life as even the best of the mediæval saints did not. The "*De Imitatione*" is like a cathedral which is always in twilight gloom, and whose arches are for ever resounding to penitential psalms and solemn litanies. It is well to visit it; but we cannot dwell in its sombre atmosphere. Francis adopted a mode of religious thought and institutions which were the offspring of the Middle Ages, and which reflected their spirit; but, in the spirit of a true reformer, he endeavoured to inspire into them something of the light and gladness of the new epoch.

In yet another matter he showed his wise and humane common-sense. He endeavoured to show those who sought his help—and they were mostly ladies of rank—that they must not make their devotions burdensome to others. One lady is advised not to communicate frequently, as that was opposed to her husband's wishes, but to be satisfied with "spiritual communion." Another was cautioned not to make martyrs of her servants because she was devoutly disposed. The lady had been in the habit of getting up early to pray, and her servants had to rise to attend on her. The confessor won their gratitude for his consideration of them, as henceforth the lady made her prayers no burden to members of her household. We find many warnings in his writings against excessive asceticism, and against an over-scrupulous spirit. To one he writes, "I wish I had a heavy hammer, wherewith to pound away the edges of your mind, which are too sharp for your spiritual progress." To Madame de Chantal he gives as a rule of obedience the admirable motto, "Let everything be done for love—nothing for fear; love obedience more than you fear disobedience." And he adds, "I leave you the spirit of liberty, not such as hinders obedience, that is a carnal liberty, but such as hinders constraint and scruple, or over-eagerness. If you love obedience or submission, I would have you, upon any just or charitable call, give up your religious exercises as a sort of obedience, supplying the deficiency by love."

As we have said, many of those who sought the advice of Francis de Sales were ladies of rank. He seemed to attract them. Specially memorable is his meeting with Madame de Chantal, which had important results. This lady was a widow at the time she met him.

Not long before she had been the happy wife of a good husband, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun when he was out shooting. On his death she devoted herself to good works, and coming under the direction of Francis de Sales, she asked him to set her to some definite work. He desired to form a religious order of women, in which he proposed to embrace those whose age or delicate health prevented them from joining other religious orders. "He aimed," we are told, "for them at a religious life, which should seek rather to mortify the heart and the mind than the body, which should prefer the attraction of love to the rigour of penitence, interior recollection to multiplied external observances—a life, in short, the outward signs of which should rather be gentleness, simplicity, and holiness, than anything more remarkable to the outward eye. Women, however sickly, even deformed and blind persons, as well as those considered too old for other orders, were the special object of this foundation. This order, whose rules reflected the kindly and charitable spirit of its originator, was named 'The Order of the Visitation.' Madame de Chantal became the head of it. At first it was a small, poor society; but the single house with which it began, grew, ere sixty years had passed, into a hundred and twenty houses. It did not, however, become exactly what he had originally designed it to be. He desired that the members of the order should not live in the cloister, but should spend their lives going about among the sick and poor. To this the Archbishop of Lyons objected, and its founder reluctantly consented that the sisters should take vows and live in the cloister. How reluctantly the consent was given may be gathered from his words—"Can anything be more unreasonable than to call me the founder of the 'Visitation'? I have done exactly what I did not wish to do, and I have undone all that I did wish for."

The letters addressed to Madame de Chantal form the most interesting part of his correspondence. He took great pains to form the mind and character of this lady, from whom he expected great services to the Church. She was a vigorous, loving woman, and he says, referring to her, "I like to have to do with such natures. As for your poor half-lifeless hearts, what use are they?"

In the above extracts we have chiefly dwelt upon the cheerfulness, the common sense, and the tenderness of this great and good man's character: these, we think, are his most remarkable characteristics, and

those to which he mainly owed his influence. He was emphatically an apostle of everyday life, one who devoted his attention, not to the deep things of religious thought, or even to the perplexing mazes of spiritual experience, but to the trials and difficulties of ordinary men and women. Although a bishop and a priest, he was no recluse; he lived in his own land, and in the freest intercourse with friends and relatives. This helped to keep him fresh and green. Although we have dwelt on the human and humane side of his character, as being somewhat unusual in a Romish bishop and so-called saint, he was by no means without appreciation of those contemplative devout moods of spirit which it was the object of the devotional books of the middle ages to inspire. He can recommend well that quietness of spirit, half-stoical, half-Christian, which has always been dear to the ascetics of Rome. For example, "Let there be nought to you in this world save God and yourself: all else should not be able to touch you, except as He may command." "When will our mere natural ties, common courtesies and civilities, all our sympathies and graces, be purified and reduced into perfect subjection to the pure love of God's good pleasure!" "There is a great temptation to be disgusted at the world when we are constrained to dwell in it; but God's providence is wiser than we are. We fancy that if we changed our position, we should do better: possibly, if we changed ourselves."

Such are some traits of the character of Francis de Sales. That the Church of Rome has had in her midst some such teachers, helps to explain the hold which she still has upon innumerable sweet, noble, devout natures, notwithstanding her many sins against truth and freedom.*

JOHN GIBB.

"The Ascendency of England."

"RARELY in this century has there been an occasion more critical." Thus runs the only weighty sentence in Lord Beaconsfield's miserably artificial and jingoing manifesto. Of the gravity of the occasion there can be no question, and before these lines can come under the eye of our readers, some certain forecast will have been formed of the result. By that time the constituencies will practically have settled

* The works of Francis de Sales are very numerous. Several have been translated into English. There is a good biography of him by H. L. Sidney Lear, published by F. Rivingtons.

whether the country shall be committed to the guidance of those great principles which for nearly two generations have led its benign and glorious progress, or whether there lies before it the unspeakable humiliation of another term of the Beaconsfield regime. The question at stake has been placed with singular clearness before the constituencies; principles on the one hand, a person on the other. Lord Beaconsfield has not condescended to announce a policy; he has announced himself. And he has done wisely. Did he develop the policy which is fashioning itself in his scheming brain, the country would have none of it. It would shrink back in distrust and alarm. But Lord Beaconsfield, with his jingling platitudes, his pompous phrases, his grandiose ideas, and his unquestionable power of making himself and his Government a mark of observation, is another matter. With Lord Beaconsfield, alas! the unthinking multitude—and this includes no small proportion of the upper ten thousand—is strangely fascinated; and this fascination at this critical moment is really a great political power, to England's sorrow and shame.

It happens somewhat strangely that the Liberal party has simply its principles to oppose to the weight of personal influence wielded by Lord Beaconsfield, and the amount of flashy enthusiasm which he excites. The only man who can stir a real and deep enthusiasm in the Liberal ranks declines to be a leader, and the recognised chief of the party inspires no warmer feeling than hearty and well-deserved respect. A very high interest would have attached to the contest, had it been fought between leaders strong in the undisputed and enthusiastic loyalty of their followers; and much picturesque effect would have been lent to it had the name of Gladstone on the one side, and of Beaconsfield on the other, been heard at the polls. But the peculiar position of the Liberal party, with an acknowledged and an unacknowledged leader, forbids the prominence of any individual name. It is to be on the Liberal side a battle of principles entirely, and all the strength which a popular personality can lend to a cause, the Liberals leave to their foes. No doubt it is in one sense unfortunate. Men fight best when they are inspired by a leader whom they love. But perhaps in the present critical condition of the country, it is most important that principles should be put before it in their naked simplicity, and that men should feel that they are fighting not for an honoured and trusted leader, but for the best interests of their

country as embodied in a policy of righteousness, which in the end always proves itself to be the condition of the true prosperity and progress of the community. We are disposed, on the whole, to be content with the curious condition of things which throws us back on our principles, and makes us understand that we are contending for something more sacred and lasting than the influence of a person, for something which is as old as constitutional freedom, and which will live on to radiate blessing around, as long as society endures.

Lord Beaconsfield considers the occasion gravely critical. How critical it is, he himself perhaps only knows. We have not come to the end of the schemes which are floating about in that fertile and audacious brain, and should a new lease of power be accorded to him, the world itself may be startled at the policy he may be emboldened to pursue. We hold that there is the germ of measures fraught with the utmost peril to the honour and dignity of England, and to the peace of the world, in Lord Beaconsfield's vague and formless, but significant and dangerous manifesto. His mind is still brooding over schemes for the imperial aggrandisement of England, and for the perpetual provocation of the European Powers. There is not a word about England's liberties, England's happiness, England's progress in arts and industries, England's internal harmony and prosperity. It is all about England's imperial position, and the ascendancy of this country in the councils of Europe. That is, our imperial ambition, from which no great nation is wholly free, is the one thing which occupies the mind of our ruling statesman, while the freedom, the welfare, the happiness of the English people are matters too trivial to occupy his thoughts. Never was there a manifesto put forth by an English statesman so near akin in topic, style, and treatment, to those manifestos of the Second Empire, which have become a bye-word of scorn in Europe. They said so much that was high-sounding and pretentious, they meant so little that was honest and true. It is the style of the lower Empire degraded to a yet lower level—a style which all honest Englishmen ought to hold in reprobation and brand with their contempt.

Though the Liberal party lacks the enthusiasm which loyalty to an honoured leader kindles, never did it enter on a conflict with more stern determination to use every honest art, and to strain every muscle to the utmost, to ensure success. Through the length and

breadth of the land it is inspired by the conviction that the true honour and greatness of England are in imminent danger of being gambled away. It dreads Lord Beaconsfield's influence on his party, on his country, and on Europe; and its one article of faith for the moment is, that if England is to be saved, Lord Beaconsfield's malignant influence must be destroyed. Cromwell once said, when asked what he would have, "If I cannot tell you what I will have, I can tell you what I will not have;" and so for the moment, and for the purposes of this election, the whole Liberal party is united as one man on one point, the resolution to have done with Lord Beaconsfield. Were he out of the field his party would soon return to the old humdrum Conservative creed, and would be no more dangerous than dulness and bigotry are dangerous to the welfare of the community. It is Lord Beaconsfield's genius alone which makes the Tory party formidable; he has cast his spell upon his followers and they have become like wax in his hand. Apart from him they would be quite harmless; nay, the best of them, Sir S. Northcote, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Cross, if left to themselves, would be more in tune with the moderate Liberals than with the noisy rout of Jingo politicians who now follow at their heels. But while Lord Beaconsfield reigns they will be his faithful henchmen. His policy will be their policy, and all their talent and influence will be lent to carrying out his views. Lord Salisbury, no doubt, is in another category. Bitterly as he once hated Lord Beaconsfield, he is now his most devoted follower; and were Lord Beaconsfield removed he would do his best to occupy his place. But he could not stand for three months at the head of a Government pledged to Lord Beaconsfield's policy. There is no one happily who could stand up in the Premier's room. If we get rid of him we may have some trouble perhaps with the dregs of his policy, but all that is really perilous will be gone. But while he lives, retaining his faculties—though there is some sign that they are waning—and leading the Tories, the danger is constant and imminent. He has absolutely no thought or care for the liberties and the industries which have been at the heart of the greatness of England during all the ages of her history, and which are the true secret of her ascendancy among the nations; while his whole soul is occupied with those dangerous and delusive schemes of ambition, which never fail to provoke sudden and dire catastrophes, and to sow the seeds of permanent decay:

But the phrase, The ascendancy of England in the councils of Europe, is well chosen for his immediate purpose, to catch the votes of the thoughtless thousands, shall we say millions, who are led by high-sounding phrases, and who have a vague notion that to make a figure in the world is the most sacred aim of life. The phrase is vague, that is one charm of it. It is susceptible of many meanings, and any one may put his own upon it; while it tickles the national vanity, of which we no doubt have our full share like the rest. And it has this advantage, that it represents a reality, though it is a reality of an essentially different character to that ascendancy of which Lord Beaconsfield dreams. We too believe in the ascendancy of England; it has in all ages been one of the broadest facts in the history of Christendom; but it has always been the ascendancy of superior political development, and of intellectual and spiritual power. This is the only ascendancy which true-hearted Englishmen care to wield, and they dread the scheming ambition which courts another and baser ascendancy, because they know, as France has learnt, as Germany is learning, that the fruit of it must be bitter sorrow and burning shame. We are proud of the true and noble ascendancy of our nation; and we suffer a sense of bitter humiliation when we see our free and stately England striking in with the beggarly rout of the tricks and lies, the selfish schemings, the tinsel splendours, and the grasping ambitions of what men call empire, and which has been at the heart of nine-tenths of the degradation and misery of Christian society, through all the ages of Christian history. Our ascendancy is too real and noble to be gambled away at a scheming charlatan's pleasure. "Not by such arts and not by such forces" was our ascendancy won; or will our ascendancy be maintained.

In truth, there has never been any great movement which has deeply stirred and greatly elevated and purified Christian society which has not had its origin in England. Is constitutional government, involving as it must the liberty of the people, a grand instrument of human welfare and progress?—England had won constitutional government, and had a powerful body of free and independent yeomen, able to check the power both of the feudal nobility and the Crown, generations before the *tiers état* rose to power in any other European state. An Englishman, too, let us never forget, struck the first true note of the Reformation. Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau,

all join in confessing that the first breath of the purifying storm of the French Revolution was stirred within our coasts. Are railroads, steamships, the penny postage, ocean cables, and Free Trade, factors of supreme importance in promoting the happiness and developing the progress of civilized society?—it was England which gave all of them to the world. The Liberal leaders, the men of progress, all over Europe, have the writings of our political economists on their study-tables; they follow the debates in our House of Commons with the keenest interest; they regard our nation as the advanced guard of liberty and progress, and they silently acknowledge an ascendancy which, the moment that it is claimed, is destroyed.

Yes, we believe in the ascendancy of England, of her freedom, of her industry, of her moderation, of her intellectual energy, of her sense of righteousness, of her loyalty to Christ. Let all other ascendancy perish. Let England be true to her high vocation; she is the beacon-light, she is the leader of the nations, not in vainglorious strife for empty supremacies, which have brought Christendom to the verge of ruin, but in bringing in the kingdom "which is righteousness," and therefore "peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

The Furnace.

SEE how the fire rude silver purifies,
 The sage refiner sitting watchful by,
 And tempering heat intense, judiciously
 With stream of cooler air, wherein there lies
 Some rare completing power: at last he tries
 If in the molten mass his face may lie
 As clear as crystal that receives the sky.
 Refined as silver pure, a bright surprise
 Unto ourselves, shall we in that far stream
 That bounds the throne of God, see clearest eyes
 Safe brought through tribulation's furnace-beam
 With bliss supernal. O to realise
 Whilst here, what there in glorious life shall gleam,
 When chastened pure we breathe in paradise!

Annus amoris.

J. W. INCHBOLD.

Literary Notices.

Ecce Christianus; or, Christ's Idea of the Christian Life. An Attempt to Ascertain the Stature and Power, Mental, Moral, and Spiritual, of a Man formed as Christ intended. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We have read this volume with interest. It is conceived on a grand scale, and its author has formed a lofty and even towering conception of the Christian life. Moreover, he is saturated—we had almost said intoxicated—with certain biblical thoughts, which appear to him to constitute the spirit, the fragrant and potent essence of Christian faith and life. He writes often with extraordinary eloquence and glow of style, and there are passages in which his *abandon* and *furors* are held in check by a remarkable measurement of phrase and deliberation of movement. It is impossible to read these chapters without feeling that they are parts of a much larger design, and the crystallised results of long study. The author has clearly compressed into sentences what he had previously spread out into pages of fiery declamation. More than this, it would be difficult for a Christian man to read the volume without a quickening of his pulses, and much sense of shortcoming. The chapters on the "Constraining Love," and the relation of faith to "indwelling Spirit," and "the place and power of Prayer," are surcharged with noble and inspiring thoughts, and with ideas that are true, and worthy of all men to be received. Nevertheless, the argument of the book, as a whole, appears to us to be strangely inadequate, if meant to sustain the main thesis. After the manner of the patristic, mediæval, and Puritan theologies, many strong metaphors of Scripture are converted into hard facts and the powers and consequences of faith are exhibited in such a fashion as to compel the conclusion—one which, we suppose, the author would not hesitate to endorse—that there has never yet lived in this world a solitary man who can claim to have come even within sight of the true Christian character. As the standard and the method are at length set forth by the writer, he appears to think that all that the world has now to do, is to follow *his* lead. What we say by way of criticism and inquiry, is intended to encourage our readers to acquaint themselves with the method and the argument of the writer,

which—we need scarcely say—is not meant to cast the faintest shadow of reproach on Evangelical truth, nor to prove its inefficacy for 1800 years, but rather to create a new enthusiasm for Christ and humanity. The burning passion of the writer is to show how, by faith in Christ, every and any Christian may and ought to become one of the “commanding spirits” of his age or country; how every power may be exalted, every intellectual and moral function of the man may be augmented, and how the much-coveted “greatness,” “vastness,” “wide range and scope of nature,” may be secured.

A great difficulty blocks the way at the very commencement—viz., the supposed recognition by Scripture, by Christ and His apostles, of a divine predestination and eternal decree concerning the powers and opportunities of every man. This block is shivered by the unphilosophical hypothesis of making man's faith the principle of divine selection. He says in effect if Abraham's faith compelled divine decrees with reference to whole generations of men for untold ages, what cannot faith do in other and more thrilling moments in the history of other souls? Without doubting that Abraham's faith exerted an immense influence on the subsequent career of Israel and the world, it appears to us a grave inversion of both logical and religious propriety, to represent it as forcing Jehovah's hand, and conditioning or causing the decrees of the Almighty! The logical issues of this theory would be, to take the providence and the eternal purpose of God out of the Divine Hands, and to entrust it to the Abrahams and Jacobs and Davids of mankind, not only in matters of high and holy faith, but in the instances of signal disobedience and critical transgression. The most curious argument in the book is an attempt to show that the scope and range of divine revelation, and therefore of the minds of those that believe fully in it, are immeasurably greater than human intelligence can reach, apart from it. The inference seems to be, because ideas of Christian society and order and life are greater and nobler than those which can be found, say in Plato's Republic, that then the Christian believer is really a greater man, with larger thoughts and higher powers than Plato. The argument is carried forward into two chapters on the genius of Shakespeare, as exhibited in two or three of his noblest dramas. Our author sums up the ideas of the “Tempest,” “Hamlet,” and so on, and reduces the truth they contain into a few propositions, which he triumphantly

contrasts with biblical ideas on the same or parallel themes. The former can be put within a ring-fence, and shown not to transcend it ; while the latter stretch out into eternity, have a boundless range and splendour. Suppose we were to grant the propositional form into which he puts the lessons of Shakespeare—though it seems to us he utterly misses the nature of art, music and poetry, in the effort to do this—suppose we concede the justice of the contrast drawn between the lessons of the book of Genesis and those of the “*Tempest*,” or those of St. Paul and “*Hamlet*,” on the meaning of life and the punishment and remedies of sin : the logical conclusion is, that the Bible is greater than the Republic of Plato or the dramas of Shakespeare ; that the biblical writers occupy more commanding positions, and discourse of grander themes than did these greatest of the uninspired sons of man. It does not follow that those who receive these lessons are greater than Plato or Shakespeare. It need hardly be said that those who can highly appreciate and feel the transcendent greatness of Shakespeare have not yet approached in any measurable degree for themselves the mind of Shakespeare. The fallacy seems to run through the whole argument that he who believes a truth is intellectually equated to him who discovers or reveals a truth. The chapter on “*The Mental Result of Following Christ*,” though it contains many beautiful things, bristles with these fallacies, and is, we think, most treacherous and misleading. However, let the book be read, and may God grant that we may see some practical illustration of these theories of “*greatness*,” and “*stature*,” and “*grasp*,” and “*range*,” and “*grain*,” and “*compass*,” and “*imperial splendour*” of mind and heart on which our author loves to dilate. There are humdrum, and twaddle, and meanness, and narrowness, and slavery, and prejudice, and infinitesimal littleness, and blatant selfishness enough in the world, and in the Church, so that we should gratefully accept any number of Christian “*heroes*” and “*commanding spirits*,” if they would only come and urge and shame us into a nobler life.

The Bible Doctrine of Man. The Seventh Series of the Cunningham Lectures. By JOHN LAIDLAW, M.A. (T. and T. Clark.)

Biblical psychology has been often handled by writers who have had some special theory to broach, some novelty to reveal and sustain. Mr. Laidlaw's great excellency is, in our opinion, that he entertains

no crotchet, and has no ultimate or larger theological formula which he dares not contravene. It is true that in the main his psychology lands him in Calvinistic doctrine, or leads him up to it; but this is obviously neither his motive nor his plan of work. The topics discussed are very numerous, including the biblical account of man's origin, and an admirable sketch of the present aspect of the evolution hypothesis; and the author proceeds with various psychological problems until he approaches those involved in the resurrection of the dead and the final judgment. The discussion of the biblical phraseology descriptive of man's nature is scholarly, and the author succeeds in showing the similarity of Scriptural teaching in both Testaments touching the crucial questions of the origin of man, the image of God, and the part taken by the Divine Spirit in the constitution and regeneration of human nature. Mr. Laidlaw discusses man's "nature under sin and death," the meaning of physical death, the seat of evil, the psychology of the new life. The trichotomy of human nature, even if admitted as nomenclature, is yet shown to be no support to the doctrine of the tripartite nature of man. The supposition of conditional immortality is shown to involve greater moral difficulties than those which it essays to remove. One of the most interesting portions of the volume is the verification of almost every principle, and every definition arrived at, in an endeavour to interpret Romans vii. and viii. Our author leaves the reader with a deep conviction of the sublime anthropology of Scripture, and in possession of one of those spontaneously-produced internal evidences of its inherent truth, that outweighs much hostile argument. We urgently commend the volume to theological students. We have rarely read a stronger, wiser book.

The Six Days of Creation. By TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D. New Edition. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

This work is a valuable addition to our biblical literature. It is the fruit of much careful thought and philological investigation. The account of the creation given in Genesis is regarded as a narrative of facts, in their chronological order, presented in language neither poetical, scientific, nor philosophical, but popular and phenomenal. The final results of the successive exercises of supernatural energy are given, but not the processes whereby they were produced. The Old Testament view of the world is marked by the "distinct

recognition of the natural and supernatural—of God's direct power and a course of nature."

It is maintained that the Hebrews used the word "day" "for any period of time presenting a completed course or unity of events, irrespective of precise duration." That the days in the beginning of Genesis are to be so regarded is plain, because they begin to be reckoned before the sun is constituted a measure of time; and then, afterwards, the whole time of creation, including all the periods in one completed round or *course of events*, is also called a "day." Moreover, the seventh day of God's rest still continues. But while the sacred writer presents the succession of events independent of any particular duration, each period is marked by vicissitudes—it may be of repose and progress—analogue to the evening and morning of the solar day. Such a view of the Mosaic account of creation is according to the laws of language; it does not oppose any really scientific theory; it is in harmony with the cyclical law of created natures; and falls in with the Scripture use of words for the world, significant of time rather than of space. The Mosaic cosmogony differs from other cosmogonies in its time-aspect, as well as in "its unbroken wholeness, or unity." The more it is studied and comprehended, the more clearly it will be seen to bear the marks of a divine revelation. The work before us is eminently adapted for the furtherance of this result.

The Old Testament a Living Book for all Ages. By AUSTIN PHELPS, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

These discourses are very clever, practical, and forcible, and startle the reader with the marvellous applicability of the narratives and experience of the Old Testament to the complicated society and civilisation of the present time. The treatment is neither forced nor allegorical. The author lays hold of principles, and applies them to events in our own day.

The Philosophy of Jesus Christ as unfolded in the Physical Aspect of His Miracles. By the Rev. RICHARD COLLINS, M.A., late Principal of Cottayam College, Travancore. (Elliot Stock.)

This is a strong book. Admit, as the author and all devout believers do, the literal accuracy of the Gospel narrative, and we

may observe, in the physical aspect of Christ's miracles, a view of the origin of matter, of force, and of life, alike vegetable, animal, and human, directly at variance with all doctrines of the potency of mere matter—e.g., the water was not developed into wine any more than the vine is developed out of volcanic rocks. Christ's will was creative of the matter added to the water-pots of Cana, of the force which held gravitation in check on the Lake of Galilee, etc. Thus Christ's miracles involve a different theory of the universe from that current in certain schools of modern inquiry, and Mr. Collins has here wrought a vein of considerable value in apologetics.

Homilies on Christian Work. By Charles Stanford, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Full of wise teaching are these homilies, characterised by strong sense, intense religiousness, and fervent love to Christ and to the souls of men. Workers for Christ in a vast variety of ways and spheres, may all find stimulus and guidance in these weighty words of Dr. Stanford.—*Thornton Hall; or, Old Questions in Young Lives.* A good, well-written story for girls. The entire tone is healthy, but the Americanisms indulged in by some cultivated young ladies will prove annoying blemishes to English readers.—*Christ's Full Salvation.* By Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A. Second and cheap edition. (S. W. Partridge and Co.) We welcome a cheap edition of this excellent little work, and earnestly hope that it will be extensively circulated. It is a simple, loving exposition of the "life which is hid with Christ in God," and it is well adapted to aid many in their pursuit of the divine life.—*The Story of the Years: a Text-book and Diary.* With Verses by Marianne Farningham. (James Clarke and Co.) The texts are well selected, and some of them are fairly rendered in the accompanying verses. There is a cheerful, restful tone about the whole, which is adapted to encourage calm reliance on the Love which is over all.—*The Children's Kingdom: the Story of a Great Endeavour.* By L. T. Meade. (J. F. Shaw.) Very interesting and fanciful. The authoress has, however, here attempted a children's story on a larger scale than she has before done, and we are struck with the exceeding poverty and starved character of the religious sentiment which, nevertheless, is made prominent. The sympathies are not unfrequently drawn to the wrong side. The finest character in the story performs several base actions from good motives. Sentimen-

talities throughout dominates over principle.—*The Living Epistle; or, The Influence of Christian Character.* (W. B. Whittingham and Co.) Those who ever heard the remarkable sermon of the late Rev. Dr. Jenkyn on the "Living Epistle," will be very pleased to have an opportunity of reading this quaint, rich, practical, racy meditation which presents in an essay form the substance of that sermon.—*John Lyon; or, Out of the Depths.* By Ruth Elliott. (London: Wesleyan Conference Office.) We regret to think that this is the last literary effort made by the earnest-minded authoress. She has revealed in it a great and wise sympathy with the most degraded and profligate class abounding in London. She has portrayed numerous lives on different social planes, depraved by the feverish thirst or terrible temptations of drink. Crime and vice, as well as ignominy and shame, are here making alcohol their demoniac handmaid. But this story shows how bravery, sympathy, and an absorbing love of men can, with God's help, rescue the most abandoned. It is not a mere "temperance tale," since a silver thread of delicate romance is woven into the texture of the narrative, which does not close in the darkness of night, but amid the dawn of a better day. All who are seeking to do noble work for the Master may read it with advantage, as perhaps the best of Ruth Elliott's earnest and gracious narratives.—*A Woman's Patience.* By Emma Jane Worboise. (James Clarke and Co.) Constance Walker has money without rank; Percy Lauriston has rank without money: she loves him, but he does not love her, and yet they are married. The manifold trials arising from this, and the final triumph of patience, are worked out with the writer's usual skill and interest, so that young and old, rich and poor, may read this story with delight and profit.—*The School of Grace.* By W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. (London: J. F. Shaw and Co.) In this practical exposition of verses 11-14 in the second chapter of Titus, the advantages of the School of Grace are so presented as to quicken the diligence of those who are already scholars therein, and to awaken the desire of others to enter it. Exception may be taken to some of the phraseology employed, about "claiming our rights"; since it suggests the notion that there may be unwillingness on the part of our Lord to recognise them. Yet we are sure that this is an idea which the writer would heartily repudiate.—*The Divine Forecast of the Corruption of Christianity.* By the Rev. Edward Huntingford, D.C.L. (London:

Bickers and Son.) The value of this work would be greater than it is, if the apocalyptic symbols had been treated as depicting the operation of Christian and anti-Christian principles generally, and not so exclusively in relation to the Church of Rome. The author writes from the Anglican standpoint.—*Position and Progress*. By S. A. Blackwood, Esq. (London: James Nisbet.) Four informal addresses on different aspects of the Christian life. These are characterised as Standing, Sitting, Walking, and Running.—*The Gospel Wall; or, Lessons from Nehemiah*. By W. P. Lockhart. (London: James Nisbet.) This is a book for the times. Every Christian worker will do well to study it.—*The Closing Days of Christendom, as foreshadowed in Parable and Prophecy*. By Burlington B. Wale. (London: Partridge and Co.) The author remarks, that "even among Christians a belief in the Second Advent hardly exists." Dissent from his views of the nearness of that event must not be confounded with the denial of its reality. Were this work as remarkable for the modesty of its tone as it is for its dogmatism, and for thoroughness in dealing with the Scriptures as it is for one-sidedness, the value of its testimony would be much increased.

Obituary.

REV. HENRY CRESSWELL.

MR. CRESSWELL was born at Wallingford, in Berkshire, December 18th, 1804. At the early age of fifteen he gave his heart to God, and to the end of his life he retained a vivid remembrance of that special act of self-consecration. A few years later he resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel, and with this end in view he entered Hoxton Academy, which, during his curriculum, was transferred to Highbury College. He had felt a strong desire to engage in missionary work, but his tutors and other friends recommended him to take a pastorate at home, and he yielded to their advice. On leaving college, in 1828, he settled at Ipswich as pastor of the church in connection with a chapel in Nicolas Street, which had been recently erected by Mr. Thomas Wilson. After labouring there for three years Mr. Cresswell received simultaneously invitations from Nottingham and Canterbury, and as the result of some inquiry and consideration, he decided to remove to Canterbury, where he became co-pastor with the Rev. Stephen Gurteen, on whose death, five years later, he assumed

the sole pastorate of the church, the duties of which he continued to discharge faithfully and happily for more than forty years.

In the year 1873 Mr. Cresswell's health showed signs of failure, and he gladly availed himself of the help of younger ministers. Mr. Ockelford (now of Saxmundham) and Mr. Goodison, the present pastor of the church, successively assisted him, and they both would testify to the geniality of his disposition, and the Christian courtesy manifested in all his relations with them. He entered with zest into the scheme for building a new chapel, and made great efforts to obtain the requisite funds. Soon after its completion, however, his strength began to fail, and in a short time he relinquished all public efforts. Early in last November it became evident that he was sinking, but he had no misgivings; his entire trust was in Christ, and one of his favourite utterances was—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

On the first of December his spirit passed away, and on the fifth his body was interred in the cemetery, all classes of the inhabitants of Canterbury, and friends from other parts, combining to show the universal respect and affection which he had inspired.

One department of Mr. Cresswell's work demands special notice, it was that of Presbyterian chaplain to the Scotch soldiers quartered in the city, for whom he conducted service in the garrison chapel. He took a deep and loving interest in the spiritual welfare of these men, and he secured their affection in return. Their sense of obligation to him for his varied services was testified on two occasions by a handsome presentation of plate, accompanied with the expression of deep gratitude and love; but perhaps the most touching exhibition of their feeling is found in the fact that "in the Indian Mutiny, when Lucknow was taken, and the quarters of our soldiers were found utterly wrecked, in one of the tents the only thing uninjured was a portrait of Mr. Cresswell still hanging in its place—some soldier having cherished so much affection for his old chaplain that he had not only taken his likeness with him to that distant place, but kept it always before him."*

* This brief sketch is compiled from a little publication just issued, entitled "Memento of the late Rev. Henry Cresswell," containing a full account of the services in connection with his funeral, etc., which may be obtained from Mr. Elliot Stock.

[APRIL, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—Madagascar—Abaratr' Andohalo.

BY THE REV. W. MONTGOMERY.

EVER since the removal of the seat of Hova Government from AMBOHIMANGA to ANTANANARIVO, and the constitution of the latter city as capital of Madagascar, great importance has been attached by the natives to a large triangular-shaped sloping ground called ANDOHALO, in the centre of the city. Here the military reviews are held from time to time; here the people come together in tens of thousands to welcome their Sovereign returning from any journey; here the greatest political gatherings of the kingdom have been held; and the ameliorations of law and social order devised by the present rulers have been promulgated here to the assembled people.

In the middle of this large triangular plain (which slopes downwards from the ridge of the city hill in a north-westerly direction) lies the famous sacred stone of the Hovas, a smooth, bluish-coloured piece of rock lying partly exposed in a little hollow, from which the original superincumbent clay has long been washed away by the heavy tropical rains. Here the queen alights on her returnings to the capital, and thanks God for her safe journey. And up there in the south-east corner of the plain is the broad new macadamised road by which she will go on to her palace. And, even in its common everyday uses, Andohalo is a convenient centre of business and lounging place for citizens and for strangers. Soldiers and civilians who have come up to the city on Government business, and strangers also, of distant tribes, with markedly different appearance, costume, and dialect—all these are ordinarily to be found seated or lying about on the grassy terraces on the north side of Andohalo. While up towards the right hand corner, by the side of the road leading to the palace, you hear the hum of a crowd of the townspeople, chaffing and chaffering, vociferating and gesticulating around the market stalls of

dealers in fruit and rice and iron-ware and American cotton goods. Coming back again down the elevated roadway, and a little below the market, you pass the gateway of the French Consulate, and the spacious iron-roofed house so long occupied by Mons. Laborde, who, for more than forty years, resided in Madagascar. And, immediately adjacent and farther down, just below where the plain contracts into the breadth of the roadway—there, just a few yards off the road—you have the magnificent stone cathedral recently finished by the Jesuits. A stone image of the Virgin stands conspicuous in the front wall of the edifice, and at times provokes from passing natives comments not very flattering to the builders.

Opposite this, just a little higher up, stands the wooden church which is represented in the engraving. It is in a kind of Gothic style, somewhat



ANDOHALO CHURCH, MADAGASCAR.

like the timber architecture of old country houses in England. It has transepts, with carved barge-boards at the gables and traceried windows in the fronts. It stands elevated some few feet above the roadway; and the two stone stairways with their gates, as well as the substantial tiled roof, are recent improvements effected but a year or two ago. The chapel itself was erected in 1864; and a portion of the congregation at Analakely, with other professing Christian people residing near the place, formed the nucleus of the new church. The old persecuting Queen had not long been dead; and Rasoharina, the then menarob, was personally inimical to

Christianity. The Christians were not yet free from the dread of another persecution. Yet progress was being made even then, and the building of this new chapel in the most public place in the city was another witness to the Malagasy that the long-repressed Gospel had begun to lift up its head. The site was obtained by the people at a great cost, for the situation is one of the most valuable in the city. Mr. POOL, the Society's architect, and some English friends, gave liberal help in the construction, and so the building was completed.

The first missionary in charge of the new church was the late Rev. R. G. HARTLEY, M.A., who, though struggling most of the time with much infirmity of health, drew around him at Andohalo a large circle of intelligent Christian young men. Many persons came to his Bible-classes, both from town and from country; and the impressions derived by them from his earnest and luminous Scriptural expositions still abide with not a few of them. But he was obliged to return to England through growing illness, and died at Bournemouth in February, 1870, while he was preparing to come back to his work in Madagascar. Mr. Hartley had able helpers at Andohalo from the very beginning. Mr. SIBREE helped occasionally, and Mr. PARRETT was always there, and did good service in these earlier days of the church's history. And there were excellent native helpers too. RAMAKA and RAINITRIMO were the first native pastors of the congregation, and still are preachers and working members there; though they have yielded the pastorate to a younger man, not less efficient than they. Good old RAINITRIMO is one of the faithful men who suffered hard and oft for Christ's sake in the hot heat of the later persecutions. He was one of those specially denounced by name in the terrible proclamation of the 3rd of July, 1857. A man of wealth and position, he suffered the loss of all things, and bore bonds and imprisonment, and was twice subjected to the tangena poison ordeal. But God protected His servant's life; and he lives still—honoured by God to labour constantly in able and faithful preaching of the Word—and honoured, too, by all who know him, whether Malagasy or Europeans.

A congregation, led by men like these, could hardly fail to manifest activity in Christian work. So, in 1867, this church at Andohalo stepped out among the foremost in the attempt to evangelise distant portions of the island. A young man in the church, a freed slave, who had profited much by instruction, and had manifested ability and earnestness of character, was set apart as an evangelist for the SIHANAKA, a heathen tribe far away in the north. The church of Andohalo provided his salary—sixty dollars a year, with some allowances—and sent him out, and for three years or more

maintained him there. And thus from Andohalo was commenced, in the first instance, that large and important mission in Antsihanaka, which is now conducted wisely and bravely by our brother, the Rev. J. PEARSE, who, with his wife, lives and labours most abundantly in a very dangerous fever district, and in the worse malaria of dense ignorance, vice, and superstition.

For nearly eight years past the Andohalo church, with its dependent district congregations, has been under the able guidance of the Rev. H. W. GRAINGE. Through some re-adjustments of the districts under the care of the city and country missionaries, only some thirteen congregations remained affiliated to Andohalo at the time of Mr. Grainge's taking charge. Among these he has gone in and out, doing the work of an evangelist—travelling (mostly on foot) from one place to another, and meeting with every congregation at least once in the month. The mother church at Andohalo has been a source of great encouragement to him ; and RATSIA-ROVANA, the young pastor there, has rendered invaluable help in the conduct of the district. He was one of the students in the "*Kolejy*;" and, having completed his term of study, he was appointed about seven years ago to the pastorate of this Avaratr' Andohalo church. From that time until now he has proved himself a thoroughly reliable and intelligent Christian man. "In all matters relating to management," says Mr. Grainge, "I find myself consulting him ; and in all relating to the spiritual life of churches or individuals he displays a warmth and depth of feeling that sends a glow through one's whole being." Under such management the district makes steady progress both in the congregations and in the schools. The mother church in the city is always admonished to maintain good works. The duty and blessedness of giving systematically for the maintenance and extension of the Gospel has been strongly inculcated ; and the people have not been slow to learn their lesson. Preachers are sent out by them into the district congregations every Lord's-day. The pastor's salary has been paid, together with the incidental expenses of their church. Recently at great expense (for Malagasy people) they have repaired and beautified their church and the approaches to it. They have paid a capitation grant of so much per annum for every child in regular attendance at any and every village school in their district. Two new towns at a remote distance have recently been added to their district, which had been found too strait for the energies of this hopeful congregation. Firm and wise discipline is constantly exercised among them ; and year by year a higher standard of intelligence and character is being attained. Much, doubtless, remains undone. The people of Andohalo (like those in all the other con-

gregations in the city) are not yet altogether under the whole power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Their feet are often tangled afresh in the meshes of the torn nets of old practices and principles. Much strong evil abides yet in their country congregations, as in all our country congregations in the land. These crowding thousands and tens of thousands of worshippers in Imerina are still very, very far from being what they ought. But there is not a child there on its mother's knee that is not the happier for the Gospel, there is no grown sinner among them all that is not better than he *could* have been if the Gospel had not come. And when we remember what all these people *were*, when we look into the hole of the pit from whence they have been digged, when we think of the abominations of cruelty and lust and war and all unrighteousness that have vanished away from among them, and when we look at the many true Christian men and women in their midst—lights of the world, salt of the earth—we can thank God and take courage.

II.—The Central African Mission.

COMMUNICATIONS from all the brethren in Central Africa have been received by the homeward mail, which was delivered in London on the 4th of March. Their dates are—UGUHA, December 1st; UJIJI, December 11th; and URAMBO, December 29th. Thanks to a systematic arrangement for the transmission of the post-bag to and from the interior, but little time is lost at the coast, and correspondence between the Directors and the mission has become increasingly rapid and secure. While the letters themselves are full of interest, they contain but few items of a novel or striking character. This fact strengthens our belief in the quiet, but firm, hold which the mission has taken at its three principal centres.

For some months past the Directors have been instituting inquiries with a view to reinforcements for the mission. The result has been that three brethren will be ready to leave England by the steamer of the 15th of the present month. The party will consist of Mr. DAVID WILLIAMS, a student from Western College; Mr. WALTER S. PALMER, a fully qualified medical man; and the Rev. ALFRED J. WOOKEY, one of the Society's missionaries from Bechuanaland. Our brother volunteered his services for the new mission, and, with a noble self-sacrifice, Mrs. Wookey has consented to remain in England, with her family, until circumstances permit of her proceeding to Africa. Arrangements have been made that an experienced native guide shall meet the expedition at Zanzibar and conduct it at least as far as Mpwapwa, where, possibly, Dr. Southon may be waiting to accompany it on the further journey westward.

III.—South India—Itinerating in Bellary.

FOR vernacular preaching tours the district surrounding the Society's station at BELLARY offers unusual facilities. With a population of more than a million and a-half, its visitation may well demand the entire services of a missionary during the travelling season, and these have been given for many years past by the Rev. EDWIN LEWIS. His predilections for this department of missionary labour are strong, and the care and attention which he has devoted to it have met with growing tokens of the Divine blessing. In his report for 1879 he writes: "The past year was one full of delightful toil; I have found as usual that labour in this good cause was pleasant," and this, notwithstanding that the season was peculiarly trying and unhealthy. To the famine of 1877-78 the prevailing sickness may probably be in large measure attributed. That scourge has, however, in an indirect manner, paved the way for the Gospel by severing caste distinctions, and thus removing one serious hindrance to its reception by the multitude. At the three principal centres, HOSPETT, ADONI, and SUNDOR, thirty-four individuals have been admitted to the rite of baptism, half that number being of adult age. Describing his general work, Mr. Lewis writes:—

"We commenced the year resolving, as far as possible, to visit those parts of our own district where our presence seemed most desired, and where the people showed most disposition to hear and receive the Gospel. We have felt no doubt as to where we ought to go, and where the most interesting work was to be done. HOSPETT, SUNDOR, and the neighbourhood of those places, have been, in many respects, the most full of promise, and there we have spent the greater proportion of our time teaching those who were anxious to learn. Several days in each of six months, and the whole of another month, were given to Hospett. We have visited Adoni three times, and Gooty four. Twenty-three days in March were occupied in a journey to Bookapatnam and the principal towns lying between Bellary and that place. One cannot but be gratified to find everywhere attentive hearers; and in those places where there are Christian congregations, or groups of inquirers who gladly hear the words of the Gospel, one feels very inspired; but one's zeal is apt to be repressed when those who assent to the truth, and have a clear understanding of its purport, answer the appeal to cast in their lot with the people of God with the unemotional remark, 'We believe and accept what you say, and when God gives us a mind to become Christians, we will;' or, 'The word you speak is evidently the Word of God, but the present state of the world is such that it is impossible for us to obey it and prosper in the world.' The masses of the people are wofully apathetic. It is not an easy task to awaken their conscience, or to stir up amongst them any enthusiasm to follow what they acknowledge to be the right way. We know the tremendous difficulties in the way of those who would embrace Christianity; w

have much sympathy for them ; many a time has our heart ached to see the family and social persecution which those have endured who have followed Christ ; and we rejoice with unfeigned joy over some who have counted all things but loss for Christ.

"It was curious to observe during the prevalence of the famine how many of the arbitrary caste rules in regard to eating and drinking were relaxed. Community of suffering brought people of different castes together, for the time, into close proximity, and distinction was lost sight of. Lately, with the return of better times, I have observed many amusing efforts made to heal the breaches in the stronghold of caste. In many villages leading men, zealous in support of caste, have, with the help of the priests, taken cognisance of the signs of the times, and done their best to condone past transgression, and guard the future action of the people in regard to caste. In a considerable number of villages are men who are known to have eaten and drunk with men of other castes, or no caste, in relief camps ; and there are some who have undergone a period of imprisonment in the common gaol. These have not been excluded from caste, but have been excused on the ground that in famine the principal consideration of every man is to support life, and that a man may eat food wherever he could get it rather than starve ; further, that when in prison a man is obliged to eat what is provided for him, and that he is not to be blamed.

"With all this leniency, the slightest signs of one wishing to become a Christian are most jealously noted. Toleration to Christians has not yet become an article in the social code of the Hindoos, at least in this part of the country."

By their consistent walk and conversation, added to their forbearance and gentleness, the earlier converts have overcome the persecution and hardship which they were called to undergo from their heathen relations. It is, however, still true that, through much tribulation, almost every new candidate has to enter the kingdom. The following are illustrations :—

"In the month of August a young man, a goldsmith, from Kanivehally, near Sundoor, was baptized in Sundoor. We have known him from his early youth, and often spoken to him of Jesus. At times he seemed very earnest in his desire to become a Christian ; at other times he shrunk back through the persuasion or opposition of his friends, and gave up all the books he had. We remember a year or two ago his giving up his Bible, as he was persuaded it was dangerous to keep it unless he was prepared to embrace Christianity. In August last he determined, with God's help, to brave all opposition and profess the religion he believed. His mother urged him, with many earnest appeals, not to come ; but, finding him resolute, she withdrew her opposition, and has remained with her son. His wife left him, and there seems but little prospect of her rejoining him.

"Immediately on his baptism being known, he and his mother were denied the use of the water of the only public village well, from which all classes, except the Madigas, take water. The village washerman and barber refused their services ; and the servants of their house, who were willing to remain, were threatened by the villagers with exclusion from caste if they continued in their service, and consequently left. People passing by their house spoke of them as outcasts, and in many ways gave them petty annoyance.

"On visiting the village and conferring with the people, we found out that this

opposition was stirred up by two or three persons, one, in particular, a Brahmin. The support of the Raja of Sundoor was sought and obtained by the villagers in their opposition to the Christians.

"Several appeals were made to the Raja showing the injustice of this proceeding, and pointing out that 'it would prove disastrous to any State to restrict the religious liberty of the inhabitants; that no repressive orders can possibly prevent men from leaving the faith in which they have been brought up; that on previous occasions honest and respectable tradesmen and cultivators had been driven from the State through persecution; that similar loss was likely again to take place; and asking that he would once for all settle this question on a liberal basis.'

"The Raja, in reply, said that he was sorry he could not allow the privilege of using the water from the village well to any Christian.

"We trust that efforts which are still being made will be successful in securing to Christians, as to other classes of the community, their civil rights in Sundoor as well as in British territory.

"Virapauna was very much disposed to give up his house and lands in Kanivehally and come into Bellary to live. We dissuaded him from this. Meanwhile he and his mother remain in Kanivehally suffering many annoyances, but trying to live down opposition. I am glad to find that already one or two others in the same village have been drawn nearer to us, rather than repelled, by what has happened.

"Some months ago when I inquired of our catechist in Adoni why he did not send his little girl to the girls' school in the town, I was surprised to learn that he had sent her, and that she was refused admittance; that the matter had been brought before the Municipal Commissioners, who had decided that the little girl could not be admitted into this school because she was a Christian. The whole thing seemed to me a hoax until a copy of the Bellary District *Gazette* for the 18th of June was put into my hand, when I was utterly surprised to find the following announcement under 'Proceedings of the Adoni Municipal Commissioners, held on the 23rd of April, 1879:—

"'5. Read letter from girls' schoolmaster requesting to know whether he was to admit a Christian girl, daughter of the London Mission catechist, as, if he did so, the Brahmin and Komati girls would cease to attend the school. By the majority it was resolved that the girl should not be admitted.'

"This appeared to me a strange proceeding, and, on reference to the list of girls attending the municipal school, I found that there were on the rolls *twenty-five, seven* of whom were Brahmin girls, *six* Comatis, *four dancing-girls*; the others were of different castes. But a Christian girl whose parents are as respectable members of society as any whose children attend the school was shut out. I could not have imagined that the members of the Adony Municipality could have been guilty of such an illiberal action."

Not only by passive endurance have the Christians in the Bellary district afforded evidence of their sincerity. The fact that a fair proportion of the cost of the new chapel at HosPERT was defrayed by themselves shows that they also recognise their responsibility to contribute to the support of the Gospel in their midst. The rise and progress of the movement is thus described:—

"The Christian community in Hospett, which was very small three years ago, has gradually increased, till it numbered seventy-six at the close of 1879, although several families had left the town during the year. At first a room in the catechist's house was used as a place of meeting; then a room was built with mud walls as a temporary place of worship. The chapel which was commenced in 1878 was finished in October last, and the opening services were held on the 20th of November. Several friends were present from Bellary. Mr. Coles preached the first sermon in the morning from Mark ii. 17. In the afternoon the building was quite crowded, people gathering from the town to see the novel sight and to hear the singing. A most interesting service was held; *ten* addresses were given, some shorter, some longer; the day was a day of great rejoicing to all present, and of much thankfulness to those of us who had for years been longing to see a Church of Christ planted in Hospett, and a congregation gathered there.

"The building is neat and substantial; its inner measurement is 42 feet long by 18 feet wide. Its cost has been Rs.1,305.8.4, of which Rs.605.8.4 have been collected—Rs.106.6.8 by native Christians and their native friends, Rs.155 from European friends in Hospett and Bellary, and Rs.344.1.8 received from friends in England during our visit a few years ago. The new chapel has been well filled at almost every service held since it was dedicated, and we trust the glory of God will be manifested there in the conversion of many souls.

"At the beginning of the year several of the children who had been in our temporary home during the famine were sent to relatives or friends who were able to receive them; and the remainder continue in our charge; hence our Orphan School. A few children died during the year from the effects of previous semi-starvation, or disease contracted in the famine, which they had not strength to throw off. There are now *sixteen* boys and *seven* girls in the orphanage. The majority of these children have made a most satisfactory beginning in their Canarese lessons. Seven boys and four girls have read the First Lesson Book, and made a good commencement in dictation and arithmetic, whilst all, with the exception of two or three of the smallest boys, have committed to memory many passages of Scripture and hymns from the Canarese Hymn-book. I have spent many a happy hour with these children on my various visits to Hospett. Krishnaji and Mary, the teachers of the boys and girls respectively, deserve much credit for their work.

"Our best thanks are due to Mr. Varadarajodoo, the medical man in charge of the hospital, for his uniformly kind and patient attendance upon those of the children who have been sick. His ready help has relieved us of much anxiety."

There yet remain several localities visited by Mr. Lewis, and upon the condition of which he briefly reports. BOOKAPATNAM possesses a special interest as having been the birthplace of SEETA RAM, to whose conversion and Christian influence (as recorded in the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE for October, 1872) the progress of the Gospel in his native town is, under God, to be traced.

"We were not able," writes Mr. Lewis, "to arrange for more than one visit to Bookapatnam. We met with our adherents there every day for the ten days we spent amongst them, answering many questions they put to us in Scripture passages they had read, and teaching them more of the practical doctrines of Chris-

tianity. Four or five persons who had recently shown an interest in the Gospel desired me to provide a teacher for them, and expressed a wish to have a room set apart for meeting together, saying that it was sometimes inconvenient for them to meet in private houses, and that sometimes those who were able to give instruction could not spare time to teach those who wished to learn. Apart from our inability to spend money in building and to pay a teacher, we thought it well to leave the people to provide for themselves any building they may deem desirable, and to throw the burden of instructing their friends upon two or three who are well able to do it, and who can find time if they have the will.

"Timakka, who had won a good report for her indefatigable attention to all sick persons who sought her help, had passed away. Also Narakka's mother, full of years, peacefully committing all to the hands of the Saviour.

"The catechist at ADONI reports quiet, steady work. For the greater part of the year there was a Christian community numbering thirty-six persons; the large majority of these were, however, brought to Adoni from other stations for employment. Before the end of the year many of these had again left. *Twenty-four* names now remain on the list. Of the permanent residents of the town, some hear our preaching with pleasure; many purchase and read Christian tracts; but none have openly professed themselves Christians.

"Our Anglo Vernacular School at GOORY is still fairly well attended. We have not been able to give more than five days to the examination of the school during the year. The acting Inspector spent a few minutes one day in looking over the school, and gave a very unsatisfactory report, which we have referred to the teachers. It is difficult for us to find funds to support the school; but we shall be sorry if we are obliged to close it.

"Our people in UJJEENY have been much scattered of late in search of employment. We have met most of them in different parts of the district on several occasions, but cannot carry on systematic work amongst them whilst they are so unsettled. This is no fault of theirs.

"Five colporteurs have been working in the town of Bellary and the district. *Two* of these are connected with the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society, and *three* with the local mission.

"They have complained much of the difficulties they have had in selling books; but I believe every one of them has worked conscientiously, and their work has not been without good result.

"I have observed in different places visited that, although so many books have not been sold, there was more general and attentive reading than I had noticed before, and more intelligent inquiry made in regard to the subjects treated of in the books. We are glad to see large sales effected, but more satisfied when we know that the books distributed are carefully read.

"The bulk of the people of this district have had very little money since the famine, and when they have purchased a book it has generally been with a desire to read it.

"The work of the year we have striven to do in the name of God, and for His sake who gave up His life for the world. To God we desire humbly to commend the work done, praying that His blessing may rest upon it and make it prosper."

IV.—New Guinea—An Inland Journey.



THE village of BOERA, of which a portion is shown in the accompanying engraving, is situated on the coast of New Guinea, bordering the Papuan Gulf, about fifteen miles to the west of Port Moresby. It lies in a bay of considerable breadth, the east side of which forms a shelter from the

prevailing winds. The village consists of a double row of houses built, as is usual in New Guinea, upon stakes ten or twelve feet high; at one end there is a third row extending a short distance. It is inhabited by an interesting race of people, who are on friendly terms with their neighbours at Anupata and Elevara. Boera, which forms a portion of the Port Moresby Mission, was selected as one of the Society's stations by the Rev. A. W. MURRAY in the early part of 1874, when PIRI, a native teacher, and his wife were placed in charge. A hearty welcome was accorded to them by the people generally, and also by the principal chiefs, one of whom gave up his house for their use; and they commenced their work under very encouraging auspices.

The great drawback, however, to mission operations in the Port Moresby district has, from the outset, been found in the unhealthiness of the coast region and the susceptibility of teachers from Eastern Polynesia, no less than of missionaries from Europe, to the fever of the country. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the plan of forming inland stations on the high ground backed by the Owen Stanley and other mountain ranges should have suggested itself to our missionaries. With a view to inspection and inquiry, the Rev. JAMES CHALMERS proceeded, in July last, on a ten weeks' journey into the interior, the result of which has shown that

there are numerous and well-populated villages within reach of the coast, but free from its malaria, whose inhabitants are prepared to receive and to welcome Christian teachers. The following extracts from Mr. Chalmers's journal will be read with interest :—

"We left Port Moresby on the 15th July, and travelled north-east to Moumili, on the other side of the Laloki and on the west bank of the Goldie. It is 360 feet above sea level and 180 above the river bed. The road is good, and with a good horse furnishes a pleasant morning's ride. Supplies of native food are plentiful, and the river running at the base of the ridge gives a constant supply of good water. There is an abundance of fresh meat in the shape of birds of all kinds, wild pig, and kangaroo. I do not doubt that, during the wet season, there will be large quantities of water lying about, but I think, being so near the river, it will soon drain off.

"Inland from Moumili north-east on the high land is Munikahila, and thither we went the following day. We pitched our permanent camp at Keninumu on one of the ridges, and, after getting up our supplies, stepped out from there to explore to us the unknown country around, the very names of which we had never heard. To have a good view of the Laloki and country to the W.S.W. we ascended a mountain close by, which we called 'Mount Elsie.' We were disappointed in not being able, from the very thick bush on its summit, to see much of the Laloki or country. From Keninumu we travelled along the Munikahila ridge to one of the villages in the district, Uakinumu. The chief of this place formerly lived at Munikahila proper, and was very friendly with Mr. Lawes. The villages along the ridge and on the various spurs are small but numerous, the people living in families. There is plenty of food which can be bought with salt, tobacco, or beads. There is good water, obtainable by a long descent to the streams in the valleys. Uakinumu is just under the Vetura range close to great basaltic rocks.

"Accompanied by Oriope, the chief, and four youths we started for Eikiri. We travelled E.N.E., crossing the Munikahila creek, which flows west and falls into the Goldie. Our way lay along a splendid country though somewhat broken until we came to the Eikiri district, when we descended over rocks into a valley that runs at the base of a mountain we called 'Mount Bellamy.' After long talking we were led to the village of Keukagare, where we got a small house for our home. There are several villages on the spur and a large population. They are well supplied with all kinds of native food and sugar-cane, and not far off there is a good supply of water.

"In hopes of getting to the other side of New Guinea, we went along Mount Bellamy until we found that it ended abruptly and was distinct from the Owen Stanley range. We found it impossible to cross the main range because of high inaccessible mountains, thick bush, and great boulders. A fine stream, which I have since found falls into the valley of the Goldie, runs through the valley at the base of Mount Bellamy; the water is often lost under great boulders, sometimes appearing in pools far down and at others bubbling up over the boulders. Two of the gold prospectors of last year were on this stream; several of the natives met them, and they speak in a truly friendly way of Misi Jone and Misi Murephy."

The missionary returned to Keninumu, and, after resting awhile in change of work, turned his face eastward, again accompanied by Oriope. On this excursion the remarkable falls of the Laloki were visited. Passing the Aritari district, the first encampment was at Marivaeenumu.

"This village is not far from the Laloki on its way westward across the high land at the back of the Astrolabe. Leaving there we got to Sogeri, a large district lying between the Eikiri spurs and a mountain we named 'Mount Nisbet,' running round the latter east and west. Travelling E. by N., and crossing the head of the Laloki several times and over a few small spurs, we entered the Favele district. Here two streams rise in the ridges round, join some miles farther east, and then away east. I think this must be the head of the Kemp Welch that flows into Hood Bay. Crossing the stream we ascended a spur connected with the main range and had a good view of Meroka, a large district just on the Owen Stanley range. We hoped it might be possible to find a path across the range here, but in addition to the Eikiri barriers we were informed of wild beasts that haunt the mountains. From the description of one I suppose it to be a tiger, and that of another the ourang-outang in all probability.

"We returned by Sogeri and Marivaeenumu, and parting company with our guide sought our way along the valley of the Laloki. We visited two districts at the back of the Astrolabe, and from the summit of the mountain had a splendid view of a country I have not seen equalled in New Guinea, stretching away west and north across the Laloki to Vetura, and running along the mountain of that range facing the Munikahila valley to the north and east by Mount Bellamy and the Eikiri spurs and Mount Nisbet, and stretching away southerly to a high conical mountain we have named 'Ben Cruachan,' and from there coastwise to Kapakapa and Round Head. The whole country is one mass of fine green ridges with gum-trees and iron-wood on them, between which are fruitful valleys well watered. Along the ridges and on large table rocks, which abound, are small villages. With the exception of a small stream at Kapakapa the whole drainage of this country falls into the Laloki. The Laloki, in descending to the low lands at the back of Port Moresby, falls over the face of the high land between the Astrolabe and Vetura. We stood at the water side at the falls 1,340 feet above sea level. There is a ledge of rock some hundreds of feet down, and then far underneath is the great boiling caldron. From the top to the caldron the depth cannot be much under 900 feet. On both sides are bare-faced perpendicular rocks. From the falls the river runs W. and S. through a deep gorge for about four miles, and then away west in open country to Manumanu or Redscar Bay."

Crossing Mount Astrolabe, two districts lying close in by the north-west end of that range were visited. Here, as at other places, plenty of native food was to be had, besides a continuous supply of good water. Mr. Chalmers proceeds :—

"At some of the villages we were met by the people having their weapons ; at others men, women, and children ran away, a man returning after a little to find out what we were doing ; but at all we were soon friends. The people everywhere were remarkably kind and gave us pressing invitations to return, which I hope to do. With the exception of Meroka they are one tribe, speaking the same

language, and intermarrying amongst themselves. At Meroka they are a very mixed tribe, the same as in the Kupele district, a district N. and W. from Eikiri unvisited by us. We found here natives as dark as negroes and others as light as Eastern Polynesians, some with sandy coloured whiskers, all with woolly hair.

"In all the districts they will with joy receive teachers for a gospel of salt, tobacco, beads, and tomahawks.

"Having a few teachers on our hands, driven out by fever from new coast districts, we are able to try three districts this season. At Keninumu they so begged for Jakoba, one of our number, to stay, that, he being willing, I consented.

"We can only hope at present, not without good foundation, that the high lands are healthy; they are high, on ridges where no water can settle, have plenty of good native food, and are well supplied with water. We were inland two months and eleven days, had good hard work in all kinds of weather, and enjoyed good health.

"In addition to the above districts visited by us there are several villages inland of Tupuselei, Kaile, and Kapakapa, on the spurs of the Astrolabe."

V.—China—Shanghai.

SHANGHAI, on the Woosung, and near the sea-coast of Central China, is the seat of English trade. The foreign settlements are three in number—French, English, and American, of which the English Concession stands in the centre. The English population numbers about 1,200 persons. The native city is large and wealthy, and contains within its walls a population numbering more than 300,000. The Society's Mission has an English chapel, an hospital, city chapel, dwelling-houses, and numerous out-stations. Missionaries, Rev. W. MUIRHEAD, Rev. T. TAYLOR, B.A., and Miss BEAR.

The solid work accomplished at this, one of the oldest of the Society's stations in China, has in recent years become manifest in the accession of adherents to Christianity and in their earnest efforts for the diffusion of its saving truths. The senior missionary reports that to each department of operation in the city, the suburbs, and the country its due share of attention is given; and that, as the result of a review at the close of 1879 of the native churches and schools, general preaching and itinerancies, he and his colleagues are able to "thank God and take courage." The reception of candidates to the fellowship of the church brings to light many interesting traits of individual character. As an instance in point we quote from one of Mr. MUIRHEAD's letters a description of a Buddhist who, since his conversion, has, like Saul of Tarsus, proved himself as devoted and assiduous in making known the truth as he had formerly been in propagating the idolatrous faith of his fathers.

"Tsang was for eighteen years a devoted Buddhist. He adopted the system when he was twenty-eight years of age from a consciousness of sin, and of which he desired forgiveness. He was advised by a priest he then met to give himself to that line of things, and he did it with the utmost zeal and earnestness. He

was enrolled in one of the sects of Buddhism; and, in addition to the regular worship of the 'Goddess of Mercy' at home, he was in the habit of repairing weekly to a temple in the neighbourhood, where, in concert with the priests, he chanted the classic and did service to the idol. He received the marks of consecration on his head, and laboured assiduously to bring others to the practice of idolatry. Several hundreds were in this way led to follow his example, so that he acquired a name and position among the Buddhists in this place.

"While engaged in this manner, he was met by one of our number prior to his becoming a Christian, who spoke to him of the uselessness of these things, and advised him to become a Confucian. He confessed to having obtained no rest from all he had done, and he accordingly betook himself to reading the Chinese classics and other books of the kind. He thus pursued a double course for some years, till the same individual met him who had previously spoken to him, and who had by this time become a Christian. He resented his advice for a time, but was at length persuaded of the truth and excellence of the Gospel, and on visiting us professed his faith in Christ and his hearty renunciation of his former ways. When fully satisfied as to his sincerity, he was baptized, and expressed great joy and satisfaction in consequence.

"Immediately after this he began to speak to some of those he had before led into Buddhism. He was highly respected by them, and his assurance to them of peace, and rest, and forgiveness in Christ stirred their souls, so that they were induced to come under the sound of the Gospel, and three of their number soon gave pleasing evidence of having felt its power. They desired admission to the church, and were in due time received. Now they are all exerting their influence to bring others to know and love the Saviour, and several are in the way of learning and receiving the blessed truth.

"My heart is cheered by this indication of spiritual life and blessing. The movement is among a class of people who were impelled by a conviction of sin to practise idolatry, visit the temples and other places of religious concourse, and endeavour to acquire a degree of merit, all with a view to obtain forgiveness and happiness after death. Having found no rest in any of these penances and pilgrimages, they have come over to the side of Christ, and are now rejoicing in peace and hope in Him. Their spontaneous zeal and activity also in behalf of those around them, and their manifest anxiety to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, are a pleasing token of the work of grace in their hearts, and I pray that, through their instrumentality, many of their former associates in idolatry may become, like them, the worshippers of the only living and true God.

"The idols and beads of some of these men are now in my possession, and I shall have much pleasure in forwarding them to the Mission House as a memorial of Divine grace in leading those who were once their votaries to the faith of Christ.

"In another part of our mission field it is stated that a number are now inquiring the way to Zion. One of our best men who was the means of bringing the above converts to Christ, and who is all zeal and earnestness in the matter, is at work there, travelling over a large country district. Our native brethren engaged in the work are, we trust, true men of God, considerably qualified for it, but they need the stimulus and energy of faith so as to speak the word with power and carry the Gospel to the hearts and consciences of men."

VI.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. W. ROBINSON, from COIMBATOUR, South India, per steamer *Poonah*, March 11th.

2. DEATH OF THE REV. R. T. GREGOROWSKI, OF SOMERSET.

Intelligence has reached us from the Cape Colony of the death of another old and faithful missionary of Christ. The late Rev. R. T. GREGOROWSKI's connection with the Society dated from the year 1848, when he was engaged in South Africa, and appointed to PACALTSBORP. He removed in the same year to SOMERSET. The church at that station became self-supporting in 1856, and he continued its oversight until he was called away to a higher service above. In June last he reached his seventy-second birthday, and before the close of the year indications of weakness in the heart and lungs manifested themselves. Nevertheless he attended an early prayer-meeting on the morning of Christmas-day, and conducted three full services afterwards. The exertion proved too much for his strength; his sufferings increased; and on Wednesday, the 7th of January, he breathed his last. The Directors deeply sympathise with their departed brother's family and friends, and with the church and congregation among whom he had so long laboured in the Gospel.

3. SOUTH AFRICA—BOYS' SCHOOL, KURUMAN.

In a letter addressed to the Directors at the commencement of the present year, the Rev. JOHN BROWN writes:—"On New Year's-day we took the boys to the Fountain for their first annual school treat. They evidently much enjoyed the outing and the feasting, and the enjoyment was greatly increased by playing their first game at cricket. Through the kindness of friends I have been able to procure a small supply of cricketing materials, and, as it used to be my favourite game, it will be no trouble to give the boys some lessons. When I visited Lovedale Schools I remarked upon the absence of games, and was told that the Kaffir boys do not take to them. Unless I am much mistaken, cricketing will be a favourite game of our boys—at all events, I am able to hope so, judging from the first lesson."

4. MADAGASCAR—THE TSIAFAHY DISTRICT.

The Rev. JAMES HOULDER observes that, while the statistics of his district may appear unfavourable as compared with those of previous years, there is no real diminution either in the number of devout worshippers or diligent scholars. He adds:—"The present state of affairs, therefore, affords no just cause for discouragement. Nay, it gives ground for hope, and is, moreover, an occasion for thankfulness. The wise and good in this land place not their trust in numbers. Oppressed by the mighty weight of inertia and the vast amount of passive resistance to true progress which the throngs of ignorant and unwilling worshippers represent, they rejoice rather in anything that appears to clear the way for a real advance; and, whilst they are devoutly thankful for any increase of 'such as shall be saved,' they reluctantly, but earnestly, pray, 'Lord, *decrease* this church.'"

5. SOUTH SEAS—LEEWARD ISLANDS.

The following are details of contributions for the Society from the native churches in the Leeward (Society) Islands for the year 1879, as furnished by the Rev. A. PEARSE, of Raiatea :—" Each island has increased its contributions. Tahaa (population, 700) gave 246 dols. 61c. (£49 6s. 6d.); the increase is 8 dols. 16c. (£1 12s. 8d.). Raiatea (population, 1,400) contributed 732 dols. 22c. (£146 8s. 10d.), giving an increase over last year of 97 dols. 46c. (£19 9s. 10d.). Huahine (population, 1,665) contributions were 275 dols. (£55); increase, 23 dols. 33c. (£4 13s. 4d.). The Poraporans (population, 800) gave 689 dols. 90c. (£138); increase over last year, 214 dols. 65c. (£42 18s.). Total contributed by these four islands, 1,943 dols. 73c. (£388 15s.); increase over last year, 343 dols. 31c. (£68 13s. 3d.). I have received news that Maupiti (population 400) contributed 88 dols. (£17 2s.), but I have not received the money. I hear that Rurutu contributed 190 dols. (£38); that is 12 dols. more than last year. I am exceedingly glad that the people are contributing more to the Society. May their hearts expand yet more and more !"

6. CALCUTTA—A HINDOO CONVERT.

Writing recently, the Rev. W. J. WILKINS thus refers to an incident in connection with one of the out-stations of the Calcutta mission :—" I returned only last night from Baduriah. You will be pleased to hear that we met with a young man, a son of a Guru, who was staying in the neighbourhood, and came down with us for baptism. He is a very intelligent, and apparently very earnest, young man. He has read the Gospel of St. Mark with Joyerh Babu, and the truth seems to have carried conviction with it. If all be well, he will be baptized about a week hence."

7. MADAGASCAR—THE BETSILEO COUNTRY.

The Rev. W. D. COWAN writes :—" The Young Men's Christian Association at Fianarantsoa commenced the year by the formation of a Temperance Society, in which there are now over 100 members. This movement, which was at first looked on with disfavour, is now heartily approved of by all except the dealers in spirits."

8. JAPAN.

The Rev. J. C. EDGE, of Hong Kong, when on a visit to Japan last year, wrote from TOKIO as follows :—" There is very much to interest a Chinese missionary in Japan. I have been staying for some time with my good friend and old fellow-passenger to China Dr. Faulds, of the U.P. Mission. He has built a hospital in Tokio that is a model of neatness and efficiency. Several students have his instruction daily. An extraordinary number of out-door, and many in-door patients show how much the Christian doctor is appreciated, and, moreover, the well-sustained and regular Christian services at the hospital chapel prove conclusively that my friend has always been a missionary and a physician.

" There is one institution here that will be of inestimable advantage to the Japanese churches. I allude to the Theological Institution, supported by the three Presbyterian churches represented in Tokio. Mr. McLaren, of the U.P. church ; Mr. Amerman, of the Reformed Church ; and Mr. Imorie, of the American Presbyterian, are the professors ; their classes are well attended, and the influence of the institution is undoubted.

"There are many missionaries in Tokio ; most of them belong to American societies, and their work is restricted in several ways, as we are not restricted in China. In Tokio foreigners must reside in the Concession, unless they are in the employ of the Japanese Government, or of the Japanese people. In order to get more closely into contact with the people, some missionaries take pupils, whom they teach English, say, two hours a day ; then they are permitted to rent houses in the city, and do whatever mission work they please. And to get beyond the treaty ports the same plan must be adopted. The passport system here is also a great hindrance to missionary work. In China we can get a passport for a year, and we need not specify our business in the interior. Not so in Japan ; passports are granted for a limited period, and for certain districts ; they are only granted for purposes of health and scientific research, and the result is that a missionary who preaches in the interior, unless he is employed by Japanese, exposes himself to a charge of falsehood, and of breaking the laws of the country. A strong effort is now being made to modify these and other restrictions.

"But Christianity is spreading in Japan. Six or seven years ago there were only a few hundred converts here ; now there are some three thousand ; the Japanese, if rather unstable and fickle, yet acknowledge the superiority of the foreigner, and are anxious to learn all he can teach. The odious distinction of the sexes that prevails in China is unknown here. Women and men are craving for instruction. Western civilisation is winning its way, and if Japan and Japanese institutions do appear to a critical eye somewhat unfinished, and sometimes ludicrous, yet good work is being done, and I am persuaded that the Japan of the not far distant future will be a strong Christian nation."

9. LOYALTY ISLANDS—LIFU.

Towards the close of 1878, the Rev. S. M. CREAGH returned to Polynesia, after furlough in England. Soon after his arrival in Lifu the annual missionary gatherings took place, referring to which he writes as follows :—"We have just had our missionary meetings. In former years it was the plan to have but two meetings for the whole island. I have made an alteration this year. Instead of two, we had *nine* meetings. When there were but two meetings, very few people came from a distance ; we had, perhaps, the teachers, deacons, and a few robust men and women, but the bulk of the people remained at home, the distance being too great. I decided to try another plan, and go to the various villages. I was fortunate in having four returned teachers as deputation ; one of these was from New Guinea, another from the N.W. end of New Caledonia, and the other two from Kanala, New Caledonia. These men were well received everywhere, and their stories had a good and pleasing effect. I went to all the meetings. I don't suppose we got a single franc additional by increasing the number of meetings ; but I want not only to get francs, but to infuse a missionary spirit as well. You will, I think, be pleased to hear that we have realised the sum of £299 for the Society. I feared a difficulty on the other side of the island. The chief there was disappointed that Mr. Hadfield had not been located amongst them, and he ordered that no collections were to be made for the Society until they had a missionary. I told the teachers not to regard these words, but to announce the missionary meetings and the collections, and leave the matter with the people. I am happy to say the chief withdrew the prohibition."

VII.—Anniversary Services in May, 1880.

THE Directors invite the attention of the friends of the Society to the following arrangements for the ensuing Anniversary :—

LORD'S DAY, MAY 9TH.

MISSIONARY SERMONS will be preached on behalf of this Society at various chapels in London and its vicinity ; particulars will be given next month.

MONDAY, MAY 10TH.

Morning.—PRAYER MEETING, for one hour, in the BOARD ROOM of the MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, specially to implore the Divine blessing on the several Services of the Anniversary, at TEN O'CLOCK.

Afternoon.—The ANNUAL MEETING OF DIRECTORS will be held at the MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, at THREE O'CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11TH.

Morning.—In CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD (Rev. NEWMAN HALL'S). The ANNUAL SERMON will be preached by the Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England. Service to commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Evening.—In WESTMINSTER CHAPEL the SERMON TO YOUNG MEN AND OTHERS will be preached by the Rev. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A. Service to commence at SEVEN O'CLOCK.

No Tickets required for the Sermons.

THURSDAY, MAY 12TH.

Morning.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the Society will be held in EXETER HALL, to appoint a Treasurer, Secretaries, and Directors ; and to receive the ANNUAL REPORT, with Audited Accounts. The Chair will be taken, at TEN O'CLOCK, by

JOHN KEMP WELCH, Esq., J.P., Treasurer of the Society.

VIII.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 15th March, 1880.

LONDON.

Addiscombe, Christchurch	5	0	0
Anerley	8	0	4
Brixton Congregational Ch.	13	14	10
Brixton, Trinity Ch.	8	5	0
Cheshunt, Crossbrook Street (additional)	0	6	0
City Road	8	10	0
Finchley, East	6	7	0
Finchley, North	7	5	6
Greenwich Road	2	10	0
Harley Street	5	6	0
Haverstock Cha.	12	10	0
Kingsland Congregational Ch. (add.)	5	18	0
Mill Hill Ch.	5	0	0
New Tabernacle	2	5	0
Stamford Hill	14	17	5
Tolmers Square Ch.	6	6	0
York Street Cha.	7	0	0

COUNTRY.

Alresford	2	2	8
Annan	3	7	6
Ashford	2	14	6
Aspatia	1	11	0
Basingbourne	1	5	0
Billericoy	1	0	0
Bingley	1	13	0
Birkenhead Auxiliary—			
Liscard	8	10	3
Oxtou Road	3	10	8
Rook Ferry	5	19	1
Birmingham, Acock's Green	3	1	8
Blackburn, James Street	3	0	0
Bocking	4	0	0
Bolton, St. George's Road	7	1	9
Bournemouth, East Cliff Ch.	1	10	0
Bradford Auxiliary—			
College Cha.	5	0	0
Salem Cha.	6	6	8
Rawdon, Benton Cha.	3	17	0
Bridgenorth	1	0	0
Brill	0	6	6
Bristol, Castle Green	2	2	0
Stapleton Road	5	17	4
Tabernacle	3	0	0
Broadwinor	0	8	6
Bungay	2	4	0
Byfield	0	5	0
Cambridge, Emmanuel Ch.	7	5	5
Cardiff, Charles Street	3	10	0
Castle Combe and North Wraxall	1	4	4
Cavendish	0	10	0
Congleton	2	4	9
Coventry, Vicar Lane	3	0	0
Creston	0	13	3
Croftall	1	0	11
Daventry	1	1	0
Derby, London Road	3	11	6
Dundee, Mrs. E. Baxter	10	0	0
East Boldon	1	13	0
Eastbourne	2	11	6
Mr. S. Hall	0	10	6
Epsom	2	19	3
Gainsborough	0	15	0
Great Eversden (2 years)	2	0	0
Halifax Auxiliary—			
Brighouse	14	13	4
Luddenden Foot	1	1	0
Handsworth	3	1	11
Hartlepool, West	3	18	4
Heraford, Eign Brook	3	0	0
Horne Bay	1	5	0
Hexham, Henocote Ch.	1	17	0
Hoddenden	3	0	0

Holt	1	0	0
Holy Moor-ids	0	19	0
Huddersfield, George Street	1	0	0
Hull, Cottingham Cns.	11	16	9
Jersey, Halkett Place	2	12	9
St. Aubins	0	10	6
Leintwardine	1	4	8
Long Melford	0	10	0
Lymm	1	13	2
Maidenhead	5	17	9
Maldon	11	3	3
Manchester, Oldham Road	4	0	9
Richmond	6	10	0
Tipping Street	1	1	0
Zion Chapel	3	18	9
Margate	2	15	1
Zion Cha.	2	0	0
Market Harborough	5	15	6
Melksham	6	12	0
Newport, St. James' Street	2	10	0
Northallerton	3	1	3
Nottingham, Addison Street	6	2	4
Albion Cha.	1	0	0
Castle Gate Ch.	11	19	0
Mr. Langham	3	0	0
Frier Lane	4	0	0
St. Ann's Well Road	4	0	0
St. James' Street	1	13	1
Odiham	0	10	8
Parkstone, near Poole	1	10	0
Peaseley Cross	0	6	0
Peterboro', Trinity Ch.	5	7	6
St. Leonards	7	7	7
Sale	8	12	0
Sawston	1	0	0
Sheffield Auxiliary—			
Burgess Road	1	10	0
Mount Zion Ch.	11	7	7
Nether Ch.	12	2	0
Queen Street	7	7	0
Rocksbridge Church	1	0	0
Tabernacle	1	14	0
Wicker Ch.	5	0	0
Sidmouth, Thos. Grundy, Esq.	5	0	0
Slough	3	0	0
South Shields, Wallis Street	1	0	4
Southport, West End Ch.	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon	2	0	0
Sudbury, Friars Street	2	6	0
Sunderland, Ebenezer Ch., Fawcett St.	6	0	0
Swindon, Victoria Street	1	1	8
Tavistock	3	0	0
Tewkesbury	1	4	0
Therfield	1	1	0
Throop	2	16	6
Tintwistle	2	0	0
Terquay, Abbey Road	4	5	6
Belgrave Church	6	13	8
Trowbridge	10	0	0
Tunbridge Wells, Albion Road	1	4	4
Turvey	0	10	0
Ulverston	1	6	0
Venmor	6	15	0
Walsall, Wednesbury Road	5	0	0
Ware, Church Street	3	0	0
Warminster	2	15	0
Wellington (Salop)	1	0	0
Westbury, Old Ch.	1	4	6
Weston-super-Mare	6	4	4
Wickhambrook	7	10	4
Wilmslow	10	12	6
Worcester	3	0	0
Wotton-under-Edge	3	0	0
Wrexham, Chester Street	3	0	0

IX.—Contributions.

From 16th February to 16th March, 1880.

LONDON.		Legacy of the late Mr. H. H. Ridler	10 0 0	Farnworth—	
.....	200 0 0			A. Harnes, Esq.	30 0 0
G. E. Nisde, Esq.	32 10 0	COUNTRY.		Mrs. Haslam	40 0 0
Henry Webb, Esq.	30 0 0	Alresford. Auxiliary	21 16 2	Folkestone. Auxiliary.....	29 10 1
Mr. Lancaster and Family..	14 0 0	Ash, next Sandwich	14 19 2	Fordingbridge	12 6 5
A. Baldane, Esq.	10 0 0	Ashford	11 13 2	Frome. Auxiliary	5 16 7
Mr. G. A. Nodens.....	5 5 0	Ashton-on-Mersey	4 11 4	Fulbourn	16 16 6
Mrs. Campbell	5 0 0	Bayley, near Royston. Mr. John Pearce	1 0 0	Glossop. Mt. Pleasant Ch..	3 3 0
R. P. C.	5 0 0	Barnsley. Regent Street Ch. Ladies' Auxiliary for Female Missions.....	9 0 0	Halesworth	10 0 4
Mrs. Padgett, per Miss Stronthon	2 0 0	Basingbourne District.....	5 3 1	Halfpenny District. Auxiliary	133 15 6
Do., for Madagascar.....	3 0 0	Bedford. Bunyan Meeting	11 17 9	Handsworth.....	15 0 6
Per Mr. J. N. Barker, for Boat for Rev. W. B. Phillips, Berkhamstead.....	2 10 0	Bredley. G. Shaw, Esq. ..	3 3 0	Heraford. Elgin Brook Ch..	30 11 6
J. Sheffield, Esq.	2 2 0	Bicester	2 10 0	High Wycombe. Trinity Ch.	7 15 2
T. Wimbledon	2 2 0	Birkenhead. Auxiliary	26 18 7	Honiton.....	1 18 0
Sale of Work at Mrs. Scott's Drawing-room Meeting, for Female Missions.....	1 7 6	Birmingham—		Holy Moorside	12 1 0
R. Mackay, Esq.	1 1 0	Carr's Lane. Ladies' Aux., for Mrs. Meech's School Do., for Mr. Jukes	5 0 0	Hurstbourne Tarrant	4 18 0
P. W. Straker, Esq.	1 1 0	Bishops Waltham	5 2 10	Kenilworth. Abbey Hill Ch.	7 4 8
T. H. Gill, Esq.	1 1 0	Bottisham	10 11 2	Kingswood—	
Miss Beasley, two years....	1 0 0	Bournemouth—		Auxiliary	8 12 3
Miss Adam	1 0 0	Auxiliary	58 14 9	Mr. W. S. Chapman	1 0 0
Mrs. Billbrough	1 0 0	East Cliff Ch.	11 14 4	Leeds. Legacy of the late Rev. A. W. Dodgahun, for Central Africa.....	426 5 6
A. P. Pentonville, for South Seas	0 10 6	Bradford. Auxiliary	100 0 0	Leicester. Bond Street. Correction in Annual Report. Mr. T. Almond should be..	5 0 0
A Friend	0 1 0	Bridgnorth	8 0 0	Lenham.....	8 11 7
Awley. Legacy of the late Peter Bunnell, Esq.	200 0 0	Brill	5 9 2	Liverpool. Lazarus	5 0 0
Calcedonian Road.....	9 15 0	Bristol. Auxiliary	44 7 4	Lymington. Auxiliary	36 5 11
Captain, Upper—		Budleigh Salterton. Misses Loveridge.....	1 5 0	Lynn. Auxiliary	17 15 6
W. H. Lopes, Esq.	3 0 0	Burley	3 1 6	Maidenhead. Auxiliary	32 12 10
Do., for nine Children at Salem	18 0 0	Bury. Auxiliary	96 8 2	Malden. Auxiliary	23 18 3
Leicester Square Church	50 0 0	Bury St. Edmunds—		Manchester. Auxiliary	130 11 0
Ilwaco. For Boy in Mr. Hacker's School, Neyoor..	3 0 0	Mr. G. M. Munro	2 2 0	Margate—	
Ilkington. Union Ch. on s/c	5 0 0	Rev. A. Tyler	0 10 6	Cong. Ch.	22 14 5
Ilkington. Auxiliary	23 2 6	Cambridge—		Zion Ch.	17 5 5
Ilkington. St. Paul's Ch., Hawley Road.....	19 8 2	Emmanuel Ch.	67 10 6	Market Deeping	0 10 7
Latimer Chapel	4 19 0	Mrs. Marshall	1 0 0	Market Harborough. Aux..	40 17 4
Mr. H. H. Mr. W. C. Warman.....	1 0 0	Miss Marshall	1 0 0	Matlock Bank	11 17 0
New Hampton	4 6 6	Canterbury. Watling Street	30 15 2	Merrivott—	
Oxford Road Church	4 4 0	Charfield	2 3 1	Rev. John Willis	20 0 0
Solomon Square Church	25 4 2	Chippingham and Kingston St. Michael	11 11 5	Mrs. Fletcher	1 0 0
Walford Road. Trinity Ch.	2 7 0	Cirendon. J. Nunneley, Esq.	2 2 0	Mitcheldean	2 4 10
Wendworth. Auxiliary ..	5 17 10	Conington	24 10 3	Moulton	3 16 1
Young Men's Missionary Association at Monks. J. & R. Morley's, Wood Street	5 0 0	Cumberland. Auxiliary	28 16 2	Newark. For Native Girl at Bellary.....	6 0 0
		Durham. Auxiliary	14 8 6	Newcastle-under-Lyme.....	4 13 0
		Dursley. A Friend	5 0 0	Newton Abbas	10 0 0
		East Grinstead. Rev. B. Slight	1 1 0	Northwich	30 14 1
		Eastbourne. Mr. S. Hall ..	1 1 0	Nottinghamshire. Auxiliary	90 19 10
		Embs. Auxiliary	150 0 0	Odiham.....	3 11 2
		Exeter. Legacy of the late Miss Lydia Franke	31 10 0	Oldham. Auxiliary.....	144 7 2

Ooerton	0 5 0	Upminster	0 19 10	Coatbridge	0 17
Peterboro'. Trinity Ch.....	28 14 6	Uttoseter. Auxiliary	19 16 8	Crief	7 16
Petersfield.....	1 17 3	Venimer. Auxiliary	2 8 3	Dundee. Auxiliary	81 6
Pickering	4 9 3	Wallingford. E. Wells, Esq.	2 3 0	Mrs. E. Baxter	100 0
Plymouth and Devonport.	90 12 0	M.P.	2 3 0	Mrs. Molison	100 0
Pokesdown	9 11 2	Wernminster.....	6 16 0	Dunfermline. Canmore St.	19 13 1
Potterspurty	1 7 0	Weldon	3 13 3	Edinburgh. Auxiliary	101 14 6
Potton	2 1 10	West Lulworth	3 6 9	Share of Residue of Estate of late Mr. James Robert- son	93 0 1
Preston. Grimshaw Street	6 16 11	Westbury. Old Cong. Ch. ..	18 11 0	Elgin. Cong. Ch.....	4 16 1
Reading. Auxiliary	30 0 0	Wimslow. Independent Ch.	64 12 6	Forfar	7 10 1
Ripley	7 13 0	Wiltshire—		Glasgow—	
Sale	19 15 4	Per Rev. T. Mann.		Trinity Cong. Ch.....	31 5 6
Sandford	10 1 6	Birdbush	6 6 4	A. Hill, Esq.	1 1 0
Sheffield. Auxiliary	316 8 8	Bradford	2 10 6	Haddington. Misses How- den	3 0 0
Sherborne. Auxiliary	12 12 8	Codford.....	0 6 1	Holmsburgh.....	1 0 0
Shipley. George Knowles, Esq.	20 0 0	Colera	1 16 0	Irvine	1 5 0
Slough	10 11 7	Holt	1 0 0	Langholm. South U.P. Ch..	2 0 0
South Shields	6 7 9	Lacock	1 17 0	Per Rev. E. A. Warham—	
Southampton. F.W. Brewer, Esq.	6 10 6	Lee, Mr. Willard	1 4 0	Cambslang.....	3 7 8
Sowerby.....	2 16 0	Malmesbury	9 13 8	Carwath.....	5 10 11
Stamford. Star Lane Ch. ..	29 4 6	Melkham	0 13 0	Berwick	19 10 10
Stockbridge	1 1 0	Trowbridge.....	23 3 2	Inverness.....	11 0 0
Stratford-on-Avon.....	19 1 11	Wootton Bassett	2 17 0	Kirkcaldy.....	7 19 1
Sutton Valence	8 8 9	Windsor. Miss Neek.....	10 0 0	Stow	6 7 11
Tadley	1 10 0	Winslow	6 7 6	IRELAND.	
Tamworth. Mrs. Dyer	1 6 0	Woodburn. Cores End Ch. ..	12 12 3	Belfast. Miss Gordon.....	5 0 0
Tarporley. John Sherlock, Esq.	0 10 6	Wooler. Mrs. Short, for Fe- male Missions.....	0 10 0	Dublin. Blackrock.....	1 1 0
Twistock	21 9 6	Worcester. Auxiliary.....	93 2 0	H. J. G.	5 0 0
The Quinta. Thos. Barnes, Esq.	100 0 0	Wotton-under-Edge	5 6 9	Dungannon	2 10 0
Threop	19 0 5	York. Central Auxiliary ..	70 0 0	Per Rev. E. A. Warham—	
Tintwistle. Auxiliary.....	24 10 10	Cardiff—		Belfast	9 5 1
Torquay. Auxiliary	5 14 6	Wales.		FOREIGN AND COLONIAL SOCIETIES.	
Turvey	4 0 3	Bethlehem, Pentrych	3 13 0	Auckland (New Zealand).	
		Xbenezet Welsh Ch.	25 0 0	James Apperly, Esq.	5 0 0
		Carfan and Brynston	5 19 4	Genève. Mdlle. A. Martet, for Girl in late Mrs. Ed- kins' School, Pekin	6 0 0
		Corygodarn	3 13 3	Sydney. Josiah Mullens, Esq.	3 2 0
		Henllanampood	16 17 8	Per Rev. J. Foreman, for Hyde Park Chapel, Demerara.....	2 0 0
		Holyhead. Legacy of the late Rev. Hugh Jones.....	19 19 0	J. Colley, Esq.	2 0 0
		Llanboidy. Trinity Ch.	6 7 6	H. Drummond, Esq.	2 0 0
		Pembrey	7 6 8	Edinburgh	1 0 0
		Welshpool. Rev. J. Sauer..	1 1 0	William Vergettie, Esq.	1 0 0
		SCOTLAND.		Peterboro'	1 0 0
		Campbeltown. Mr. J. Mont- gomery	5 0 0	Mr. Otteville, Bolton	1 0 0

For Deficiency in the Year 1878-9—(continued).

William Grosfield, Esq., Liverpool ...	100 0 0	Upminster	3 0 0
J. S. C. Finchdean	20 0 0	Rev. T. L. Loeel, Tunbridge Wells ..	1 0 0
Maldon	16 18 7	Mrs. Mackinder, Spilsby	1 0 0
Miss Powell	10 10 0	Miss Mackinder, Spilsby	0 10 0
Two Friends, Maidenhead	10 0 0	A Friend	0 10 0
M. D. H. Driffeld	5 0 0	A. S., Glasgow	0 3 0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.





Yours thankful
George

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

MAY, 1880.

Rev. Professor Godet, D.D.

FÉLÉRIC GODET was born in 1812. Neuchâtel, the city of his birth and of his early education, has also been the scene of nearly all his public labours. His theological studies were completed in Germany, where he afterwards spent some six years (from 1838 to 1844) in the capacity of tutor to the Crown Prince of Prussia. On his return to Switzerland, he held for another six years the office of *deacon*, or supplementary pastor, in the large parish of Neuchâtel city, and in the year 1850 he was called to occupy the chair of theology, the duties of which position he has admirably discharged ever since; for some sixteen years (1851 to 1867) combining with them the responsible office of a pastor. Although Professor Godet's life has been almost entirely spent in his native city, it has not been unaccompanied with political and ecclesiastical changes. Thus in his early days he was a Prussian subject, but in his latter years he has become a Dissenter. A few words will suffice to explain this change of political and ecclesiastical standing.

For nearly a century and a half, the kings of Prussia were princes of Neuchâtel, but in 1848, when the Prussian, as well as every other throne in Europe, was tottering, a republic was proclaimed, and at length, after severe struggles, and only when, in 1857, the whole of Switzerland rose as one man to maintain the independence of Neuchâtel, did the King of Prussia renounce his claims to this integral part of the Swiss Federation.

The year 1848 brought about changes in the Church as well as in the State. Up to that period the Venerable Company of Pastors had

formed an oligarchy, by whom all ecclesiastical affairs were regulated. The new government seemed at first disposed to dissolve the bond connecting the Church with the State ; but as such a course might have tended to strengthen the royalist, or Prussian party, to which most of the clergy and their friends belonged, it was resolved to frame a constitution giving the people a voice in the management of the Church. This was done, and for a time the new machine worked well, and without much friction. At length difficulties arose, and from an unexpected quarter. The Liberal or rationalistic party in the Reformed Church of France, were seized with a sudden desire to find a new field for the propagation of their destructive ideas, and turned their attention to Neuchâtel, where, in the absence of a Confession of Faith, orthodoxy had held its ground since the days of the Reformation. The attack was begun by M. Buisson, a French pastor, who had just before been appointed Professor of Philosophy in Neuchâtel, and after much effort, one Liberal community was formed at Chaux-de-Fonds, a manufacturing centre. This movement found in Prof. Godet a most energetic opponent. The lectures which he delivered and published, did very much to prevent the spread of rationalistic views, while they made known to the French-speaking portion of the Christian public the fact, that Neuchâtel possessed a writer remarkably qualified to defend the evangelical faith.

The rationalistic party, unable to gain their ends by fair and open controversy, now had recourse to the Council of State, and induced that body to elaborate a scheme of Church government, lowering the position of the pastor to that of "parish orator," to borrow an expression of Ernest Naville's. He was to be elected by the inhabitants of the parish for a term of six years, during which he should be perfectly free to proclaim any doctrines he might be pleased to designate truth. Loud and earnest protests were raised against this virtual destruction of the Church ; but in vain. The radical party in the State accomplished their purpose, and reduced the old National Church of Neuchâtel to the level to which so many of the National Churches of Switzerland have sunk within the last twenty or thirty years.

But this violent and perhaps unconstitutional action was followed by results the very opposite of those which the Liberals wished to bring about. The more serious portion of the people, together with twenty-four of the pastors (the whole number of parishes is only thirty-six), and

the three professors of theology seceded, and in 1873 formed an Evangelical Church on a Presbyterian basis. The old church buildings were still used by the new body, though at different hours, while the professors continued to lecture in the same rooms, and to the same students as before the secession. Thus M. Godet, one of the three professors, suddenly found himself transformed into a Dissenter, but without having to suffer the inconvenience often attaching to such a position. The new Church at once realised its responsibilities and with much liberality and promptitude fulfilled its various obligations.

Amid these changes, Professor Godet has quietly pursued his studies, and has published works which very speedily procured for him a European reputation. First in point of time, and perhaps also of value, is his "Commentary on the Gospel of St. John." The first edition appeared in 1864,* and bears the superscription, "Theological Library," thus indicating that it was designed to be the first of a series of similar commentaries. It was soon followed by that on the Gospel of Luke, and both have not only passed into a second edition, but have been honoured with translation into the English and German languages. Quite recently the first volume of a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans has appeared, and will soon be followed by the second and concluding volume.† In addition to these important productions, Professor Godet has published, in two volumes, a number of essays, under the title of "Bible Studies on the Old and New Testaments." This last work, being a novelty in French religious literature, received a hearty welcome, and in its English dress it has also, we believe, found a large circle of readers.

Professor Godet now holds a prominent place among the theologians, not only of his own, but of all Protestant lands. Of a singularly

* From some fragments of the late Fr. de Rougement's journal, now being published in the *Chrétien Evangélique*, we learn that M. Godet had so far back as 1837 sketched out the plan of a commentary on St. John's Gospel. But, as we have seen, it was not until twenty-four years after, that the work was presented to the public.

† In this brief mention of Professor Godet's productions we must not fail to notice the popular commentary on the Bible now in course of publication. It is entitled, "*La Bible Annotée*," and is to be the work of a society of theologians and pastors, chiefly belonging to Neuchâtel, with Professor Godet as its president. Three parts of it only have as yet appeared. They contain a commentary on the first fifty-nine chapters of Isaiah, with some very valuable introductory chapters.

humble, devout, and loving spirit, he seems to have much in common with "the beloved disciple," whose Gospel he has so ably expounded. "His students gladly recognise in him the happy union of scientific freedom with submission to the Word of God," while his readers are struck with the clearness of his style, the extent of his learning, and the power of his imagination. His works are a mine of precious thought, from which the ore can be extracted without the toil required in the case of many German treatises. In concluding this brief and imperfect sketch, we can only say, that while grateful for the valuable helps towards a better understanding of the Bible, with which Professor Godet has already enriched us, we trust he may be spared to complete his noble design, and to furnish the Church with many more contributions towards a "Theological Library."

R. S. A.

Bloom-Buds.

It affords us some materials for pleasant thought to look at any tree or shrub, and to consider the varied processes which are being carried on at the same time. If we observe a fruit-tree in summer, we remember that it is spreading and extending its roots below, is ripening its produce upon the bough, and is preparing its young wood with leaf and bloom-buds for the coming year. To quote the words of an old poet, there is—

"A burning bush in every plant we see."

It is further noticeable that plants and fruit-trees grow chiefly in the darkness of the night, when there is a solemn veil drawn over the mystery of the process. It is said, as if Scripture anticipated the close observation of botanists, that Jonah's gourd sprang up in the night, and produced the welcome shade under which the prophet sat as he waited to see the desolation of the magnificent city of Nineveh. It is during the night that all growth advances; and the morning usually shows the happy effect of shade and silence. This reminds us of the Psalm (cxxvii. 2) which warns us against racking cares and useless turmoil. "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows; for so He giveth his beloved sleep." Luther

renders this last sentence, "For so He giveth His beloved sleeping." Thus God rained down manna in the night while the tribes slept in the desert, and when they arose in the morning they saw their daily bread provided by their Father in heaven, to sustain them in their march to the Canaan of their hopes.

While we frequently notice the varied growth of the trees and shrubs, we are specially concerned in the month of September to ascertain the promise of blossom for the following year, and carefully scan the boughs to find those plump and rounded fruit-buds which stand out clear to our view, while the leaf-buds, from their smaller size and closeness to the twig, are less discernible. It is, therefore, possible to foretell the quantity of blossom prepared for the approaching spring; and there our knowledge is bounded, since the future alone can determine the amount of fruit. As Scripture leads us to look at objects for the purposes of instruction, so these bloom-buds may supply us with a few serviceable suggestions.

1. *They are the produce of life.* As soon as a tree begins to fade it loses all power to make provision for future growth and use. One of the effects we soon discern in dead trees is, that they lose their twiginess, and in time stand with their gaunt, massive, and leafless arms clear against the sky. It is the living tree, with its mysterious movements—including activity of root in the soil, the aid of leaf and bark in summer, and the rapid circulation of the sap, all of which bring from the secret storehouse the bud that is to expand in beauty, and to lead on to the fruit—which is to reward the cultivator for his toil and care. These buds belong to a living organism. They are the points of vital force, which have the power to advance and grow, because they share in the energy and movements of the tree. If we look from this object to one which is important to all who understand, in any measure, the nature and growth of the life of God in the souls of men, we shall perceive that all true piety has the power of producing something valuable now, and the promise of larger good to come. It differs profoundly from barren formalism, mere ceremony, and prevalent worldliness, which are like trees "twice dead and without fruit." It is the possession of this divine life which so deeply engaged the thoughts of our Lord and His apostles, who deemed that nothing was done until the old unprofitable state of death had been displaced by the glow and secret force

of spiritual life. This had been realised in the experience of the first disciples of Christ, but it is stated with clearer historical detail in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, who had made long prayers, walked to the temple with Pharisaic pride, and expected to end his earthly life by entering into the fellowship of the patriarchs in the paradise of God. There was no true life in all his incessant and fervid action. It was when he lay at Damascus in the agonies of spiritual distress, and saw the real law which he had broken, and the Saviour whom he had cruelly persecuted in His followers, that life began to fill his soul, and Christ from His exalted throne exclaimed, with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory," "Behold he prayeth."

2. *These buds are prophecies of future beauty and fruit.* It has pleased God to make preparations for the future with very small and inconspicuous beginnings; and therefore it has been necessary to remind men that they should not "despise the day of small things." These are scarcely ever regarded until they burst into bloom, when—

" In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds."

From these buds will come the snow-white blossom of the pear, the virgin blush of the quince, the warm tints of the apricot, the peach, and the nectarine, and the lovely white and red of the apple, which last, like all superior beauty, attracts the eye, and claims fervid admiration. In this way Providence heralds the approach of the bounty of the autumnal ingathering of pleasant fruits, among which there will be the ruddy apple, the golden apricot, the luscious pear, the rounded peach, the gleaming nectarine, with the smaller fruits, which, like currants, hang in lovely racemes—or like cherries, in beautiful clusters. There is a real and impressive resemblance between these processes and results, and those spiritual experiences which are represented in the pages of the New Testament, and are realised in the life of the true disciples of our Lord. There are the weakness and the capabilities of infancy, which can advance, with suitable divine nourishment, to the fulness of the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. At first, praise touches its harp with an unskilled hand, which afterwards gains a

power that can draw forth tones of melting tenderness, and sweep the strings under the mighty impulses of redeeming love. Prayer breathes "Abba Father" and afterwards expands into the fulness of energetic desire and the breadth of Christian intercession. Knowledge and speech improve in power and influence. Gifts are offered with the joy of realised privilege, and in the light of His countenance who "loveth a cheerful giver;" and the happy soul resembles the palm-tree, that lifts its triumphant foliage to the sky, while from its leaves hang the satisfying clusters which sustain and cheer the life of the wayfarer in the wilderness. Meditation, which once took its timorous flights, now rises on strong and buoyant pinion, and leaves the dull cares and frequent contentions of life for serener air and wider prospects. There comes from all these the coherence and consistency of a noble life, and a happy preparation for the life to come, in which early prophecy of fruit shall be fulfilled to the glory of Him who watched over and protected the blossom, and whose grace has ripened the produce of the tree.

3. *They are objects of anxiety and hope.* Before these buds can open there must pass several months of dark, cold, and stormy weather, when the snow will burden the bough, the hoar frost glitter on the spray, drenching rains will fall, and the tempest will bend and strain the tree. There is always some reasonable fear for the result of this stern trial. This solicitude may be experienced in other spheres of life. The tender and affectionate mother who looks upon the fair faces of her children may think with anxiety of their future. It may be that fell disease will blanch the cheek, and the icy hand of death may nip the blossom, which, amid tears, will fall into the grave.

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came, with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

If the happy circle is unbroken, there will arise serious thoughts which, like flitting shadows over a summer landscape, will occasion pensive forebodings respecting the future, because life is full of danger, and the work of a very short time may embitter the experience of many years. We may carry this thought of solicitude into the spheres of parental instruction, Sunday-school labour, and the

Christian ministry. Those who give signs of spiritual life have to meet so many difficulties and discouragements, that anxiety for their safety and progress is very reasonable. Some believers rebel by the exhibition of unlovely infirmities ; and others are fickle or indiscreet. There are cares about food, raiment, and station. There are the impulses of the flesh, and strong temptations to pluck the forbidden fruit. Scepticism is loud and daring ; and Satan goeth about to corrupt from "the simplicity that is in Christ." All these things create anxiety, but need not produce despair—which is no part of Christian duty—and should prompt to earnest prayer for the supply of the Divine Spirit who can maintain the inner life unimpaired amid the diversities of experience, and lead it on until it becomes the fit and precious recompense of Him who "shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

4. *This leads us to notice the co-operation needed for success.* Many agencies must concur to bring the bloom-buds to perfection in the variety of beautiful and delicious fruit. All things must work together for good. The soil must grow somewhat warm after the winter's frost ; the air must be mild to cherish and promote the growth of bloom and foliage ; the vernal breezes and showers must bring their contribution of help ; the sun must shine with a brighter beam ; and the darkness brood over the bud to develop its beauty and use. It must receive all these influences, and there may be others which are necessary, that are too delicate and subtle for our senses to apprehend and describe. All these are requisite, and the smallest plant requires a vast variety of agency to sustain and preserve its life. The mind turns almost instinctively to those gracious words of Paul, who says of the new man, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free ; but Christ is all and in all." These words suggest that the whole of the work of Christ is needful for each, and enjoyed by each believer irrespective of race, culture, and social condition, as it may be said that the whole fabric of nature, from the dust of the earth to the surface of the sun, is necessary for the growth of the daisy of the fields and the cedar on the slopes of Lebanon. As so many influences conduce to the advance and perfection of the bud, it may be affirmed that there is a rich and impressive range of help to maintain and carry forward the divine life to its completeness. These are provided

in the possession and use of Holy Scripture, which, in its later portion, seems like a door opened in heaven, whence come the light and music of a better world. There is prayer, in which needy souls can bow before the radiant throne of grace. There are sympathising Christians, times of Sabbath peace, the calm of the sanctuary, the celebration of the Supper, the ministry of angels, and the vital presence of the Son of God. To look at all this array reminds us of the inheritance of ancient Israel, as it appeared to the gaze of Moses before he slept the sleep of death. "The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine, also his heavens dropped down dew." Nothing was to be sought, for all was provided. There were pastures for flocks, fields for corn, slopes for vines, brooks, streams, and fountains of water, the genial climate, the early and latter rain, and the margin of the Mediterranean Sea. Our inheritance in Christ surpasses the glories of Canaan, and we are "complete in Him."

5. *These bloom-buds remind us of claims upon Christian patience.* It is remarked by St. James that the husbandman hath "long patience" for the precious fruit of the earth. It is equally needed in the culture of the garden, when month after month rolls by, and the buds seem to be much as they were at the close of the previous autumn. Nature is very calm and orderly, and takes no notice of the impatience and fretfulness of men. It requires us to wait, which is probably one of the most arduous duties of our present life. Wordsworth justly remarks—

"It is the detail of blank intervals,
The patient sufferance where no action is,
That proves our nature.
Many are who act,
But, oh! how few endure."

This necessity for waiting shows *us*, who have anything to do with the spiritual improvement of others, that we should deal gently with those who are slow to learn, and make little progress in the art of obedience to the Redeemer. There are in many minds mysterious hindrances to rapid progress. Christian ideas may be received slowly, and there may be special difficulty in translating these ideas into the recognisable facts of life and conduct. Some live in an ungenial atmosphere during six days of the week, and others have an innate fickleness of temper, and a sensitiveness to surrounding

objects, which make spiritual impressions shallow and fugitive. The attention may be distracted by special associations of thought, and the action of memory will sometimes lead them into other regions of interest, and away from the work in hand. Amid all these, and many other circumstances which try the patience of parents, teachers, and pastors, there must be the frequent look at "Him who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." Paul, the servant, followed Christ, the Master, in his treatment of young and immature disciples, and said, "But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children;" and amid the ignorance which struggled with their new knowledge, the reappearance of old heathen habits which marred their new life, and their facility of relapsing into former modes of thought and feeling, he was patient and considerate until they gained clearer light, and became strong in the faith of Christ. So said David, when he reviewed his eventful career, and traced in it some grievous faults, and saw at length that God had placed a crown on his brow, and a sceptre in his hand: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Without that divine patience his "root would have been as rottenness, and his blossom would have gone up as dust;" but with it the bloom-bud of his early promise was changed into that precious fruit which glorified the grace of Him who watched over its growth and carried it to desired perfection.

J. S. BRIGET.

Dorking.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER I.

CATHERINE INTRODUCES HERSELF.

My name is Catherine Ambrose, and I live in London. But my horizon is bounded now, not by my familiar four walls, but by the infinite blue of the sky and the crisping line of the sea, and instead of the gloom of my London life, I look out on gorse-covered hills and fluttering larks and happy children at play. Two months' holiday! And I have not had a holiday for more than five years, except for a few days at a time. And now I have two months! Is the prospect a pleasant one? I ask myself. Yes in some aspects, no in others. I

am free once more—free to feel young again; free to renew old friendships, half-forgotten, in the world of books and music; free to live a life of impulse—to drink in health and inspiration from God's world of light and air, and all the joyous creatures living out their happy lives therein. And then, when my holiday is over, I have the prospect of my work again, the work I delight in; and I shall feel glad and strong and ready as I did before this illness came upon me. This is the bright side of the picture, and I want to keep my eyes fixed on it steadily, for there is a darker, and it is often troublesomely insistent. It is this. My holiday means that my health has given way. I have begun to know what it is to have nerves. After an unavailing struggle I have given in. The doctor has ordered rest—two months, at least; and I cannot prevent myself from suspecting that he had a reservation in his mind, and that he believes my constitution will stand no more of such work as I have done for the last five years. Why I should, in spite of myself, dwell on this idea I do not know—unless because I am weak and a prey to morbid fancies. Or perhaps because I am alone, and cannot speak them out, and feel them melt away in the grasp of a strength-giving hand, and the light of loving eyes. I am alone: yes, but I am not unhappy about that. I am used to my own company, I find it pleasant. I do not like to be contradicted, I like my own way even in trifles; I like the comfort and ease of mental undress: I dislike the necessity for presenting the smiling surface which society demands as much as, or a little more, than I do dressing for dinner. I am quite convinced that I like my own company best, and that my holiday will be all the pleasanter because I have no other companion. And yet, if this is the case, why do I now and again ache with such a vague loneliness, such a yearning for I don't know what? Again, no doubt, because I am nervously weak. If I were well, I should laugh at such sentimentalities.

An idea has struck me. Instead of the talk with a human being, which I thus at times inconsistently desire, I will talk—to paper. I will write my autobiography. Female autobiography I have generally associated with demure old age, a cap and spectacles. I have not the spectacles, nor the cap, just now. I believe I have grown slightly demure, though I admit the idea is obnoxious. Old age I certainly have not attained. I am twenty-six. I have

all my life before me, thank God. I am far yet from that stage of one's pilgrimage when life is a peaceful asylum, shut in from labour and care, a patient waiting with folded hands for the life beyond. I am taking but a moment's rest—stopping but to take breath before I plunge with redoubled energy among the working, living crowd.

I am twenty-six, as I have said, and in years I have lived no inconsiderable part of my life; but in reality, I only began my life five years ago. I existed before, and scarcely knew it. Since then I have lived. My autobiography shall only concern itself with these five years; to write a history of my life before that would have no interest for me. Have I indeed the same entity as in those early days? Do I look the same, I wonder? I will seek an answer at the looking-glass. For the last four years I and my glass have been strangers—on bowing terms. We used to be intimate enough. Is there any objection to my writing down exactly what I see there? Not the slightest, for I write for no eyes but my own. I intend to be perfectly candid throughout my story, hiding neither good points nor bad.

So I will describe myself as I appear in the glass, probably not impartially—this, I fear, is beyond the powers of the poor human nature which has to answer for so many shortcomings—but with as judicial a fairness as is within my compass. I am about the middle height, but with a pliancy of figure and limb which gives the impression of a taller person than my inches justify. I am thinner than formerly, that is the first alteration I perceive, and yet at the same time I have a more solid air, which is odd—perhaps, however, it is the “weight of years,” of which the poets speak. My features are clear-cut, my nose aquiline, with a decidedness which causes me to think with a shudder of the Roman. Yes, my nose has certainly become more aquiline. My mother, who used to pride herself much on the signs of good descent in my looks, impressed upon me that to cultivate my disposition was, indirectly, to cultivate my appearance. If this is so, I must beware of my growing tendency to dominate. It is certainly altering the shape of my nose. My mouth rather contradicts the expression of this feature. It is sensitive and tremulous—not a mouth I admire, by any means. I like a firm, well-moulded mouth, expressive of an harmonious, calm purpose; and then my eyes, I am dissatisfied with them. It is true, they are dark, and soft,

and brilliant ; but the eyes I like are of a deep and constant grey. My complexion is good still ; pale, but clear and warm—the bloom will probably come back with the sea-breezes, and perhaps they will take this ominous crease from my forehead. My hair is not changed : I like my hair ; it is brown, with a sparkle in it, and grows low on my forehead, crisply waving upward. I have good looks, and I am not ungrateful for them, but I do not admire myself. I wish my looks were more expressive of the character that I admire—the firm, and steady, and strong.

Five years ago, or a little more, therefore, I was in appearance, I suppose, much the same that I see myself to-day. It was on an afternoon in November that I hurried through the foggy, damp London streets to my home, which lay in the neighbourhood of Portman Square. I ran up the steps with vehemence, and stood there panting and perturbed. When the door was opened, I rushed up to my bedroom. Ann, my mother's maid, was there arranging a drawer. She stared at me.

"Lor, Miss Cathie, what's the matter ? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"So I have, Ann, or something worse," I answered. "Go away, will you—I don't want to talk about it."

Ann was used to my whims, and took them in good part. She departed, declaring mildly that I made her flesh creep. When she was gone, I proceeded to take off my jacket and hat. They were of sealskin. Usually I delighted in touching their glossy softness. Now I threw them off in impatient discontent. My well-appointed toilet table seemed a mockery. Even the perfume with which the room was filled sickened me. For the first time, my luxuries appeared incongruous, almost revolting. The fire was lighted. I was chilly, and went up to it mechanically, and stood looking into it, my mind in a whirl.

Half-an-hour before, as I walked along the streets, my thoughts were full of a pleasant excitement. An event was about to happen in my narrow world, to which I looked forward with eagerness. I was absorbed in pleasant thoughts. The streets were almost deserted. The dusk was gathering. The lamplighter passed me, but I had noticed no one else for the length of a street, when I perceived a figure ahead of me. It was a female figure in a waterproof cloak,

noticeable only for its peculiar walk. It was walking with tottering steps, and swaying from side to side, as if it were about to fall. I felt slightly nervous, and was about to cross the road to avoid passing it, when suddenly and noiselessly it—not fell, but dropped or sank to the ground, like a leaf from a tree, and there lay motionless. Moved rather by the fascination of horror than the impulse to help, I darted forward. Within a foot or so I stopped and gazed at the dark, still mass upon the ground. The face was hidden, and the cloak concealed the whole figure. I could only perceive that it was a girl, and that she was poor. I could not go nearer, neither could I run away as I wanted to do. I simply stood and stared.

Then I heard a firm, heavy tread behind me, and a man came forward into the light of the lamp. I looked up and found his eyes upon me. There was a look of hard and utter scorn in them. I felt he comprehended the whole situation. He did not speak; he knelt down at once by the girl's side and lifted up her head gently. Then I saw her face—a terrible sight! So ghastly was it, so wan and white, with the skin drawn tightly over the pinched features. Was she dead? My heart stood still, and then beat in great thumps. Still I did not move. The man unfastened her cloak, and I noticed that his hands were large and powerful, and yet that they did their work with gentleness and skill. They were more effective hands than mine, slender and quick as mine are. As he threw off her cloak, and moved her arm aside to feel her heart, the sleeve of her dress slipped up, and showed her arm bare to the elbow. I started. It was little thicker than my wrist.

"The creature is starved," he said in a low voice as if to himself. Then he looked up, and said in a rough peremptory tone, "Help me to get her in there," indicating the door of a chemist's shop, which stood open near at hand. I shrank from the idea of touching the girl, but I felt that I could not disobey. With a shudder I advanced, but the man, I imagine, perceived my reluctance, for he motioned me aside, and took her up in his arms like a baby. He appeared to do this quite easily, and as I followed him, I observed that his figure, though not tall, was strongly built, with remarkably square shoulders. He looked like a gentleman, though his attire was not very exact.

When he had got the girl inside the shop, he turned to me, and said in the same peremptory tone, "You had better go." And so I

did, without a word, relieved and yet reluctant. And all the while those words rang in my ears—"The creature is starved."

I had a great faculty for receiving only pleasant ideas into my mind. My nature only assimilated what was pleasant. When things of a contrary nature approached me, I coolly shut my door in their face. But in the present case I found myself worsted. Facts may be ignored, the reports of other people may be doubted, but my own consciousness had been brought face to face with reality; what I had seen and heard had seized on my imagination, and my imagination now did what it liked with me. I turned up my sleeve, and looked at my own arm. I even felt it, and hated myself because it was so plump and firm. Yet I struggled against these feelings. I said to myself, "Horrible, horrible thought! It is impossible. I don't believe it. I have always heard that the poor are taken the greatest care of in London—pampered, I have heard my mother say. How could that man know? I dare say he knew nothing about it. She was ill, poor creature, I have no doubt: anybody may be taken ill—I might be myself. Her clothes were quite respectable and tidy, although shabby. Starved! No, it is impossible, impossible—I will not believe it. I wonder if that horrid man were a doctor; if so, he must have known what was the matter with her. He said it as if he knew. But I don't think he was a doctor; he appeared to me more like a lawyer—he had such a hard, cold manner. There is no heart in that man, I am sure. Although he attended to the girl, he did not seem in the least sorry for her. And how rude he was to me! And how he looked at me! No gentleman would have treated me like that. I wish I knew what he was going to do with the poor girl. I can't think why I did not ask him."

The dressing-bell rang for dinner. I dressed with care, for my mother's eyes would scrutinise me keenly. We lived alone, my mother and I, and we never saw company; yet all the observances of social forms and ceremonies were scrupulously adhered to in our *ménage*.

My mother was an invalid, yet no amount of physical weakness or suffering was allowed to interfere with her attention to *les convenances*. To have omitted them she would have deemed slovenly. Her dress was always exquisite, she wore marvels of invalid toilettes, of daintiest muslins and laces. Her diet was peculiar, and prescribed to a nicety by her physician, and my tastes were of the simplest; yet

she would have our dinner-table supplied and arranged to perfection, even though most of the dishes were sent away untouched. When I went down and entered the dining-room my mother was on the couch. She called me to her and kissed me, with what I always felt to be a peculiar kiss. She always gave it me when I looked my best. I now think the odd feeling about it arose from its being a kiss of proprietorship. The description I have given of my personal appearance will serve very well for my mother, with certain differences. She was of a much slighter, frailer build; her hair was smooth and not wavy, and her lips were thinner, and much more decided in expression. There were traces of suffering, too, in her clear-cut, worn face; though never was present suffering allowed to betray itself there. Pain did not even ruffle her brow.

At dinner I found it an effort to eat and talk as usual. Those horrible words would ring in my ears, and the girl's face would haunt my eyes.

"Well, Cathie," said my mother, "I am astonished that you have asked me no questions on the subject concerning which you professed yourself dying of curiosity this morning."

"So I am still, mother; but even dying becomes a fact one may forget when it occurs as often as it does with me. Well?"

"You would not like him, I am sure."

"Why not?"

"There is nothing attractive about him. He is plain to a degree, and his manners are most abrupt. I do not think he spoke half-a-dozen unnecessary words, and the necessary ones were delivered in the curtest manner."

"Oh, perhaps he is a kind of Monte Christo man—enigmatical and sphinx-like. If so, I should like him, I am sure."

"No, my dear, he is most unromantic in every way. There is nothing in him for even your volatile fancy to play upon."

"Well, after all, the important point is, do *you* like him, mother?"

"As a gentleman, of course I should not; but as a doctor, I am agreeably impressed. I believe he understands my case, possibly better than Dr. Cox does. I confess I dreaded this new partner's advent, but I now think I shall have cause to rejoice in it. Curt manners in a doctor are, in my opinion, by no means an ill sign. He

is probably a self-made man. Self-made men are generally clever. I quite prefer self-made men in their proper position."

After dinner I went to the piano, and played to my mother, who, according to custom, lay on the sofa. I tried composer after composer, but they all seemed barren and tuneless. By-and-by my mother fell asleep. I left off playing and came to a low seat by the fire. I sat there nursing my knees and thinking. Presently I was startled by my mother's voice.

"What is the matter, Catherine?"

"Nothing, mother. Why?" I asked.

"You look gloomy, dispirited."

"I have a little headache, I think. I will shake it and see," I answered, and laughed.

"Headache! A girl of your age should not get headaches. You had better go to bed, and Ann shall bring you up some tea."

"Nonsense, mother. What a fuss about nothing! It seems ridiculous, when some people have such dreadful things happen to them."

I spoke crossly. My mother gave me a look of calm surprise.

"You talk illogically and pettishly, Catherine. Something is the matter. I insist upon knowing it."

"I saw something painful when I was out—that is all."

"What was it?"

"A girl was ill, and fell down, and they said she was starved."

"Horrible! Who said so?"

"A gentleman who picked her up."

"And so I understand that you were in the centre of a street crowd when you heard that?"

"No, there was no one but me."

"Then the remark was made to you?"

"Yes."

"We must have no more of this, Catherine; I was over-persuaded to allow you to walk about by yourself, and this convinces me that I was wrong. I always do ill if I act against my instincts. My instincts are always right. Ann must go with you in future. That you should be brought in contact with such scenes, and should be holding conversation with strange men in the streets is most unseemly. It must never occur again. Tell me all that passed."

"Nothing passed, but what I have already told you. He sent me away."

"Ah, no doubt he was a gentleman, and felt your presence to be out of place. The girl, I should be afraid, was tipsy. We do hear of these dreadful cases."

"Do you think so? He said she was starved," I said in a low voice.

"How very shocking! Surely not. If so, I should fear the girl was a bad character. Ah, my child, how very thankful this should make you feel."

"It has made me feel very miserable."

"Yes, I can see plainly it has been too much for you. Your nerves have been quite upset."

Silence ensued for a time. I was pondering my mother's words. I was somewhat relieved, I own, at the way the thing framed itself in her mind. Clearly, in her mind, I was a person to be pitied for being present, not blamed for—I knew not what; only I had felt a vague burden of reproach, and a loss of self-esteem. I tried to think that that strange man had, as my mother concluded, behaved so unceremoniously to me because he thought I had no business there. But I could not succeed in this attempt, for I was keenly conscious of the look he had cast on me as I stood by the prostrate girl. Nevertheless, that my mother regarded the girl as a less tragic figure in my story than she had appeared to me, was unconsciously a comfort to me.

ELLIE BEIGHTON.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

THE EMPTY GRAVE.

BEING risen from the dead, the Lord does not overwhelm His disciples with surprise by a sudden reappearance in their midst, but prepares them gradually for seeing Him again. The first sign is the empty grave and the folded grave-clothes. It is of this sign that St. John, chap. xx., 1—13, gives an account. There is little or no difficulty in making out the sense of the paragraph. The difficulty begins when we endeavour to piece the four evangelic memoirs together, so as to frame a complete and consistent narrative of the course of events. In these memoirs we recognise the bold freedom and brevity of conscious truth; but the data they supply do not enable us to

adjust the runnings to and fro, the lingerings, the crossing of paths, the scatterings and re-gatherings of the morning, so that the recorded particulars shall fall each into its proper place. Two things are noticeable in what has been written on the harmonistic question : on the one hand, that there has been considerable exaggeration of difficulties, and not seldom a ready acceptance of inferences, and even conjectures, as if they were proven facts ; and, on the other hand, there have been orthodox ingenuities and special pleadings, tending rather to suggest fresh doubts than to remove those already existing.

The harmonistic question lies outside my purpose, which is simply to interpret John's narrative taken by itself. The narrative throughout is artless, unimpassioned, exquisitely tender, profound in suggestion, with an inimitable air of good faith, abounding in those minute and delicate touches which attest personal observation and tell how deeply and indelibly the events had impressed themselves on his memory. The same devoted love to Jesus breathes in every line, as when the martyr sings his death-song of praise. A survey of what he has written is sufficient to show that the evangelist means to present the case as it fell under his personal cognizance at the time. He has not, indeed, told us all he knew ; he expressly mentions that there were "many other things" which he might have related, but the things which he does relate are, in his view, sufficient proof "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." If he had been a compiler and arranger, like the evangelist Luke, then we might have expected him to travel into matters beyond : he might, for example have told us about the other women, or about the journey to Emmaus, and the burning hearts of the two wayfarers ; but, as a bearer of testimony, he confines himself to a statement of the case as it came before him at the time. "Inspiration" could not enlarge his testimony ; it could only, at the utmost, secure accuracy of recollection and statement, so that his narrative should present the truth of actual experience. Hence we may understand, for example, why he makes no mention of any other of the Galilean women save Mary Magdalene ; it was with her, and not with the whole band, that he was brought into contact on the resurrection morning. The simple truthfulness of the man gives shape to his narrative.

Early on the morning of the first day of the week, so early that it is yet dark, Mary Magdalene goes forth to visit the sepulchre where

Jesus had been entombed on the evening of the crucifixion day. The mention of her name at once suggests the thought of personal love to Jesus, the pure love of a woman's soul, faithful to the very last. Jesus had showed her mercy by delivering her from a dread demonic "possession"; she had become His disciple, and, along with other Galilean women, ministered unto Him of her substance—that is about all we know of her past story. A deep wrong has been done to her memory by groundlessly identifying her with the "woman that was a sinner" (Luke vii 37);* and the wrong has been perpetuated by hymns, poems, sculptures, paintings, and institutions termed "Magdalene Asylums." As she appears in the Gospel narrative previously, she is little more than a shadow to us, till now, for two days' space, she stands out in sharp distinctness, like a figure on a ridge, whose outline is thrown clear against the sky. John says nothing of her purpose in visiting the sepulchre, of the state of her mind, of the love and grief and fear and longing that struggled in her breast, and whether she ran swiftly or went with slow and fearful steps; all that he tells us is the fact of her going.

Passing through the garden—which, in the outbursting of bud and blossom, supplied mute symbolism of the resurrection-life—and reaching the rock-hewn sepulchre, she is surprised to find it open. It is strange that this awakened no memory of the Lord's words—"that He must be crucified, and rise again the third day." One would have deemed it impossible that such words could have been forgotten. Yet the open sepulchre suggests no thought of the truth. At once, making no scrutiny and waiting for no vision of angels, she leaps to the conclusion that the dead Christ is "taken away"—hands have removed Him. This might have been done by Joseph and Nicodemus, who had not been acting in concert with the disciples, and who (for aught she could tell) might have meant the new sepulchre for a mere temporary resting-place. Or, more probably, it might have been done by enemies who wished to cast a fresh indignity on the dead, and to inflict a deeper outrage on the feelings of the living. It does not seem to have occurred to her that the Lord was risen.

* Canon Farrar gives a kind of half-countenance to the tradition which represents her as having lived an abandoned life, saying that "it is not in itself improbable, and cannot be disproved." It is a sufficient reply, that there is no evidence in its favour.

Immediately she hastens into the city to tell Peter and John what she has found. We feel instinctively that whatever reasons of convenience there may have been, these were the two to whom it was most natural to go. This is the first mention of Peter since his denial of Jesus in the hall of the High Priest's palace, and we take notice that he has not forsaken his old companions, nor lost their confidence; on the contrary, he is the associate of that disciple whom Jesus loved, and in his fellowship Mary finds him. Like one under the influence of deep emotion, she announces her news without preface—"They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we* know not where they have laid Him." There is something inexpressibly pathetic in this; it is the cry of one who has been robbed of the last thing her heart has to cling to. One word is worthy of special notice; she does not speak of the dead body, but of "the Lord"—and so throughout; Jesus is still "the Lord" to her. It is not simply that the old familiar name slips unconsciously forth; here is a revelation of her heart. Whatever the cross may have done, it has not made her cease to look upon Him as the Messiah. Such a faith as she had cherished, so precious and dear to her, rooted so profoundly, and so justified by her whole knowledge of Him, was not to be even thus torn up. The thought does not seem to have glanced for a single moment into her mind that He was an impostor or a self-deceiver. The upcoming of the familiar name is like a flicker of light within a darkened room, which tells that the fire has not died out; it is (so far as it goes) the indication of a secret hope in her breast, unshaped, and probably unconfessed even to herself, that all is not lost, but that, somehow, light will yet arise in the darkness.

At Mary's tidings, so startling in their possible significance, and so unexpected, Peter and John at once hasten forth to the sepulchre. It is not that they mistrust Mary, but they are as much surprised and bewildered as she; and hoping to discover something that she has missed, they go to examine for themselves. There was no need to urge them; they could not have rested otherwise. Their "going" soon turns into "running," so profoundly are they moved. They start

* In this "*we know not*" there seems a hint that she had not gone alone to the sepulchre. When she speaks in her own name, as in verse 13, she says, "*I know not where they have laid Him.*"

together, but John outruns Peter, and arrives first. It is not, as has been fancifully written, love outrunning fear; we have no warrant for saying that the memory of his recent fall was like a weight of lead clogging Peter's feet—it is simply the younger and swifter outrunning his fellow. Mary, as we afterwards gather, follows more slowly.

The behaviour of each, on arrival at the sepulchre, is characteristic. John does not enter, only bends his head downward and forward before the low portal so as to see within. He *uses his eye*. It is not fear that restrains him, nor dread that he may make some discovery more painful than even the grave's emptiness; he is acting naturally. In the ancient church he was symbolised as the flying eagle, not only for the loftiness of its flight, but also for the keenness of its vision—"kindling undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam;" and the symbol holds physically as well as spiritually. Without referring to the Book of Revelation, illustration is found in his distinguishing the blood from the water which flowed forth with it when the soldier pierced Jesus' side with his lance; and again, when, in the early morning, Jesus stood unknown on the dim shore of the Sea of Galilee, John was the first to recognise Him, and to say, "*It is the Lord.*" While John uses his eye, Peter, on the other hand, equally in character, *enters* the sepulchre at once—true to the impetuous quality of his nature, which made him so ready to speak, to venture on the sea, or to draw the sword.

The sepulchre was found to be empty. There was no Christ within—only His death-dress. The linen clothes with which Joseph and Nicodemus had swathed the body lay in one place, and in another place lay the napkin that had been about the sacred head, folded together by itself. At the first glance this may seem a trivial matter, such as only the fondness of love would notice; but not so if we reflect. There is nothing torn, nothing disarranged, no sign of violence or hurry—everything betokens deliberation and composure. The living One had risen and gone forth with "grand tranquillity." The grave-clothes are folded up and laid aside, for the Lord has no more need of them; His estate of humiliation is at an end; He is risen to die no more; "length of days" is given Him for ever and ever.

Following Peter, John went in also—and "he saw and believed." Both these words are to be taken in their most pregnant sense. "*He saw*" as one whose eyes are opened—saw what lay behind appear-

ances—saw so as to “know.” He “believed,” not that the grave was empty and the grave-clothes left behind—such an interpretation is too shallow ; but the truth dawned upon him, *The Lord is risen ; the Lord is living*. Thus is he the foremost of New Testament believers in the risen One ; as Peter had been the foremost to confess, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

It is specially noted, as a reason why the two disciples were unprepared for what had taken place, that “as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.” The types and shadows, the prefigurative persons and ordinances, the psalms, the prophecies, the spirit and scope of the history contained in the sacred books—from the Eden promise down to the latest prophetic voice—taught the expectation of a Messiah conquering death and entering, through suffering, into glory. But the writing was, so to speak, in cipher ; and, besides, as curtain-folds, hung across a window, intercept the light which beats against it, so heavy curtain-folds of prejudice, mis-education, and carnal liking, had hindered the entrance of the truth into their minds, as into the minds of the disciples generally. In the case of the two Emmaus friends, and afterwards with the eleven, Jesus took the ancient Scriptures, and brought before them what was “written,” and showed them how prophecy and event harmonized. “Thus it is written,” He said, putting His finger on place after place, “and thus it behoved the Messiah to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day.” Two passages may be referred to for illustration. The first is Psalm xvi. 9-11 (compared with Acts ii. 25-31, xiii. 35-37), “Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth ; my flesh also shall rest in hope : for Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption : Thou wilt shew me the path of life : in Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.” Whatever may have been the sense and application of these words present to the psalm-writer’s mind, their meaning is not exhausted till we take into account Christ’s victory over death and the grave. It is not a mere temporal deliverance from impending danger, but deliverance both for the “flesh” and “soul” of God’s Holy One from the “grave,” and entrance on “fulness of joy” in the vision of God. The other passage is Isaiah liii. 10, “It pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; He hath put Him to grief ; when Thou

shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand." There is obviously some mysterious peculiarity in the case. It is after being "cut off from the land of the living," after making His soul "an offering for sin," after "giving His grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in His death," that this life of continuance is represented as coming in. These two passages may be taken as representative of the Scriptures which foretell the Messiah's victory over death and the grave. But the disciples, Peter and John, did not, as yet, understand them. Had they understood, they would have gone to the garden expecting what they found, the grave tenantless because Jesus had risen.

Slowly the two disciples return to their lodging in the city, John, at least, with a great hope in his heart ; while Mary lingers behind in the garden, unable to tear herself away from the place where the Lord had lain.

JAMES CULROSS.

Noctes Theologicæ.

V.—MR. MILL ON NATURE.

THE following day Osborne opened the conversation by saying that his head was in a complete whirl, from loss of sleep occasioned by the perpetual intrusion through the night of Mr. Mill's dilemma, or rather of a dilemma formulated quite as sharply thousands of years ago, either that the "Creator is omnipotent and not benevolent, or benevolent and not omnipotent." "Could and would not," or "would and could not," rang in his brain like clanging bells, and in one short snatch of slumber he said that he found himself in a dilemma of his own. He was at sea on board of a vessel on fire, where he found that the only alternative before him was either to remain on the ship and be burned, or leap into the sea and be drowned—a miserable predicament, from which he was delivered by suddenly awaking.

Whereupon Arundel said : But had you any such opportune deliverance from Mr. Mill's dilemma ?

Osborne.—No, unhappily, though I had the feeling all through the night, as I have still, that the dilemma is constituted out of certain

assumed conceptions both of omnipotence and of infinite goodness which I can imagine Wilton would be disposed to disallow.

Wilton.—There you are right, for though I am willing to allow that no definition which can be given either of the power or the goodness of God will avail to dissipate all the mystery connected with the existence of moral and physical evil, yet it is certain that Mr. Mill has aggravated the mystery by an unphilosophical use of terms.

Arundel.—To what terms do you allude?

Wilton.—In the first place, to the term *omnipotence*; for what is your idea as to the meaning of the word in Mr. Mill's essays?

Arundel.—I presume he uses it in the sense in which it is commonly understood, as implying the power to do everything.

Wilton.—Exactly so, but was it quite worthy of Mr. Mill's reputation for analysis and definition to employ a word in the loose popular signification when he was avowedly pursuing a grave philosophical argument on the profoundest question which can interest the human mind, or affect human destiny?

Arundel.—I know that the popular and philosophical senses of the term *omnipotence* are very widely at variance.

Wilton.—How then do you conceive of omnipotence?

Arundel.—As I have already said, the power to do *everything*.

Wilton.—This is of course the etymological exposition of the idea, but would you think it an adequate definition of the thing itself?

Arundel.—Of course you will not suppose I am conceding any more than Mr. Mill that there is an omnipotent Being, but I see no reason for denying that if there were an omnipotent Being He would be able to do *everything*.

Wilton.—What, everything of which man can either *speak* or *think*?

Arundel.—That would certainly be a very narrow range of omnipotence which was bounded by man's speech or man's conceptions.

Wilton.—Very well, in this I agree with you, but just now it is sufficient for us to test your definition of omnipotence by the measure of the human faculties. Would you suppose that the omnipotence which would satisfy Mr. Mill could make the half greater than the whole, or frame a triangle with four right angles, or draw a circle with unequal radii, or make a thing to be and not to be at the same time?

Arundel.—These are contradictions, and of course no one believes that omnipotence could accomplish contradictions.

Wilton.—Then it is obvious that you admit a limitation to your definition that omnipotence can do *everything*. And it would seem that it would not be a very damaging deduction to your conception of an omnipotent God if He were as powerless to make parallel lines meet as we are. Would you say that an omnipotent God could make that to be right which is wrong at the same moment, and in exactly the same conditions?

Arundel.—Certainly not, and for the same reason, that these are contradictory of each other.

Wilton.—Then it is clear that there are moral contradictions which are as impossible to *omnipotence* as to our *limited power*; but again let me remind you that you are swerving once more from your original definition of omnipotence.

Arundel.—As to the relation borne by omnipotence to moral contradictions, I do not perceive that there is any at all, for surely moral distinctions are not affected by the mere force which is behind them, whether that force be infinite or finite.

Wilton.—In this observation I quite concur, but you will observe that so far as it is true, it both infringes your definition and concedes that there is a sphere in which omnipotence as such has no power.

Arundel.—When I said that omnipotence meant the power to do everything you would hardly suppose me to mean that I included the accomplishment of contradictions.

Wilton.—I did not suppose it, but still I remember that Mr. Mill said he had a friend who said that he could conceive of a world in which parallel lines could meet. Mr. Mill himself did not claim to possess so powerful an imagination, and it is some advantage gained in our discussion to know that a true conception of omnipotence is not mutilated by the withdrawal from it of power to effect contradictions. Descartes would seem to have possessed the same penetrative genius as Mr. Mill's friend, for in his "Meditations" he says that three angles of a triangle are not equal to two right angles except by the will of God, and the fact might have been otherwise both with respect to angles and other things. This highest indifference, "*Summa indifferentia*," as Descartes termed it, is in his view the highest proof of the omnipotence of God.

Arundel.—To me such sentiments are preposterous and dishonouring to any just conception of God, and Mr. Mill has furnished sufficient evidence that he has no sympathy with any such conception of omnipotence as would make it the despotic and arbitrary creator of distinctions, and especially of moral distinctions. No one has uttered a more vigorous and eloquent protest than he against an omnipotence which should execute its own behests, whatever they might be.

Wilton.—I understand you to mean that even Mr. Mill, though not professing to believe in an omnipotent Being, maintains that were there such a Being, He would be restrained by His justice and wisdom and goodness, if He possessed such attributes, from displaying His omnipotence according to His own arbitrary will; in other words, that even Omnipotence must not show itself in all possible ways, but must reserve its power.

Arundel.—Well, yes, I suppose so much must be conceded.

Wilton.—So at least I think, for if Omnipotence did not thus control itself, but manifested itself in all possible ways, and that, too, at every moment, how would there be anything at all? If, for example, it were an essential factor in our conception of Omnipotence that it must be perpetually creating, and another that it must be perpetually destroying, what sort of universe should we have as the result of such counter-operations?

Arundel.—Of course a universe is inconceivable on any such conditions.

Wilton.—Exactly so—which means, again, that though there were, what Mr. Mill denies, or at least doubts, an omnipotent Being, even He must work within limits of some sort. Omnipotence is not a naked, infinite, unconditioned force. Viewed by itself, it is an absurdity—indeed, it is nothing better than impotence. Power, whether in man or God, could produce nothing, not even a pin, or a blade of grass, except as an executive force giving effect to other attributes, and directed by them. Thus a Being who could be defined wholly and only in terms of *power* would not be omnipotent at all, for He would have no purpose, no plan, no motive, no desire, no will. When we say that any being is *powerful*, we awaken no distinct conception whatever as to the exact nature of the power intended. Powerful for what? it is at once asked—powerful as a poet, or as an orator, or as a general, or as a wrestler? At least

one other attribute must be associated with power, or it must remain a bare, colourless, non-significant abstraction. And hence omnipotence in a personal God must mean power to do whatsoever He may will to do, and not power to do whatever is contradictory or absurd. Omnipotence, accordingly, viewed out of all relation with any other quality is but an empty and sterile conception, and omnipotence viewed in relation with any other quality becomes of necessity conditioned by that quality. Hence an all-wise power will do both *more* and *less* than a power which is not all-wise. He will do more, for infinite wisdom will enable Him to embody His power in forms which would never occur to the mind of a Being of defective wisdom, and He will do less, for His infinite wisdom will lead Him to abstain from operations which, though He could accomplish, He could not *wisely* accomplish. But do you think that it would be an actual limitation of the attribute of omnipotence itself, if it were thus restrained from foolish manifestations?

Arundel.—By no means—any more than I should consider it a sign of weakness, if a man did not burn down his own house, or scuttle the boat in which he was sailing. I grant to you that in a man it does not involve a limitation of his power if he restrain it from certain manifestations easily within its range, and that for the same reason it implies no restriction of omnipotence in God that it has not embodied itself in forms which it would have no difficulty in creating, or in methods of operation which it would have no difficulty in conducting.

Wilton.—That is, that it constitutes in itself no impeachment of omnipotence that it does not do all it might do.

Arundel.—So much, at least, I should concede, and I am not aware of any passage in which Mr. Mill has given utterance to a contrary sentiment.

Wilton.—Perhaps not in exact terms; but the fault I find with Mr. Mill in his reasoning both on this matter and many others, is that it is often coloured by an assumption which he has shrunk from distinctly formulating. The only omnipotence with which Mr. Mill or any other man has a right to concern himself is an omnipotence which is not *impaired*, but is only *modified* and *regulated* by its vital association with other attributes; but the omnipotence of which he actually, however *undesignedly*, treats is one which recognises no such control.

The "can" which plays so prominent a part in his essay is a conception which refuses all qualification, but such "can" is a phantom of his own creation, as for example, where he says, "If the Maker of the world can all He *will*, He wills misery, and there is no escape from the conclusion."

Arundel.—But are you prepared to disallow Mr. Mill's dilemma, which in one form or another has been an unmanageable *crux* since the time of Calliocrates down to the present day? It seems to me that nothing can be more conclusive than this reasoning. Of course Mr. Mill has given it in the form of an enthymeme which, however, as you will see, forms an essential part of some such syllogism as the following, "Whatever the Maker of the world can prevent and does not, He wills: He has not prevented misery, and therefore He wills misery"—which of these premises do you mean to contest?

Wilton.—I mean to dispute and examine the validity of the major premise, for I think there is another consideration which lies quite at the back of this premise, "Whatever the Maker of the world can prevent and does not, He wills."

Arundel.—And what is that?

Wilton.—Let us put the matter in a more general form—would you be disposed to say that whatever *any being* does not prevent if he can, he wills?

Arundel.—I do not see just now that I am committed to such a wide generality.

Wilton.—I am afraid that you are, or at least, that unless you concede this unlimited proposition you will have no right to your major premise; for why should I grant that whatever the Maker of the world can prevent and does not, He wills, unless it be true that whatever any being can prevent and does not, he wills? Your major premise is only a special case under a wider conception, which in fact constitutes its only authority and warrant.

Arundel.—I do not exactly see what use you mean to make of this universal proposition; but suppose I grant it, how does it open for you a door of escape from Mr. Mill's inference?

Wilton.—Let me illustrate what I mean. We will take the general proposition which, as I have said, encloses Mr. Mill's major premise, and take it into the family circle. Would you be disposed to say that whatever suffering a father can prevent and does not, he wills?

Arundel.—I should certainly say that it is the duty of a father to see to it that there is as little suffering as possible in his house.

Wilton.—That, however, is not now the question before us. It is this, does the father *will* all the suffering he can prevent, and does not? For example—he gives his boy his lessons for the day and expects them to be learned before night on a certain penalty, whether of privation or more positive infliction. The boy has faculties quite competent to his tasks, and ample time for fulfilling them, but as soon as his father's back is turned he runs off to his amusements, and neglects his lessons, and incurs the painful consequences. Now the father has the power, if only he would hire a tutor for the purpose, or even a servant, to keep the child at his work, and thus save him from the penalty he now incurs. Would you venture to say that the father *wills* the suffering because he does not prevent it? Or, there are trees in the garden which the son is forbidden to climb, or flowers which he is forbidden to pluck, from which he might easily be restrained, if he were either locked up in the house, or kept perpetually under the rigid surveillance of a servant; but would you say that the disobedience in which the son's freedom breaks out, and the suffering in which it issues, are *willed* by the parent, because he could prevent them and does not?

Arundel.—I should be disposed to dispute the fairness of the analogy; for you will observe that in the case of the Creator of the world, omnipotence is assumed, whereas it is not so in the case of man.

Osborne.—Excuse me, my friend, for the interruption, but I do not see that that makes the slightest difference, for whether man be omnipotent or not, it is at least assumed that he has some power, and that sufficient to prevent the suffering in question; and as I understood you, Wilton, you maintain, and I think with reason, that if a parent is not said to will all that he *can prevent* and does not, so neither can it be said of God.

Wilton.—That is my meaning. What a parent *cannot* do, is not now before us, and therefore does not in any wise impair the aptness of the analogy. What a parent *can* do, in *that* he is omnipotent for the requirements of the case; and if it be true that whatever anybody can do, and does not, he *wills* it, then a parent wills the misery of his son, because he could prevent it. Would you be prepared to stand

to such an inference, and hold a parent responsible for all the misery of his children which arises from their own wilful negligence?

Arundel.—I confess that this would seem hard measures.

Wilton.—But if you shrink from such a deduction, the general proposition on which alone Mr. Mill's major premise stands must be given up, and we must deny that whatever any being *does not prevent, he wills*.

Osborne.—I think that the reasoning is unanswerable, at least more so than Mr. Mill's dilemma, and I think I can now see some daylight in the difficulty we have been considering in the *reason why* a parent does not use all the power he can for preventing suffering in his family.

Arundel.—I do not quite catch your point.

Osborne.—It is this: It is admitted by all of us that a parent does not employ all his power for the prevention of suffering, and this, too, though the goodness and kindness of the parent are unquestionable. Now, if suffering were in itself the greatest evil in the world, and the greatest in a family, I think it would be his bounden duty to prevent it by all possible means—that, in fact, all his power should be directed mainly and constantly to this end. It would be his duty to engage as many servants as his means would procure to keep his children at their lessons, and out of mischief—except that, unfortunately in some cases the children might find in this compelled diligence and obedience the greatest suffering. But the parent feels, and rightly feels, that whatever evil there may be in suffering, it is not to be compared with the evil of ignorance, the evil of a stagnant unprogressive mind, the evil of undeveloped faculties, the evil of an undisciplined will, the evil of unregulated passions, the evil of a hard selfishness, and the evil of an absolute unfitness for the duties of life. If these evils were of *minor* moment, and did not themselves contain or produce suffering, and if suffering were the supreme evil, then it would be the duty of a parent not to insist upon his son avoiding these evils, as “the game would not be worth the candle.” But if the parent who is both wise and kind does not use his power to prevent suffering even when he might, because he is actuated by high moral aims in the upbringing of his offspring, aims which he could not reach except by the repression of his power, I do not see how it can be fairly maintained that if high moral ends are contemplated by the Creator of the world

we should expect that He should use all His omnipotence for the prevention of suffering which is confessedly not the greatest evil. Goodness in man does not always prevent suffering when it can, nor is the goodness on this account called into question. Why should men arraign the goodness of God because that does not always prevent suffering in view of loftier ends to which it can be rendered subservient?

Arundel.—But do you not see that the suffering of the child is meant to prevent the far greater suffering and mischief which would be sure to meet him in after life, if he were permitted to grow up without restraint and without that education of his whole nature which is to fit him for an honourable and useful position in the world? It is, in fact, pain of one kind designed to prevent pain of another kind, and far more insupportable.

Osborne.—Exactly so; but is it unreasonable, then, to suppose that many of the sufferings of mankind in general have a similar purpose, and that an inconceivably greater amount of misery is avoided, or is *intended* to be avoided, through means of the suffering which is actually endured? That this may be the case, I think it is difficult to disprove, and I further think that Wilton has already shown that omnipotence itself does not mean power to do everything; that there are many things which it is restrained from doing from its association with other attributes; that there may be justly many things which it can prevent and will not, and that as a parent's goodness is not questioned when in some cases he allows the suffering which he might prevent, so neither can an impeachment lie against God for some suffering which He could prevent.

Wilton.—You do not, then, Osborne, accept Mr. Mill's compendious dilemma any more than I?

Osborne.—I certainly do not, although I must confess that there still remain huge clouds of mystery, whose darkness is only partially relieved by the considerations which have now been urged.

Wilton.—Most assuredly; but would it not have been a greater mystery if there had been no mystery? For only think, after all, of the restricted limits within which even the highest created thought must move when it begins to exercise itself on the moral bearings of phenomena so vast, both in numbers and extent, as those of the world in which we live, and of which we form a part.

Arundel.—But are you going to remit us to ignorance as the grand solvent of all these residual difficulties? Is not this to seal up the eyes of the reason, and forbid them to use their natural function, and that, too, in obedience to an unquenchable instinct?

Wilton.—Hardly so. And yet you will not deny that to ignorance we are compelled to retreat on ten thousand matters by no means so vast and complicated as those on which we have been speaking. Mr. Mill speaks with an assurance, and I will add, a dogmatism upon the problem of suffering which could hardly be surpassed if he were dealing with what he regarded as some simple mathematical error, or if he were using a mason's rule to pronounce on the evenness or the unevenness of a stone. Intellectual modesty, at least, is the last virtue displayed in his essay on "Nature." He might never have been detected by others or by himself in any error even on matters of which the data are neither very numerous, nor very complicated; and yet it is notorious that again and again he rejected old opinions for new, holding them both with equal confidence. The various editions, both of his "Logic" and "Political Economy," supply numerous instances of this fact.

Arundel.—Still, let it be remembered he did not claim *infallibility*.

Wilton.—I grant it, but he often wrote as only infallibility should write. He did not sufficiently remember the incommensurableness of his faculties, and of the faculties of any man, and of all men together with the portentous moral problems of the universe. Facts quite close at hand, and accessible to all, ought to have restrained him from such confident judgments as those he has pronounced in this essay.

Arundel.—To what facts do you refer?

Wilton.—I refer to the experience which every family affords. Do you think there was ever an instance known in which even the wisest and best parent was able to satisfy the reason of his child as to the exact wisdom and kindness of all his conduct towards him? I say, satisfy his reason. Has not the parent to form arrangements and to impose duties which seem to be meant more for irritation than for any better purpose? Tasks are given, prohibitions issued, restraints exercised, and youthful desires crossed in a manner which awakens both wonder and resentment. And if the youth were to speak according to the sight of his own eyes, or the decision of his

own reason, he would denounce his treatment as unjust and cruel. He cannot see it to be otherwise, though he may feel that if it be otherwise, there is a mystery about parental training which baffles his juvenile comprehension. Within one home and between two beings, father and son, separated from each other in age by only a few years, and in range of intellect by a comparatively small diameter, there can be such strongly contrasted judgments as to the nature of the treatment one is receiving from the other. But within the same home, and between the same two beings when a few years are gone, there can be established the most perfect accordance of opinion as to the general scheme and specific details of discipline which the father has pursued towards his son. The latter reviews his life, calls to mind the circumstances which a few years ago seemed to exhibit his father in the most exacting and unjust aspect, and dwells on them as the most striking proofs he can discover of his unbounded kindness and love. And when the son himself becomes a father he freshens up the memories of his own father, and resolves to apply, as far as he may be able, the very same principles by which he himself was trained. And if such can be the misconceptions and the unjust judgments of youth corrected afterwards by a more enlarged experience, surely it is but right that we should learn some reverent spirit of caution and self-distrust when tempted to challenge the moral government of the world. A child is infinitely nearer an equality to his parent in point of intelligence than the wisest man can be to Him who administers the affairs of the universe; and if the judgment of a child can not only be corrected, but absolutely reversed by farther knowledge as to the conduct of a parent, much more may this be the case with respect to the judgment we may now form of the government of God. "We are of yesterday, and know nothing." Are you not yourself conscious that Mr. Mill has failed adequately to recognize the essential feebleness of his own intellectual powers?

Arundel.—I confess that my mind has been most sensibly impressed with the point which you have just been urging. No doubt it is true that the faculties and experience of children misinterpret for a time the scope and purpose of the education which through a present strictness and severity of discipline contemplates distant and beneficial issues, and so far forth I think that the analogy may be fairly extended to a moral government, of which man is the subject; but, of course, in this

case you must admit that reason is not of itself sufficient to comprehend and explain the whole mystery.

Wilton.—Admit it! Assuredly, and more than admit it. I strongly maintain it. But you do not think that it is either a fault in the father, or a misfortune to the child, that domestic training is such as to require faith?

Arundel.—I grant that faith is indispensable from the very fact that the undeveloped faculties of the child cannot compass the meaning of that process of training through which it is passing.

Wilton.—How, then, can exception be fairly taken to a scheme of government, of which not children, but men are the subjects, though that scheme, having a wider range, imposes the necessity for the exercise of a like faith?

Arundel.—I am not prepared to contest the justness of your inference, and am even ready to allow that Mr. Mill has assigned an exorbitance of sweep to the intellectual faculties which cannot be vindicated to them.

Osborne.—I confess that to my mind Mr. Mill resents the existence of any sphere whatever for faith, and will admit nothing which cannot be tested and measured by his own line and plummet.

Wilton.—It strikes me that this is the upshot of his treatise on "Nature," the discussion of which we seem to have pretty well exhausted. Judging from the marginal notes you have made, Arundel, on the essay on "Theism," you seem to have read it carefully. What think you if that form the topic of our next conversation?

Arundel.—With pleasure; but I fear from a hint dropped by Osborne that he will be compelled to leave for town for a few days.

Osborne.—That is so; but I shall be home early next week.

It was accordingly arranged to adjourn the consideration of the essay on "Theism" until his return.

E. MELLOR.

THE only certain proof of regeneration is victory. He that is born of God overcometh the world. When we live by faith; when faith hath subdued the will, hath wrought repentance not to be repented of; hath conquered our corruptions; then to him that overcometh will God give to eat of the tree of life.—*Bishop Wilson.*

Correspondence of the Late Rev. Apollos Howard.

It is an open question, whether the well-meant letters of consolation which flow in upon some broken hearts do not blister and cauterize the wounds they are meant to heal. Eliphaz and Zophar and Bildad seem at first to have understood the sanctity and sacredness of Job's sorrow. They came from afar to testify their feelings, but they saw the great Emir of the land of Uz seated on the heap of refuse at the gate of the city, naked and diseased, and scraping himself with a potsherd. A hush of night fell upon them all, and for seven days they were silent as the dead; they uttered never a word, for they saw that his grief was great. Consolations glibly issuing from hearts that do not really feel the grief they profess to soothe, are almost harder to bear than the trial which provokes them. Our Lord took our infirmities and sicknesses upon Him, and so had power to take them away. Who but Christ ever did, or ever could, thus suffer for our sins? Who but He ever could take away the sins or the sufferings of the world? When, however, human love is strong enough to make a man participate in the real sorrows of others, to make him suffer the agony, the bereavement, the desertion, the loneliness, the poverty, the shame of another; when the sufferer knows the intensity of this sympathy, the reality of this common grief,—then the consolation that follows is due to the extent to which, with the sorrow, he can see some way of escape, in the darkness, can discern the light beyond and the meaning of the chastisement. If sympathetic sorrow merely drags another down to the sufferer's depth of agony or shame, the intensity of his sympathy adds to the grief rather than lightens it. If, however, a friend when he weeps real tears with me can do what I cannot,—smile through those tears,—then I can see part of God's rainbow on the cloud. Part of the influence which Apollos Howard exercised over many was due to the power of suffering with them. Some of his efforts to console them led to memorable changes in his own life.

A few words of explanation are necessary before publishing the following letters, which are found in the earlier portion of the correspondence which Mr. Zachary Bates has placed at my disposal. It seems that Apollos, while studying for the ministry at one of the Nonconformist Colleges, lighted on the companionship of a medical student, between whom and himself there sprang up that "David and

Jonathan" or "Damon and Pythias" friendship, which throws a glamour over this life of ours almost equal to what is effected by the witchery of chivalrous love. These two young men glorified each other, and almost worshipped the creature of imagination, whom they saw embodied in common flesh and blood at one another's side. They even admired their respective failings, which, with the quick eye of love, they did not fail to see. They did not resemble one another in mind, body, or social position. Apollos was speculative and vague in his opinions, if at this period he could have been said to have formed any; Philip Colman (we will call him) had no perplexities, did not rest content with paradoxes, found no consolation in the antinomies of Kant, was content with the teaching of facts, and cautiously drew certain conclusions which satisfied him. He was a Christian believer, and the facts of religious experience, as they had been presented to him in his Yorkshire home, were to him as solid and trustworthy in their reality as any which came under his inspection in the dissecting-room or the laboratory. The law of gravitation and the correlation of the forces were not for him one whit more proved than "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," or than the phenomena of conversion. The future life, the spiritual world, the Divine Presence, seemed to come within the range of his vision. The subtle assaults on Christianity which gave Howard sleepless nights or bewildering dreams, fell harmlessly on Colman's calm, quiet faith. To be sure, the latter was not called upon by his profession to study "evidences" in order to defend his faith, but he was never ashamed of it; and the strength of his belief often made the bold and sceptical say, "That is a way of putting your conviction which is beyond argument," or, "There you transgress the range of science, and we cannot follow you,"—showing, however, that they could not fail to recognize as simple fact, that Colman was face to face with what to him were no hallucinations; and they perfectly well knew that he was neither fool nor knave. This faith of his had a wonderful influence over Apollos Howard, who was tremblingly alive to every current of mental electricity in the society in which they both moved. Apollos did not parade his doubts, nor boast of them as a mark of superior erudition or penetration. He knew that in his case they were more often the result of fear, or proceeded from failure of perception or instability of judgment. He often tried them on Philip's armour, and seldom did

so without turning the edge of his Damascus blade. Apollos was delicate in build, nervous in temperament, beardless and boyish in appearance, lithe and active, and rapid in his movements. Colman was stout, sturdy, muscular, with a calm fearless eye and an expression of resolute, courageous bearing. He was instinctively trusted by others, with secrets and sorrows. He was full of resource and prodigal of his strength, ingenuity, and time. He would carry a lost child on his shoulders through London streets till he found its mother, or sit up whole nights with fever-stricken and deserted sufferers; and, of course, he thought nothing of doing it. Apollos Howard had no home in England. His mother and father were dead, and he had earned for himself the funds he had needed for his education, by incessant labour, which had given a feverish flash to his eye, and a hectic colour to his cheek. Colman therefore persuaded him, in the summer of 186—, to accompany him on a walking tour in the Yorkshire dales. They had climbed many a fell, and sought the sanctity of many a mountain recess, from the solemn mystery of Gordale Scar to the gleaming cascade of Aysgarth. Amid the heather and the ling they had started the grouse and the black-cock. They had determined geological formations, and discussed the time when the Beamsley beacon and the crests of Ingleborough and Wharfedale were islands in a deep blue sea. They reasoned much, quoted favourite authors, and amid the loveliness of landscape found it easy to project themselves into the mysterious and glorious future. Colman invited Howard to accompany him to Michaelstone, and the two youths, one sunny July evening, reached the glen which formed the garden-ground of Colman's home. They entered by a wicket gate, and wound their way to the arbour where Philip and his sister Emily had spent much of their happy childhood.

I must not draw upon my fancy for the little scene which followed. Suffice it to say that, bursting into the glen from the heathery upland like a "phantom of delight," Emily Colman greeted her much-loved brother, at once her companion, her prophet, her idol. That was the beginning of it. I am not to be betrayed into a love story.

Through the next session the young men wrought in their respective lines of work with enthusiasm—one graduated in Arts, the other in Medicine, and they resolved to start together for Switzerland; but, alas! the pity of it. They were climbing the Jungfrau roped to

their guides, when Philip Colman, the heaviest man of the party, suddenly twisted his foot, and fell off the ledge of a fearful precipice. He was dragging Apollos and his two guides after him. Quick as light he drew his knife and severed the rope on the side of Apollos Howard. The remaining guide struggled manfully for a few terrible moments to retain his hold and save Philip, when once more the knife was gleaming on the rope. "You have wife and children," said he, and disappeared down the ice-slopes.

A letter, written by Apollos Howard to Mr. Colman—Philip's father—had important consequences. When he once more arrived at the romantic home in the uplands, a common grief, a measureless and impenetrable darkness, overshadowing two young hearts, made them cling to each other and search together for the light; and though Julius Colman had lost one son, he secured another.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous. It is God's way with them. A fire had destroyed one of the great houses in Notown, in which Zachary Bates, an intimate friend of Julius Colman and his brothers, suffered much loss. In that fire, also, an old servant, a man of noble spirit and fine courage, was so injured that he became perfectly blind, and lost the use of one side. Moreover, his mind seemed crushed, and his power of trusting the living God was shaken. The following letters will explain themselves.

Apollos Howard to Julius Colman, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thank God! it has not been my duty to break the news to you. How could I? He saved my life with the sacrifice of his own! All that I could say a thousand times, has been—"Would God I had died for thee!" He has won the crown from the Cross-bearer. The special honours have been prepared for him, reserved for him. His rare nature waited patiently for an opportunity to do what was simply Christ-like, to do what would give him neither fame nor name,—except the fame won by sacrifice, and that in a few quiet circles only,—and he did it. All his life was a preparation for this act of moral sublimity. A divine flash of heroism does not burst from an uncharged soul. His nature had been filling for long with this electric fire. It has consumed the soul which was thus surcharged. But how could he do otherwise? He never thought of himself. It

never occurred to him to consider the effect of any course of conduct upon his own health, comfort, convenience, or future. It was simply impossible to him to calculate the consequences to himself of infection, exhaustion, generosity, or self-repression of any kind. He was, in his own idea, the mere steward of strength, and health, and opportunity for the sake of others. There are those who claim the "altruism" of the Comtist, as the first presentation to the world of this superb form of human life. Nothing, however, is more certain than that Philip learned this wonderful and heroic character from no lower or lesser Master than the Lord Christ. The blessed fact has dawned on me that we cannot accept fully the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross, without being crucified to the world, and having our old nature slain and tortured in the process. Because Philip realised so fully what Christ had done for him, and in proportion to the depth and breadth of that realisation, he allowed Christ to work so mightily in him. I must make an honest confession. Philip's faith has saved mine, and now a death, in which he has with almost supernatural energy set the seal upon the life he lived, has lifted the veil, and rolled away from the sepulchre its cruel stone. He has enriched the world of spirits for us, by passing into it, with his strong sense, his power of setting reasons over against one another, and calmly, quietly trusting in God. He was more than half my soul, and, thank God, His grace helps us to feel that Philip is at this moment more active, vigorous, believing, and loving than ever. How can I comfort you? If sounding his praises, and telling you of his gentle, manly, thoughtful deeds, would soothe your grief, I could write till you would weary of *my* monotony—not of *his* charity. You are, moreover, familiar with the strain, and I forbear. This snapping of sacred ties, which have taken years, decades, and even half-centuries to make adequately precious to us, and which are never more prized than when severed by the sharp, ruthless sword of death, is among the mysteries to which the Cross is meant to reconcile us.

Is there anything to help us? Sometimes I have been reconciled, or at least strengthened to submit and to yield my will, to say, "Thy will be done," by remembering that the keys of death are in the Lord Christ's own hands, and what seems to us cruelty must be compassion. Is not the very essence of Christian experience, the blending of joy with sorrow?—the transformation of grief into hallelujahs? How-

ever, there *are* blank desolations, which are never filled up. Neither strength of mind, nor strength of faith, nor active duty seem of any avail. The very depth of the shadow has no gleam athwart it. We *may* get accustomed to it, but it is black night after all.

A blind man may, by God's mysterious love, smile, but he cannot see. I will not tease you, then, with trying to suggest consolations. I can, and do, pray for you. Pardon my intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, but there was a look homewards, as well as heavenwards, when he saved us all, that has compelled my pen to run on, and soothe myself with words. A. H.

Letter of Apollos Howard to Zachary Bates, Esq., F.S.A.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—What a storm of trouble has broken over the glen, where so many interests dear to you as well as myself have made a nest for themselves! The disappearance of our beloved Philip into the silent land, snatched by the strong force of an habitual self-abnegation from all our love—a very image of love losing itself, effacing itself, becomes a new reason for holding to the eternal life. “The chord of self” smitten thus with might, has passed, in more than “music, out of sight.” Out of *our* sight, that is. As the music died away, the sacred chord has come back to view, but as strung on the great harp of God. Such a life, such a love as his cannot have vanished. His great and sweet capacity for the heavenly harmony of Divine service must abide. If it were not so, all God's dear prophets have been in the wrong, all the voices of the martyrs in the flames, all the sweet smiles on the face of holy love, have been lies and illusions, and even the dying words of Stephen or Paul, not to say of the Son of Man Himself, were vain conceits and hallucinations, while the epicure's jest, the foul *roué's* leer at life, the rake's satire on death, the blank farewells of pagans, and the fearless selfishness of voluptuous, ambitious, and cruel men have been in the right. If so, then Nero would have been in the main wise, and St. Paul foolish, and so all through the ages. There cannot be such a solecism in a universe of surpassing beauty, order, harmony. If there be a God of truth and righteousness, the supposition is absolutely unthinkable. It is hardly less so without one. It is not only this great sorrow which has befallen what I may call the beloved household of the glen, but, my dear friend, you also seem to have been passing through a furnace. I trust that those

etchings of Rembrandt are not sacrificed. It is very sad to think of such destruction. There is no resurrection for such genius as was embodied in your ivories—no “sea-change” for them into something “new and strange.” Is that, too, a contradiction in the world of beauty and amid the permanencies and remembrances and records of the past? Perhaps so; the destruction of the great libraries and museums of East and West is very puzzling, wonderful too, only we may have put too great a stress on their importance, and may be taught by it on what perishable, sandy foundation our earthly structures have been reared, and God may be saying—“Listen more directly to My voice; I am always speaking to you, only you make so much noise that you cannot hear Me.” Certainly the world would have been distinctly poorer, if a fire or shipwreck had consumed the Epistle to the Romans, or the First Book of Euclid, or “Hamlet,” or the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” but then we may rest satisfied that what is saved is best for us. What marvellous completeness there is in what is saved of the Bible! Well, deeply as I mourn over what you have lost, yet, my grand old friend, I am sure that the spirit with which you have borne it, proves to many, that a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth. You have not lost a night’s rest over the ruin, thanks be to God! I was more concerned to see your great grief over poor old Peter’s terrible affliction, and his inability to discern the light, which “never was on sea or land,” now that so “thick a drop serene has quenched those orbs, or dim suffusion veiled.” It must be a terrible blow to an old man, to find himself in the darkness of the grave at mid-day, with all the memories of sixty years of eyesight full within him. I think I have heard that men often lose their reason under such a staggering change. I am not surprised that he has lost some heart’s hope, some of his faith in the goodness of God. Surely our Father knows that He needs must reconcile us to His providence, to the mysteries and miseries of our lot. Part of the meaning of the cross, is to persuade us to trust Him in the darkest hour, in the most awful desertion, when it seems that nothing can save, and in fact when to all outward appearance nothing does save. But it would not reconcile us, unless it first of all made us certain, that though we have forfeited all claim, He has not forgotten His mercies, He is reconciled to us. I hope your old friend and servant will hear the voice of love, and will, now that he is shut up to the grace of God, feel that it is all he wants. . . . A. H.

Reminiscences of the Rev. Joseph Cockin.

A few years ago, when the friends of Christian missions said farewell to the eager band of African missionaries who were on the point of commencing the enterprise which will ultimately do so much towards the evangelization of the heart of Africa, the most anxious or morbid spirit scarcely foreboded the speedy departure to nobler fields of labour, of no fewer than four of the devoted men who took part in that solemn yet exhilarating service. The two young ministers, Arthur Dodgshun and Joseph Cockin, had been students together at Oheahunt College, and their love for each other was more than brotherly. It had been Mr. Cockin's earnest desire to go to Africa. From his earliest youth he had read, thought, and prayed about this wonderful land, and as he often said, he was willing to lay down his life for Africa. For some months, however, it was believed by him that the Society would send him to the Loyalty Islands rather than to the land of his eager love, while his bosom-friend Mr. Dodgshun was appointed to the Tanganyika Mission. He bore his disappointment nobly, and it seemed to deepen the mutual attachment of the young men and to excite their respective enthusiasm—Cockin that he might find work to do in Lifu equally Christ-like and worthy, and Dodgshun that he might not be unfit to occupy the place which he believed Cockin might have filled with greater success. However, to the unbounded joy of the latter, he was at length appointed to the post, in Africa, left vacant by the Rev. J. Thomson, and the two young men studied medicine together in Edinburgh, and afterwards sailed as far as the Cape of Good Hope, in company. The courage and enthusiasm of them both were considerable, and their zeal was worthy of the cause they had undertaken. They both kept up vigorous correspondence with their friends at Oheahunt, and manifested a quite pathetic interest in the mission-work done in the village stations connected with the College. Messages, letters, contributions came from them both to the various scenes of their devoted work. The homes of their childhood have not sorrowed over their unexpected departure more deeply than have these little churches where they were both loved and honoured for their service and sacrifice. It is hard to find consolation for these blighted hopes and apparently unfinished lives; but He who has the keys of Hades

and Death knew all from the beginning, and prepared them thus for the service to which He has sent them, nor is their earthly work ended. Their fervour, hallowed and intensified by their death, will bear fruit in the greater consecration of others. It may be interesting to our readers to peruse portions of a letter which reached me when the hand that penned it was lying cold and still. It reveals the strength of his feelings, the thoroughness and all-roundness of his work, the difficulties he had to encounter, and the hopefulness with which he faced the unutterable degradation and cruelty of the tribes among whom he commenced his work, and the human love and Christian faith which brightened all. Those who remember the physical strength, great altitude, fine complexion, beaming eye, cheery laugh, and fervent voice of Joseph Cockin will appreciate many things in these extracts.

H. R. R.

“ Constant intercourse with the heathen, daily surroundings of dense moral darkness, scarcely ever illumined with even faint streaks of light, are very depressing. After stammering in telling the glorious Gospel of the happy God, to look out on some scene of darkness and cruelty is very disheartening when it is daily the same, and this for weeks and months. It is like hewing away at one of those immense boulders of granite with a tiny hammer and a blunt chisel. Heart and flesh fail, and daily one hears tales of such horrid, frightful cruelty that one is in great danger of growing callous. I believe I came out as fully prepared for what I was to meet as any, and more than most, for my life long I had been preparing. But to read about these things and to see and feel them are very different. I fear that the first shock of the real encounter disturbed my balance somewhat, and I felt disposed to judge harshly of the natives, and to feel glad at any measures that could shake them out of their lethargy a little. But the first shock is past; calm reflection, especially on the example and instructions of our grand Leader—grandest of all, it seems to me, in His calm, patient endurance and unswerving love, for no mere human enthusiasm could endure such contempt and scorn unmoved—has restored and purified my judgment, and now I can better discern light mingling with the darker shades of the native character, and I am free alike from sentimental notions about the poor dear natives, and from the scornful

'anything is too good for these black devils.' Now I see that they are children of our great Father—dark, ignorant, rebellious, fearfully rebellious children, but still children of our God. And the thought comes, He has seen them in all their degradation more distinctly than I, all through the long ages, and yet He sends me to them to plead with them and teach them all things whatsoever He has told me, and so I am learning to work more patiently and steadily. Still there are times of depression which steal over me; then it is good for me to have the faithful exhortations and the kindly, warm-hearted sympathy which letters from home always bring.

" I am glad I have a house of my own over our heads, and the fact that I built it myself makes it all the more enjoyable. It was hard work, and done in the very hottest time of the year. My face, shoulders, chest, and arms were as brown as toast, and I had to bare my legs in order to convince one or two sceptics that I was a genuine white man, and not a half-caste. You wonder at my surgical skill, I mourn my ignorance. I am very thankful that I can do as well as I can, and have the pleasure of thinking that I have saved several lives. But I very soon saw that, to use a Yorkshireism, gumption and nerve are everything in surgery. Let a man study the principles of surgery and learn to diagnose (that is the difficulty), and with a little patience and practice he will be able to do *simple* surgery. My wife's arm is a complete success. She tells that if she could not remember she would never know that anything had ever ailed her arm, there is not the slightest weakness, pain, or malformation. But then I was on the spot, and so had nothing to mislead me. I wish I had an hospital. I would try what I could do with some of these tremendous fatty tumours that abound. There is an elderly man who often brings me firewood for sale who has a tumour on his left side that is twice the size of his head. I wish I could send you glad news of our special work, but there is no perceptible change. We are steadily at work.

" Witchcraft is indeed a terrible institution—fierce, unrelenting as the Inquisition. Let the witch-doctor once declare a man to be a wizard, and instantly all compassion is dead towards him. He is beaten to death with clubs, his corpse cast out as an unclean thing to be a prey for hyenas and jackals. His house is burnt down; his children, if very young, reduced to slavery; if grown

up, they and his wives will also be beaten to death. But the strangest thing is how completely the accused loses heart. Days pass between the judgment and the execution, he knows he is condemned ; although he is not bound, he rarely attempts an escape.

" Partly owing to scarcity, and also to practise shooting, I went down to our cornfield, and generally came home with a nice fat pheasant or a number of wood-pigeons. One day I received visitors, two ladies, who together formed the $\frac{2}{305}$ th part of Mrs. Umzilikazi. This fractional relict of the great warrior saluted me gravely, and with great gravity informed me that they had come to speak to me. I bade them say on. " Why, then, was my heart so black as to drive away the rain ? Here, day after day, were the clouds, but as soon as they came over the hill they became frightened and hurried away to Gabuluwayo and beyond, whilst in our valley (where they have gardens) scarce any rain fell." This was true. But I could not see how I was to blame for this. I tried to explain to them the laws governing the rainfall, *e.g.*, height of mountains, etc., and to show them how little I was likely to bewitch the rain away from our valley. I pointed to my garden, which sadly needed rain. But it was to no purpose. I was frightening away the clouds. But how ! By my shooting, for when the clouds heard the report of my gun they feared and went away. The whole nation believes this, and so when clouds are about all shooting ceases. Stones placed in trees, and in fact, anything which is strange to the people is to have the same result.

" My heart is still too sad about dear, dear Dodgahun, for me to write about him. We are all deeply grieved to hear about Dr. Mullens' sudden death, for he was undoubtedly a very able man, and his death is a great loss. But Dodgahun I loved more than a brother. Ever brave, ever earnest, ever gentle and true, he has gone to his rest.

" Please remember us most kindly to all in Cheahunt and in her dependencies. My little daughter is a Turk, and my little wife is a jewel, so I am well off.

" With deep affection,

" Yours sincerely,

" JOSEPH COCKIN."

Literary Notices.

A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines; being a continuation of "The Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., and HENRY WACE, M.A. Volume II., Eaba—Hermocrates. (John Murray.)

When these new dictionaries, edited by Dr. W. Smith and his coadjutors, Professor Wace and Canon Cheetham, are completed, English students of the History of Christian Antiquity, Literature, and History will have, in portable form, the substance of the vast Continental treasures of Patristic and Mediæval literature sifted for use. The researches made in Benedictine monasteries and German universities, the patrology of the Abbé Migne and his army of labourers and editors, will have been well hunted down for all that is to throw light on the history of the men and the institutions, the ideas and practices called Christian. We need not be surprised to find that a very large majority of the contributors to these volumes belong to the Established Church of England, and that numerous and enthusiastic efforts have been made to furnish all available information with reference to the British and Saxon Church, nor that many great subjects on which profound difference of opinion prevails, when treated historically, disclose the convictions of those who hold the High Anglican theory *versus* the Roman tradition and claim, nor that eager sympathy is manifested towards the orthodox Greek Church, before the severance between the Eastern and Western Churches. It should be remembered, that except in a few special cases—*e.g.*, the history of the Coptic Church—the writers do not prolong their discussion either of doctrine or church practice beyond the close of the seventh century A.D. No fewer than 180 writers have been employed to produce these volumes, and it is not to be presumed that their work is throughout of the same value. It is right to observe that among these writers there are, however, several, such as Professors Milligan, Bryce, Schaff, Lepsius, Drs. de Pressensé, Ginsburg, T. W. Davids, and H. R. Reynolds, who represent various other lines of scholarship, training, and capacity, while the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, Drs. Plumptre, Stanley Leathes, and many others are far from close identification with the High Church party. The value of such a work can only be determined after long research

and frequent trial. So far as we have been able to test what has been done, it will take a high place among the great encyclopædias. The effort to give some information about every name occurring in ecclesiastical writers, has led to the mention of many whose only title to a place is the circumstance that nothing is known about them beyond occasional reference to their existence, but that is by no means valueless information. Some of the articles amount to the dignity of important treatises, notably that of Bishop Lightfoot on Eusebius of Cæsarea. We have been much interested in Dr. Plumptre's article on *Eschatology*, and Dean Smith's on Ephrem the Syrian. It will astonish some readers to find that some 57 men bore the name Eustathius, and 187 that of Eusebius, 23 that of Flavianus, 79 that of Gregorius, and no fewer than 236 that of Felix, who are yet capable, like the asteroids, of being distinguished from one another. A singularly interesting inquiry is conducted by Mr. Elliott into the slender knowledge of the Hebrew language possessed by the Christian Fathers. "The Shepherd of Hermas" is well discussed by Dr. Salmon, and there is an important sketch of all writers and writings on the early heresies, by Rev. T. W. Davids. This great editorial achievement will be best criticized when the editors have made further advance in their immense undertaking, meanwhile we cordially commend an instalment of a highly important work.

A HEAVY blow has fallen on us in the removal of our beloved friend Dr. Raleigh. We hope to refer more at length to this great loss in our next issue.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Malvern, by Mr. J. Jones, £2 11s.; Long Melford, by Mr. J. G. Steed, 10s.

NOTE.—The usual May Meeting of the London and Country Managers of the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE will be held after the Missionary Sermon at Christ Church (Surrey Chapel), Westminster, on Wednesday, May the 12th, at Carr's Restaurant, 265, Strand, near St. Clement Danes Church. Dinner at two o'clock.

[MAY, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—North China—Hankow.

BY THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN.

THE attention of the Directors has often been called to the great value of HANKOW as a preaching station. It is so, not only on account of the vastness of the population, but also on account of its central position and the crowds of strangers that are ever surging through its thoroughfares. For a long period it has been the greatest native mart in the empire, and the Chinese estimate of its importance and worth is sufficiently indicated by the appellations with which it is dignified. It is called "The Centre of the Empire," and "The Port of Nine Provinces." Here are to be found, every day, representatives of all the provinces in large numbers; thousands of these men hear the Gospel during their stay at the place; not a few of them purchase our books to take with them to their distant homes; and thus from this salient point the Divine Light is radiating more or less the whole land.

I have often been reminded in my travels of the strategic position of Hankow as a mission station. Away, more than a thousand miles, in Szechwan, I have met with men who had heard the Gospel in Hankow, and knew me as a Christian teacher. In this province our chapels are known everywhere, and it would be difficult to visit a city or a town in which the missionary would not be recognised as a "Gospel Hall teacher" at Hankow. Though, so far as I can see, the *interest* awakened in the truth is by no means deep or general, it is a source of joy to find on every hand that the truth itself is getting to be widely known, and that this is to be ascribed mainly to the daily heralding of the Good News at Hankow. Looking upon our work at this grand centre in this light, it would be most unjust to estimate its value by the number of baptisms registered by us year by year. In this respect "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation" here any more than in any other part of the empire. Still we have much to be thankful for in this respect also.

THE YEAR 1879.

The Kingdom of God is surely among this people ; and this fact has been brought home to my mind more forcibly during the months of this year than at any other period of my missionary life. On our journeys now, it is by no means an uncommon thing to meet Christians, and to have little meetings with them on board our boats, and in many cases to find that these Christians are not only known as such, but are active in their endeavours to propagate the truth. In the beginning of this year, Mr. Archibald, of the National Bible Society of Scotland, was travelling in the Province of Hu-Nan, and there he came across a number of Christians who had been baptized at Hankow. At Chang-teh, one of the largest cities in Hu-Nan, he had a delightful meeting with them on board his boat. One man, who had been instructed by one of the Christians, made an earnest application for baptism. Mr. Archibald found him well informed in Christian truth, and learned that other members of his family had renounced idolatry, and were waiting to be baptized. At Ohang-Sha, the capital of Hu-Nan, Mr. Archibald was in difficulties about a boat. So strong is the anti-foreign feeling in Hu-Nan, and especially at Chang-Sha, that no boatman would hire his boat to the hated foreigner. The natives employed by our friend in searching for a boat happened to enter one in which they spied a New Testament and a hymn book. They soon learned that the owner was one of our converts, and that he had been baptized some years previously at Hankow. He expressed his willingness to let Mr. Archibald have his boat, and either proceed up the river or return to Hankow, as might be deemed most expedient. I thought it a fine discovery to meet with this simple-minded, but sincere Christian, in the midst of that notoriously anti-foreign and anti-Christian population, and especially to find him willing to identify himself with the object of their hatred, and to help him in his hour of need.

One of our converts had vanished from our sight for about three years. I had grave fears that he had either relapsed into idolatry, or become cold and lifeless. At the beginning of this year he suddenly turned up, and brought us the good news that he was not only a Christian still, but also that he had been the means of bringing a few of his neighbours to a knowledge of the truth, and that some five or six of them were waiting to be baptized. Accompanied by Mr. Owen, I visited his village in June, and found matters just as he had described them. We had a service at his house, at the close of which I baptized his wife and child. On the following day we had another service on board our boat, when three of the inquirers were baptized. On entering the house of this convert, I was

pleased to find a copy of the Old and New Testament, the hymn-book, and other Christian books on the table, and to hear that the room in which I then stood was the place where they held their Sunday services.

On our way down to Hankow, we called the first night at another village, in which we have two families of Christians, and were glad to find that they were as warm-hearted as ever, and well known as members of the "Religion of Jesus" in all that region. On the following day we visited another group of believers, and were rejoiced to learn that they were steadfast in spite of the many trials through which they had just passed, and that others were about to join themselves to them. On the same day we passed another little band of worshippers; and thus our journey up and down was made interesting, not only by the many opportunities we had of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, but also by the frequent and delightful communion we had with our native brethren on the way.

HIAU-KAN—EXTENSION OF WORK.

In the district of Hiau-Kan these little knots of Christians are growing in number and strength. We have had converts in the eastern, western, and northern divisions of the district for some time. On my last visit to that region I visited the southern division, and there baptized a whole family. The city of Hiau-Kan is now surrounded by little clusters of Christians; and a man travelling over the district might sleep every night in the house of a convert. My last visit to the stations in Hiau-Kan was in October. One whole day was given to preaching in the streets of the city. Our native evangelists, Siau and Wei, joined me in the work, and during the day the Gospel was preached to thousands. The fact that struck me most was the comparative ease with which the people seemed to take in Christian ideas, and I could account for it only on the supposition that the converts scattered over the district are doing their work as witnesses for Christ. So much was I impressed on my last visit with the promising aspect of things in the district of Hiau-Kan that I resolved, on my return to Hankow, to propose to the brethren that Siau, one of our native assistants, and a native of the district, be located in the city itself. Having obtained the sanction of my colleagues, Siau was sent forthwith to get a house. In this he succeeded without much difficulty, and he is now working there with fair prospects of reaping a plentiful harvest.

From this brief statement you will conclude with me that the Kingdom of God is among this people; and that though its coming is not with outward show and excitement, yet, like the leaven in the meal, it is here in their very midst, silently and gradually, but most surely, leavening the whole.

THE CHAFF AND THE WHEAT.

No one can be more sensible than I am of the moral poverty of the Chinese nature, and of the difficulty which every missionary must encounter in his attempts to purify and enrich it. Let me give you an illustration. It has been our painful duty to cut off ten from our communion this year. Five were excommunicated on account of their having joined the Roman Catholics, of whom one left us because we would not assist him in certain litigations about land, and the rest because they expected to better their temporal condition by entering that Church. Most of the converts made by the Roman Catholics in these parts are nothing better than bread-and-butter Christians. The expectation of procuring the help of the foreign priest in their law-suits or in their poverty is the principal motive which draws them into that communion. When I spoke to these five about the folly and sinfulness of the step they were about to take, they told me frankly that they were believers in the truth as taught to them by us, that they knew that the distinctive tenets and practices of the Romish Church are false, and that if we would only give them the help which they sought they would abide with us for ever. They were told that we would not have them at any price, that they were mere deceivers, and that there is no room in the true Church of Christ for characters such as they are. I have not seen them since, but I know that they have found their way into the Romish communion, having, I have no doubt, professed to renounce both Protestantism and the devil. To them it is a mere commercial transaction. Of late nearly all the churches here have suffered more or less from the influence of this Romish policy on our converts. But the fact that men who have been members for years, and who are well instructed in Christian truth, can be led astray in this pitiable fashion shows how thoroughly secular the Chinese mind is in its native condition, and how hard it is even for Christianity to spiritualise and ennoble it. No one can know better than the missionary himself how weak, ignorant, and imperfect some of the converts are. Among the oldest Christians in this place are to be found the coldest and most lifeless; and among those who have joined us in recent years, not a few have turned out to be unblushing hypocrites. But in spite of all defections and disappointments the Kingdom of God is taking root and spreading. Many of the converts are long-trying Christians. They show in their lives that their hearts have been changed by the Spirit of God; and, in their earnest and active efforts to make known the truth, they evince genuine devotion to Christ. You will be pleased to learn that one of our deacons, who is a ripe Christian and an excellent

preacher, has taken Siau's place at the hospital, and is giving his services gratuitously to the Mission. This has enabled us to transfer Siau to Hiau-kan without increasing our staff of *paid* agents. It is an interesting fact also that Wei, our other evangelist in that district, is supported by the native church at Hankow. This little church looks after its own poor also, and defrays all incidental expenses connected with public worship. This year, out of private funds entrusted to me, I have given some help to the country stations in the matter of house rent and furniture for two or three of the chapels; but I have already arranged with the converts at the respective stations that hereafter they are to find their own chapels and bear all incidental expenses connected with them. I do not think that we shall have any difficulty in regard to this matter, for there are many among the country congregations who have the interest of the Kingdom thoroughly at heart. They have been shown the importance of the step as a principle, and its soundness as a policy, and they seem quite prepared to fall in with my views. They see that in this way the work may expand indefinitely, whilst, if carried on by means of foreign help, it must necessarily circumscribe itself, and come to a speedy stand-still.

CONVERTS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

On my last visit to the Wei village in Hiau-kan, I had a beautiful illustration of the influence of a godly life upon the heart of a parent. A young man of that village joined the church about three years since. His father was bitterly opposed, and up to my last visit could not be persuaded to come near me. During my last visit he came to see me, and in course of conversation said, "I know that there is a Holy Spirit in the religion of Jesus." He was asked how he knew; and his reply was, "I know, because the heart of my son has been changed since he became a believer, and because he is a new man altogether." Then he told me that his heart-opposition to Christianity had passed away, and that he hoped to be a Christian himself soon. This testimony borne by the father to the great change which has taken place in his son I know to be true. He is unquestionably a "new man altogether."

At the Liu village, in the Hiau-kan district, a leper was baptized on my last visit. He is the scholar of the village, and, though a leper, a man of some influence. On the previous visits he conducted himself with a good deal of haughtiness. I could see that he was taking in every word and every idea, but he seemed to treat the message with sullen contempt. This time he came forward for baptism. I catechised him and found that he knew everything. He was as humble as a child, and as respectful as he could be. After his baptism I asked him to pray, and he offered up one of the

most remarkable prayers I have ever heard from Chinese lips. I left him still a leper in body, but, so far as I could judge, wonderfully cleansed in soul.

On Sunday week I had the pleasure of baptizing a man whom I have been trying to bring to a decision for three or four years. His brother and several of his relatives have been members for a length of time. His wife and her relations formed the barrier in his way. About three weeks since, he told me that he had fully made up his mind to join the church, though it should cost him his life. When his wife heard that he was really going to take the final step, and that he had spoken to me, she threw herself into the river and attempted to commit suicide. Fortunately, she was rescued by her neighbours; but her mad conduct did not deter Liu from carrying out his resolution, for on the following Sunday he was admitted into our fellowship, in the presence of a large congregation, among whom there were not a few from his own village. This man, during these three or four years, has been an active propagator of the truth, though not a professed Christian till now.

I may mention the case of a scholar from a distant city who was baptized in October. Three years since he spent some weeks in the hospital, and whilst there became acquainted with the truth. When leaving the hospital he took with him a good selection of Christian books. Being a B.A., he had to attend the Triennial Examination held at Wu-chang in the autumn of this year. One of the first things he did on his arrival was to call on me and make himself known as a believer. I found that he had been reading our books, that his knowledge of the Gospel was full and clear, and that he wished to make a public profession of his faith. At his request, and with the hearty concurrence of the church, he was baptized just before returning to his distant home. This *looks* like sincerity, to say the least.

THE LITERATI.

In connection with the above reference to the Triennial Examination held at Wu-chang this year, I may state that I was requested by the missionary brethren here to prepare a tract for the students, and that nearly 10,000 copies were given away to the graduates. The following extract from the *Chinese Recorder* will give you some idea of the scope and character of this little book. "This," writes the editor, "is an excellent tract by the Rev. Griffith John, Hankow. It was prepared by request of the missionary body there for the special benefit of the multitudinous students attending the Triennial Literary Examination. Its style is therefore adapted to scholarly minds. Ten thousand copies of it have been printed. It sets forth concisely and forcibly the origin of things, the character and

attributes of God, His unity, the Saviour and the scheme of salvation, the Bible and its teachings, the rules followed by converts, the things forbidden, and the happiness of believers; and gives a powerful exhortation to repentance. It seems to us just the tract that ought to be distributed at all the examinations throughout the empire." Nine thousand copies, at least, of this little book were given away to the Bachelors, and doubtless it has been read by thousands.

Ninety-five persons have been admitted into the church in connection with our Mission in this region during the year.

II.—Reinforcements for Central Africa.

ON another page we announce the departure for Zanzibar, *en route* for Central Africa, of the Rev. A. J. WOOLKEY, appointed to UJJI, the Rev. DAVID WILLIAMS to URAMBO, and Dr. W. S. PALMER to UGUHA. At a Board Meeting held at the Mission House on the 12th of April, the Monday previous to their embarkation, the Directors took formal leave of these brethren. The chair was occupied by S. R. SCOTT, Esq. After a hymn had been sung, the Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON read a portion of Scripture, and prayer was offered by the Rev. S. HERDITCH. The Rev. J. O. WHITHOUSE introduced the missionaries to the meeting, and the Rev. A. J. WOOLKEY responded on behalf of himself and colleagues. Another hymn having been sung, the Rev. T. GILFILLAN delivered a parting address. A valedictory prayer was then offered by the Rev. W. SPENSLAY, in which the brethren were commended to the Divine care and guidance. The Rev. E. H. JONES closed the meeting with prayer. The missionary party embarked on board the British India steamer *Canara* on the afternoon of the following Friday, April 16th. In addition to their outfit they carry with them sufficient stores for their personal use and for that of the mission. In providing the necessary supplies much practical sympathy has been evinced by the Society's friends. The Directors would specially acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. SUTTON & SONS, of Reading, who, for a third time, have forwarded gratuitously a well-selected parcel of seeds; of Miss BAXTER, of Dundee, who has provided a small printing press; and of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, by whom a liberal grant of printing paper has been made. The following hearty words from the Rev. L. B. WHITE, M.A., enhance greatly the value of the vote:—"It is the first application of the kind which has come to us from Central Africa. I remember when your expedition first started how interested our Committee were, and how they expressed the hope that they might soon be called upon to co-operate."

III.—Samoa Islands—Tutuila.

TUTUILA is an island of the South Pacific. It forms one of the Samoan group, and is situated in S. lat. $14^{\circ} 30'$, W. long. $170^{\circ} 41'$. It is seventeen miles in length and five miles in breadth, and attains an elevation in its loftiest peak of 2,327 feet. Its area covers 240 square miles, and its numerous villages contain a population of 4,000. On its south side is a good port called Pango-Pango. The Gospel was first proclaimed in this group in 1830 by the late Revs. JOHN WILLIAMS and CHARLES BARFF, and Tutuila has for many years formed the sphere of labour of one or more of the Society's missionaries, assisted by native preachers. Present missionary—Rev. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Scarcely two years have elapsed since Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS landed in their island home. In the absence of any European colleague or adviser, our brother was at once brought face to face with mission life, its claims and its difficulties. Other circumstances concurred to render the earlier months of his residence unusually trying. Since the departure of the Rev. GEORGE PRATT, some three years previously, the emissaries of the Roman Catholic party had become increasingly active in their endeavours to alienate our converts from the Protestant faith. A still greater obstacle was found in the civil war of which in late years Samoa has, unhappily, been the theatre. Recognising, however, the fact that, preliminary to successful effort of any kind among the people, a knowledge of their language was indispensable, Mr. Phillips at once set himself to its study, and within three months he was able to deliver his first sermon in Samoan. Reviewing this period, he writes: "If the future should only bring the same measure of joy as the past, in the work God has given us to do, we look forward to it with inexpressible pleasure, and, as in the past, shall ever bless God for the privilege of labouring among this people." Passing to public questions, he observes:—

"Politically, all Samoa, except Manua, has been suffering from the disease so long prevalent in England, which may be called the *chronic fighting fever*. Antagonistic parties have long been eager to clutch each other's throats, and, from all accounts, are doing so now in the adjacent island of Upolu. Shortly before our arrival a very severe conflict had been waged in Tutuila, and the defeated party, about four hundred altogether, sent down as war prisoners to Upolu. There they were when we arrived; but the spirit which the strife had engendered remained, and the desire to renew the contest was manifested by many at every discussion to bring the exiles home till some four months ago, when, after a year's absence, the conquered party were permitted to return to their desolated homes. They arrived in about *forty* native boats, and a very pretty sight it was to see them coming in. On their arrival a large feast of welcome was at once prepared, but the festival of joy narrowly escaped being turned into a war camp. The exiles came to the feast with loaded guns, and such was the excitement that my teachers requested me to interfere. Judging it wise to be at

hand, with Mrs. Phillips and child, I went and sat there till evening, when I considered all danger was passed away. Since then approaches to an outbreak have been frequent, but, fortunately, thus far, in the providence of God, averted."

Writing again, at an interval of three months, the missionary was able to report more hopefully with reference to the political outlook:—

"I had only just finished my June letter when I was surprised to hear that they were preparing in the two divisions of the island for immediate war. Feeling that such an event must have a most disastrous influence upon the future of my work, I bent all my energies to try and prevent it. I consulted first with the chiefs on the Government side, and got permission to go, and a letter from them to take with me, to the chief of Pangopango. The cause was this: Mutual hatred of long standing had been gradually increasing for some months. After the late war, just before my arrival here, the defeated party had been sent to Upolu and kept there for a year as war prisoners. In February last they returned, but did not meet with that reception they deemed they had a right to demand. They returned to their desolated villages, but every time a party from Leone visited them they were insulted or assaulted by the returned war prisoners. This fanned the flame afresh, and was rapidly preparing for a serious outbreak. It was to prevent this I paid my visit to the Pangopango chief. We had a long and very earnest talk on the matter, and in the end he promised at once to call a meeting and put a stop to these dangerous practices. This was successfully done, and became the first step towards '*peace with honour*.' Of course the native 'Jingoes' did not like it, and it was some time before the Government could see its way to proffer a public reconciliation. Negotiations were frequently in danger of being wrecked; and by constant visits, first to one party and then the other, I had to continually urge them to abandon all mutual feuds and hatreds, and begin to cultivate and try to propagate that peace and good-will the diffusion of which is the object of Christ's mission to the world. Happily, on the 24th of August the reconciliation was publicly effected amid great feasting and rejoicing. Happy, indeed, was the following Sabbath, when I urged the immense congregation to complete the good work begun by a reconciliation with God!"

Referring to social and religious questions, Mr. Phillips is impressed with the need of a legally constituted court of appeal, the absence of which has led to acts of personal revenge and wrong-doing. He deplures the low standard of spiritual life in the Church, and the limited amount of Biblical knowledge possessed by the people generally. He adds:—

"These facts may picture the work here a little darkly; still it has a bright background, which appears all the brighter, perchance, on account of the dark shadows which cross it. Earnest, constant work will not be in vain; the seed being sown shall in due time bring forth a plenteous harvest.

"A few encouraging features I wish now to mention. *First* is the growing desire of the chiefs to govern well and make laws for the well-being of the people. Happily, I entirely possess their confidence, and any suggestions I may make are always attentively listened to. They have, *e.g.*, abolished the night-dances—that fruitful source of vice in Samoa. Then, should any attempt be made to sell intoxicating drinks by foreigners or natives, it will be at once prohibited. They

have also promised in future to commence their public meetings with prayer, which, I think, will help much to infuse a religious spirit among the people. *Second.* Turning to the record of church life, an earnest work is, I think, going on. I have only the complete record of the church in this village (Leona), but I think I can say, '*Ex uno disce omnes.*' The number of members in this church on my arrival was only thirty-three. Since then we have added eighteen, who have completed their probation as candidates, and have forty waiting for admission now. Then I have tried to get many to work for Christ in various ways who were doing nothing for Him before. It has been the custom to have only one service for children on the Sabbath, but now *two* are held, and many of the members go to teach the children. To make them feel the importance of Christian service, and to draw forth their energies in that respect in the future, is to answer a very interesting problem of church life.

"Deficiency of native teachers has been a serious difficulty, and added largely to my labours during the past year. Happily, I have hopes of speedy reinforcements. To care efficiently for 5,000 people, both spiritually and medically, need leave no idle hours, and few have fallen to my lot in the past, and fewer still I hope for in the future. On Sundays I have generally preached twice or three times, and held a class for candidates for church fellowship. Three days a-week I have classes for students preparing for Malua; two or three public services; medicine twice every day; monthly meetings for prayer and deliberation with my teachers, and visits to various villages during the week to regulate the work and see that all is going on well. Thus a busy life is easily mapped out; yet I can conceive of no happier one."

IV.—The Recent War in South Africa.

NOTWITHSTANDING much that is depressing in connection with the disastrous war which followed the outbreak of certain native tribes in the neighbourhood of Bechuanaland in the spring of 1878, the re-organisation of the native churches has shown, on the one hand, the severe trials to which many of our church members were exposed; while, on the other, it has brought to light instances of steadfastness and forbearance affording conclusive evidence that the Gospel has not been preached to them in vain. During the disturbances, Kuruman and its neighbourhood formed a rallying point and a place of refuge for the natives generally, mainly on account of the proximity of the station to the seat of war, and of the confidence which is reposed by all classes in the missionaries and others residing there. The war having been brought to an end, the people commenced preparations for returning to their respective places of abode. This afforded a favourable opportunity to the missionary in charge of the church at Kuruman for instituting careful inquiry into the Christian character and *status* of many who would soon be beyond the range of his personal influence. In August last the Rev. J. Mackenzie writes:—

"I announced from the pulpit that I would devote a certain portion of one day in the week to meet with any refugee church members who might wish to speak to me. Up to the present time I have seen and examined over 160 people unconnected with the home church of Kuruman. Of these I have received back into the church 117 people, several of whom have already removed to Griqualand and elsewhere, with their certificate of church membership in their possession. Of the remaining number there are those who have been engaged in aggressive warfare, and among them, I am sorry to say, there are four deacons, or teachers, whose conduct has been highly unsatisfactory. Two have been engaged in open warfare of an aggressive nature, one having been persuaded to join in an attack on Campbell; the other to join a similar attack on Griqua Town. The latter deacon had all but succeeded in re-entering the church, through deception, he having striven to keep it secret that he had been one of this war party. Whilst keeping back such men—over whom the old cattle-lifting spirit had got the mastery—I have endeavoured to do so in such a way as would not lead them to be unduly discouraged. And I am happy to say that all who have called upon me, and who are still under discipline for the part they have taken in the breach of at least the sixth and the eighth commandments, show some symptoms of shame, and some of them, I trust, of repentance, for what they have done.

"Several admirable cases of steadfastness came to my knowledge during these examinations, in which Christian men had had the courage to oppose the war party. Others had been simply bewildered; others saw what was coming, but were weak and half-hearted; others, again, actually used their influence in the wrong direction. It is pleasant to think of the village of Hamohara, with its teacher from the Institution, on a small scale, like Kuruman itself—a place of refuge for Europeans as well as for well-disposed natives. When teacher and people eventually left Hamohara it was for fear of the war party among their own people, and they came as a body and settled down in our neighbourhood here."

Another instance adduced by Mr. Mackenzie, that of a young native chief whose foes were those of his own household, reveals sentiments of high principle and generosity rare even in Christian lands. The events occurred in the year 1878:—

"The village of Tlose lies some twenty-five miles to the south-south-west of Kuruman. Presided over by old Molete, the chief, and his son, Holele, this village was for some time untainted by the war spirit. Here great kindness was shown to forlorn Europeans who had escaped from the murderers at Daniel's Kuil. Wagons were sent for survivors and for their property; clothing and food were given to the destitute Europeans by Holele, who did his best for them. But by-and-by some of the murderers themselves approached the town. Griquas fleeing from the European forces also crept in. There was no lack of beef at the encampments of these strangers. They rode beautiful horses, and it was well understood that horses and cattle were the property of the white people. Holele protested; old Molete spoke sharply; and soon these people would have had to seek other quarters. But fresh arrivals took place, and among them one of our native teachers—an old man—along with another friend of Molete. Holele now found himself alone in his own town. His father and his own brothers went over to the war party, and soon the attack on Campbell was organised, and those engaged

in it took their departure from Tlose, in spite of Holele's efforts to the contrary. This change in the disposition of his father Holele attributed to the evil counsels of a man called Likatshwe and our native teacher, Jonathan, all the young men of whose family joined the attack on Campbell. On his first arrival here Holele gave me an account of his difficulties, and how he had left his own kith and kin and had proceeded to Hamohara rather than be mixed up with the cattle-lifting, &c. He also expressed his great disappointment at the kind of influence which Jonathan and the other man had had on his father. Time passed on ; the cattle-lifters fell in the several engagements, or, giving themselves up, were fined or imprisoned, or otherwise punished ; and intimation was given that the refugee Christians who wished to be recognised as church members must call on the missionary, and explain to him their history during the past few months. Among the rest came Jonathan, who was confronted with the facts which I had learned, but without mentioning the source of my information. At first he demurred to the truth of the report which I had heard, but afterwards admitted his great shortcoming as a Christian teacher at such a juncture. He said he saw now that he might have done much better. I was amused, and gratified also, to see the well-disposed Holele make his appearance one day, desiring a private interview, which I granted at once. 'About Jonathan, sir ; I have come to say that I hope you won't think too hardly of old Jonathan. My father and brothers were greatly to blame ; I don't know what possessed every body at that time ; but I hope, sir, you won't think too hardly of old Jonathan.' I went over the *events* which had transpired, and asked if these things had taken place. 'Yes ; they were all true.' 'Then,' I said, 'kindness to Jonathan must teach him first what harm he has done before we again receive him among our number.'

In the summer of last year Mr. Mackenzie paid a visit to GRIQUA TOWN with a twofold object—that of completing the work of re-organisation, and at the same time of inquiring into certain charges which had been brought by some of the church members against the native teacher there.

"Having," he writes, "heard all that they had got to say against one another, and seeing that there was more ill-feeling than wrong-doing, I reached down the large Dutch Bible from the pulpit, and read to them the text, 'and forgive us our trespasses,' &c. This had the desired impression ; the idea was startling that if they were living unforgivingly they themselves were not forgiven of God. At length all had spoken in a friendly way except Sepego and the woman who was his chief accuser—his chief helper, as she called herself. I read the verse again. The woman said she would go home and think of it. Jan Sepego was silent. Their hearts were sore, having spoken much against one another. I asked how they proposed to live for any length of time not forgiving one another. Both rose, as of one accord ; a good expression came into their faces, and they shook hands over the past. I told them, there assembled as a church, that I had found things in such a state that I did not feel it to be my duty to administer to them the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on the occasion of that visit, but that I should endeavour to return in say three months, and that then, if I found they were still living in love and good works, I should have pleasure in calling them together to commemorate their Saviour's death."

V.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. DEPARTURES.

The Revs. A. J. WOOKEY and DAVID WILLIAMS, with Mr. WALTER S. PALMER, L.R.C.S.I., proceeding to CENTRAL AFRICA, embarked for Zanzibar per steamer *Canara*, April 16th.

2. DEDICATION SERVICE.

A most interesting service was held at York Street Church, DUBLIN, on April 8th, in connection with the departure of Mr. WALTER S. PALMER, L.R.C.S.I., &c., as medical missionary to the Society's mission on LAKE TANGANYIKA, Central Africa. Much interest was felt in the engagements, and many sections of the Church were represented in the congregation. Mr. Palmer being a well-known member of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association, which numbers nearly 900 members and associates, a large number of young men were present. The Rev. James Stevenson (United Presbyterian) opened the service by reading and offering prayer; the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, M.A. (Presbyterian), gave an address on the claims of foreign missions; the Rev. E. H. Jones (Deputation Secretary of the Society) gave an account of the Central African missions; the Rev. W. Guard Price (Wesleyan) offered the dedication prayer; the Rev. S. J. Whitmee (Mr. Palmer's pastor) gave the charge; and the Rev. G. A. P. Arbuthnot (Episcopalian) closed the service with prayer and the Benediction.

3. ORDINATION.

At Capel Maen, GWYNFE, on the 9th of April, Mr. DAVID WILLIAMS, of Carmarthen and Western Colleges, was ordained as a missionary to CENTRAL AFRICA. The Revs. W. Thomas, Gwynfe; J. Thomas, T. Davies, and T. Johns, Llanelly; Prof. Jones, Carmarthen; D. C. Jones, Abergwili; W. Davies, Bethlehem, and others took part in the services, which were very impressive.

4. IN MEMORIAM.

REV. J. COCKIN, OF HOPE FOUNTAIN.

Among the missionaries sent forth by the Society in recent years few have left England under auspices more hopeful and encouraging than JOSEPH COCKIN, whose death on the 3rd of February last it is now our painful duty to announce. Possessing, with an apparently sound constitution, a vigorous frame and commanding presence, added to an ardent, not to say impulsive, temperament, and withal thoroughly imbued by the missionary spirit, he appeared singularly fitted both by nature and grace to become a pioneer in some dark and unexplored region of heathendom. He cheerfully accepted an appointment to HOPE FOUNTAIN, Matebele country, and in prosecuting medical studies at Edinburgh became for a second time associated with his friend and former fellow-student at Cheshunt, the late Rev. A. W. DODGSHUN, whose early death in Central Africa will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. On the 29th of March, 1877, Mr. and Mrs. Cockin sailed for Cape Town in the steamer *Teuton*, in which vessel Mr. Dodgshun was also passenger on his way to Zanzibar. After a long and toilsome journey Mr. Cockin reached SHOSHONG in October, but it was not until May, 1878, that he

took up his residence at HOPE FOUNTAIN. Here he found ample scope for the exercise of his best energies, the difficulties and discouragements which he encountered only furnishing an additional stimulus to prayerful and persevering labour. In a letter dated November last, he observes: "Would that I could write glowing accounts of work here! Alas! I cannot. All I can speak of is steady work and a constant upholding of the Cross before the people." On the 29th of January in the present year, Mr. and Mrs. Cockin arrived at SHOSHONG on a visit to the Rev. J. D. HEPBURN. Our brother had been suffering from a slight fit of ague the evening before, but appeared hearty and cheerful. The next day, Friday, he had another attack, but rallied on the Saturday. "That morning," writes Mrs. Hepburn, "he attended the church members' prayer-meeting, where he was almost breaking down with emotion during the singing of a hymn, wedded to a grand and heart-stirring tune which is sung at the close of all our native services here. The contrast between the spiritual atmosphere here and the deadness pervading Matebele land was too much, and he wept as he felt the great blessing flooding in upon his spirit. When the hymn was sung I was forced to stand still to listen, it sounded so hearty, and Mr. Cockin's deep tenor voice was so distinctly heard all through. Little did I think at the moment that on the third day from that Saturday morning his strong, manly voice would be for ever silenced here, but raised in the triumphant song of the redeemed in glory. On Sunday he was very ill. Monday morning he seemed much better. On Monday night a change for the worse set in, and he rapidly sank from that time until Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, when he quietly passed away as peacefully as a babe falling asleep. Poor Mrs. Cockin and her little fatherless child! She bears the blow bravely and in a truly Christian manner." In the last letter which he addressed to the Mission House, our departed brother thus refers to the death of Mr. Dodgshun:—"At Cheshunt we were companions. To him more than to any other I confided my hopes and plans, and we were united in studies, both private and evangelistic. In Edinburgh our intimacy became closer, and towards its close events drew us far nearer to each other than brothers usually come. I saw his inmost life. I might almost say that we were together night and day." Both of these soldiers of the Cross, one at the age of thirty-one, the other only twenty-seven, have thus early been called to put off the armour. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided."

REV. A. VAN ROOYEN, OF TIDMANTON.

In October, 1849, the subject of this notice was ordained as a native missionary at TIDMANTON, a branch of the Kat River settlement, by the late Rev. J. J. FREEMAN, on the occasion of his visit to the Cape Colony. He remained as its pastor when, in 1855, the church at TIDMANTON became self-supporting and independent of the Society's funds. Mr. VAN ROOYEN was "a good minister of Jesus Christ," and his devoted and efficient labours have been greatly blessed. Latterly he had been suffering from bodily infirmities, which led him early in the present year to seek rest and change; and, after undergoing a surgical operation at Port Elizabeth, he died in that town on the 7th of March, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His loss will be deeply felt by the native church over which he had so long presided, and by the colonial community generally.

5. CENTRAL AFRICAN JOURNALS.

The edition of the pamphlet, with map, issued in March, 1879, and entitled "The Mission in Central Africa, from the Letters and Journals of the Revs. J. B. Thomson and A. W. Dodgshun and Messrs. E. C. Hore and W. Hutley," being quite exhausted, the Directors would feel greatly obliged if any friends who may be in possession of copies for which they have no further use will return them to the Rev. J. O. WHITEHOUSE, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.

6. THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

It is with much pleasure that we are able to announce the safe return of the *John Williams* to the port of Sydney. She arrived on the 4th of January, having on board the Rev. Dr. G. A. and Mrs. TURNER of SAMOA, and the Rev. F. E. and Mrs. LAWES of NIUE, with their respective families. The vessel is in good order, the boats having suffered most during her nine months' voyage.

7. MADAGASCAR—THE PRIME MINISTER'S SON.

In our number for January, 1879, we announced the return to Madagascar of RAPENOELINA, the son of his Excellency RAINILAIARIVONY, the Prime Minister, after having received in this country the advantages of an English education. In a recent letter the Rev. B. BRIGGS writes from the capital:—"On the 18th of December Rapenoelina was publicly received by the Queen. His reception has been delayed until now on account of the weak state of his health. We are happy to say that his health is very much improved. At the request of the Prime Minister a few of us accompanied Rapenoelina to the Palace and witnessed his reception by the Queen, which was attended by more than the usual honours, and proved the interest which both the Queen and Prime Minister have taken in him, and their deep thankfulness for his restored health. After the usual formalities we adjourned to the room in the Palace where religious worship is usually conducted, and a short thanksgiving service was held, most of the chief officers being present, and all seeming pleased and thankful that the young man's life had been spared and his health so far restored. The Queen and Prime Minister requested us to communicate their sincere thanks to the Directors for the care they took of Rapenoelina during his residence in England, and for their kind attention in providing for his comfort on his return to Madagascar."

8. UJJI—DEATH OF THE ABBÉ DEBAIZE.

On the 12th of December last, the ABBÉ DEBAIZE, a French explorer visiting the lake region of Central Africa, died, after a brief illness, in the Society's mission-house at UJJI. It is with much satisfaction that the Directors have received the following despatch from Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, which they venture to quote as illustrating the indirect benefits resulting from the missionary enterprise:—

"Foreign Office, March 27, 1880.

"SIR,—I am directed by the MARQUIS of SALISBURY to acquaint you, for the information of the London Missionary Society, and for communication to its members at Ujiji, that her Majesty's ambassador at Paris has received a note from the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, requesting that the expression of the gratitude of the French Government for the assistance given to the late ABBÉ DEBAIZE at the London Missionary Society's station at Ujiji may be conveyed to the members of that Society.—I am, &c., &c., &c.

(Signed)

"JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

"The Secretary, London Missionary Society."

VI.—Anniversary Services in May, 1880.

THE DIRECTORS INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE FRIENDS OF THE SOCIETY TO THE FOLLOWING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ENSUING ANNIVERSARY:—

SERMONS TO BE PREACHED ON LORD'S DAY, MAY 9TH, &c.

PLACE.	MORNING.	EVENING.
ABNEY CHAPEL	REV. W. SPENSLEY.	REV. W. SPENSLEY.
ACTON	„ B. W. LLOYD.	„ B. W. LLOYD.
ADELPHI CH., Hackney-road	„ A. A. RAMSEY.	„ A. T. SAVILLE.
ALBANY ROAD	„ R. WEARMOUTH.	„ R. WEARMOUTH.
ANERLEY	„ H. TARRANT.	„ J. SIDNEY HALL.
BALHAM (May 2).	„ J. HEWLETT, B.A.	„ J. HEWLETT, B.A.
BARBICAN CH., New North-rd.	„ ADAM SCOTT.	„ ADAM SCOTT.
BATTERSEA CONG. CHURCH.	„ MARCH TIMSON.	„ W. PLACE.
BAYSWATER, Craven-hill Ch.	„ A. McMILLAN.	„ W. F. CLARKSON, B.A.
BAYSWATER, Lancaster-road	„ J. S. RUSSELL, M.A.	„ S. J. WHITMER, F.R.G.S.
BECKENHAM	„ A. CLARK.	„ R. J. SARGENT.
BECKENHAM-ROAD	„ R. J. SARGENT.	„ A. CLARK.
BEDFORD CHAPEL	„ A. NORRIS.	„ A. F. JOSCELYNE, B.A.
BELVEDERE	„ J. TWIDALE.	„ J. TWIDALE.
BETHNAL GREEN	„ E. SIMON.	„ J. H. SNELL.
BISHOPSGATE CHAPEL	„ G. WILLIAMS.	„ C. ILLINGWORTH.
BLACKHEATH	„ H. BATCHELOR.	„ S. MCFARLANE.
BRENTFORD	„ J. F. GANNAWAY.	„ J. F. GANNAWAY.
BRIGHTON, UNION CHAPEL . .	„ H. J. ROBJOHNS, B.A.	„ H. J. ROBJOHNS, B.A.
BRIXTON-ROAD	„ T. G. HORTON.	„ H. TARRANT.
BROMLEY, Kent	„ R. BEST.	„ R. BEST.
BROMLEY, Middlesex	„ W. EDWARDS.	„ D. ALEXANDER.
BUCKHURST HILL	„ E. MILLER, B.A.	„ E. MILLER, B.A.
CAMBERWELL	„ C. CHAPMAN, M.A.	„ CALDER SCOTT, LL.B.
CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD . . .	„ J. LLEWELYN.	„ J. LLEWELYN.
CAMBRIDGE HEATH	„ W. MARSHALL.	„ W. MARSHALL.
CATERHAM	„ J. YONGE. [M.A.]	„ J. YONGE. [M.A.]
CHELMSFORD	„ J. A. MACFADYEN.	„ J. A. MACFADYEN.
CHELSEA, Markham-square . .	„ W. CUTHBERTSON, B.A.	„ W. CUTHBERTSON, B.A.
CHIGWELL ROW	„ J. MARCHANT.	„ J. MARCHANT.
CITY-ROAD CHAPEL	„ C. ILLINGWORTH.	„ G. WILLIAMS.
CITY TEMPLE	„ J. R. THOMSON, M.A.	„ PHILIP COLBORNE.
CLAPHAM	„ J. G. ROGERS, B.A.	„ H. ALLON, D.D.
CLAPHAM, Park-crescent Ch.	„ DR. RAY.	„ W. MCLEATHUR, B.A.
CLAPTON	„ E. H. DELF.	„ A. A. RAMSEY.
CLAPTON, Lower Chapel . . .	„ P. COLBORNE.	„ E. H. DELF.
CLAPTON PARK	„ S. MCFARLANE.	„ S. HERDITCH.
CLAREMONT CHAPEL	„ E. W. THOMPSON.	„ A. H. BYLES, B.A.
CLAYLANDS CHAPEL	„ W. CLARKSON, B.A.	„ J. T. WOODHOUSE.
COLLIER'S-RENTS CHAPEL, New Kent-road	„ DR. J. H. WILSON.	„ DR. J. H. WILSON.
COVERDALE CHAPEL	„ J. SIBREE.	„ T. NEAVE.
CrAVEN CHAPEL	„ E. B. CONDER, M.A.	„ G. WILKINSON.
CROYDON, Trinity Church . .	„ J. M. WRIGHT.	„ CHARLES NEW.
CROYDON, Broad Green . . .	„ A. C. GILL.	„ W. MANNING.

PLACE.	MORNING.	EVENING.
CROYDON, Selhurst-road . . .	REV. H. E. ARKELL.	REV. J. M. WRIGHT.
CROYDON, SOUTH	" ALDEN DAVIES.	" ALDEN DAVIES.
CROYDON, Thornton Heath . .	" W. MANNING.	" A. C. GILL.
CROYDON, Christchurch . . .	" J. COMPER GRAY.	" N. L. PARKYN.
CROYDON, George Street . . .	" G. S. BARRETT, B.A.	" G. S. BARRETT, B.A.
DALSTON CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL, Middleton-road . .	" S. HESTER.	" S. HESTER.
DALSTON, Shrubland-road . .	" T. NEAVE.	" J. SIBREE.
DEPTFORD	" J. GREGORY.	" J. GREGORY.
DORKING	" G. HALL, B.A.	" G. HALL, B.A.
DULWICH, EAST	" J. BROWNE, M.A.	" O. KNIBBS.
DULWICH, West Park-rd. Ch.	" J. BEDELL.	" F. F. THOMAS.
DULWICH GROVE	" F. F. THOMAS.	" G. J. ALLEN, B.A.
EALING (May 16)	" E. A. WAREHAM.	" E. A. WAREHAM.
ECCLESTON-SQUARE CH. . . .	" B. BALGARNIE.	" R. BRUCE, D.D.
EDMONTON, LOWER	" A. W. JOHNSON.	" A. W. JOHNSON.
EDMONTON AND TOTTENHAM.	" J. SHILLITO.	" J. SHILLITO.
EGHAM	" J. SLEIGH.	" J. SLEIGH.
ELTHAM	" L. H. BYRNES, B.A.	" J. WAITE, M.A.
ENFIELD, Chase Side	" W. HEWGILL, M.A.	" W. HEWGILL, M.A.
ENFIELD, Baker-st. (May 23)	" J. EMLYN.	" J. EMLYN.
EPSOM	" J. WILLIAMS.	" J. WILLIAMS.
ERITH	" J. MUNCASTER.	" J. MUNCASTER.
FAHER STREET	" T. MIRAMS.	" F. KNOWLES.
FALCON-SQUARE	" W. J. EVANS.	" W. J. EVANS.
FETTER-LANE CHAPEL	" F. KNOWLES.	" T. MIRAMS.
FINCHLEY, East End	" T. GREEN, M.A.	" T. GREEN, M.A.
FINCHLEY, North	" H. G. HASTINGS, M.A.	" H. G. HASTINGS, M.A.
FINSBURY CHAPEL	" A. D. PHILIPS.	" T. G. HORTON.
FOREST GATE	" O. WILLIAMS.	" O. WILLIAMS.
FOREST HILL	" G. J. ALLEN, B.A.	" J. BEDELL.
FOREST HILL, Trinity Chapel (May 23)	" S. MCFARLANE.	" S. MCFARLANE.
GRAVESEND, Princes-street . .	" J. ANDERSON.	" T. BATTY.
GRAVESEND, Milton Mount . .	" T. BATTY.	" J. ANDERSON.
GREENWICH, Maize-hill Ch. . .	" S. LAMBRICK.	" S. LAMBRICK.
GREENWICH-ROAD CHAPEL . .	" JAMES SMITH.	" JAMES SMITH.
HACKNEY, Old Gravel Pit . . .	" J. DE K. WILLIAMS.	" J. DE K. WILLIAMS.
HACKNEY, Pownal-road . . .	" F. TARRAS.	" T. J. B. TEMPLE.
HAMMERSMITH, Broadway . . .	" W. PLACE.	" MARCH TIMSON.
HAMMERSMITH, Albion-road . .	" G. DRUMMOND.	" W. PLACE.
HAMPSTEAD-ROAD, Tolmers- square Chapel	" DR. FALDING.	" P. W. DARTON, B.A.
HAMPSTEAD	" A. GALBRAITH.	" J. WEBB.
HARE-COURT CH., Canonbury . .	" HENRY SIMON.	" E. PAXTON HOOD.
HARLEY-STREET CH. (May 23)	" J. FOREMAN.	" W. E. HURNDALL, M.A.
HAVERSTOCK CHAPEL	" E. H. JONES.	" JOHN NUNN.
HENLEY-ON-THAMES (May 23)	" DR. STOUGHTON.	" DR. STOUGHTON.
HERTFORD	" H. F. WALKER.	" H. F. WALKER.
HIGHBURY, Quadrant Ch. . . .	" DR. PULSFORD.	" DR. PULSFORD.
HIGHGATE	" J. MORRIS.	" D. ANTHONY, B.A.
HOLLOWAY	" MARK WILKS.	" MARK WILKS.
HOLLOWAY, Junction-rd. Ch. . .	" W. F. CLARKSON, B.A.	" W. LE PLA.
HOLLOWAY, Seven Sisters-rd. . .	" J. M. BLACKIE, LL.B.	" G. SNASHALL, B.A.
HOLLOWAY, Tollington Pk. Ch. .	" G. WILKINSON.	" E. WALKER.
HORBURY CHAPEL	" S. J. WHITMEE, F.R.G.S.	" W. ROBERTS, B.A.

PLACE.	MORNING.	EVENING.
HORNSEY, Park Chapel . . .	REV. S. PEARSON, M.A.	REV. J. M. BLACKBURN, LL.B.
HOXTON ACADEMY CHAPEL . .	" P. W. DARTON, B.A.	" ROBERT ROBINSON.
HOUNSLOW	" F. BECKLEY.	" R. E. FORSAITH.
INGRESS VALE	" G. SHREWSBURY.	" G. SHREWSBURY.
ISLINGTON, Union Chapel . .	" B. BRUCE, D.D.	" J. G. ROGERS, B.A.
ISLINGTON, Offord-road Ch. .	" W. J. COX.	" DR. FALDING.
ISLINGTON, Arundel-sq. Ch. .	" D. ANTHONY, B.A.	" R. W. THOMPSON.
ISLINGTON, Caledonian-road .	" A. T. SAVILLE.	" W. J. COX.
ISLINGTON, Barnsbury Chapel	" J. ELLIS.	" J. ELLIS.
ISLINGTON, River-street . .	" A. F. JOSCELYNE, B.A.	" EDWIN WATTS.
ISLINGTON CHAPEL	" B. BERRY.	" B. BERRY.
ISLEWORTH	" R. E. FORSAITH.	" F. BECKLEY.
JAMAICA-ROW	" ROBERT ROBINSON.	" J. BROWN, M.A.
KENSINGTON	" ARNOLD THOMAS, M.A.	" J. C. HARRISON.
KENSINGTON, Goulbourne-rd.	" H. B. DAVIES.	" H. B. DAVIES.
KENTISH TOWN	" G. SNASHALL, B.A.	" R. BALGARNIE.
KENTISH TOWN, Gospel Oak	" S. PARKINSON.	" J. LEGGE, M.A.
KINGSLAND	" B. SEWELL.	" J. B. THOMPSON, M.A.
KINGSTON	" THOMAS MANN.	" E. R. BARRETT, B.A.
LEE, Burnt Ash	" W. G. LAWES.	" G. CRITCHLEY, B.A.
LEWISHAM, Cong. Church . .	" DR. J. R. CAMPBELL.	" MORLAIS JONES.
LEWISHAM HIGH-ROAD . . .	" J. ERVINE.	" W. G. LAWES.
LEYTON	" O. R. GARDNER.	" O. R. GARDNER.
LEYTONSTONE	" R. H. LOVELL.	" EDWARD SIMON.
LOUGHBOROUGH PARK CH..	" J. T. WOODHOUSE.	" W. CLARKSON, B.A.
MARLBOROUGH CHAPEL . . .	" W. A. ESSEBY.	" J. RICHARDSON.
MERTON	" F. TINKLER.	" J. J. GOUNDEY.
MILE END NEW TOWN	" J. WAYMAN.	" W. TYLER.
MILE END-ROAD CHAPEL . .	" E. S. BAYLIFFE, B.A.	" E. S. BAYLIFFE, B.A.
MILE END, Latimer Chapel . .	" F. W. B. WEEKS.	" E. STORROW.
MILL HILL	" P. BARKER, LL.B.	" P. BARKER, LL.B.
MITCHAM	" THOMAS ORR.	" THOMAS ORR.
NEW BARNET (May 16) . . .	" S. McFARLANE.	" S. McFARLANE.
NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL . . .	" T. E. SLATER, B.A.	" ALFRED NORRIS.
NEW HAMPTON	" J. REES.	" J. REES.
NEW TABERNAACLE	" J. H. SNELL.	" R. SEWELL.
NORTHFLEET	" T. DAVEY.	" T. DAVEY.
NORWOOD, UPPER	" J. E. HUGHES.	" J. COMPER GRAY.
NORWOOD, SOUTH	" O. KNIBBS.	" F. BOLTON, B.A.
OXFORD	" J. KNAGGS.	" J. KNAGGS.
PADDINGTON CHAPEL	" A. H. BYLES, B.A.	" A. D. PHILIPS.
PARK CHAPEL, Camden Town	" J. C. HARRISON.	" S. PEARSON, M.A.
PECKHAM, Asylum-rd. Chapel	" H. J. PERKINS.	" H. J. PERKINS.
PECKHAM, Hanover Chapel . .	" T. HOOKER.	" G. B. RYLEY.
PECKHAM BYE CHAPEL . . .	" F. BOLTON, B.A.	" J. ERVINE.
PENTONVILLE-ROAD CONG. CH.	" E. WATTS.	" C. GOWARD.
PLAISTOW	" D. ALEXANDER.	" W. EDWARDS.
PONDERS END	" B. WILLIAMS.	" B. WILLIAMS.
POPLAR, Trinity Chapel . .	" J. S. HALL.	" J. WAYMAN.
REIGATE	" GEORGE SADLER.	" GEORGE SADLER.
RED-HILL	" W. TRITTON.	" W. TRITTON.
RICHMOND	" G. S. INGRAM.	" G. S. INGRAM.
ROBERT-STREET CH.	" O. GOWARD.	" J. EMILYN.
ROMFORD	" J. CHATER.	" J. CHATER.
SEVENOAKS (May 23) . . .	" T. H. CLARK.	" T. H. CLARK.
SIDCUP	" J. WAITE, M.A.	" L. H. BYRNES, B.A.

PLACE.	MORNING.	EVENING.
SION CHAPEL	REV. J. THOMAS, B.A.	REV. J. THOMAS, B.A.
SOUTHGATE	" W. A. WRIGLEY.	" W. A. WRIGLEY.
SOUTHGATE-ROAD CHAPEL	" J. BAINTON.	" J. BAINTON.
SOUTHWARK CONG. CH.	" W. BAGNALL.	" W. BAGNALL.
STAINES	" H. DE V. GOOKEY.	" H. DE V. GOOKEY.
STAMFORD HILL CH.	" C. SCOTT, LL.B.	" EDWARD WHITE.
STRATFORD, New Church	" E. STORROW.	" E. H. JONES.
STREATHAM HILL CHAPEL	" CHARLES NEW.	" H. E. ARKELL.
ST. MARY CRAY	" J. HUTCHISON.	" J. HUTCHISON.
ST. JOHN'S WOOD CHAPEL	" O. HIGGINS.	" C. HIGGINS.
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, Greville- place Chapel	" J. LEGGE, M.A.	" S. PARKINSON.
STEPNEY	" DR. KENNEDY.	" J. MORRIS.
STEPNEY, Burdett-rd. (May 16)	" J. HEWLETT, B.A.	" J. HEWLETT, B.A.
STOCKWELL	" J. WOOD.	" F. W. B. WEEKS.
STOKE NEWINGTON, Milton- road Chapel	" E. WALKER.	" J. JOHNSTON.
STOKE NEWINGTON, Walford Road	" D. G. WATT, M.A.	" J. P. ASHTON, M.A.
SURBITON PARK	" E. B. BARRETT, B.A.	" THOMAS MANN.
SUTHERLAND CHAPEL	" T. SLEVAN.	" T. SLEVAN.
SUTTON	" J. C. GALLAWAY, M.A.	" J. C. GALLAWAY, M.A.
SYDENHAM	" W. MCL. ARTHUR.	" T. HOOKE.
TABERNACLE	" J. MORGAN. [B.A.]	" J. WOOD.
TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD	" JACKSON WRAY.	" JACKSON WRAY.
TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS (May 30)	" J. HEWLETT, B.A.	" J. HEWLETT, B.A.
TOTTERIDGE	" W. C. PRESTON.	" W. C. PRESTON.
TREVOR CHAPEL	" F. CARTER.	" T. E. SLATER, B.A.
TRINITY CHAPEL, Brixton	" R. HAMILTON.	" R. HAMILTON.
UNION CHAPEL, Horselydown	" J. WEBB.	" A. GALBRAITH.
UXBRIDGE	" E. A. WAREHAM.	" E. A. WAREHAM.
VICTORIA DOCK CHAPEL	" WILLIAM FOX.	" WILLIAM FOX.
VICTORIA PARK CHAPEL	" DR. MCAUSLANE.	" DR. MCAUSLANE.
WALTHAMSTOW, Marsh-street	" F. W. CLARKE, B.A.	" P. WHYTE.
WALTHAMSTOW, Trinity Ch.	" P. WHYTE.	" F. W. CLARKE, B.A.
WALWORTH, York-street	" J. HEWLETT, B.A.	" O. CHAPMAN, B.A.
WANDSWORTH	" J. PARK.	" J. PARK.
WANSTRADE	" B. WILKINSON.	" J. HANKINSON.
WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL	" J. McMUNN.	" J. McMUNN.
WEST BROMPTON	" J. MORGAN.	" J. MORGAN.
WESTMINSTER CHAPEL	" W. M. STATHAM.	" E. B. CONDER, M.A.
WIMBLEDON	" J. J. GOUNDRY.	" F. TINKLER.
WINCHMORE HILL	" J. CLARKE, B.A.	" J. CLARKE, B.A.
WOODFORD	" W. H. HILL.	" W. H. HILL.
WOODFORD, Union Chapel	" J. HANKINSON.	" B. WILKINSON.
WOOD GREEN	" G. B. JOHNSON.	" G. B. JOHNSON.
WOOLWICH, Rectory-place Ch.	" J. FOREMAN.	" J. FOREMAN.
WYLOUFE CHAPEL	" J. SAUNDERS, B.A.	" J. SAUNDERS, B.A.
YORK-ROAD CHAPEL	" DR. DAVIES.	" DR. DAVIES.

MONDAY, MAY 10TH.

1. *Morning*.—PRAYER MEETING, for one hour, in the BOARD ROOM of the MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, specially to implore the Divine blessing on the several Services of the Anniversary, at TEN O'CLOCK.
2. *Afternoon*.—The ANNUAL MEETING OF DIRECTORS will be held at the MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, at THREE O'CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12TH.

1. *Morning*.—In CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD (REV. NEWMAN HALL'S). The ANNUAL SERMON will be preached by the Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England. *Service to commence at Eleven o'Clock.*
2. *Evening*.—In WESTMINSTER CHAPEL the SERMON TO YOUNG MEN AND OTHERS will be preached by the Rev. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A. *Service to commence at Seven o'Clock.*

No Tickets required for the Sermons.

THURSDAY, MAY 13TH.

Morning.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the Society will be held in EXETER HALL, to appoint a Treasurer, Secretaries, and Directors; and to receive the ANNUAL REPORT, with Audited Accounts. The Chair will be taken, at TEN O'CLOCK, by

JOHN KEMP WELCH, Esq., J.P., Treasurer of the Society.

The following gentlemen, with others, will take part in the proceedings:—Rev. EUSTACE CONDER, M.A., Rev. Dr. ALLON, Rev. J. RICHARDSON, Missionary from Madagascar; Rev. S. MCFARLANE, Missionary returning to New Guinea; Rev. F. TRESTRAIL, Chairman of the Baptist Union; and S. D. Waddy, Esq., Q.C.

TICKETS for the meeting at Exeter Hall may be obtained at the Mission House, Blomfield Street, London Wall.

VII.—*New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.*

To 15th April, 1880.

LONDON.

Barbican Ch.	4	5	0
Burdett Road.	2	2	0
Camberwell, Miss Jupp	0	10	0
Clapham Cong. Ch.	18	18	1
Enfield, Christ Ch.	10	0	0
Hammermith, Broadway Ch.	1	17	4
Harley Street (additional)	1	6	6
Hendon	3	3	3
Holloway	10	0	0
Jamaica Row.	4	0	0
Kensington (additional)	3	3	0
Marlborough Ch.	8	15	0
Pilgrim Fathers' Memorial Ch., A Friend	1	0	0
Robert Street, Miss Dunning ...	1	0	0
Surbiton	5	6	0
Sutton	4	0	0
Woodford, Miss Burton	1	0	0

COUNTRY.

Basingstoke	2	8	10
Basingstoke District—			
Ashwell	4	13	0
Guilden Morden	1	0	0
Bath, Vineyards Ch.	4	0	3
Beccles	3	0	0
Bedford, Bunyan Meeting (society) ..	6	0	0
Belper	2	0	0
Beverley	2	11	0
Bideford	2	0	0

Birmingham, Moseley Road	4	19	6
Blackburn, Chapel Street	3	12	0
Bridport	1	18	10
Burton-on-Trent	1	5	0
Canterbury, Watling Street	5	5	0
Chard	3	2	6
Cheltenham, per Miss Blunt	0	5	0
Chester, Boughton Ch.	1	7	0
Chesterfield	5	6	3
Chinley	2	9	1
Christchurch (Hants)	3	5	0
Burton Green	0	10	2
Oranmore	0	5	0
Clitheroe	1	0	0
Daventry	1	1	0
Dedham	1	1	0
Devises	1	14	5
Dover, Russell Street, Miss Woodruff ...	0	8	0
Durham	3	8	6
Duxford	1	5	0
Falsfield	1	3	4
Faringdon	1	5	0
Gosport	3	0	0
Hallifax District—			
Harrison Road	5	0	0
Holywell Green	2	10	0
Lightcliffe	2	1	2
Northowram	0	10	0
Wyke	1	4	0
Hastings, The Croft Ch.	1	19	8

Haves	1 14 2	Middlewich	2 0 0
Heywood... ..	2 0 0	Mossley, Abney Ch.	2 7 5
High Wycombe, Orendon Street	2 4 0	Newark	1 4 6
Hookife... ..	0 16 0	Newport (Salop)	2 0 0
Holbeck	0 10 0	Newton Abbot	3 4 11
Horsham... ..	2 0 0	Oldham Auxiliary—	
Huddersfield—		Greenacres Ch.	2 0 0
Higfield Ch.	15 0 0	Hollinwood Ch.	0 17 0
Padock	2 15 8	Townfield Ch.	1 0 0
Hull, Salem Ch.	0 10 0	Windsor Road	1 2 6
Huntingdonshire Auxiliary—Moieties:		Paignton... ..	0 17 6
Huntingdon	0 12 6	Point-in-View	0 7 3
Brampton	0 3 6	Radcliffe, near Manchester	2 10 0
Huntingdon, Trinity Ch.	2 13 2	Reading, Trinity Ch.	8 4 8
Kimbolton	0 7 6	Repton	0 12 0
Offord... ..	0 4 6	Romsey	4 3 4
Ramsay, Gt. White... ..	0 10 0	St. Peterborough—	
St. Ives	1 0 0	Alexandrovsky Ch.	8 12 0
St. Neots—		British and American Ch.	10 14 8
East Street	0 10 0	Sherborne	2 0 0
Old Meeting	1 0 0	Shrewsbury, Castle Gate Ch.	1 4 0
Stakeley	0 3 0	Sligo... ..	1 5 6
Woodhurst... ..	0 5 0	Southampton—	
Yelling	0 4 0	Above Bar Ch.	6 0 0
Ilchester	1 5 0	Albion Ch.	5 0 0
Ipswich, Nicholas Street	2 17 9	Stalbridge	0 10 0
Leeds Auxiliary—		Stebbing	1 18 4
Belgrave Ch.	5 0 0	Stonehouse (Gloucestershire)	1 15 0
Headingley Hill—		Stubbin Elsecor	1 1 0
Kirkstall... ..	0 18 7	Swansea, Castle Street	2 8 1
Nether Green... ..	0 6 0	Tattenhall	1 3 5
Marshall Street... ..	1 1 0	Taunton, Paul's Meeting	5 0 0
Newton	1 14 4	Thornbury	1 0 0
Raboth	2 13 5	Tiverton... ..	3 8 0
Salem	3 0 0	West Bromwich, Ebenezer Ch.	3 0 0
Lack... ..	4 0 0	Westbury-on-Severn	0 15 0
Latham	0 15 0	Whitehaven	2 19 9
Manchester—		Wigan—	
Richmond	6 10 0	Hope Ch.	3 10 0
Tipping Street	1 1 0	St. Paul's Ch.	2 0 0
March	0 15 0	Wimborne	1 15 0
Mrs. Knox	0 5 0	Wingham	0 15 8
Market Harborough (additional),	1 0 0	Winham... ..	0 5 10
Market Harborough	2 2 0	Wivallscombe	1 0 0
Malbourn (Oams.)	1 13 6	Woodbridge, Quay Ch.	2 2 0
Mera... ..	4 0 0	Yeovil	2 0 0

VIII.—Contributions.

From 17th March to 15th April, 1880.

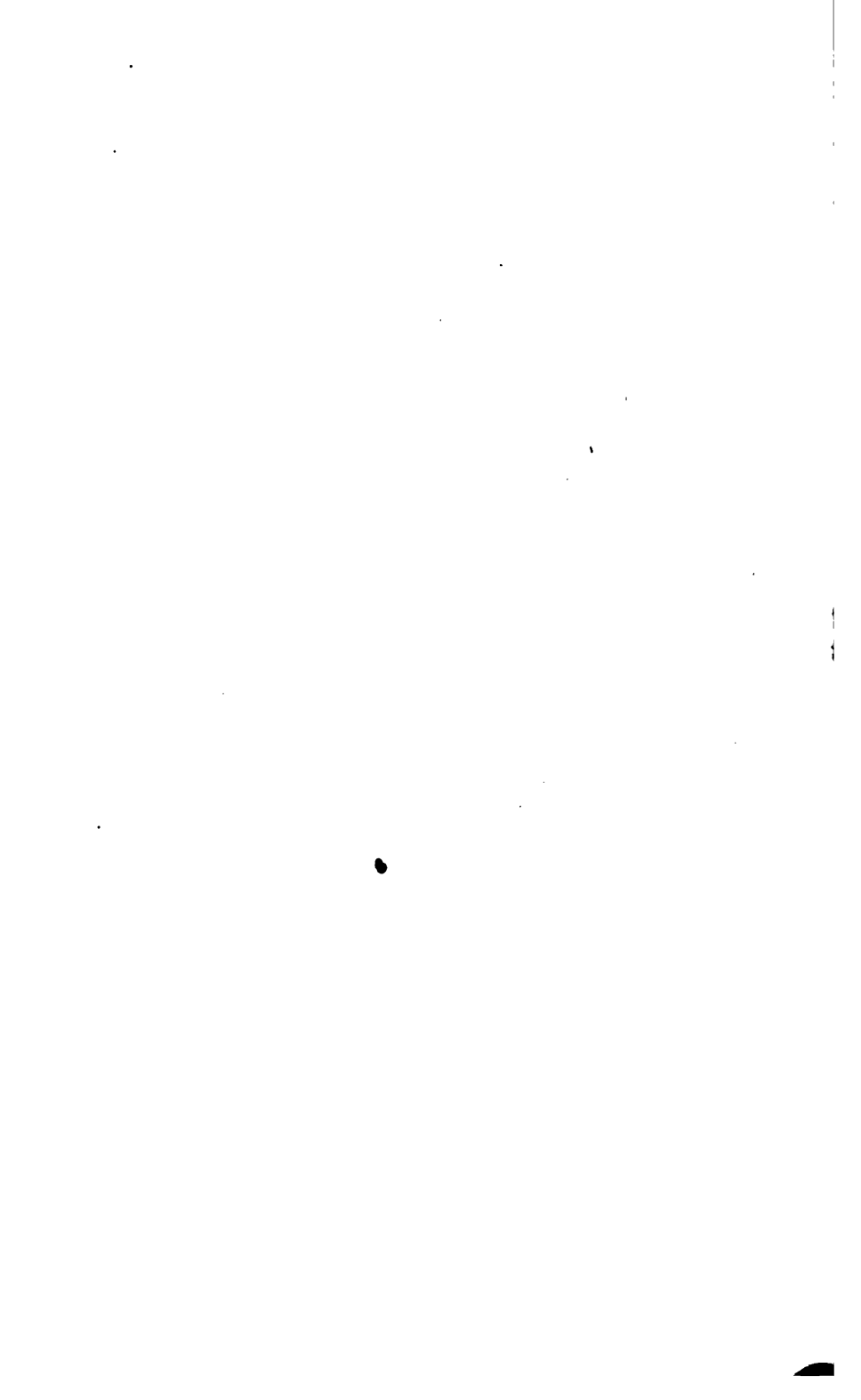
LONDON.		H. T.	1 0 0	Borough Road	9 6 7
A Friend, for three Schools, care of Rev. J. Duthie ..	30 0 0	Per Rev. John Foreman, for Hyde Park Ch., Demerara	1 0 0	Brentford	6 5 6
Do, for Testaments.....	5 0 0	A. V.	0 10 0	Burnt Ash	7 0 6
J. Large, Esq., for Native Teachers, John Owen and Richard Baxter.....	30 0 0	Mrs. Stronach.....	0 10 0	Camberwell	103 8 2
J. Braithwaite, Esq., for Madagascar.....	10 0 0	A Friend, for Female Missions	0 5 0	Camberwell New Road	1 10 0
Miss Bard.....	10 0 0	Acton.....	9 18 0	Christ Church, Westminster Road	12 10 0
The late Mrs. H. Langton, for Teacher at Bellary ..	10 0 0	Addiscombe—		Clapham	13 10 6
Collected by Miss Scott, for Female Missions	6 0 0	M. R. B.	3 2 0	Clapton, Upper. Ladies' Auxiliary	34 7 0
Miss S. C. Bennett	5 0 0	M. R. B. (box)	0 6 0	Crofton Ch.	42 13 0
Mrs. Jonathan Gray	9 0 0	Adelphi Ch.	12 19 10	Croydon—	
James Goddard, Esq.	2 2 0	Anerley	18 6 6	Collected by Mrs. Gray ..	5 8 0
E. M. Weston, Esq.	2 2 0	Asylum Road	5 1 4	Trinity Church	38 5 0
Miss Scott	1 1 0	Bethnal Green Meeting.....	7 1 4	Ealing	53 18 0
Miss E. Scott	1 1 0	Bexley Heath—		Eccleston Square Ch.....	90 5 0
Mr. Mark Clark	1 1 0	Ladies' Missionary Working Meeting, for Female Missions	10 0 0	Enfield. Christ Church	53 19 1
		Blackheath. Wm. Stobart, Esq.	2 0 0	Finchley, East.....	48 11 6
				Finchley, North	19 13 0

Forest Hill. Queen's Road..	10 10 6	Trevelyan. Collected by Mrs. Lancel for Khovanipore Schools.....	6 7 0	Buxton	5 12 1
Greenwich Road.....	5 2 0	Welshampton. Marsh Street.....	20 10 0	Cann	9 6 1
Hammer-smith—		Wandsworth	23 15 6	Cambridge. Gloucestershire ..	1 24 6
Albion Ch.	21 9 5	Wimbledon	16 2 16	Canterbury—	
Broadway Ch.	16 9 8	Woodford—		Guildhall Street	24 0 4
Hampstead. Heath Street..	46 13 11	James Spicer, Esq.	20 0 0	Walling Street	25 10 10
Hansell	1 0 0	Mrs. Spicer	10 0 0	Chard.....	20 7 0
Harley Street	21 7 9	Miss Spicer	1 1 0	Chesham. Auxiliary	27 4 11
Haverstock Ch.	61 6 8	Legacy of the late M. C. Hardy, Esq.	50 0 0	Chiltonham. Collected by Miss Blunt	7 23 4
Hendon	17 0 0	COUNTRY.			
Horbury Ch.	66 6 0	Leavington—		Chisleham. Auxiliary	6 0 2
Horseshdown. Union Ch. ..	16 10 0	Oak Street	10 0 0	Chinley	1 30 6
Ipswich—		Tabernacle	2 12 2	Chorley. St. George's Street ..	6 14 8
For Boat for Rev. W. B. Phillips, Berhampore ..	5 0 0	Acton Burnell. J. T.	1 10 0	Christchurch. Hants	47 10 8
Mrs. H. Smith	1 10 0	Alford. Rev. S. Gladstone..	1 1 0	Chudleigh. Miss Bennett ..	0 20 0
Islington. Union Ch. Mrs. Henry Spicer, for Female Missions	2 2 0	Alfriston	3 0 6	Cilthorpe	0 0 4
Jamaica Row	15 2 9	Allerton, near Bradford ...	0 10 0	Colford.....	1 0 6
Kensington	252 1 6	Ashburton.....	9 0 8	Croze and Haslington.....	10 6 0
Kentish Town. John Gordon, Esq., for Native Teacher, New Guinea	4 17 11	Asplebury	26 10 6	Cumberland. Auxiliary	0 10 0
Keston	7 0 0	Bahnell	7 2 4	Curry Bield	0 14 0
Kingston. B. Phillips, Esq.	2 2 0	Barton-on-Humber	4 16 6	Darlington. The late Mrs. Ann Eliza Dale, for work in Bengal.....	10 0 0
Lat	3 2 0	Basingstoke	20 13 7	Dartmouth. Auxiliary	17 6 0
Lewisham High Road	47 6 9	Basingstoke District	20 16 1	Deal	14 12 10
Rev. E. and Miss Robinson ..	3 0 0	Bath. Auxiliary	90 3 8	Derby. Miss Challinor	2 0 0
Maherly Ch.	2 10 0	Rev. W. and Mrs. Martin ..	7 7 0	Devise	4 23 7
Marlborough Ch.....	12 15 0	Becles	21 0 0	Dorchester.....	0 2 1
Mile End New Town.....	23 1 0	Belper. Auxiliary	19 4 0	Dover. Russell Street	20 11 0
New Tabernacle	5 9 4	Bere Regis	2 10 6	Durham. Auxiliary	0 14 6
Norwood, Upper	11 8 2	Bideford	16 17 0	Duxford.....	14 14 0
Ponder's End	11 2 6	Billerica—		Ebby, near Stroud.....	6 10 0
Poplar. Trinity Ch.	6 17 2	For Mr. Elliott's Mission, South Africa	1 0 0	Essex. Auxiliary.....	200 0 0
Putney. Union Ch.....	20 2 0	For Cuddapah.....	1 0 0	Essex. Miss J. Smith.....	21 0 0
Richmond.....	26 6 9	Blackburn. Chapel Street..	3 12 0	Exeter. Auxiliary	20 0 0
Robert Street—		Blanford	17 18 2	A Friend, for Female Missions	0 5 0
Miss Dunning.....	2 0 0	Bolton. St. George's Road ..	23 0 0	Falfield. Mount Pleasant Church	17 7 2
Do., Class.....	0 10 0	Boston. Red Lion Street ..	9 14 10	Farham	16 10 6
Southwark Memorial Ch.....	18 9 8	Bradford. Auxiliary	106 7 2	Farlington.....	11 6 4
Stipney Meeting. Ladies' Branch	24 2 2	Dividend on Mr. Craven's Gift	20 16 2	Feltham	0 0 0
Streatham Hill	43 0 0	Bridgewater. Auxiliary....	20 19 6	Foulme. Auxiliary	4 0 6
Surbiton	19 7 10	Bridgeport	25 6 11	Fritchley	8 5 0
Sutton—		Brighton. Mrs. M. A. Daniel ..	1 1 0	Fritwell.....	1 13 2
B. H.	5 0 0	Bristol. W. Somerville, Esq.	100 0 0	Glastonbury.....	2 10 2
George Moules, Esq.	2 2 0	Buntingford.....	1 4 0	Gosport.....	40 14 8
Sydenham. Church in the Grove	28 2 0	Burgess Hill	18 6 6	Great Harwood and Ribbles ..	7 2 0
Tottenham Court Road.....	12 4 8	Burslem. Auxiliary	7 7 11		
		Bury St. Edmunds. Mrs. Dearth's Bible Class	0 7 0		

(Remainder of List next month.)

For Deficiency in the Year 1878-9—(continued).

Mrs. Evans, Lancashire..... 20 0 0 | Mrs. Sherrard, sen., Addiscombe





Ever yours Wm. F. Phelps.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

JUNE, 1880.

On the Progress of Higher Education in India.

Few countries are making such rapid progress in the highest elements of civilisation as the vast territory of British India. This might be shown in many ways. The enlightening influences which have been operating upon the people during the last fifty years, especially in the latter half of that period, have caused an awakening and development of the public mind of a very remarkable character. The numerous beneficial agencies at work have, for the most part, affected the Hindoos systematically and persistently, and have been, to an exceedingly small extent, merely spasmodic and transient. If, for example, the Government has started an important project for their welfare, although it may have assumed diverse phases, and the plans adopted may have been often changed, and been frequently very perplexing, still, to the honour of the Government it must be stated, it has never abandoned the enterprise, but, on the contrary, has acquired fresh resolution to prosecute it thoroughly the more abundant have been its failures and defeats. Were the history of the measures adopted by the various Indian Governments for educating the races and castes of India written by a competent hand, it would be strikingly manifest that, while the measures set on foot for accomplishing this great undertaking have been complicated, conflicting, uncertain, and sometimes utterly absurd, yet that, after all, success has been achieved which, I venture to say, is so grand and extensive as scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere. It is my purpose to say a few words on this subject; but I shall limit my observations to certain features of it. The Government and missionary societies are

both engaged in the education of the people in tens of thousands of elementary schools in the cities and villages. In addition, they are co-operating in imparting knowledge in its higher forms in numerous colleges and superior schools scattered over the land. The natives also, under the inspiration of sound learning, have of late years established in several places similar institutions, which are aiming at the same noble results.

The object of this paper is to show what this higher education has accomplished among the better classes of Hindoos and Mahomedans over a large portion of India. I would preface my remarks by observing that it has become the fashion for respectable young men of all the upper castes to desire to be well educated, especially in the English language, and in the literature which it unfolds. Moreover, it is a healthy sign that all the sons of native chiefs and independent, or semi-independent, rulers are everywhere being thoroughly trained in various branches of useful knowledge. Indeed, the Government now frowns upon the Hindoo noble who presumes to advocate the ignorance and folly of former ages, and neglects the education of his sons. In several central places in India, Rajkoomar colleges have been established for the special welfare of the sons of the native aristocracy.

An immense impetus was given to education in India by the despatch of Sir C. Wood, in 1854, which gave birth to the three great universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and provided for the distribution of grants-in-aid to a great number of schools and colleges, chiefly in the hands of missionaries, in addition to the formation of new colleges under the immediate auspices of the Government, and to the further development of those then in existence. Each of these universities has a tale of its own to tell. Each is in association with a large number of affiliated institutions. Each has now a great body of graduates attached to it. Each has imparted a stimulus to education in its own sphere, beyond the anticipations of the most enthusiastic advocates and promoters of progress in India. I shall, however, only attempt to furnish a brief yet, as far as possible, comprehensive account of the results of the University of Calcutta since its establishment and incorporation, in the year 1857. It is necessary to remember, nevertheless, that similar results can be shown, for the most part, by the sister univer-

sities of Madras and Bombay. There is this difference in the three universities—that the Calcutta University has relation to a much larger extent of territory, and to a much greater population, than either of the others.

The University of Calcutta embraces affiliated institutions over the whole of Northern and Central India, from Calcutta to Lahore, fourteen hundred miles in a direct line from east to west, and into Central India as far as Nagpore. The population of this enormous tract is upwards of one hundred and fifty millions, of whom more than forty speak Bengalee, and upwards of one hundred speak the Hindee language.

The constitution of the three universities much resembles that of the University of London. As many as 300 schools of a superior order are associated with the University of Calcutta, and yearly send up pupils to the matriculation, or as it is styled here, the entrance examination of the University. Not a few of these are termed high schools, and are the principal Government and mission schools of the separate districts of that part of India. They have unitedly not less than 50,000 scholars, who, on attaining the highest classes, receive an education very similar to that given to senior boys in England who are preparing for the matriculation examination of the London University. The subjects are much alike, including the first four books of Euclid, the grammatical structure of the English language, algebra to simple and quadratic equations, a second language in addition to English, such as Latin, Bengalee, Hindee, Sanskrit, Persian, Urdoo, or some other; history, both of England and India; and geography, both general and physical.

Fifty-seven colleges are affiliated with the University, and are thus authorised to train young men for the degree examinations. Of these colleges not less than twenty-three are under the charge of missionaries of various societies. It is impossible to state the number of students attached to all these institutions. Suffice it to say, that it is a great object of ambition among the senior pupils in all the schools to carry on their studies in the higher branches of knowledge taught in the colleges, and eventually to take their degree.

Four years must elapse after passing the entrance examination of the University, before a student can present himself for the B.A. degree, the first B.A. examination occurring after the expiration

of two years. In my own judgment—and I am able to speak from considerable experience, by acquaintance with the examinations of the London University, and by having been for several years an examiner at the degree examinations of the Calcutta University—the Calcutta degrees are worth, intrinsically, as much as the London degrees, the difficulty of obtaining them being about equal. No intelligent person can contemplate the important fact, of upwards of fifty colleges scattered over Northern and Central India, in which the sons of the wealthiest and most influential members of native society, receive the highest education which the best scholars selected in England and sent out to India can give, without cherishing a powerful conviction of the transforming character of this education, in enlightening and elevating the minds of those young men who are affected by it. Just and liberal views on a variety of topics of human interest, on which their forefathers held the wildest and most barbarous notions, are entertained by them ; and instead of adhering to the superstitions of the past, and sinking down into the general mental apathy of idol-loving Hindoos, they are searching for truth with eagerness and enthusiasm, are discarding national follies and absurdities, and have already become a new element in the intellectual life of their country. The change produced on Hindoo character and habits is like the green freshness of spring coming after a long and dreary winter.

Let us now see what the University has achieved in its own special department, for it has not merely called into existence a multitude of colleges, but has also bestowed honours and degrees on a large number of students. The yearly results of the examinations which have been held will fairly exhibit the great advance which has been made in the higher education. The first entrance or matriculation examination was conducted in 1857, when 244 candidates from all the schools presented themselves. By 1861 the number had increased to 1,058. In 1871 there were 1,902, and at the last examination, at the close of 1879 there were 2,700. Since the first examination was held, nearly 40,000 candidates have presented themselves. But it must not be supposed that because a large number have every year come forward to be examined, the examinations have been wanting in strictness. On the contrary, it has been thought that occasionally too much severity has been exercised by examiners. About two-

fifths of the candidates pass. For example, only 1,069 passed last year out of the entire number of 2,700 who went up to the examination. From the commencement to the present time, 17,492 candidates have been successful.

At the next, or first B.A. examination to which the colleges have sent candidates, there were 163 candidates at the first examination, held in 1861. In ten years—that is, in 1871—they had increased to 507, of whom, in that year, 204 passed; while at the last examination, held in December 1879, there were 1,040 candidates, of whom 320 passed. Out of the 9,943 candidates who have appeared at the examinations since 1861, 3,959 have succeeded in passing.

Going a step higher, namely, to the second or final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, there were 13 candidates from all the colleges in 1858, when the first examination was held, of whom only 2 were permitted to pass. In 1871, or 12 years after, there were 212 candidates, and in January 1880, at the last examination, there were 320. Of the entire number of 3,767 candidates who have appeared throughout the whole period, 1,563 have taken their degree.

Leaving the number of candidates, and speaking only of those who have been successful, nearly 400 young men have taken the degree of Master of Arts, 205 have been licensed in Laws, upwards of 800 have obtained the degree of Bachelor of Laws; 595 have passed the first examination, and 361 the second, for the degree of "Licence in Medicine and Surgery"; 70 have passed the first examination, and nearly 50 the second, for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine; 4 have taken the M.D. degree; 79 have obtained the degree of Licentiate in Civil Engineering; and 14 have become Bachelors in Civil Engineering.

Such are the statistical results of the achievements of the University of Calcutta since its establishment. It should be borne in mind, that many of the young men who have taken honours and degrees at this University, have received their education at missionary institutions, where they have acquired extensive knowledge of the Word of God. Yet even in regard to the remainder, who have been educated in Government, or purely native schools and colleges, and have thus not been directly instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, the remark is true, that they have, nevertheless, through the medium of English literature, which is largely impregnated with

noble Christian sentiments, become acquainted with the leading truths of Christianity, and with the prominent and distinguishing characteristics of the civilisation and intellectual life of England. Thus it has come to pass, that these youths have abandoned the old Hindoo landmarks, and have struck out new paths for themselves. Their minds have been at once expanded and liberalised by their education. They have become leaders of public opinion, guides to their fellow-countrymen, champions of progress, opponents of debasing superstitions, and enthusiastic, though sometimes inconsistent, advocates of justice and liberty. Their views are still too crude and unsettled for them to embrace, on a large scale, any dogmatic religious creed, yet, withal, they are determined on one point, to inquire and search after truth—though, strange to say, they are not equally resolute in adopting it when found, or in resisting manfully the numerous obstacles in their way.

People in England, who have never visited India, utterly fail to understand and appreciate the social, intellectual, moral, religious, and material progress now visible in this country in all directions, as compared with its condition fifty years ago. Whatever may be said against some of the principles and practices of the Government, it is beyond all question, that in spite of many drawbacks, it has been eminently successful in promoting the welfare of the Hindoo and Mahomedan population. Even the most disloyal and stolid natives are obliged to acknowledge this: Millions of money have been spent to relieve the starving; security has been established throughout the land, so that a pilgrim may travel on excellent metalled roads from Cape Comorin to Benares, or a merchant may travel by railroad from Calcutta to Bombay, and thence to Madras, a distance of two thousand miles, without molestation; justice is administered without fear and favour, to rich and poor alike; jungles are being reclaimed, and more land is now under cultivation than in the brightest periods of previous Indian history; never was so much wealth in the hands of all classes of the native community as at the present time; serious crime has become proportionately less than in England, and social contentment, if not political—for this is hardly to be expected among a conquered people—is manifest everywhere. In the face of these grand results, expressed most inadequately, it were superfluous to state, that British administration of India is one of the

most magnificent and glorious achievements of statesmanship in modern times, and I might add, in the entire history of the world—of which Englishmen, as they contemplate the very different condition of the countries conquered by Russia in the East, and by France in Africa, may well be proud.

The educational projects of the Indian Government, to which I have directed special attention as pertaining to Northern and Central India, constitute only one of the numerous features of its enlightened policy in governing this great country. Yet how immensely important it is ! I have said nothing of the village schools which cover the land as by a network, and supply the masses with a primary education, and I have only spoken of colleges and superior schools. That is a distinct subject, and cannot be discussed here. I may remark, however, that these two great agencies for imparting, in the one case, rudimentary knowledge, and in the other, knowledge of an advanced character, are carried on by the Government concurrently, while both are equally concerned in producing the result attained.

But, before concluding, I must say a word or two on the enormous labours of the great missionary societies in India in promoting the education of the people. It is a fact well known to everybody, that the Government has fallen into their wake, and has been stimulated and counselled by them in this enterprise. Apart from those societies, backed up by public opinion at home, there is reason to believe that comparatively little would have been accomplished. It should always be remembered, that missions in India subserve two purposes. Their ostensible object is to lead the Hindoos to abandon heathenism, and embrace Christianity. But, in addition, they act indirectly and with wonderful potency on the Government in all its various departments—in purifying its motives, inspiring it with lofty purposes, keeping its eye steadily fixed on the happiness and welfare of the people, and imparting a moral and Christian tone to all its proceedings.

Besides all this, in Northern India a work of gigantic magnitude is at this moment being performed in the cause of education by the numerous missions established there. All more or less take part in it, some merely supplying the rudiments of knowledge, others affording instruction sufficient to enable their students to take the highest degrees. Superadded to the excellent secular education they give, is a constant, systematic, and practical tuition in the prominent truths

of Christianity, as presented in the Bible. The youths thus instructed, while losing faith in exploded superstitions and ancestral worship, find close at hand the firm basis of a new religion, which they know has brought morality, justice, wisdom, civilisation, greatness, and glory, to the nations of the West, the most free and powerful countries of the globe. I consider that the highest honour has been conferred by the Great Teacher on His labourers in this portion of His vineyard, through whose exertions, accompanied by His efficacious blessing, two hundred and fifty millions of human beings are being delivered from the thralldom and degradation of dismal and soul-destroying creeds, and from the abominable immorality which has for ages been a crying shame to our common humanity.

M. A. SHERRING.

Correspondence of the Late Rev. Apollos Howard.

THOUGH Apollos Howard became pastor of the church at Michaelstone, and was a devoted and earnest worker for his own people, he sometimes wisely rested from his duties, and wandered where refreshment could be obtained from the sweet fountains of nature, or from the old palaces of art. He was not always fortunate in his Sunday experiences, and groaned, as others have done before and since, over the dried chips or salad of bitter herbs and *sauer-kraut* which were all that the English services on the Continent often supplied for his spiritual sustenance. No man felt more deeply than he, that the high and sacred purpose of the sanctuary is to offer our worship and pour out our love to "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father"—to lift the veil and see the service ever going on within it, and to join it too. Still worship may be itself quenched by inappropriateness in the theme of discourse, or the matter and tone of the service of God. Our own sanctuaries have not infrequently been turned into Caves of Engedi or tents of Mesech, by lack of judgment or taste on the part of brethren in their conduct of worship. To commence on a bright Sunday morning in May with trying to sing—

"Lo! Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy"—

or with—

“ Lord, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supplies ! ”

is certainly far from entering into the courts of the Lord's house with thanksgiving or into His gates with praise, far from being thankful to Him or speaking well of His name.

Apollos was sometimes disposed to feel annoyed, even angry, and to resent the utter lack of fitness to time and place which so often characterised the preaching of his day, and we find among his papers a severe fragment on the subject not unworthy of perusal.

One of his friends had been reading some of the assaults on the Evangelical theory of the Atonement, and communicated his “ great discovery,” that in the moral effects of the suffering of our Blessed Lord upon those who contemplate the spectacle of His agony unto death, in the witness thus borne to self-sacrificial goodness, and in the consequent reconciliation of the sinner to the will of God by these means, would be found all that was essential in the Atonement. A letter to this friend written about the same time shows how firmly his faith grasped—something far beyond a mere pattern or example of self-abnegation.

The following fragments will now explain themselves, and may perhaps suggest to some of those who could easily make the necessary arrangements the immense advantage to thousands of Continental tourists, if services of a more stimulating, rational, and spiritual kind were provided at several of the great places of summer resort.

Rev. Apollos Howard to Mrs. Howard.

. . . This beauty of Nature is surely more than colour and form, more than “ eye-music,” of motion and loveliness of arrangement, than grandeur of association and pomp of changing shadows. There is something behind it all, with which again that which is behind the eye and other senses holds communion. As surely as our eyes have looked into each other and seen more than crystalline lens, or fringes of veiling lashes, more than all the “ ologies ” can tell us, of soul and heart and clinging love,—so there is a Presence in the beauty of the Yorkshire glen, or behind and between the ridges of the hills, or in the mystery of these solemn mountains and this deep blue sea, more than can be analysed in all the sciences. Would that we could have been together this morning and have sung together on these hills

our hymns of praise and love to Him who almost unveils Himself as He passes by! The exasperating, unutterable beauty of something other than I can describe, made me quite ill this morning and long and yearn for you, my darling, to help me put the passion into words. I went to the American Consulate Church at eleven, and heard a very good man discuss for an hour the chronological difficulties of Stephen's speech. Certainly his face was not the face of an angel to me, and I hurried out, to try and see and feel that God was near us still. I went to a "high church" in the afternoon, and heard a well-meaning youth insist on the religious importance of turning to the East while the Creed is said, and of bodies being laid in the grave due "East and West," the great value of "reserving the blessed sacrament," and how a great revival of true religion might be expected now, since the practice of Auricular Confession is becoming so common in "our church." Oh dear, how strange it is that we so seldom hear the word that stirs the soul like the sound of a trumpet, and that in Roman Catholic countries we find our young people encouraged to accept all the chief accretions to Christian thought which are due to Roman casuistry! In the recoil from all this, I found ——'s letter, in which he seems determined to throw away all the voice and guarantee of Divine Mercy, in favour of the view—as it seems to me—that after all in the long run, a man must save himself. I enclose to you my reply. Please forward it. . . .

A SEVERE FRAGMENT ON INAPPROPRIATE PREACHING.

(Found among the papers of Apollos Howard.)

Few things have more surprised me than the utter lack of congruity which some preachers reveal between the occasion, the audience, and the discourse. What a desperate lack of common-sense is shown by a man who on a New Year's morning actually elects as his theme the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah! Once on a bright spring morning when the incense of the woods and fields was curling in great clouds of glory to the Eternal Throne, and the air was filled with the carolling of birds, when it was "a sin and sullenness against nature, not to admire her beauty and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth," I heard with these ears, a good but senseless brother, with nasal twang, take up this parable, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Once I knew a little congregation

deeply and tenderly moved by the death of a true saint. Every heart was throbbing in sympathy with a large family bereaved of the light of their home and the link of their mutual love, when a dry and sapless Levite persisted in preaching for an hour on "the confusion of tongues at Babel." I have attended services on Easter-day, when not one word was said or sung or even hinted, with reference to the resurrection of Christ, the renewal of the soul, or the redemption of the body. I was not myself aware before that it would be possible to be fairly Evangelical and yet keep these ideas so completely out of thought. "Missionary sermons" are often preached without a reference to the facts, principles, perils, or glories of Christian missions. The sentiment with which people come under the power of the preachers is coolly disregarded, and the inapt and blundering divine is fighting half through his discourse to arrest the attention which he might have caught in a moment if he had responded to the dominant emotion of his audience. Not infrequently this extreme inappropriateness is created by the preacher himself. He evokes a certain sentiment by the announcement of his text, and then deliberately ignores it. Thus one earnest Evangelical divine will announce a text which obviously touches some burning theologic or philosophic question. The critical faculty is quickened in scores of minds. What, murmur these hearers to themselves, will the minister say about "eternal life," about "the fourth Gospel," about "the relation of doctrine or truth to holy living," and the like? and instead of answering the inquiry which he has himself proposed by the choice of his text, he immediately sets about forcing into his text the ordinary heads of evangelical discourse, a feat which is only possible by the energy of the hydraulic ram of theological system, the handle of which seems always in his way. Surely, however, that preacher makes a mistake equally grave, who by the announcement of some great evangelical text, prepares his congregation for a free, clear, orderly exposition of some at least of the most fundamental reasons we have for cherishing any hope of pardon, any hold upon the future, any confidence in the Deity of the Christ, the reality of His sacrifice, the quality and meaning of His suffering unto death, the gift of His spirit, and the like, and who then occupies one half of his time with what may be termed "Bible-cyclopædia and water," and the other half, on some broad ethical principle that might

have been preached in a temple of Amun, a Buddhist monastery, or a Mohammedan mosque. S. T. Coleridge is said on one occasion when he was a Unitarian preacher, to have taken as a text—"In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and proceeded to say, "From this passage, my brethren, we will endeavour to explain the philosophy of the Corn law." I have heard men play freaks almost as daring and insolent in some of the sacred-places of God's revelation. Such conduct is grossly impertinent, but at the present moment I would insist upon the lack of common-sense and of the true philosophy of rhetoric which it suggests. The secret of affecting or impressing men, is to search out their need and to try to meet it, to excite desires which the teacher believes that he can satisfy, to provoke inquiries, appetites, and tastes which he is prepared to gratify. To offer red tape, or sugar-plums, or flint stones, or ardent spirits, to men dying of hunger and thirst, would be benevolence itself compared with the mockery of some preachers, who conduct whole services in the sanctuary without a solitary word to help suffering, bewildered men either to live or die; who allow worldly, self-indulgent, agnostical Christians to retire with the smirk of self-satisfaction undisturbed, and their consciences dead asleep in the soles of their polished boots. For a scientific lecturer to prate of politics, for a candidate at an election to discuss sentimental poetry or the last thing in spectroscopy, for a professor of medicine to occupy his class with a lesson in music, or a judge on the bench to impress the merits of a recent novel upon a jury empannelled to decide a question of life or death, would be divine fitness and reasonableness, compared with the wretched waste of time and opportunity often inflicted upon the Christian congregation by the inappropriate preacher. Pardon my vehemence, but I have been a severe sufferer of late, from the abuse of the pulpit. I wonder whether parsons are aware how vicious they make some of their hearers by their violation of the conditions on which they have any right whatever to speak to the people. No *prestige* derived from state or hierarch, presbytery or congregation, university or patron, will make amends for this utter lack of common-sense.

A. H.

Beau Rivage, April, 186—.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am fairly puzzled with the fashionable repugnance mani-

fested to the Biblical conceptions of "ransom," "redemption," "sacrifice," and "propitiation," which are so closely identified in the New Testament with the atonement of Christ. It is very perplexing to me, that ingenious men should aim at resolving these terms into some vapid imagery of certain mental states of their own, instead of trying to see in them the light they cast upon a definite event and a specific quality in the manifestation of God to us. The probability is, that instead of their having less meaning than they undoubtedly would possess if applied to any other great sufferer or martyr of humanity, they have, in the case of Christ, an infinite depth of meaning, and a decisive force, which theologians and Christian churches have only partially sounded. Why is it, that you and others seem so anxious to limit the "atonement" to some event which takes place in the experience of your own soul, and make its very essence to consist of an act of personal reconciliation to God effected by any motive strong enough to induce it? How is it, that you cannot enlarge your definition and idea of it, so as to make it embrace the divine act of approach to you, the divine recognition of the sense of sin and guilt which you cannot extinguish, the divine guarantee of unmerited mercy? The view of "atonement" which, after all, makes it co-extensive with those who are atoned or reconciled, and sees no larger, deeper, and diviner meaning in it, always seems to me to be the narrowest, the most limited, and the hardest view of the Gospel which I have ever tried to understand. Though you call it "broad," "liberal," and "advanced," it appears to my mind to be strangely allied to the hyper-Calvinistic theory. Christ's atonement, in your view, is exclusively applicable to the *élite*—i.e., to those who, by a life of self-sacrificing love, have lost all enmity to God, all suspicion of His providence, all selfishness and pride, all love to sin; therefore I cannot see in it one ray of light or hope for the immense majority of professing Christians, to say nothing of the world at large, of infants, or of heathen at home or abroad. Oh, but, you say, we who hold these views of the atonement have no fear about the classes you refer to, and cherish boundless hope about them all. If you do, it is in virtue of some other principle than that of atonement, some relation with God altogether independent of Christ and His work, some personal grounds which may satisfy you about God's indifference to sin, but which the conscience of the human race repudiates. If the atonement be limited to the

experimental effect wrought in certain individuals by certain representations of the unselfish devotion of a divine man, I want to know where are the persons who have been thus reconciled to God? Where are those who have really atoned for their own sins by the intensity and depth of their spiritual experience? If you come to close quarters with them, and study the autobiography or outpourings of a few who seem (like Augustine, say) to have gone a long way in this direction, is it not abundantly obvious, that apart from God's own condescending approach to them, apart from supernatural guarantee that His part of the infinite distance between them and Him had been preternaturally bridged, these great saints would never have had one moment of rest or peace with Him? What, then, is to become of the rest? Again, let me ask you to think, on these non-sacrificial, non-redemption lines, what there is in the work done by Jesus Christ which is really calculated to promote the repentance and reconciliation, apart from which you seem to imply that there is no redemption. The sufferings of the holy Jesus make me very angry with Judas, and scornful towards Pilate and Herod, and I feel rising within me a loathing and hatred of the chief priests and scribes. I cannot but admit a burning sense of shame that humanity should have been so blind and infatuated. I see the awful risks of goodness, and the best often suffer most cruelly from the whips and scorpions of a heartless fate. I wonder at the sublime patience of the august Sufferer. I become almost petulant at His unapproachable calm in the presence of His enemies, and crushed by the blistering tears and blood-sweat of Gethsemane. If He had not given me some clue to the mystery of these scenes, I am sure my nature, unspiritual and unregenerate, would have rebelled against the justice of the Heavenly Father, and I should cry, "Hast Thou made all men in vain?" The wildest lament of Job at this sight would seem to me rational, but rather from a sense of animosity than of penitence. The death of Christ, if it be only an example of how the holiest may have to encounter the worst, reconciles me to nothing. On that theory how could I glory in the Cross? If that be all, the cause is not equal to the effect. Reconciliation with God is a phrase which it is very easy to run glibly off the tongue, but God knows it is not a state of mind produced in a sinful man by the mere patience of a holy sufferer from intolerable evils which are being inflicted at least with the permission of the Father of

all. On that principle, penitence and reconciliation with God might have been directly provoked by the gladiatorial shows in Rome, and by all the agonies of virtue from Abel to Socrates, from Stephen to Ridley and Latimer. If reconciliation has been in any case the issue, it has been by a more circuitous process, one of persuasion that the belief that upheld the martyrs of Christ was a belief in truth. If, however, the suffering Christ is going through these temptations, these penalties of human sin, these horrors of darkness, that He might thus utter the infinite love of God to the entire race; if the Son of God, by His union with our nature, is expressing thus His infinite sympathy with our race, by bearing with us the death-penalty (and apart from which suffering and doom there would have been no adequate apprehension, even in God, of what the consequences of sin are, to the human consciousness); if He is being thus set forth as a propitiation for sin, to declare God's righteousness even in the exercise of His boundless mercy—then there does seem to me to be a moral force of boundless potency in the Cross. It is only as I see the Cross as an altar of sacrifice, that it touches my conscience. It is only when I see it as a ransom paid freely for my sins, that it rallies my affections on the side of righteousness. You speak of the moral power of the atonement as though you had made a discovery. It seems to me that by ignoring the sublime objective fact of the atonement, you are depriving it of all moral power.

It is difficult to understand what men can do with the story of the life and work of Christ, who limit themselves to urging the incumbent duty of following the example of Christ. Unless Christ is much more than an example, He becomes an impossible, unapproachable exemplar. For my part, there are many "characters" nearer our own day and time and place, which, if by God's grace I could resemble or imitate in some faint degree, so far as *imitation* can carry me, I should be quite content with such an improvement. I have not the smallest hope, as a young preacher and minister, of coming within sight of Francis de Sales, or George Whitefield, or Fletcher of Madeley; as a holy man I have seen and spoken with men and women, and little children too, whom I would give worlds to be like, to approach in some far-off fashion. What then? am I to set up before me the pattern and ideal of all saints, the spotless Lamb of God as my pattern, and so become good, and there an end? Is Christianity nothing more than that? Does Christ do nothing but *pose* before me as a

pattern man? Is He not a Divine Saviour? Does He not with outstretched hand lay hold of me and lift me right out of my Slough of Despond? All the ages of Christianity answer with ten thousand affirmations to these questions. Do, my dear friend, think of the narrow limits, the illiberality, the uselessness of a view of the atonement of Christ, which transforms it into a mere subjective experience in the breast of the favoured few, and fails to recognise it as the unveiled Heart and Hand of Infinite Love. Yours very earnestly,

Beau Rivage, *April*, 186—.

A. HOWARD.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

MARY MAGDALENE.

PETER and John, having finished their scrutiny of the sepulchre, returned to their lodging in the city, leaving Mary Magdalene in the garden where she laments her infinite gain. Love and grief detained her, together with some unbreathed hope in her heart. We picture to ourselves the bright, fresh dawn, the balmy air, the blue dome above, the vernal bloom all around, the joyous "morning songs"—and a woman beside an empty grave, not merely shedding tears, but lifting up her voice and weeping aloud, like Rachel weeping for her children, gone into captivity. In the gush of her sorrow she stooped down that she might look into the sepulchre. How perfectly natural her act was does not require to be shown: we understand it at once by the impulse that sends us again and again to gaze upon the face of our beloved dead, and to kiss clay-cold lips.

It is not said that she had looked in before, but only that she saw the stone taken away. If, however, she had already looked in, she had seen nothing. This time her gaze is not unfruitful: she sees two angels in white, sitting the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. They had been invisible to Peter and John; they had been invisible to Mary herself till now; just as, until his eyes were opened, the prophet's servant could not see that the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about; for the seeing depends on the eye. They are clothed, not in mourning-robes of sackcloth, but in white, the lustrous attire of joy and

heaven. They sit, as if their service were now accomplished and they waited to be questioned. Their aspect is not terrible—as to the Roman guard, who trembled and became as dead men ; but rather benignant and gracious—being two of the ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. We are not told whether Mary recognised them at the time for angels, or whether it was after-knowledge ; from the manner in which she speaks to them it would rather seem that she converses with them “un-awares,” and thinks only of mortals like herself—if indeed her absorbing grief permits any thinking on the subject whatsoever. At all events, she is not terrified ; she does not cry out ; she expresses no surprise or astonishment ; she speaks to them just the same as she had already spoken to Peter and John.

Compassionately and tenderly they inquire of her, “Woman, why weepest thou ?” If she had understood them aright, she would have understood them to mean, “Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears,” for He whom thou lamentest is “come back from the land of the enemy.” But she does not understand this, and so she answers, “Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.” She speaks with the touching simplicity of a child. Jesus is still “*my Lord*” to her ; and she feels herself robbed of the last treasure of her heart. Ah, if she had found the Lord where she sought Him, it would have been a sorrow indeed.

We wonder what purpose this interview of Mary with the angels served. They bring her no comfort. They give her no information. They merely ask her a question and receive an answer, and that is all. As we read on, our wonder disappears. “He is not here ; He is risen as He said,” seems trembling on their lips, just waiting to be spoken : but ere they have time to speak, *another* Comforter interposes, who, Joseph-like, can refrain Himself no longer, and who is jealous to wipe away her tears with His own hand. It came about in this way. In a fresh outburst of grief, Mary turned herself round from the angels to weep without interruption ; and as she turned, she saw Jesus standing, but knew not that it was He. The non-recognition is not surprising. She was seeking Him among the dead, and not expecting to see Him living ; it was but a momentary side-glance that she cast upon Him, and not full-front scrutiny ; and she looked through

the dimming veil of tears. Besides all this, the face present to her memory would be the face she had last seen on Calvary, in the sun's eclipse; whereas He has now ceased to be the Man of Sorrows, and His aspect would necessarily be different in the calm of the eternal peace. One does not wonder, therefore, that she did not immediately recognise Him. It has been the same with ourselves, a thousand and a thousand times. Our blessed Lord has been with us, close by our side, and yet we have gone on wailing in blind sorrow, "*Oh, that I knew where I might find Him.*"

"Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" the Stranger asks. They are the first words of the risen Lord, and are exhaustless in their suggestion. He speaks very kindly, yet not as to one with whom He stands in any special personal relationship: it is not "*Mary,*" but "*woman.*" And He will have her tell her sorrow in her own way. There is a grief as well as a joy with which a stranger doth not intermeddle, and kindly-meant questions may be so put as to close hearts against the questioner; but this Stranger's tone is so sympathetic and gracious, and at the same time so suggestive of ability in some way to comfort her, that her heart cannot but open to Him. Supposing Him to be the gardener, and unconsciously taking for granted that every one must be thinking of Jesus as she herself was, she says, "Sir, if *thou* have borne Him hence—(*thou* and not His enemies)—tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I (*I myself*) will take Him away." Nothing can be conceived more artless and true to nature.

Jesus says to her, "*Mary.*" It is not, "I am Jesus," or as once on the Galilean sea in the fourth watch of the night, "It is I; be not afraid;" He only names her name, as He used to do, in the old, well-known tone. Instantly the truth comes home to her, and with a sudden cry of rapture, she answers "*Rabboni.*" The recognition is one of those swift things that are completed in a moment, with one beat of the heart. John gives the very word she uttered, and in which her joy was expressed—the word "*Rabboni,*" belonging to the sacred tongue. It is, indeed, the word of the past rather than of the future, telling what He had been to her as the Teacher and Guide of her soul. It is as yet chiefly His *words* that have impressed her—those wonderful "*words of eternal life,*" so many of which are treasured up for us in the Gospels. "Never man," said the rough

officers who on one occasion were sent to capture Him, and who could not do it—"Never man spake like this Man:" and their saying has been repeated by thousands upon thousands, of the wise and the simple, the refined and the uneducated, the nobly-born, and blue-bonneted peasants, till it has become a sacred common-place. In the time to come Jesus shall be more than *Rabboni* to this loving soul, as to all the disciples. In the time to come they shall own Him as the Son of God, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His Person, the almighty Saviour of the lost, the Lord of their conscience and their will.

Mary speaks only one word : she can speak no more. When the soul is made to thrill at once through its every fibre with some powerful emotion, there is, for the most part, but a single exclamation, followed by silence : and this is what we find here. *Rabboni* is the swift, deep-hearted response of Mary's joy, and she can say no more. But it means, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing ; Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness."

"Touch me not," says Jesus, "for I am not yet ascended to my Father ; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." These words have caused great perplexity to expositors, and numberless explanations of them—some very far-fetched and mystical—have been offered.* Without questioning that they contain a depth of meaning never yet explored by man, I cannot help thinking that the most obvious explanation is really the true one—and if the true one, certainly the profoundest. Mary has thrown, or is throwing, herself down, in a rapture of love and joy, to clasp His feet. She presumes Him to be in a condition which has not yet commenced—that He now belongs to the celestial world. She fears lest He should immediately depart

* As, for example—to name only a few : Do not defile thyself by touching one who has been in the grave, and is Levitically unclean ; Touch me not, for the handling of my wounds would pain me ; Touch me not, for the time has not yet come to offer me supreme homage ; Touch me not, for I must intermediately and instantly ascend to my Father ; Touch me not, for the humanity is not yet re-united to the *Logos* ; Do not thus cling to my earthly appearance, for this is but a brief interval between my former close physical society with you, and my future spiritual union. It will be observed how much of the difficulty is created by the Lord's "for" : "For I am not yet ascended." All attempts at explanation which alter the text, or deprive the "for" of its proper force, are to be rejected in the outset.

or melt from her view ; and she is eager to detain Him, like Jacob, when he said, " I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me ;" or like Peter, James, and John, on the " holy mount," who wished to prolong the blissful vision there. The Lord forbids her action, and for this reason, " I am not yet ascended to my Father ;" this is no visit from the Unseen, brief and never to be repeated : I have not yet taken my final leave of earth and of my beloved disciples ; I will see you yet again, that your hearts may rejoice ; and, beyond this, the period of true and highest communion lies in the future. Wait, and after my ascension you will understand what I mean. Pentecost will reveal it.

It does seem strange, however, even with such a suggested reason that Jesus should forbid His disciple even to touch Him. But if His words begin as a repulse, they end in an infinite blessing. Indeed, it has been no cold withdrawing of Himself from His disciple's love : we utterly misread the narrative if we read it so. Jesus finds out for her what will give the deepest joy of all : " Go to my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." *Oh, to be one hour beside Him !* But here is something better and more blessed still—to be the messenger of so great joy to others. The wording of the message which He bids her carry is unspeakably tender. He calls the disciples "*my brethren*." Ah, His heart is unchanged ; He is " that same Jesus " whom they knew before ; He has not laid aside that humanity which He assumed when He was " born " our Saviour, as He laid aside and left His grave-clothes in the sepulchre ; He wears it to-day, and is our Brother for ever. "*My brethren*, blessed Jesus, who are these ? Were they not Thy followers—yea, Thy forsakers ? . . . At first they were Thy *servants* ; then *disciples* ; a little before Thy death they were Thy *friends* ; now, after Thy resurrection, they were Thy *brethren*. But oh, mercy without measure, how wilt Thou, how canst Thou, call *them* brethren whom in Thy last parting Thou foundest fugitives ? Did they not run from Thee ? Did not one of them rather leave his inmost coat behind him than not be quit of Thee ? And yet Thou sayest, *Go, tell my brethren !* It is not in the power of the sins of our infirmity to unbrother us."*

He wishes them to know of His coming departure to the Father. He had spoken of this again and again while He was yet with them ; but they had not understood Him. The telling of it now will carry a new meaning. It is not simply, *Tell them that I am risen from the dead* : that would have been good news indeed : but, as when Jacob's sons told him, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt," so Mary is to tell, not merely that Jesus lives, but that He is about to be glorified as He had foretold, returning to the Father, and sitting down on the right hand of power. "*I ascend*"—as if immediately ; for what now are forty days to Him ? Wonderful and of profoundest suggestion is the glimpse given of that union with Himself, and of its great consequences, into which His disciples are brought. He to whom I ascend is "my Father and your Father"—not, *Our* Father ; He could not have expressed Himself thus ; *my* Father essentially, *your* Father as ye are my brethren. And He is likewise "my God and your God"—not, *our* God ; but *my* God, as I have become one with you, and *your* God, through your union with me—*your* God to whom ye are now restored and reconciled, and in whom ye have an eternal portion.

From the time of this going up to the Father, the whole mode of disciple-intercourse with Him shall be changed ; and the forty days are the transition period. The touching of the past, the touching by hands, the physical contact, the whole "knowing after the flesh," is over ; the touching of the future shall be that of faith and love. His withdrawal from Mary now is parallel to what the Emmaus friends afterwards experienced, when, in the moment of recognition, He vanished out of their sight ; and is a prelude of the ascension-parting and of what has followed, "Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Charged with such a message, Mary went with swift, glad steps—her face lighted up with a strange glow, her heart rejoicing, and saying, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*,"—and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her. It was the one grand service which He had ordained her to perform—as old Simeon's life was perfected and crowned when he took the Holy Child in his arms in the Temple. Henceforth she disappears from our view. *When* she died, and where, and how, and by whom

attended, no man knows. But of this we may be sure, that *one* tone would dwell for ever in her memory, unforgotten even when her ear grew dull and her brow was chill with the dews of death—the tone which woke her soul to sudden rapture, revealing her Risen and Living Saviour, her Lord and her God.

JAMES CULROSS.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER II.

MARTIN DANECOURT.

It might be supposed that I found my life with my mother a dull one, but this was not the case ; partly, no doubt, because I had known no other, but mainly because I delighted in study, and in this we, for the most part, passed our days. I had lessons from masters in music, painting, German, and Italian, and in all these occupations my mother had joined me—a far more thorough and persevering student than I—until her health obliged her to relinquish the first two. Even after this, in general reading and in languages she remained my never-wearying companion.

It is not, however, to be wondered at that I should at this time have been looking forward with no small eagerness to an event which was about to break into the monotony of our life. We had no relations living in England—at least, to my knowledge, for of any relations we may have had on my father's side, I had never heard my mother speak—but out in Australia there was a little colony of cousins, who had always been objects of great interest to me. My mother's only brother, Charles Danecourt, originally a cavalry officer, early in his career emigrated to Australia, where he invested his capital in land, mostly uncleared, and settled down to cultivate it. He failed singularly, however, in the attempt to put his excellent theories into practice, and he soon sank into poverty. One son and three daughters were born to him. A gallant struggle had he made, he and his wife together, for many a weary year, educating the children themselves, and bringing them up to be ladies and gentlemen, despite their backwoods breeding. At last the tide turned. Martin, the eldest child and only son, displayed as he grew up, a spirit more enterprising, a pluck more indomitable, and a wit more ready than his father's. Born

and bred in the colonies, he had no inaptitude to overcome, or English habits to forego. He was now twenty-nine, and it might fairly be said that he had retrieved the family fortunes. The event which we were daily expecting was the arrival of this cousin Martin. He was on his way to England to purchase agricultural implements, learn what he could of improved methods of agriculture, and also, perhaps, to see a little of the world.

We had always kept up a regular correspondence with this family of Danecourts, and we felt as though we knew them all, though I had never seen one of them. Of Martin we learnt most from the letters of the others; they were generally, Martin has done this, or Martin says that, from beginning to end. His own letters did not enlighten us as to his disposition. They were generally composed somewhat after this model:—

“MY DEAR AUNT,

“I hope you are better, and my cousin Catherine well. We are all as right as possible. Wheat has done well this season, but the potato crop is no good. We have made a good deal on sheep. But as you are now living in London, perhaps these particulars will not interest you; though I am sure I am always interested in hearing news of you.

“With love to yourself and my cousin Catherine, I am, my dear aunt, your affectionate nephew,

“MARTIN DANECOURT.”

From these epistles we drew the very plain inference that Martin, though undoubtedly a good son and brother, was not intellectual. He had not, indeed, had much chance of becoming so. I suggested that perhaps he might prove to be a savage; my mother, however, said emphatically, “No, his father’s son cannot fail to be a gentleman.”

Martin arrived on the Sunday evening after my late-recorded adventure. My thoughts had been that day again forcibly directed to it. I had gone to church in the morning, accompanied by Ann, for my mother had maintained her resolve to allow me my freedom no longer, and irksome as this restriction was, remonstrance was useless. My mother’s manners, appearance, and tones were soft and gentle, mine gave the impression of what people call “character.”

Yet her will was to mine as steel to india-rubber. Hers was persistent, persevering; mine uncertain, impulsive, and ever ready to fall into bondage to a dominating nature.

On our return from church we had passed through a throng of worshippers issuing from a Dissenting chapel, and I had brushed elbows with a man, who, directly he had passed, I discovered, with a sudden flash of recognition, to be my acquaintance of a night or two back. Without a moment's reflection, I turned and ran after him. "What did you do with the girl?" I asked, breathless. He regarded me for a moment. "I thank you, madam; she is in good hands," then raising his hat, he had passed on quickly. My former indignation at the man's rudeness was redoubled. I rejoined Ann, my cheeks flaming with mortification. I had lowered my dignity by my impulsive action, and the man had taken advantage of it. I, a lady, had forgotten myself in my interest in a poor girl, and had been rewarded by cool indifference. It was insufferable. But, as I had before conjectured, the man was not a gentleman. This was now proved by his having come out of a Dissenting chapel. I asked Ann on my way home whether she knew anything of the poor people in our neighbourhood, but she was immediately offended, and supposed I must think her "low." Then I tried to discover whether her former mistresses had done more for the poor than we; but though she replied enthusiastically that my dear ma was the most charitable lady she ever lived with, I did not, somehow, derive much satisfaction from this assurance. I have found since then that the appreciation of vulgar minds is more often a measuring rod of inferiority than of excellence.

And now I turned these things over in my mind as I sat with my mother in the evening. I had been reading aloud from "The Christian Year." This, together with her Prayer-Book and small books of devotion, always rested on a little table at her side, yet she seldom spoke to me on religious subjects. "Mother," I asked abruptly, "have you ever been to a chapel?"

"No, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"There was a girl at school who was a Dissenter, and the others laughed at her, and said that at chapel neither the clerk nor the clergyman could pronounce his h's. I suppose no gentlepeople go to chapel?"

"Unless they are eccentric. People nowadays seek the reputation of originality, and singularity is often mistaken for it. But the subject is hardly a fruitful one, my dear. Let us have some more reading."

We were interrupted by the sound of wheels stopping at the gate. "Can this be Martin?" I cried, and ran to the window. Drawing aside the curtain, I beheld a cab and portmanteaus, and I had scarcely let it fall again before Martin was ushered into the room. He advanced to my mother with both hands outstretched. "My dear aunt!" he exclaimed in clear, eager tones. "Welcome, Martin, welcome!" said my mother's soft voice, and she kissed him on both cheeks. Then turning to where I stood, she said, "And this is Catherine." He gave me a little stare, and then to my surprise, for I had expected a more cordial greeting, shook hands, with a formal "How do you do?"

When the necessary bustle of arrival was over, and he came downstairs again, he fixed himself at the end of my mother's couch in a very friendly fashion, looking at her with an openly commiserating gaze. "I am sorry to see you look so weak and ill, aunt. My mother is older than you, yet she looks ten years younger. You should see her!" My mother smiled. Evidently the young man was not on the look-out for susceptible vanity.

Question and answer followed rapidly, concerning his voyage and the home people, yet Martin never addressed me, though I think he had once or twice furtively looked at me. And I, though I really don't think I had looked at him, had somehow or other got a very good idea of his appearance. I knew that he was above the middle height, and singularly graceful in figure, though at the same time high-shouldered and muscular; that his complexion had been originally fair, as could be seen in his forehead down to the hat-line, and that it had been tanned by the weather to a variety of shades, deepening to a brown-red at his throat; that he had light-brown hair, inclined to be curly, and a pair of blue-grey eyes.

Presently I caught my mother's gaze fixed on me with what I felt to be reproof. I concluded that she thought me *gauche*, and wanting in proper cordiality. So I made up my mind to break the ice, and get on to a thoroughly cousinly footing at once, as I had pictured beforehand. I therefore moved to a seat nearer the sofa, and said,

in a very cordial tone, "And now, Martin, I am dying to hear all about my consins—Jessie, and Fanny, and Louie. We seem to know them all quite well, much better than we know you, for you write such short letters."

Martin had started when I began to speak, and I could not help thinking had even reddened a little; but as I went on, he began to smile in a pleased way, and seemed quite eager to reply.

"Yes," he said, "I don't write many letters; I don't like it. But the girls do. They made me promise to write long letters, and tell them everything—won't it be troublesome? I think I must wait till I get back, after all."

"Such a good brother as you would not be so cruel as that, I am sure. Tell me what they are like. Fanny is the beauty, is she not?"

"Yes, but she's not at all like you." Here he stopped, and again reddened.

"No, of course not," I said, laughing; "I am not so vain as that. I think we know just what your sisters are like; we will give you our ideas of them, and you shall correct them for us. Come, mother, give Martin our idea of Jessie."

I went to bed that night a little disappointed. I had concluded from his manner that Martin did not like me. During the next few days I exerted myself to produce a more cordial relationship between us, and soon succeeded in causing him to appear as friendly with me as he had been with my mother from the first. But towards me he manifested a kind of deference quite different from that he showed my mother, and there was implied in his manner a certain slightly awed admiration of all I said and did. I had been used to admiration all my life: my mother had admired me, my teachers, the servants, but I had never before received this particular kind of admiration. It was novel, and it was pleasant.

When Martin first arrived, my mother said to him, "I suppose you will spare time from your business for a little pleasure, Martin? I am hoping you will take Cathie to hear some music. She is seldom able to get enjoyment of this kind."

"Yes," he replied, "if you will trust her with me. I mean to go everywhere. I must see the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and the Zoological Gardens." My mother and I laughed. The big, handsome, bearded fellow looked as eager as a child of six.

"I will go with you wherever you like, Martin," I said, "if you will take me to the Monday Popular Concerts. How I have longed for some way of getting there!"

"That is just what I shall like," cried Martin, his face lighting up with enjoyment, as it was given to do, on the smallest provocation. "It would have to be popular to suit me."

And so Martin visited all the sights of London, and relished them like any schoolboy, including some that will not be found in any "Guide"; for one day he came home a little discomfited, having made an expedition to Regent Circus, with the idea of finding amusement there. His presence in the house became daily more pleasant to us. He was never spiritless, yet always gentle. Only once did I see him bored. This was at the Monday Popular Concert, whither he had taken me, as usual full of ready enthusiasm. He did not, indeed, complain, but as the long Haydn's quartet went sounding on and on, I saw the light gradually die out of his face, and weariness stamp it more and more plainly. Martin's was one of those faces which it is almost impossible not to watch, for every shade of internal feeling marked itself there. When I turned to him at the end of the performance, I found him looking at me with a peculiar expression which I could not understand. It seemed to include both wonder and pain. The next evening the meaning of it was explained to me. I was at the piano, and Martin stood near. My mother, from the sofa at the other end of the room, asked for Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord." I have always noticed that those who sing this air well, are not those who themselves possess patience and repose of soul, but rather those who, unstable and restless, are yet ever yearning for it. As I touched the first notes, everything was forgotten in a passion of longing. When I ended there was silence in the room. Looking up, I met Martin's eyes. I was startled; there were tears in them, and he was gazing at me in a way which compelled my own eyes to look into his. His face was quite altered. Instead of the half-shy admiration I generally saw there, there was, for the first time, a confident recognition of sympathy, and a clear consciousness of equality. I could not look away. At length he spoke, in low, impressive tones, quite unlike his usual clear ringing ones.

"I never heard singing like that before," he said; "it was not singing, you sang your life. Now I know you."

I answered vehemently, "No, you don't know me. That is not my life. That rest is not mine, as you think ; only I wish I had it."

He gave me a half-smile which thrilled me, I did not know why, and after a moment's pause he continued, still looking at me with the same confident gaze—

"I know this at least, that you and I are not far apart, as I thought. Last night you seemed to belong to a different world from me. But I shall never think so again. You and I are friends."

In spite of myself, a sense of awe had come over me, almost of apprehension. I crossed the long room to my mother's sofa, and left Martin at the piano.

From this time, there was a change in our relationship. My sense of easy superiority was gone, and a sense of comradeship had taken its place. Martin had asserted himself as my equal, and in spite of my culture and intellectual attainments, I accepted his position with gladness. Without defining the feeling, I yet felt, from his manner towards me, that he asserted, not himself after all, but his right to admire and take care of and defer to me.

One morning my mother said to me, "Cathie, my dear, I wish you to remain in the room this morning when Dr. Brough is announced. I wish to introduce you to him."

I was surprised, but I merely answered, "Very well, mother." My mother did not like to be questioned.

Presently the announcement was made. I looked up from my book calmly, but the moment I did so, all calmness was gone. The doctor was of middle height, very squarely built, his hair and beard were brown and bushy, his forehead was massive and square, his chin was square, suggestive of temper and obstinacy, and his eyes were grey, and intensely grave. I think he could not have appeared to any one a pleasant-looking man ; and he was the very reverse in my eyes, for I discovered in him the stranger whose acquaintance I had made in the streets. My mother greeted him with a warmth that astonished me ; but her subsequent conduct was both astonishing and annoying. She presented me thus :—

"This, Dr. Brough, is Catherine, my only daughter—my only child." Her voice had a strange tremor in it. The man turned on me a keen, persistent gaze, and though he betrayed by no word or

gesture that he had ever seen me before, I was conscious to the fingertips that he recognised me, and that he was attributing to me a mean uncanonour in not avowing our acquaintance. His eyes were of that uncomfortable kind that seem to be looking right into one, and that make one feel conscious of guilt, in spite of oneself. I bowed, but my mother said, "Shake hands with Dr. Brough, Catherine."

With a feeling of intense repugnance, I advanced and gave him my hand. Then I made my escape, pondering over my mother's inexplicable behaviour, so unlike her usual self-contained and gentle *hauteur*. I knew there must be a reason, for my mother never acted without reason.

ELLIE BRIGHTON.

Rev. Alexander Raleigh, D.D.

IN MEMORIAM.

NEARLY thirty years ago, Mr. Raleigh, of Rotherham, undertook to move a resolution at the annual meeting of the West Riding Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society, which was held in East Parade Chapel, Leeds. At that time he was a stranger or new-comer into Yorkshire, and the announcement of his name only produced a languid curiosity. He had not spoken, however, for five minutes with that rich musical voice of his, and with that happy blending of pathos and familiarity, of tender sentiment and manly purpose, for which he was so remarkable, before the vast assembly responded to his points with unusual appreciation. He played upon his audience as on a harp, and made a representative gathering of Yorkshiremen lift their entire conception of missions into a higher region of thought than was their wont. Sentence after sentence, polished to the highest point of expression, was followed by bursts of sympathetic feeling, and when at length he sat down he had won a real oratorical triumph, and what was far more, a name and a place in Yorkshire hearts, which he has never lost. His unostentatious career has not been marked by dramatic events or startling surprises, but he was led to occupy in succession positions of the highest importance in the body of Christians with whom he was associated. In Glasgow, in Canonbury, at Stamford Hill, and finally at Kensington, he has been the pastor

of historic congregations, the influence of whose Christian life and work has been felt far and near.

He had the enviable faculty of securing on all sides from his brethren and his flock an enthusiastic affection and regard. His entire personality was so affluent of love and grace, and so redolent with Christian virtue, that it was not easy to withhold from him the enthusiastic expression of appreciation and love. The incense of a true and widespread affection and reverence surrounded him. Modest and self-depreciating as he was, the Christian Church and societies would not accept his estimate of himself, and naturally persisted in offering to him the highest honours it had to bestow. He repeatedly repudiated all claim to genius, and ascribed his success, under God, to hard and toilsome effort, and to the humble attempt to do his best. But when he did that "best," as was his sacred wont, it was of the very highest kind of Christian utterance. Whatever may have been his own definition of genius, he unquestionably created the impression which originality of conception, subtle appreciation of the sentiment which it behoved him to evoke, and delicate and exquisite fervour and finish never fail to produce. All this is apparent in the three or four volumes of printed sermons which he has left as his legacy. In our opinion, the volume entitled the "The Story of Jonah" contains two or three sermons of such consummate force, magical charm of words, condensed wisdom, pathos, and point, that we do not know where to find their parallel. He was much drawn, we suppose, to the contemplation of the older revelation, and was prone to choose the less frequented paths, the least considered treasures of the sacred page. This peculiarity comes forth in his last and almost posthumous utterance. As our readers are now aware, his meditations on "The Book of Esther"* were published to the world on the very day of his death. They are scarcely equal in spiritual force to "The Story of Jonah," and "Quiet Resting-places," but they are singularly rich in suggestive exegesis and practical teaching. Now and then, in order to find the moral, he was compelled to fly to antithesis and contrast, but for the most part he educes forcible and true lessons for us from this brilliant picture of Oriental despotism and passionate patriotism. With a knowledge of the surroundings, which reminds the reader of the wonderful

* "The Book of Esther: its Practical Lessons and Dramatic Scenes." By Alexander Raleigh, D.D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

pictures of Persian and Egyptian life drawn by Professor Georg Ebers, he has created a portraiture and characterisation of Vashti, Ahasuerus, Haman, Mordecai, and Esther, which artistic as well as Christian students and people will prize and ponder. Great breadth of interest and catholicity of feeling pervade the book, and our duties and obligations to forgotten classes, and even to dumb animals, stand out in vivid outline on these rich and varied pages. The volume is *sui generis*, and we instinctively feel that there is much in it which only Raleigh could have done. Yet his works and his most widely celebrated discourses were by no means confined to scenes and characters of the Old Testament. With marvellous insight, fine tact, and glowing fervour, he dealt with the mysteries of Gethsemane and Calvary, and he found and gave inexpressible delight when portraying the central realities of Christian experience. Still Dr. Raleigh needed to be heard rather than read. The deepest things he really said, or the strongest feelings he ever evoked, no typography could record. The glow, the passion, the suppressed tear in his matchless voice, the electric thrill he could and did awaken at certain moments, are utterly beyond register or description.

He was alive to all the pleadings and all the bitterness and scoff of modern unbelief, and understood the agony of deep darkness through which many hearts are compelled to pass in these days. Though he could sympathise with the doubter, he would not palter with unbelief. Crude hypothesis and pretentious scepticism were well met by sounder and deeper philosophy, and at the last he entered into the dark valley without a moment's distrust or fear. He "felt sure that the Lord had accepted him," and that he "should pass through the gate into the city." The world seems poorer and darker, now that he too is added to the glorious majority. The blank he has left seems now irreparable in our church congresses and Christian societies, and on all occasions when we need our strongest, greatest, and wisest to speak to us, to tell us how to think and what to do. The music of his holy living will linger long in our hearts, and the fragrance of his memory will lend a charm to scenes and seasons which will long reveal his loss. We dare not speak of the home and the hearts which are most of all desolate. Of this we are sure, that around few homes will ever hover a more abundant angel-guard of earnest sympathetic prayers.

H. R. R.

Lead Me where the Lily blows.

Sumner, you tell me of a valley
Where the pure white lily blows,
In a dim, woody woodland alley;
Lead me to their summer snows!
(Oh, lead me where the lily blows!
I would wear it in my life,
Weary of world-soil and strife,
Lead me where the lily blows.

Angels planted in my garden,
A vain pleasure of ill weeds,
One white lily, and the Warden
With sweet air from heaven seeds.
Ah! one night my lily died,
And I mourned him night and day;
"For the loss of my Bride,"
The Lord said, "he was borne away."
Then I wandered through the world
To find the flower-de-luce I lost,
But my wings will never be furled,
Summer-pale, or tempest-tost,
Till my lily of the valley
Somewhere, somewhere, my spirit find,
In a sweet celestial alley,
Far from our lost human-kind;
Oh, my lily of the valley!
Lead me where the lily blows,
I would wear it in my life,
Weary of world-soil and strife,
(Oh, lead me where the lily blows!

I would that I had my flower
Smelling a divine perfume;
His white petals are a power
My low spirit to illumine,

And I will follow where the Lord
Wills my weary feet to go,
While ever in my soul I hoard
The glimpse allowed to me below
Of what belonged to Paradise—
Allowed awhile on earth to beam,
Until my weary wandering eyes,
With patient use, more native seem
To shadowy regions of dim death ;
Till I faint behold my blossom,
No more in the outer Court have breath
Earth's outer Court of life and death
As erst, but in my very Bosom !
In the Holiest of all,
By mine altar in the gloom,
Behold my lily fair and tall
Breathing in immortal bloom !

Every lowly thing that feels,
All we misname inanimate,
From one Eternal Heart appeals
To every heart, as to a mate—
“ Rejoice, or weep, for our estate ! ”
So, if we love the Father's will,
Embrace the world, and help mankind,
Our lost lily-bell shall fill
With dewy morning soul and mind !
For if mine be the true Lily,
Whence all lily forms have birth,
My holy child will blossom stilly
For me in his morning mirth,
Fairer than he bloomed on earth !
Lead me where the lily blows,
I would wear it in my life,
Weary of world-soil and strife,
Oh, lead me where the lily blows !

RODEN NOEL

The Significance of the Victory.

THE battle which was impending when we last addressed our readers on current events, has been fought out with a vigour which is new to our generation, and which wakens memories of the stirring parliamentary conflicts which shook the nation when some of us were young. It has issued in a literally overwhelming Liberal triumph. Two Liberals can hardly meet each other without laughing, so ludicrously complete is the overthrow which Lord Beaconsfield has endured at his great antagonist's hands. The Liberal triumph is more complete all along the line than any man in England expected, and how utterly foreign statesmen have been astonished by the result, has, in many amusing ways, appeared. The country threw itself into the conflict with a fervid enthusiasm which must have amazed Lord Beaconsfield, who thought that the term of Parliamentary Government in England had wellnigh come. It reached to the very extremities of our islands; the writer has just come back from Shetland; nothing is thought of, nothing is talked of, still, but this wonderful election; in the northernmost islands, in *Ultima Thule*, the interest is as keen, if not more keen, than in the south. Mr. Gladstone has stirred the heart of the British nation as it has not been stirred in our generation; and if it is good to be zealously affected in a good cause, the popular enthusiasm is in every way noble and right. There is no question then as to the magnitude and significance of the political triumph, but we confess to a vivid interest in a yet deeper question; has this been anything more than a political victory?

We Nonconformists have confessedly led the van of the battle. The indebtedness of the Liberal party to the Nonconformists is heartily confessed, even by those who have little love for us and for our principles, and it has again and again, in most emphatic terms, been acknowledged by the leader of the host. No doubt much has been due to the Liberal organization. It has been as conspicuous in this election, as the want of it was conspicuous in the last. Let Mr. Chamberlain and his system, he will not allow us to call it a caucus, have all the honour which is its due. It made one grand mistake in the Southwark election, which brought on the general engagement. But it took warning by that most fortunate calamity, and since then the discipline of the party has been perfect, and their choice of can-

didates has been so wise that it is confessed on all hands that the new House of Commons excels the last in intellect, as much as we may hope that it will excel it in political wisdom, and discernment of the vital interests of the empire. But it was not discipline, it was not organization, which won the victory, it was enthusiasm ; and that enthusiasm the Nonconformists chiefly supplied. Now the Nonconformists have for ages been noted for their enthusiasm whenever they felt that a great religious principle was at stake. The Nonconformists are steady politicians ; they may always be relied on to do their duty to the Liberal cause. But if ever they become deeply stirred, as they have been in this election, it is because they feel that sacred principles are in peril, principles dear to their hearts as lovers of men because lovers of God. They in no small measure keep the conscience of the community. They are in the habit in their Church organizations of taking full and responsible part in the management of sacred matters ; and they are trained to bring Christian principle to bear upon the conduct of public affairs. They naturally consider political questions in their higher and more sacred bearings ; and in this instance they have been led to see very strongly that the political action of Lord Beaconsfield's Government was yet more to be condemned on the ground of the contempt in which it held those sacred moral principles which lie at the root of the strength and stability of Christian nations, than on the ground of their reckless violation of all sound principles of financial and international action, and the constant peril in which they kept us of war.

And it is just on this point that there has been the most striking accord between the Nonconformists and the great chief who has led the party to victory. The leaders have all been able, and many of them brilliant ; in truth, never had party so many leaders of the highest capacity at its disposal ; but as with the organization of the party, so no amount of political ability in the leaders, would have secured this wonderful triumph. It was Mr. Gladstone's high enthusiasm in a sacred cause which kindled, first those who are always responsive to such influences, and then the great majority of the British nation. There has been a lofty Christian tone about Mr. Gladstone's speeches from first to last. It was the sacred cause of humanity which first moved him, and he spoke as only a man moved by a sacred cause can speak. That indignant Christian protest against the Bulgarian

atrocities struck the key-note, which through the whole agitation has been maintained. The tone in Mr. Gladstone's speeches which exposes him to the taunts and sneers of the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, struck an answering chord at once in the Nonconformists, and through them mainly in the great heart of the people. Kindled by a lofty and noble passion himself, he was able to kindle others; and it is just this kindling of a high moral enthusiasm in the heart of a great nation, which in our judgment makes this something much more than a brilliant political victory.

There are many grounds, no doubt, on which the policy of the late Government has been decisively condemned. There is hardly a point on which it has not been at issue with the soundest instincts as well as the most sacred traditions of the English people. Financially its mode of procedure has been disastrous, and the people have woken up to see it. It has been the spendthrift policy throughout; squandering the resources of the nation on unprofitable enterprises, and staving off the evil day of retribution, which comes inevitably to all spendthrifts, by any arts or tricks, as long as possible. This curious "blunder" in the Indian accounts is an instance strongly in point. As soon as the Liberal ministers got into their offices it began to be whispered about that there had been a "mistake" of some millions in the statement of the cost of the Afghan War. Of course the "mistake" is on the right side for the Government in view of the election. The millions have slipped out of the expenditure side of the account, and so the late Government was able to submit a most cheerful statement to the House and to the country. People were startled at the time; it seemed wonderful that India should have been spending such large sums on the war, and yet be financially so prosperous. Still, there were the figures, and we could only rejoice that India was so much richer than we had reason to suppose. But as soon as Lord Hartington reached the Indian office it was confessed that the figures, to put it plainly, had lied. Four millions of expenditure had somehow been kept out of the accounts. Somehow, we say. No one suspects Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Cranbrook of cooking the balance-sheet. All that we can charge on them is a too easy credulity; they ought to have felt instinctively that something was wrong, and to have insisted on its being cleared up. But the British public will suspect very strongly that some one high in office

in India did deliberately cook the accounts, with a view to the English elections. Four millions, even in a statement dealing with such vast sums as appear in the balance-sheet of our Indian Empire, do not go astray without some one very soon finding it out; and there can be little doubt that the accounts of our Indian revenue were dishonestly rendered with a view of making things pleasant at the elections at home, and of securing a majority which would not look at the "blunder" too critically, when at length the time came to reveal the truth. This is a specimen, a very bad specimen, of the way in which the people have long been suspecting that their finances were being dealt with; and this strong suspicion, which Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches deepened into certainty, had no doubt much to do with the rout of the party at the polls.

In domestic legislation, again, the failure of the Beaconsfield Cabinet was conspicuous. Not only were matters of the gravest character and the most pressing importance systematically neglected, but the subjects which were taken in hand were extravagantly mismanaged; and the deep and growing discontent of the nation found expression at last at the hustings, and helped greatly to secure the overwhelming Liberal majority. The people, too, had got very weary, and more than weary of the constant theatrical surprises, to which they and the world at large were treated. At first, when one morning they woke up and found that they were large shareholders in the Suez Canal, they were rather struck, all except the very wise and far-seeing, with the cleverness and the magnitude of the *coup de théâtre* which their Premier had effected. But when it was repeated again and again, and they saw that it was evidently Lord Beaconsfield's favourite mode of action, a deep distrust and something like shame took possession of the public mind; such arts and tricks being utterly out of tune with the temper and habits of the English nation, and being mostly associated with a policy which is more detrimental to its friends than to its foes. All these influences were no doubt at work in full force, and contributed their share to the splendid triumph which the antagonists of the policy of the Government have won, but we venture to think that there was something much deeper at work in the heart of the nation at large, as there was certainly in the heart of the leader, and which makes the result far more a moral than a political victory.

We believe that underneath all these strong political considerations there was a very real and earnest feeling aroused in the heart of the great mass of the people, that the policy of the Government was radically wrong, tested by the highest standards; that it was selfish, tyrannous, and cruelly contemptuous of the rights and indifferent to the sufferings of the savage and half-civilized peoples who dwell round the borders of our empire; to whom we have become the incarnation of an arrogant and grasping ambition, instead of a righteous and God-fearing nation, by whose side they could dwell safely, and quiet from the fear of evil. The Jingo spirit is the old Tory spirit of the days of the Great War in a modern dress. It is the spirit of brutal violence, ferocity, and imperious self-will. There is always enough of the beast in human nature to feel the temptation strongly to indulge in the hectoring and the blustering which to the Jingo are synonymous with manly vigour; and in the Englishman at his worst the beast is very strong indeed. There was grave danger a year ago of our becoming thoroughly corrupted and degraded by the insolence of power. That danger is now, thank God, averted; and the evil spirit is cast out. There has been a great uprising of the nobler elements in the English nature; and a fierce contempt for the base spirit and temper into which it had been betrayed has taken possession of the English heart. The triumph has been the triumph of the generous, tolerant, merciful, peace-loving spirit which has increasingly ruled our policy towards our neighbours and dependents during the last generation; and a stern rebuke has been administered to the selfish and cruel conception of our Imperial rights and duties, which has inspired Lord Beaconsfield's actions, under which, let us hope, that it will wither away. During the present Parliament, at any rate, we shall hear of imperialism no more.

For this blessed result we have to thank one man mainly, if not exclusively. Mr. Gladstone may have spoken passionately, incautiously, exuberantly, or in any other way that the now furious, because utterly discomfited, Jingo may choose to describe. But he has done the work. No other man could have done it, and no other method could have done it. A high inspiration sustained him through evil report and good report, and lent a victorious strength to all that he said and did. If Prince Bismarck did not like it, or the Emperor of Austria, the British public will not be much distressed.

Mr. Gladstone gained his object; he gave a significant warning to the Austro-German confederacy, and we believe that his accession to power has wholly spoiled their game. It is quite right that, as Prime Minister of England, he should convey quieting assurances to those who have been distressed by his frankness; but his frankness has done its work; and he has in his hands an assurance in writing about the intentions of Austria, which is true now that he is in power, but which would have been quite untrue had Lord Salisbury remained at the Foreign Office, to hail the advent of Austria to Salonica or Constantinople. We owe to Mr. Gladstone our most hearty thanks for his vigorous and bold denunciation of the designs of the Imperial powers; and we are convinced that it has done much to render possible a settlement of the larger Eastern Question which is impending, which shall be consistent with the best interests and the legitimate aspirations of the Christian peoples whom the brutal heel of the Turkish tyranny has long crushed in the dust.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

Literary Notices.

The Limitations of Life, and other Sermons. By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York. With Portrait. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Scotch Sermons. (Macmillan and Co. 1880.)

We have before us two important volumes of sermons. They differ profoundly in character and spirit. Dr. Taylor, with amazing freshness and tenderness of feeling, grasps the essence of evangelical truth, though for the most part he dwells in the region of personal human experience, and sees there the quite unmeasurable advantage of the great objective realities presented to us in God's Revelation of Himself to our weakness and ignorance. The eminent fitness of these realities to soothe us in despondency, to rebuke our worldliness and self-indulgence, to meet our sense of sin and peril, to lift us from commonplace and nerve our natural timidity with the tranquillity of the little child, and to show us how to face the inevitable mystery of life and death, becomes an ever-accumulating argument to establish

the trustworthy quality of the truths on which we rest for salvation and peace. The first of these sermons, on the text—"Remember my bonds," is wonderfully helpful to those who are trying to work, to reason, to suffer on the supposition of the non-existence of "bonds" which fetter our powers and stop our progress. The "misplaced anxieties" of multitudes are most wisely and energetically corrected by the thoughts which centre round the throne and heart of God. The essence of the Atonement is set forth with great clearness and convincing force, not merely with texts, but with an exhibition of human need and of Divine mercy. We can heartily commend the volume as a noble contribution to popular homiletic; every discourse makes some point, and reveals both originality of treatment and deep satisfaction with the revelation of God.

The volume of Scotch sermons is a species of manifesto on the part of a group of distinguished preachers in the Established Church of Scotland, the object of which is to reveal the serious effort which they have made in the direction of modern scientific inquiry towards a reconstruction of theological science and practical religion. As the volume called "Essays and Reviews" disclosed the acceptance by sundry clergymen in the Church of England of ideas with which intelligent readers were familiar as the commonplaces of Continental speculation, so the "Sermons" before us seem put together in one volume with the view of assuring mankind that a considerable section in the Church of Scotland is prepared to claim for itself unlimited freedom in dealing with the themes of Christian belief and piety. As Dr. Temple led the way in "Essays and Reviews" with a paper of great beauty and attractiveness, to which little exception could be taken *per se*, and which was capable of a most Christian interpretation; so in this volume, Dr. Caird, with his accustomed eloquence, leads off with two discussions of fine and rich sentiment, in which, however, for awhile the idea of "corporate immortality" is set forth as the true answer to our noblest yearnings after another life, and then, at the end, it is shown to give some zest to the common arguments for "personal immortality." Again, "union with God" is shown by a powerful analogical argument to reach its highest expression, not in the absorption and destruction, but in the assertion and perfection of individuality. We seem in these sermons to be advancing with two Christian ideas into the

very citadel of modern Pantheism and demolishing it, or perhaps utilising its forces for the maintenance of the sacred heritage of Christendom. Mr. Cunningham, with two interesting sermons on "Homespun Religion" and "The Religion of Love," is obliged, in a rather patronising way, to confess that there is "something good in the way in which your high Evangelical states the truth—' We keep the commandments, not that we may obtain salvation, but because we *have* obtained it; we lead a Christian life, not that we may be saved, but because we *are* saved.' " We should be disposed to say "something good"! Why, the progress of the Church and the world for the last three hundred years has turned on the acceptance or rejection of this fundamental article of the standing or falling Church. Mr. Ferguson, in his lecture on "Law and Miracle," seems to vindicate for Christian faith a perfect validity in entire independence of the latter, and makes the most explicit utterance of our Lord, touching His union with, and representation of, the Father, into the lesson "that our common human nature is the most perfect revelation of God." Mr. M'Farlan's sermons on "Authority" and "The Things which Cannot be Shaken," raise the verifying faculty of the human reason and conscience to the highest possible place, and declare what is strictly accurate, namely, that the Westminster divines positively assert that the utterances of Scripture are not true because they are authoritatively given, but are authoritative because they are true. Throughout his discussion of the theologic forms and principles of which he approves, he quietly assumes that the critical and destructive school of modern thinkers are the "enlightened" and the "thoughtful" and "intelligent," and not obscurely hints that those who still hold to the divine inspiration of Scripture, apart, too, from the "authority" of either council or father, and those who believe in the distinction between "nature" and "grace," in man's disease and God's remedy, are the benighted, the ignorant, and thoughtless Christians of this generation. This monopoly of intelligence in favour of a clique is a foolish and offensive *façon de parler*.

There are several excellent discourses in the volume, and they are all characterised by a high finish both of style and expression. We may learn from the volume a great deal of the spirit of the so-called advanced school in the Church of Scotland. They are characteristically completed by an eloquent exhibition, by Dr. R. H. Story,

of Roseneath, of the Campbell and Erskine view of "Christian Righteousness," as it seems to us, *versus* the Pauline view of "Righteousness by faith."

The Bible of Christ and His Apostles. By ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.)

This volume contains a portion of Dr. Roberts' argument, that Greek was a language well known to the Jews in the time of Christ, that they and our Lord used it in daily intercourse, and that we have in the Four Gospels, not a translation of words which have for ever passed away, but the *ipsissima verba* of His discourses and converse. The proof consists in the evidence supplied, that "the Scriptures," familiarly known and universally accessible to His hearers, were none other than the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. The argument is very forcible and successful, and, in our opinion, refutes the ingenious and able pleading of Dr. Sanday to the contrary.

Studies in Life. By H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Contains the substance of lectures delivered by an accomplished and eloquent expositor of scientific truth, who does not hesitate to accept all *facts* of science, but who is far from endorsing *theories* subversive of either the divine origination or divine ordering of the forms, changes, and manifestations of life.

The Life of Jesus Christ. By Rev. JAMES STALKER, M.A. Handbooks for Bible-classes. (T. and T. Clark.)

This volume is well arranged and finely put. The results of much learning are hidden under a flowing style bordering on the ornate, without references to literature or sceptical speculation. Perhaps the division of the three years of our Lord's life into the year of obscurity, the year of public favour, and the year of opposition, savours too much of the modern reconstruction of the Biblical narrative. The Gospels do not imply so grave a contrast between the first and last year of the ministry of Jesus; seeing that deadly antagonism manifested itself from the first in Galilee, at Nazareth, and at Caper-

naum, and there was no such quiet, or even obscurity, as the last three months which preceded the Passion.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

Among recent publications we especially commend—*The Greatness of Little Things*. By James Culross, D.D. A very suggestive book, in which the author, with his wonted force and felicity, discourses on "Little Bethlehem," on "The Cup of Cold Water," "The Hairs of the Head," "The One Talent," "The Two Mites," and many other things commonly esteemed little among men, but containing various elements of greatness when viewed from a higher standpoint.—*Shepherd Calls*. By the Rev. R. Balgarnie. Contains valuable words of counsel and encouragement for toiling Christian workers.—*The Flying Postman, and other Stories*. By Frances M. Savill. Five brief and graceful tales. They show considerable knowledge of child-nature, contain much healthy teaching, and are told so naturally that they are sure to win favour with little folks.—*The Broken Clothes-line, and other Stories*, are pleasant tales of home-life and the everyday difficulties of ordinary folk. Some are pathetic, others racy and humorous.—*Christian Home-Life*. "A book of examples and principles." By the Author of "Christian Manliness," etc. Describes home-life in its various aspects, discusses the influence upon each other of the different members of a family, the training and treatment of children and servants, and their private as well as social duties. It gives excellent advice to all parties, and contains much that is good and useful, but it is decidedly tedious.—*The Story of Charles Ogilvie*. By G. E. Sargent. A spirited tale of the career of an orphan boy. Its chief fault is that the hero is too perfect.—*Bible Readings from the Acts of the Apostles*. By Mrs. Frederick Locker. These "Readings" are very interesting, the style is simple and graphic, very suitable for "Mothers' Meetings," or for thoughtful children.—*Fog Alley, and What came out of it*. By Mrs. Prosser. A cheery story of an orphan boy, who, when he had grown up to be an energetic useful man, gratefully remembered his first teachers in the ragged-school.—*Old Anthony's Secret, and other Stories*. By Sarah Doudney. Three charming tales, full of good teaching for young and old.

May Meeting Chronicle.

GENERAL SOCIETIES.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY held its meeting on Wednesday, May 5th. Chairman, the Earl of Shaftesbury. Report stated that mainly through work rendered necessary by war, the expenditure during the past three years had exceeded the income by £30,000. Happily, this would now be lessened. Total receipts, £213,374; payments, £193,539. Issues, over three million copies. The speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Ryle, Dr. Manning, Revs. W. G. Lawes, E. Jenkins, and others.

LONDON CITY MISSION, May 6th. Chairman, Sir W. Muir. Report showed the number of missionaries to be 447. Income, £46,990—nearly £5,000 less than in the previous year. Speakers, Sir T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P.; Revs. B. Cassin, Jackson Wray, Marmaduke Osborn; Dr. Mackay, of Hull, etc.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, May 5th. Chairman, Sir T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P. The report told of an increase of schools in the Union, also of scholars and teachers in the schools. In London the increase of scholars had amounted to 143,728. The approaching centenary celebration was spoken of with great interest. Speakers, the Rev. B. Cassin, J. P. Chown, Dr. Rigg, and others.

BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS, May 11th. Chairman, W. G. Habershon, Esq. Report stated that in London and elsewhere the hostility of the Jews to Christianity had much diminished of late. The Society had schools for Jewish children and a home for aged Christian Jews. It employs also several medical missionaries in addition to its regular staff of labourers. Speakers, the Revs. Dr. McEwan, W. Wingate, and others.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, May 7th. Chairman, Sir C. Reed, M.P. Report stated that operations had been conducted on a larger scale, and with more success, than in any previous year. Business operations showed an increase of £22,294; total receipts, £172,595; expenditure, £169,914. Speakers, the Bishop of Rangoon, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and others.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY.—Meeting in the Mansion House, May 3rd. Chairman, the Earl of Aberdeen. Report showed that the agents of the Society had laboured usefully among 5,000

fishing-boats and their crews, as also among other vessels. Floating Bethels, floating libraries, and other appliances were in efficient working order. Income, £4,609. Speakers, Revs. Canon Baynes, Dr. Damon, of Honolulu, Dr. Kennedy, and others.

SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE OPIUM TRADE.—Meeting in City Terminus Hotel, May 7th. Chairman, the Earl of Shaftesbury. Report stated that concerning the action of the English Government, there was no improvement to announce. From India there was nothing satisfactory to report. Last year the Indian Government realized nearly two millions sterling more than was set down in the estimate from the sale of its opium. Resolutions condemnatory of the traffic were spoken to by Rev. Dr. Legge, Mr. R. N. Fowler, M.P., and others.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, May 3rd. President, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Sale of books reported to the extent of £7,661. To accomplish this, 797,363 visits had been made. The colporteurs had given more than 8,000 addresses at services during the year. Total receipts, £12,138; expenditure, including colporteurs' wages, £11,200. Dr. Manning and several of the colporteurs addressed the meeting.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

The LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S meeting is fully reported in the "Chronicle" of the Society, appended to this number of the Magazine. Other of the principal Missionary Societies met in Exeter Hall as follows:—

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, April 29th. Chairman, Mr. Joseph Tritton. The report was encouraging and stimulating, telling of greater liberality, of increased agency, and indicating brightening prospects. Income, £50,351, as against £46,092 in the previous year, with a balance in hand of £2,719. Speakers, Rev. T. V. Tymms, Jackson Wray, J. G. Greenhough, and J. Bate, of Allahabad.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, May 3rd. Chairman, Mr. Bickford Smith, J.P. The report glanced at work done on the Continent as well as among heathen nations. Income, £165,498; debt, £17,000. Speakers, Dr. Punshon, the Hon. W. Godlington, from Canada, etc.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, May 4th. Chairman, the Earl of Chichester. The report told of a widespread desire among heathen nations for religious enlightenment and social advancement. Income, £221,723; expenditure, £200,807; stations, 119; European clergy, 218; native and country born, 190; catechists, 2,086. Speakers, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Rev. Canon Ryle, Archdeacon Kirby, from North-West America, and other missionaries.

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, April 26th. Chairman, the Moderator, Dr. Donald Fraser. The report, which had previously been presented to the Synod by Mr. Hugh Matheson, showed that they had 16 missionaries labouring in China, together with native evangelists; communicants, 2,228. Income, £9,894. Speakers, Rev. R. Montgomerie, thirty-six years missionary in India; J. Neilson, New Hebrides; J. Ross; and W. Campbell, from China.

COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY, May 16th, in the Weigh House Chapel. Chairman, P. S. MacIver, Esq., M.P. The report gave details of valuable work being done in Labrador and Newfoundland, in New South Wales, in Tasmania, at Demerara, and other of the Colonies. Receipts and expenditure, £3,087. Speakers, Rev. E. White, Thomas Jones, W. Williams, etc.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

The **ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING** was held in the Memorial Hall, on Monday evening, May 10th. President, Rev. Principal Newth, D.D. The Rev. A. Hannay presented the report, which related the proceedings of the Committee during the year in relation to the education of students for the ministry; to arrangements respecting the Congregational Lecture which is to be delivered in successive years by Revs. J. G. Rogers, Baldwin Brown, Dr. Allon, and Professor Fairbairn; and to political action taken in regard to the proposed Census Bill. Income, £10,983, from which various grants had been made. It was announced that Dr. Allon had been elected as the Chairman in 1881-2—the jubilee year of the Union.

The **FIRST SESSION** was held the following morning in Westminster Chapel, which was well filled. Dr. Newth delivered his inaugural address, the subject being "Christian Union." He discussed the question as to the limits within which the union of Christians and Churches was possible and permissible, and enlarged

on the kind of union they might intelligently seek to promote. In referring to his connection with the company which had been engaged for ten years on New Testament revision, Dr. Newth stated that it was quite expected they would be able next year to publish the revised New Testament.

The Rev. Eustace Conder, M.A., moved a resolution concerning the need for a larger supply of able and faithful ministers, which was seconded by the Rev. Edward White. The discussion was followed by earnest prayer offered by Rev. J. C. Harrison. After other resolutions were carried, the Rev. Dr. Mellor moved one, rejoicing in the results of the recent general election. This was seconded by Mr. J. Carvell Williams, supported by the Rev. J. G. Rogers, and carried enthusiastically.

The second annual meeting of the CHURCH AID AND HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY was held in the evening, in the Memorial Hall. Chairman, Mr. Henry Lee, M.P. The report was presented by the Secretary, the Rev. E. J. Hartland. During the year 514 churches and 281 mission stations had received aid. Income, £35,142; expenditure, £29,982. Of the income, £26,983 had been raised by collections and subscriptions among the churches, £4,447 had been received in legacies, and £500 as a donation from the Congregational Union. The Revs. Dr. Bruce, S. Pearson, W. S. Clarkson, and others addressed the meeting.

The ADJOURNED SESSION of the Union was held in the Memorial Hall on the Friday morning, Dr. Newth presided. A fraternal communication from the Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States of America was read, and the Committee of the Union was instructed to prepare and transmit a suitable reply.

A resolution was passed approving of the movement in favour of the national disarmament, and the Committee of the Union were instructed to support, by petition, Mr. Henry Richard in bringing the subject before Parliament. A resolution in advocacy of Lay Preaching was moved by the Rev. C. J. New, seconded by Thos. Minshall, Esq., of Oswestry, and supported by Rev. J. Hart. This was followed by a resolution commending the proposed centenary celebration of Sunday-schools to the sympathy and co-operation of ministers and churches, moved by the Rev. J. Hutchinson, seconded by Sparke Evans, Esq., and supported by the Rev. Andrew Reed, B.A. The Rev.

W. Roberts, B.A., read a paper on "The Congregational Ideal, and the Actual Life and Work of Congregational Churches." The Rev. W. Statham moved a resolution calling for the better support of the Irish Evangelical and Colonial Missionary Societies. The Rev. J. G. Rogers moved a resolution in reference to the burial laws, and the prospect which the accession to power of a Liberal ministry afforded for the hope of an early settlement of the question in a way satisfactory to Nonconformists. The assembly then adjourned until the autumnal meeting, which is to be held in Birmingham.

Managers' May Meeting.

THE usual May Meeting of the London and country Managers of the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE, with some of the writers and chief supporters, was held at Carr's Restaurant, Fleet Street, after the missionary sermon at Christ Church, Westminster, on Wednesday, May 12th.

The Rev. J. Viney, the Treasurer, presided. The Rev. Drs. J. Kennedy, S. Manning, and G. Deane, Revs. J. C. Harrison, E. R. Conder, S. McAll, S. Hebditch, J. Richardson, and others were present, many of whom advocated the claims of a periodical which had rendered good service in the past, and which was still greatly needed.

The various speakers expressed a very decided opinion that the Magazine was never more ably conducted than at the present time.

It was felt by all present that in these days, when magazines are so numerous, the necessity for vigorously sustaining the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE was increasingly imperative; and that with the hearty co-operation of the pastors of our churches, the circulation might easily be rendered all that could be desired, and the profits, which are devoted to the Widows' Fund, thus greatly augmented.

Dr. Reynolds acknowledged the kind words which had been uttered respecting his labours, thanked his many friends for their literary help, and assured the meeting that nothing should be wanting on his part to sustain the Magazine entrusted to his charge, in its honourable and useful career.

The proceedings of the day terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Treasurer and Secretary for their valuable services.

[JUNE, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I—Anniversary of the London Missionary Society.

WITH another May the Society's Anniversary season has again come round, and the various gatherings with which it is usual to signalize that event have not been wanting on the completion of this the eighty-sixth year of its existence. The practical interest shown in the Society's work is very gratifying to the Directors, and they look forward with God's blessing to a year of growing prosperity and usefulness.

The early occurrence of Whitsuntide rendered it desirable that the sermons on the Society's behalf throughout London and its vicinity should be delivered on the Sunday before the Annual Meeting, rather than, as has usually been the case, on the Sunday after. The services of the missionary week were, therefore, commenced on LORD'S DAY, May 9th, when the cause of the Society was pleaded in numerous pulpits of our London churches.

On MONDAY, May 10th, in the morning, a Prayer Meeting was held in the BOARD ROOM of the Mission House, Blomfield Street, at which an address was delivered by the Rev. T. H. CLARK, missionary from Jamaica. In the afternoon the Annual Meeting of DIRECTORS, ministerial and lay, throughout the kingdom was held in the same place. On both occasions the attendance was large, and the proceedings were interesting and impressive.

On the morning of WEDNESDAY, May 12th, at CHRIST CHURCH, Westminster Bridge Road, the Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, delivered the Annual Sermon, founding his remarks on Rom. i. 14. The Rev. W. Hewgill, M.A., of Farnworth, conducted the devotional exercises. In the evening of the same day the Rev. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., of Clapham, preached to young men and others in WESTMINSTER CHAPEL, taking as his text Jer. ii. 11. The Scriptures were read and prayer was offered by the Rev. C. J. C. NEW, of Hastings.

ANNUAL MEETING IN EXETER HALL.

The Annual Meeting was held on Thursday morning, May 13th, at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of JOHN KEMP WELCH, Esq., J.P., Treasurer of the Society. There was a numerous attendance, the hall and galleries being well filled. The chair was taken at ten o'clock, and the proceedings were commenced by the singing of the hymn,

"Lord of mercy and of light,"

after which prayer was offered by the Rev. EUSTACE CONDER, M.A.

The CHAIRMAN then said :

Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the eighty-sixth anniversary of our Society. Commencing in the last century, it is one of the earliest missionary societies, almost the earliest ; and as we began, so we have continued under the broad designation of the London Missionary Society. Our operations have always been of a very broad and extended character ; but, from circumstances which we rejoice in and do not regret, we are very largely and specially supported by the denomination of Congregationalists. That is a mere circumstance, and it is the outgrowth of the great missionary spirit that has pervaded this country during the present century. Very soon after our foundation, other sections of the Christian Church thought that they, as bodies, could go forward and take their share in the work ; and while we, as a society, have always been free and open to receive all Christian denominations into our service, we are practically connected with only one, though we have constantly received support from those outside the Congregational body. Looking around this platform this morning, I could point to many here who are earnest Christian workers in the mission field, as directors of other societies. They are here with their fullest sympathy. Wherever we meet them, at home or abroad, there is the same loving sympathy and the same cheering disposition which lead on to success ; and it would be utterly impossible for any one section of the Christian Church adequately to represent the mission field at the present day. We are indebted to various sections of the Christian Church ; we were indebted to the advocacy of our Presbyterian friends yesterday for the service which was rendered to us at Christ Church. In our service we have, and always have had, others than Englishmen, and others than Congregationalists. We have glorious men who have done glorious service, and we still look for help and guidance from all our fellow-Christians abroad. With these few remarks as to our constitution, which gives us openings possessed by very few societies, let us congratulate ourselves that we are able, with the confidence of all our supporters, to maintain that constitution ; and let us hope and pray that we shall continue the same glorious independence.

REMOVALS BY DEATH.

The Report which you will hear refers to some of the losses we have sustained, and I as your Treasurer ought not to omit to refer to the recent loss we have experienced of our worthy Foreign Secretary, Dr. MULLENS. If there was one

occasion more than another on which we listened to his voice with pleasure, it was on occasions like this when his reports were read to us, and when they seemed to us interesting romantic stories, owing to the graphic style in which he wrote and the interesting way in which the reports were read or (as was the case two years ago) recited. We cannot think of his services without a feeling of deep and unfeigned gratitude. He was called home to this country from India, at the request of our friend, Dr. TIDMAN, to assist in the work which he felt himself unable to accomplish. Under Dr. Tidman's care he was initiated into the work of the secretary of the Society, and after a short time he became the Foreign Secretary. How he discharged his duty you all know. You remember a short time since he went to Madagascar in times of difficulty, and did work for us in connection with his friend Pillans. He was there nearly two years, and then returned to this country. Our Central African Mission was, as you know, started three or four years ago, and you know the difficulty which existed about eighteen months since, when death had removed two or three out of the very small band who had gone out to plant the Cross of our Saviour in those regions. Dr. Mullens volunteered his own services to go out and endeavour to establish the mission upon good and firm foundations. It was a source of great anxiety to the Directors that at his age he should undertake a journey exposed to so much risk, and we scarcely thought that we were right in giving our consent. Still, his heart and mind were set upon it; he said he had considered all the risks, that he had been a far greater traveller than most of us, and that he knew his own power of endurance. Accordingly, he persuaded the Directors to allow him to go as far as Zanzibar, with the understanding that if he found it necessary he might still go forward. I am almost afraid that that was a foregone conclusion, and that he thought it would be his duty to go. What followed you all know. He went on that journey, and there his body now remains. He did his work, and did it nobly. We lost him in comparative youth, and now we mourn his loss. We honour his memory, and may we all be anxious to do what we can to make good the loss we have sustained by his death! During his absence we had the valuable assistance of Mr. WHITEHOUSE, and I cannot tell you how much good we have received from his services. We did not feel the gap as we should have done but for the services so kindly offered by Mr. Whitehouse; still the time must come when we shall have to face the task of selecting another Foreign Secretary, and I ask your prayers that we may be guided aright in the discharge of that duty; for, humanly speaking, on our officers the success of the Society largely depends. There is one other matter to which I wish to allude. I am anxious to offer our thanks to our young friends for their continued support as

SHIPOWNERS FOR OUR SOCIETY.

You all know that it became a necessity that we should have a vessel, especially in the South Seas, to enable us to prosecute our work; and you will, perhaps, hear that we even needed a steamship. The old *John Williams*, or a ship of the same name, did good work for us; but difficulties arose in the New Guinea mission which rendered a steam vessel necessary. Our worthy Home Secretary, who is always encouraging our young people, made an appeal to them, and the result has been that we have never wanted money to keep our ships afloat. We have only to say that we want so much money, and our young people, with characteristic energy, always find it for us.

OUR FINANCES.

You know what times we have been passing through in regard to finances in this country. Perhaps in the experience of many of us who have known something of this world, there has never been a greater period of adversity than the last two or three years. It has told upon the resources of this country, not commercially only, but commercially and agriculturally, and thus upon the industry of the country generally. Under these circumstances, we and all kindred societies have naturally felt the greatest possible anxiety. We have not distrusted our friends, but we have felt an anxiety that has deeply weighed upon us; and if we had not trusted in a higher guidance, we should often have been in despair. We have felt the pressure of the times, but there has been a resolution on the part of a large section of our supporters that the last thing they would do would be to curtail their contributions to this Society. The result has been that we have been able to pay our expenses, and I am sure you will think that a very great success. There is no occasion for the accumulation of very large sums of money, but there is a necessity for a working capital in a concern like this. Without it, in periods of depression and anxiety, we should be in great difficulty, and, therefore, the sums of money which you sometimes see accumulated are always useful to us to depend upon at times when we cannot get sufficient money from our constituents. There is also another reason why we want an accumulated fund. The time of our receiving assistance is generally at the end of our financial year, but all the expenses of the mission-field are going on every day in the year, and if we had not this accumulated fund we should be obliged to borrow money in anticipation of your subscriptions. With this fund we are enabled, as it were, to lend to ourselves, and to replace the money at the end of the year. With all our borrowings we have been enabled to pay our bill at the close of the year, and that is a source of great thankfulness and congratulation. But it was not the case in the year 1878. That was a disastrous year to us, partly from a deficiency in subscriptions, and partly from a larger increase of expenditure which was thrown upon us, so that we had to expend £13,000 or £14,000 of our funded property. Having done that, we were still left with a deficiency of £5,000 or £6,000, which was a large sum of money to ask for. Mr. Robinson, however, in association with myself as Treasurer, put forward an appeal for that £5,000; but I am sorry to say, from the circumstances to which I have already referred, the whole of the amount was not paid. We received about £3,500 to wipe off the obligation, and I am now anxious, as Treasurer of the Society, that you should seriously and solemnly consider whether the remainder of the debt ought not to be paid. I do not want you to give the money out of this year's subscriptions, but I appeal to those who are willing to make an extra gift to the Society. I know perfectly well that we have large hearts amongst us, and I trust that the hint which I have thrown out, followed as it will be by the advocacy to which I am sure you will listen, may induce one friend after another to send up to our excellent secretary, Mr. Robinson, their contributions towards this object. I hope that you will not be deterred by the consideration that it is a very trifling sum—perhaps it would have been better if we had asked for £15,000, instead of £1,500; but it is the smaller sum for which I now make an appeal.

The Rev. J. O. WHITEHOUSE read extracts from the

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors of the Society have experienced much anxiety during the year which has now closed. They entered upon it, in May last, with a prospect of difficulty arising from the low state of the finances. A large excess of expenditure over income during the previous year had rendered it necessary to resort to reserved funds to the extent of £12,000, while an adverse balance of more than £5,000 was brought forward into the new account. At the same time, trade was seriously depressed, and the outlook wore a dark aspect.

In the last Report, the Directors, in view of this unfavourable financial condition and prospect, pledged themselves to practise rigid economy in the expenditure of the coming year, and, at an early date, measures were adopted to obtain the means of clearing off the debt, which have been successful to the extent of £3,334.

On the other hand, the ordinary outlay, both at home and abroad, was revised, and reduction, as far as was practicable and safe, was carried out; extra expenditure, which often grows large by many little, being also carefully watched and checked.

As the months have passed by, the Directors have seen, with growing satisfaction, the successful results of these efforts, for they have found the ordinary income slowly, but steadily, increasing, and the outlay, in comparison with that of some previous years, showing a gradual and marked reduction.

This form of difficulty has been often laid before the Lord, in whose service it had arisen; and the Directors, reviewing the year with devout thankfulness, submit to their constituents the Balance Sheet, which contains the following statements of account:—

Contributions for general purposes, £93,333 11s. 4d.; for special objects, £8,829 5s.; which chiefly consists of the results of the New Year's Offering, £5,023 12s. 6d.; adding to these sums that of £1,700, the proceeds of sale of property in South Africa, the total receipts of the year have been £103,862 16s. 4d. The expenditure was £100,174 1s. 4d., but to this must be added £5,235 11s. 6d., the adverse balance of last year, which leaves a balance against the Society of £1,546 16s. 6d.

But anxiety arising from other sources has also been experienced, especially in relation to the Central African Mission. First came the sad intelligence of the death of the Foreign Secretary, at an early stage of his noble devotion to the interests of that mission—a death which involved a very serious loss, not to this Society alone, but to Christian Missions in

general. Very soon afterwards came further mournful tidings—that Mr. Dodgshun had fallen on the threshold of that real missionary work to which he had so entirely devoted himself. A very long continued absence of direct communications from the two brethren at Ujiji also added to the Directors' burden of care.

These troubles led the Directors to the true source of strength, wisdom, and consolation—the throne of God—and also led them to invite the constituents of the Society to unite with them in special prayer for Divine guidance and aid amid the difficulties and sorrows which they were experiencing. This concert of prayer took place on Sunday, November 2nd, and almost from that day, in reference both to funds and to the Central African Mission, the clouds seem to have lifted, and bright and hopeful gleams of sunshine to have appeared.

But the Directors have to record with sorrow the death of colleagues on the Board, and of missionaries and missionaries' wives : of Directors, that of Dr. MORTON BROWN, of Mr. THOMAS T. CURWEN, and recently of Dr. RALEIGH, who had engaged to be the preacher at Christ Church at this anniversary ; also of valued missionary brethren—of the Rev. R. T. GREGOROWSKI, of South Africa, after long and useful labour ; of the Rev. JOSEPH COCKIN, of the Matebele mission, young and ardent in his Master's service ; and of the Rev. R. TOY, whose broad experience, wise counsel, and earnest work will be much missed in the Madagascar mission. To these may be added other names of missionaries' wives : Mrs. ASHTON, of South Africa, and Mrs. MUIRHEAD, of Shanghai, and others who have served the Church and the Society in foreign lands—the Rev. C. HARDIE, Mrs. BRIGHTON, Mrs. WILLIAM GILL, and Mrs. WHITMER.

The number of missionaries now on the list of active foreign service is 136, and of female missionaries twelve.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARIAT.

On the subject of the Foreign Secretariat, the Directors present to the friends of the Society the following brief statement :—In April of last year, when Dr. Mullens was about to leave England to visit Zanzibar, and, possibly, even Ujiji, in the interests of the Central African Mission, the Directors gladly availed themselves, as on former occasions, of the experience of the Rev. J. O. WHITEHOUSE to conduct the business of the Foreign Department, in the absence of Dr. Mullens. When the intelligence of his death was received by them, they deemed it advisable, on several grounds, to defer taking immediate steps with a view to the appointment of a successor to their departed friend. But, at the close of the year,

measures were adopted in order to fill the vacant office. A full and prolonged consideration was then given to this important question, but without leading to a definite result; it was, therefore, resolved to request Mr. Whitehouse to continue his services, for the present, as before, which he has consented to do.

EASTERN MISSIONS—CHINA.

In CHINA, not a few nor slight indications of progress, both direct and indirect, are visible. There is a gradual and evident breaking-down of old barriers of prejudice, a more free and friendly intercourse with foreigners, and a more correct estimate of their civilisation; and this has an important relation to the highest object and work of the missionary.

A very striking instance of progress of this secondary kind has occurred during the past year. In the last Report it was stated that Dr. MACKENZIE, for some time the medical missionary at Hankow, had joined the TIENTSIN Mission, under whom that department would soon take a more influential share in the Christian agency employed in that district. Events have verified this to an extent far beyond the most sanguine expectations, bringing about, in the highest native circles, a loosening of the narrow bonds of Chinese conservatism in reference to foreign medical and surgical science, and winning for medical missions the countenance and material aid of one of the chief native officials in the country.

The reports from several of the fields in China occupied by the Society are highly encouraging, and indicate true advance in various important aspects. In them, evidence is abundant that the good seed, sown in faith, with a spiritual husbandry which is sound in principle, will, in due time, prove fruitful both for God and for man. Selection from these reports is difficult, because they contain so much interesting detail.

God's rich blessing continues to rest on the HANKOW Mission, and the report which the Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN gives of the year's work and experience contains many refreshing and gladdening statements.

Facts in the foreign mission field are continually illustrating the Apostle's words, that "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." The Rev. W. MUIRHEAD, in his very cheering report of the SHANGHAI Mission, refers to one instance, which may rebuke the desponding and re-animate the faint-hearted—that of a man in whose mind the good seed, sown twenty-five years ago by Dr. Medhurst, has only recently shown fruit. Twenty-three years have passed since Dr. Medhurst "rested from his labours," but here is a delightful evidence that "his works follow him."

The reception of candidates to the fellowship of the church brings +

light many interesting traits of individual character. As an instance in point, one of Mr. MUIRHEAD's letters contains a description of a Buddhist, who, since his conversion, has, like Saul of Tarsus, proved himself as devoted and assiduous in making known the truth as he had formerly been in propagating the idolatrous faith of his fathers.

But, in addition to the records of numerous instances of individual conversion and devotedness, the reports from China show, in some native Christian communities, very decided proof of growth and increasing earnestness in self-support and Christian aggression. The reports from the AMOY district bear very emphatic testimony on these points.

But, by the side of this progress, defection is too often to be seen, and this not always arising from the strength of old habits, or the urging of social influences. Members of the Church of Rome have been busy in China, as well as in other lands, and they do not scruple to bring corrupting and seducing influences to bear on weak and wavering Christian disciples.

THE MISSION IN INDIA.

With respect to INDIA, there are no striking changes to report ; still, there is real though slow progress ; progress often not easily recognised, and still less easily described ; and openings for wider Christian aggression are presenting themselves, and the call for men to occupy this new ground is urgent. At the same time there is good reason for believing that the place which the missionary occupies at the present day in the respect and confidence of the people of India in general gives him a highly advantageous standing for work among them. The part which he recently took in various fields during the famine, in the relief of the suffering, has undoubtedly strengthened that position and brought him into favourable relations with a largely increased number. A long experience of the just dealing, the habitual recognition of the rights of all classes, the practical benevolence and the unwearied and varied efforts of the missionaries to promote the general welfare and the highest interests of all the people, has won their hearts ; and, if the legislation of the British Government and the bearing of the officials be felt by the natives to possess a like general character, there will be little need for wars for frontier, because the Government is strongly entrenched in the affection and confidence of a contented people.

And this high vantage ground occupied by the missionaries is a vantage for Christ, presenting favourable access and entrance for His Gospel, which, as a tree of life, shall yield its leaves for the healing of that and every nation. From this position of moral strength the missionaries work with a many-

handed beneficence, devoting thought, time, and labour in devising and carrying out many plans. In all these plans the sowing the good seed or the culture of early Christian growth is a constant element. Among the many methods adopted for gaining access to the minds and hearts of the people is that of giving a superior education to the young. In prosecuting this work, while occasionally there is gratifying evidence of spiritual success, there is also much to disappoint. In many cases the faculty which detects, appreciates, and applies the moral force inherent in the facts learnt seems to be undeveloped, or stifled by the long-exerted influence of degrading superstition.

In BENARES, the Athens of India, a "city wholly given to idolatry," and consequently a city of spiritual death and suicidal repression, and in other Indian centres, numerous illustrations of these remarks are to be found.

But, by the side of this dark picture, other and very encouraging representations may be placed. These, though few, and rarely to be seen, come with cheering effect on the labourer in the work of education, who, with a heavy heart, may often say, "Who hath believed our report?"

Two pleasing cases, in which the good seed has fallen on good ground, and has led on to spiritual growth, are referred to in the report of the BHOWANIPORE Institution in CALCUTTA. In the case of the father of one of the young men, a Brahmin and a priest, there is a very striking instance, the reverse of which has too frequently been seen, of the spirit of the *father* triumphing over that of the *priest*.

Other cases of a like encouraging character are referred to in the report of the Revs. J. H. BUDDEN and H. COLEY of their work in the ALMORAH Mission.

Another form of Christian effort, carried on for the benefit of educated Hindoos, is the delivery of lectures on questions connected with religion. This has been adopted in many places.

Not only are lectures on the side of Christianity made use of in the holy war against error, but those delivered by adversaries are discussed and controverted in native vernacular periodicals, and thus the weapons of opponents are turned against themselves. By this means the minds of many are aroused from their indifference respecting essential religious truth, and some measure of thought and inquiry awakened.

The missionaries in BENARES give a saddening report of the reception and results of street-preaching in that stronghold of idolatry. As in the first century of the Christian Church the rejection of the Word of Life by the Jews was the means of blessing to the Gentiles, so the passive resist-

ance to the Gospel, shown by the people of Benares, is indirectly leading to the enlightenment of the natives in the surrounding districts, who are more ready to receive and profit by the message of salvation through Christ.

The war in Afghanistan and the suspension of public works, to a considerable extent, in consequence of the outlay involved in carrying on that war, have injuriously affected some of the native churches even in the South of India. The removal of native regiments northward towards the seat of war has taken away many members of native churches and congregations, they being connected with the camp, or being the servants of military officers; while the stoppage of public works has thrown many native Christians out of employment, and they have been compelled to seek the means of livelihood in other places. Thus the churches have suffered both in numbers and in means available for self-support. These causes, together with the lingering effects of the recent famine in South India, have done much to depress the churches and their native pastors.

There are, notwithstanding, in these native Christian circles instances of earnest and persevering aggressiveness for Christ which are very cheering. The Rev. MOSES WILLIAMS, the native pastor in the NUNDIAL district, who has long been engaged in Christian work, and now devotes much time to itinerating, in the report of his work gives an account of one the conquest of whom for Christ he had been seeking for twenty-six years, and who has at last been subdued by the sword of the Spirit.

Not alone in the mission-agents is the aggressive spirit evident. Earnestness in seeking the conversion of relations and neighbours is shown by many members of native churches. One very pleasing instance is recorded by the Rev. I. H. HACKER, who recently entered upon the charge of the district of NEYOOR in Travancore. On this Mr. Hacker makes the following just comment:—

“There is to me something very touching in the perseverance of this old man, nearly sixty years of age, walking ten miles on a mission of mercy, doing it time after time, and, although treated with contempt, still keeping on his brave desire to win one soul for the Saviour. Is not this the Spirit of the Master?”

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The number of ladies now on the list of recognised agents of the Society in this department is twelve, the same as that reported last year. During the year one has retired from the work, but the number is made up by the addition of Miss GORDON, who had previously been rendering valuable service in education in Madras, and who, after a visit to England, resumed in October last the duties which she formerly discharged.

Miss COCKIN, who left England for Madagascar during the anniversary services of last year, arrived in October at Fianarantsoa, her appointed station, where a wide field is open to her for both educational and medical effort.

The Directors also gladly recognise the aid of many allies in this department—missionaries' wives, and other Christian ladies who are usefully co-operating in the work and valuable native help which is occasionally rendered gratuitously.

Very gratifying testimony is borne by Mrs. John to the character and work of a native Christian woman employed in the Hankow Mission. Mrs. John, referring to the large addition of women to the church, states that these results are to a great degree due to the efforts of her energetic native helper.

THE MISSION IN MADAGASCAR.

The Directors regret to have to state that, through some postal disarrangement, the reports of the Madagascar Mission, which should have reached England several weeks ago, have not been received. They are, therefore, unable at present to lay before the members of the Society a review of the work carried on during the past year in that interesting field of labour. It will, however, appear in the full Report, which will be issued as early as practicable after the anniversary services have closed.

THE MISSION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Directors deeply regret that the review of the work of the Society in SOUTH AFRICA during the past year enables them to present but little of an encouraging character. Many distressing and disturbing influences have been at work. Long-continued drought had desolated the land in many districts, and left the people impoverished, while war had excited and demoralised some and alarmed and scattered others, and left the country, and those who still clung to their old homes, a prey to the lawless.

In KAFIRLAND, on the borders of which Dr. Vanderkemp, more than eighty years ago, took up a frontier position, can now be seen, on many sides and in various forms, the effects of that Gospel of which he was the herald. Now foreign residents, or the descendants of such, have multiplied, towns have sprung up, and various Christian denominations established themselves, and Christianity has taken a broad hold among the natives. The Directors, therefore, consider that the time is near when the work of evangelisation—the proper function of this Society—can be left to the zeal

and enterprise of the Christian communities now existing and growing strong in the land. The missionaries of the Society in that district are pastors of native churches, and, during recent months, steps have been taken by the Directors to promote more full and systematic self-support among these churches, that the funds of the Society, designed to promote the enlightenment of heathen tribes and nations, may be employed for this object. Progress in this direction has, however, been greatly impeded of late by the effects of war and drought.

But passing northward, beyond the colonial border, the chief scenes of the disturbance are not left behind. In BECHUANA-LAND, north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, where long ago the good seed was sown, and a spring-time of result seen by the fathers of the South African Mission, of whom one alone is left to tell of the distant past, while mourning over present desolation — in that land, numerous and complicated hostile influences have been working, re-kindling old fires of evil, and bringing about in many respects a state of things worse than the first. Far away from Zululand, the Bechuana people, in common with tribes throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, by a strange and swift telegraphy of native report, had early intelligence of the counsels, actions, and successes of Cetchwayo against the British, and thus the minds of chiefs and would-be chiefs, the young, the restless, and the lawless, were stirred deeply, and many a pulse beat fast with the war fever. But the annexation of Griqualand West by the British Government was an occasion close at hand, strengthening long-cherished suspicion, and hastening on active opposition. Chiefs who would not take action to resist foreign aggression were set aside, and the lawless and daring became the leaders. Anarchy prevailed, church members and even native teachers took part in the conflict, and white men, settled on farms in native territory, became the objects of attack, and their property the spoils which were carried off. Thus the ordinary good work of the missionary was, for the most part, suspended; Christian vows were broken, and church membership was forfeited. Many of the natives who would not join the aggressive party, harassed and alarmed, gathering what they could save of their property to carry away, fled for refuge to places at a distance, and many of the members of Christian churches directed their steps to stations of this or some other Society, where safety and peace might be secured.

The Rev. J. MACKENZIE, writing of the aspect of things soon after the resistance had been overcome by British interference, confirms the statements already made, and shows the serious demoralisation which had taken

place, and the anxious inquiry and probation which were necessary before re-admission to church fellowship could take place.

At KANYE many of the refugees had taken shelter. The Rev. J. GOOD makes gratifying reference to scenes around him, which were closely connected with the disruption at stations in and near the annexed territory.

The unrest in respect to British action and influence, which has prevailed so widely in South Africa, extended to the MATEBELE, who are by race Zulus, and indications of a readiness to resort to violence against the English in the country were not wanting. Nevertheless, the missionaries, under the guardian care of their God, held on their difficult course in efforts to bless this war-loving and superstitious tribe. Few, however, have been the visible tokens of success, for the despotic rule under which the Matebele tribes are held, and the universal fear which their present chief, Lupengula, inspires, tend to render the natives very reticent with regard to the new teaching. That a leaven of Christianity is stirring this mass of heathenism there can be no doubt, but the nature and extent of the movement must for some time remain matters of conjecture.

THE MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The course of the Central African Mission during the past year, while presenting some very saddening features, closed brightly; real progress has been made, and there is much reason for thanksgiving.

Through war in the interior and the fear of bands of robbers, communications direct from Messrs. Hore and Hutley, the two brethren at Ujiji, were interrupted for nearly nine months; nevertheless, they were doing foundation work in perseveringly seeking to gain the confidence of the natives. For some time they were thwarted in many ways by the Arabs and others; but their open, just, and kindly bearing towards all the people gradually won for them respect and good-will. During these days of isolation their former companion in travel, Mr. Dodgshun, arrived at Ujiji, but only to die and leave them again solitary.

During these months Mr. Hore, carrying out the instructions of the Directors, hired a small vessel, and examined the coast of the Lake, with a view to the selection of sites suitable for missionary centres. While thus engaged, he gathered important evidence in favour of the opinion that the *Lukuga* River is an outlet of the Lake.

Though feeling deeply the need of help, and pleading for it in letters, which were received after a long delay, they were so cut off from the outside world that they were not aware that help was on the way, until the reinforcement, Messrs. Griffith and Southon, had almost reached Ujiji. These brethren had left the coast with the late Foreign Secretary, had

watched and nursed him during his last days, and, with the kind aid of members of the Church Mission at Mpwapwa, had tenderly committed his body to the grave. Having decided to visit the native chief Mirambo, whose seizure of many of the stores of the mission had caused serious apprehension, on leaving Mpwapwa they proceeded to Urambo, the town of that chief. Here they met with a very favourable reception, and an invitation was given to establish a station there, while a large portion of the goods was restored. After this very satisfactory visit, they went onward to Ujiji, reaching that place in ninety-nine days from the coast, in perfect health, and receiving from the solitary brethren there a very joyous welcome.

Soon the future arrangement of the mission occupied their attention, and it was decided, while still holding Ujiji, to establish a station at Mirambo's town, and another in Uguha on the western shore of the Lake. The members of the mission having distributed themselves to these stations soon separated. At the two new stations the brethren had to build houses; but by the end of 1879 they were occupying their new homes, and in many ways laying a good foundation for more direct missionary work.

But with three stations established in a new field at a considerable distance apart, and with two of these stations occupied by but one missionary, the necessity for reinforcements appeared to be urgent. In this hour of need the Head of the Church provided the men required. One of them is Mr. WOOKEY, who has already spent nine years in the Society's mission in Bechuana Land, in South Africa; but, animated with a true missionary spirit, he offered to transfer his services to Central Africa, while his wife, one with him in Christian devotion, was ready to give up her husband to go in advance to this new field of labour, herself waiting in England, until the circumstances of the mission and the means of travelling should allow her to join him.

Mr. WILLIAMS, who has been one of the Society's students, and Dr. PALMER, a medical missionary, accompany Mr. Wookey. These brethren, with the valedictions of the Directors, and of a large circle of Christian friends interested in the enlightenment of "the Dark Continent," left England on April 16th, and are now on their way to Zanzibar, thence to proceed into the interior.

Surely a review of the chequered history of this mission during the past year, in connection with its hopeful condition at the close, may well inspire the Directors and their friends with devout gratitude and strong encouragement.

THE MISSION IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Passing from the most recent to the oldest mission field of the Society, that in Polynesia, there is again abundant reason for gratitude. Well may the song of praise rise to-day from many islands of the Pacific, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

This year especially SAMOA is rejoicing over its blessings with thanksgiving. In 1830 the Gospel was introduced into that group, and, in August next, the missionaries, with a people wholly Christianised, are about to celebrate the JUBILEE of the Mission, and friends here and in many lands will rejoice with them.

Recently in TUTUILA, one of the islands of Samoa, a renewal of civil war appeared to be imminent; but, through the earnest Christian intervention of the missionary, this danger was averted, and peace and good-will promoted; and this was speedily followed by the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, leading to a wide experience of "the peace which passes all understanding."

In TAHITI, the scene of the Society's first labours eighty-three years ago, the work received a serious check when, in 1842, the French assumed the Protectorate of the island. The missionaries of the Society were then placed under many restrictions, which, however, as time went on, have been somewhat relaxed. The Directors are now gratified to report that recently, by a Government circular, Mr. GREEN, the Society's representative in Tahiti, has been allowed equal rights with the French Protestant pastors; and thus he now enjoys more liberty of action than has been granted since the Protectorate was assumed.

The training of native students for work in distant islands is perseveringly carried on in several of the older stations, and by them the wave of Christian influence is, year by year, circling more and more widely over the Pacific. Not only from the old centres of the South Sea Mission, but also from the out-stations, which can only occasionally be visited by the missionary, and which are unavoidably left for many months to the sole charge of native teachers, come distinct and bright indications that the Gospel has taken firm hold on the hearts of the people.

In consecration of their substance for the promotion of education and religion among themselves and in other lands, the native Christians in Polynesia have, during the past year, in many instances, not only equalled but exceeded their liberality in former years. Besides erecting and repairing their places of worship and schools, they pay the salaries of their native pastors and schoolmasters, and to this is added a large contribution to the Society.

THE MISSION IN NEW GUINEA.

The NEW GUINEA Mission has not, at present, received that permanent form and organisation which is essential to sound progress. The prevalence of malaria, along the greater part of the coast line, from Torres Strait to the most eastern point presents the chief obstacle to such a settlement. While this has affected the health of the missionaries, it has especially, and in many cases to a fatal extent, told upon the teachers and their families.

Another result of the unhealthiness of the island has been found in the difficulty of discovering suitable sites for stations to be the places of residence for the missionaries, and centres from which they may carry on their work.

Another impediment to sound progress has arisen from the number of teachers who have come from the Southern islands to take part in the evangelisation of New Guinea.

All these questions have occupied the serious attention of the Directors, and during recent months they have availed themselves of the presence and experience of Mr. MACFARLANE and Mr. LAWES, both of whom are now in England, to discuss with them plans for the future organisation of the mission. The details of any plan which may be adopted must be considered and arranged in the island when those brethren return to New Guinea, in consultation with Messrs. CHALMERS and BESWICK, who are now there, whose experience during their residence will be of service in the deliberation.

All the spiritual results now reported, and all that have attended the eighty-five years' operations of the Society, are to be traced to the power inherent in what the Fathers and Founders condensed into the brief formula—"THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST." To this form of few, but sound, words the Directors of to-day firmly adhere; for in this lies the power of God for the world's salvation. For themselves, and for all who co-operate with them in the work of the Society, the Directors earnestly desire an increasing and abiding influence of the Divine power. By its moving, will the consecration of substance, of whatever kind and metal, become more free and more abundant in measure and in true value. Under its constraining, devotion to active missionary service will come with the force of a necessity, and preparation for it be pursued with the eagerness of a passion. From the standpoint of the Cross—the centre and spring of this power—the missionary will daily gain his inspiration, surveying the field in its Christward aspects, and planning and warring against error and evil, under the lead of the Captain of Salvation. By this has been won every true Christian victory of the past, and to this, and to this alone, must a

loyal and working Church look for the high and final issue, when watchers in heaven, with loud and glad voice, shall say, "THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST, AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER."

The hymn,

"God is love; His mercy brightens,"

was then sung.

THE FIRST RESOLUTION.

THAT the Report, portions of which have now been read, be adopted, and that it be published and circulated, with the audited accounts, among the members of the Society. That this meeting unites with the Directors in gratitude to God that the financial condition of the Society is so much improved as compared with that of the previous year, and pledges itself to continued effort to raise the income to an amount commensurate with the pressing claims of the heathen world. That it sympathises deeply with the Directors in the grave anxieties which they have experienced during the past year in connection with the Central African Mission, arising from deaths among those who had devoted themselves to this new enterprise, especially that of Dr. Mullens, the Foreign Secretary, and also from a long and painful suspense respecting the safety of other members of that mission; but are thankful that this field of effort now presents very encouraging aspects, with an increased band of earnest labourers; and also that in the field of New Guinea the missionaries are gradually gaining a stronger hold on the confidence of the people, and that steps are being taken towards carrying on operations on a more permanent system at healthy and well-chosen stations.

The Rev. Dr. ALLON said :—

A speech on the platform of a missionary society from a home-worker like myself who has never been a missionary is something like a homily from a minister who has never been an apostle. It must necessarily be a very meek urgency of familiar truths; for the age of demonstration has altogether passed. No one, I suppose, would now vindicate the paradisaical condition of the heathen, and inveigh against the cruelty and the folly of disturbing them by Christian ideas; and no one, I suppose, would vindicate the cynical selfishness that sought to exonerate itself from all responsibility in seeking to carry to them a better knowledge and a better light. There is some little inconvenience in this. One could almost wish that somebody would raise an objection to missions which would be serious enough and important enough to demand a refutation; it would then be a great deal easier for a man like myself to make a missionary speech. The eighty-six years which have elapsed since the formation of this Society have witnessed a wonderful revolution of idea and feeling in relation to Christian missions. Equally remarkable has been the change in the position of the missions themselves. Not only has idea advanced; practical success has

advanced also. Our missions no longer dot vast oceans here and there; they no longer fringe broad continents; they are planted everywhere, almost upon every shore, and wherever man can go missions are in the highway of progress. And yet it is not so very long—

ONLY EIGHTY YEARS—

since Dr. Vanderkemp went to South Africa, and reported that it was not at all an uncommon thing to see announcements on the doors of Dutch churches that there was “no admittance for dogs and Hottentots;” and some of you may remember that the French Governor of the Isle of Bourbon told the pioneers of our Madagascar Mission that it was altogether hopeless to think of converting the Malagasy to Christianity; that they were no better than brute beasts, and had no more intelligence than cattle. Well, certainly something has been done, not only in the revolution of idea, but in demonstrating the feasibility of Christian missions to the heathen. We stand to-day in a position very different from that of eighty years ago, and far surpassing that which the most sanguine anticipation could then have anticipated. Well, this is also attended with embarrassments; it has produced somewhat of a depressing effect upon our missionary meetings. It would require a large amount of genius to get up an excitement in a missionary meeting now, or to produce a sensation; missionary operations have come to be among the commonplace agencies of the Church. We accept them just as we accept evangelising work at home, and we go to a missionary meeting very much as we go to church, with an ordinary sense of duty, and with a feeling that we are not going to hear anything very novel. We have come to be familiar with the romance of missions, and we attend our missionary meetings in token of our fealty to the great work, that we recognise it to be our great obligation to carry forward. Now, I think that is no small achievement thus to have changed the very idea and the very position of Christian missions. At one time the conversion of the whole world was the dream of the Christian enthusiast, the Utopia of the Christian philanthropist. No means of accomplishing what was ideally presented were present to the minds, or even to the imaginations, of men. All this has passed away, and we now accept the conversion of the entire world as part of the commonplace prosaic work of the Christian Church. I do not know that in any previous age this idea of missions has been so recognised. In the missions of former generations separate countries were assailed, and very great achievements were realised, but for the first time we have accepted the idea, and we have demonstrated the possibility of it, that

THE WHOLE WORLD IS TO BE CONVERTED TO JESUS CHRIST.

This change of things has in some superficial observers produced a feeling that our missionary fervour may somewhat have cooled, that our missionary zeal may have somewhat diminished. I think our missionary Reports, especially the Report which we have heard this morning, abundantly refute such a proposition. Last year, through very natural causes, our finances suffered in common with the finances of almost all Christian agencies; but the simplicity, the ease, and the noiselessness with which they have been restored to their equilibrium simply show how entirely the missionary idea has taken possession of Christian men and

women. One does not deem that affection has diminished because the calm, quiet love of the husband has succeeded to the somewhat demonstrative passion of the lover. One does not think that the stream has diminished because the deep calm river rolls silently in place of the babbling rill. One does not think that the heat of the furnace has diminished because the white heat has succeeded to the crackling of thorns which kindled it. And so we are not to imagine that the calm strength of purpose which has now taken possession of the Church is inferior in force or in fervour to its first impulses of surprise, astonishment, and thankfulness. Of course, there is danger of falling into routine. It is possible that we may do our missionary work with somewhat of diminished energy and enterprise; but then routine is the possibility of all familiar things, and if you are to avoid this possibility you must exclude the familiarity of things that are the best. It is the danger that pertains to attendance upon worship; it is the peril that besets all forms of Christian life; and we fight against routine, not by trying to get up occasional and exceptional excitements, but by feeding the deep life of our thought and purpose with great principles. At any rate, our missions have outlived the ages of formal opposition. Why, sir, I am old enough to remember the time when there were even religious objections to Christian missions, when men deduced certain conclusions from hyper-Calvinistical ideas and urged that it was a presumptuous interference with the election of God to send missions to the heathen. Our missions have wonderfully avenged themselves upon objectors such as these, for the sentiment itself has, thank God! well-nigh disappeared from our churches. And then there were social objections of no mean character to Christian missions; and there were certain political difficulties which our early missionaries and our early Directors had to encounter. These have all passed away—all formal difficulties and objections—and the moral forces of the world stand simply face to face with each other. We have to come to this conclusion, that the idea being vindicated, and the achievement being demonstrated as feasible, our imperative duty is to go forward and do the work which Christ has given us to do. It is very difficult for us this morning to realise the thought and the purpose of the fathers and founders of our Missionary Society, their modest hopes, their ready enthusiasm—the enthusiasm and tears that were excited by even a small success—it is altogether impossible for us to imagine what they would have thought and felt could they have anticipated what these eighty-six years of missionary work have achieved. Now I know that figures are the least eloquent part of the most prosaic speech that is ever delivered, and yet I wish to put before you just a few

ELOQUENT FIGURES

which I met with the other day in a very interesting little book on Missions by my friend Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn. Eighty-six years ago there were in existence seven Protestant missionary societies, three of which had been working for nearly a century, two of these three being the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Moravian Missionary Society. At the present moment there are 70 Protestant missionary societies; 27 of these belong to England, 18 belong to America, 9 belong to Germany, 9 belong to Holland, and 5 to Scandinavia. There are also missionary societies in our colonies, Australia, the Cape, the South Seas, and elsewhere, which are working in hearty co-operation with the Protestant

missionary societies of Europe and America. Eighty-six years ago 170 male missionaries were employed in connection with these Protestant missions, 100 of whom belonged to the Moravian Missionary Society; to-day there are 2,400 ordained European and American missionaries, besides hundreds of native preachers—1,600 in India alone, and 1,600 in the South Seas. There are 22,000 native catechists, and many thousands of Sunday-school teachers. Eighty-six years ago 50,000 heathen Protestant converts were reckoned; at the present time 1,650,000 converts from heathenism are computed to be in connection with our Christian missions. In the year 1878 alone, 60,000 were added—more than the gross total at the end of last century. Eighty-six years ago £50,000 were contributed for Protestant missions; at the present moment £1,250,000 are contributed—five times as much as the entire amount contributed by the Roman Propaganda. Of this sum England contributes £700,000, and America £300,000; and Germany and Switzerland from £100,000 to £150,000. Eighty-six years ago about 70 missionary schools were in existence. At the present time there are 12,000, with 400,000 scholars, many of them high schools, grammar schools, in some of which hundreds of theological students receive instruction. In India alone there are 2,500 missionary schools. In Madagascar our own Society alone has 784 day-schools with 44,794 scholars. Eighty-six years ago there were 50 translations of the Holy Scriptures, and about 5,000,000 of copies had been circulated; at the present moment there are 226 translations of the Holy Scriptures into various languages and dialects, and 148,000,000 copies of the Scriptures have been distributed. Why, scarcely forty years ago—that is, in 1843—all the English and American missionaries in China assembled in Hongkong, and they numbered 12. In Hongkong they had 6 converts. At the present moment there are in China 240 Protestant male missionaries, 90 principal missionary stations, 500 out-stations, and some 12,000 or 14,000 Chinese communicants. In India alone there are 600 European missionaries, and 430 central stations. In 1852 the converts in India were 128,000; at the present moment they are 460,000. The increase from 1851 to 1861 was 53 per cent.; the increase from 1861 to 1871 was 61 per cent.; and during the last ten years the ratio of increase has been greater still. The last two years especially have witnessed an increase almost unparalleled, partly through the benevolent services that were rendered by Christians in connection with the famine. At this rate of progress alone, supposing it be maintained, by the close of this century there will be 1,000,000 of Protestant converts in India. Now, it is impossible to estimate the accumulation of moral forces that these figures represent, the multiplication of power every day; for it is far more than a process of simple addition. Familiar Christian ideas are being diffused through all lands, and the strengthening of religious habit is giving multiplied power to those who are doing missionary work. Now, there are many causes for this vast progress, which I think is about the greatest romance connected with our mission. If you try to understand what these figures represent, I think you will see abundant cause for abounding thanksgiving.

MISSIONS AND COMMERCE.

Among the causes may be mentioned changes in locomotion, the discovery of the railroad and the steamship. When our fathers originated this Society, the world in its different parts was separated to a degree of which we can form

no conception. Now, "a girdle can be put round the earth in less than forty minutes," and men think nothing of a tour round the world for a summer holiday. In twenty-four hours we get to Switzerland; for a six weeks' holiday we visit the United States, or go up the Nile and see Egypt and the pyramids of Pharaoh. Mr. Whympers has just gone to the Andes, and has been, as he says, "polishing off" Chimborazo and four or five mountains of nearly equal height by way of recreation. The entire feeling of the world in which we live is changed. We are brought into close neighbourhood with nations that are the most distant. And this has a most powerful influence upon the progress of our Christian mission. Then commerce has done a great deal. Commerce, from the time of the old Spanish colonisation until now, has always been a missionary. Commerce has been always enterprising; it has no nationality; it pushes its interests everywhere; it has often been a pioneer of missions, and has often followed closely in their wake. It has been computed that every additional European missionary sent to the South Seas is worth £10,000 a year to British commerce. And commerce seeks civilised men; it does not find a large market for its wares among tribes of savages. It is the interest of commerce that men should be civilised and Christianised; that in addition to the natural wants of men the artificial wants of civilised and Christian communities should exist. Another cause of progress has been the advance of science—the changed feeling of scientific men, and the progress of scientific discovery. Instead of being the arcanum of a few, science has become the servant of the many. Science has taken its position as the handmaid of humanity, and it is ever seeking to increase and diffuse its knowledge for the good of men. It presses its discoveries, it distributes its gifts, and everywhere it is seeking to make the world a partaker of its larger intelligence. And the missionary goes hand in hand with the man of science. In almost every department of science our missionaries have really been pioneers; they have contributed largely to the discovery of new countries, to geological knowledge, to ethnological knowledge, to philology, botany, and zoology—to almost every form of scientific knowledge in which men are interested. In this way missions are helped by many forces. But, of course, we shall all feel that chiefly this progress is owing to the moral force of Christian ideas. It is the leaven which has been deposited which has been rapidly leavening the mass. Christianity has addressed itself to human nature, and it has found affinities with human nature wherever it has come. It has spoken to men's consciences, and their consciences have responded as to a Divine voice; it has reminded them of their spiritual necessities, and it has abundantly satisfied these necessities. And above all it has put before men great ideals, noble thoughts, the possibilities of elevation and of nobleness; and the basest savage has responded to appeals such as these. It is altogether impossible to calculate the progress in Christian missions that has been made during these eighty-six years. It has proved, I think, beyond all question, that the conversion of the world is no longer a dream, but that it is a feasible thing. And we go forth to do this work—the work of civilisation, of which Christianity is the great secret—not by putting mere implements into the hands of savage men, not by the mere teachings of the scientist and the schoolmaster, but by the inculcation of great moral ideas, by seeking directly to develop all that is noblest in their manhood, by appealing to their hearts and consciences, by giving them large ideas concerning God, and human life, and human possibility. In this way Christianity evokes the most powerful of all responses of which human hearts are capable. Well, that

is one side of it. And to this let me add that we are not seeking to convert the world by European missionaries alone. As we have just heard from the Report, at every stage of our missionary progress we are calling into existence missionaries among the natives, who shall themselves take up the work that we begin; and I for one am anticipating the time when we Europeans shall gradually withdraw from our various missionary fields; when we shall no longer have to say to our neighbour, "Know the Lord;" when native pastors, as in the South Seas, in the West Indies, and in India, shall be multiplied; and when the work of evangelisation may be safely left to them. Is it then worth while to carry missions to the heathen to accomplish these results? There is a certain selfishness that sometimes urges the plea that it really is not. First, it is a sacrifice of money; and yet one is almost ashamed to stand upon a missionary platform and talk about a sacrifice of money. Why, we British men and women last year spent seventy millions of money in alcoholic drinks, while our entire contribution to the evangelisation of the world was £700,000. I think, therefore, the less said about the sacrifice of money the better. But, in addition to the sacrifice of money, this work involves a large

SACRIFICE OF MEN,

and these the noblest men the nation can supply; for their very consecration is proof of what a noble and heroic type they are, and what mighty moral forces they would be in our own society if they continued in it. We are reminded by the Report that among this noble army of martyrs a very prominent place is due to our very dear and honoured friend Dr. Mullens; his name has been mentioned again and again since the intelligence of his death reached us, always eliciting some tribute of respect, and, from those who knew him best, of very warm and tender affection. I think we shall all agree that, if any man was ever given to this Society who was imbued and inspired with what I will call the genius of missions, it was Dr. Mullens. Cradled amid missionary influences, brought up among missionary ideas, he took to missions with a kind of natural instinct, and missions became the ruling, almost the exclusive, idea of his life. It seemed to him quite a matter of course that he should go as a missionary. The thought of exercising his ministry in any other field of labour seems scarcely to have occurred to him. Hence the wonderful simplicity of his character, the enthusiasm with which he gave himself to the work that he had to do, the unselfishness which I think has never been exceeded by any man whom I have ever known, the simple entireness with which he gave himself to the idea to which he had consecrated his life. His manifold gifts rendered him a missionary of unusual efficiency. He had a great aptitude for language; he had upon him a *cacoëthes ambulandi*, and never liked to be at rest; the love of travel was in him almost a passion. His scientific acquirements were of no mean order. He had a remarkable power of acquisition, so that whatever he saw he appropriated and assimilated, and it became part and parcel of his nature. He had a considerable power of eloquence—eloquence that has often held us in this hall almost spell-bound—an element of poetry in forming and beautifying it, and making it attractive even to the most prosaic; a piety that was scarcely qualified, always referring to the Divine will and to the Divine love; and, above all—perhaps crowning all—a kind of optimism, which, wherever he went, induced him to look at the best side of things, to believe hopefully and

brightly. In his church life—and he was, as some of you know, a member of my church during the years that he was in England—he always looked at things on the spiritual side, always spoke of things in the most hopeful way. A depressing word, a deterrent word, a disparaging word, never fell from his lips. These various qualifications made him a missionary of no mean order, full of enterprise, full of indefatigableness, and they gave him successes, not as a discoverer—that was not his field—but in the work to which he gave himself—successes that I think have been second to none achieved by the most adventurous missionaries of this Society. I will not speak of the advance at home which these eighty-six years have witnessed, and yet a great deal might be said on that point. If the progress of missionary idea and missionary enterprise has been marvellous, I think the progress of religious tone and of moral elevation in

OUR HOME SOCIETY

has been no less remarkable. Whether we look at social tone and habit, at the purity and elevation of the home, at the spirit of trade, at the expansion of benevolence, at the nobler uses of property, at the various enterprises of philanthropy and benevolence, I doubt whether any century has witnessed a greater moral and religious progress than the past century has witnessed in our English society. And to what are we to attribute this? I say unhesitatingly to the spirit of Christian enterprise developing itself chiefly in our foreign missions. It is very easy to say that “charity begins at home,” and to urge the old plea of selfishness—“That which thou hast done in Capernaum, do here also in thine own country.” It is easy enough for selfishness to urge such a claim as that. But, even admitting its validity, if you carry this principle far enough, you will invalidate to the individual man all the claims of home, and to the father of a family all the claims of social life, all the claims of patriotism. There must be a limit to the working of selfishness, even taking selfishness on its own low ground. We all know, moreover, that the work of home is never so efficiently done as in the presence of great ideas and great ideals. Let a man put a great ideal before him, and he will do the simplest and lowliest duty the more effectually for its filling his vision. Great principles are the inspiration of the least duties of life. I think, too, that our missions are operating very powerfully in counteraction of some of the characteristic vices and evils of our home life. I do not know anything that is more beautiful, effective, or valuable, than the practical contradiction which missions give of infidel theories, as they are propounded, greatly to our perplexity, by subtle men at home. Ideas are to be tested not only by their historic evidence, not only by their intrinsic truth, but by their practical moral force; and in reply to all speculative objections to Christian ideas it is sufficient for us to adduce the achievements of these ideas—what Christianity is doing in Madagascar, in the South Seas, in India, and elsewhere. That idea which is the greatest moral force and which does most for men is presumably the truest idea. And so with the tendency to selfishness—to absorb things upon our own indulgence and comfort; the tendency to worldliness—to put an undue value upon material things; the tendency to morbid religiousness—all these are counteracted by the healthful influence of Christian enterprise. If you wish churches to be peaceful, fill them with aggressive work; if you wish men to be pious, devoted, caring for the souls of others, there is no greater counteraction to the ills of personal religious life than enterprise and self-

sacrificing religious work. Let me add that the sentiment of brotherhood is wonderfully promoted and increased by our Christian missions. We learn to recognise men as of one blood, as members of one great family of God ; and we recognise this brotherhood on the lofty platform of religious right and wrong, the lofty platform of Christian benevolence and sympathy and mutual care ; so that under the influence of Christianity and Christian missions (we have had one or two illustrations of this in the Report that has been read) wars cease, slavery is abolished, prerogative ceases to assert itself, wrong is redressed, and men learn to live as brethren. Then let me say, in conclusion, it is impossible for us to possess power, to enjoy privileges such as ours, without corresponding

RESPONSIBILITIES.

It seems to be in the order of God's providence that this little island of ours, less in territory than perhaps any of the great nations of the earth, should in some respects wield the greatest forces and exercise the greatest influences. In two things especially we exceed, perhaps, all nations now on the face of the earth. First, in our colonisation. We are planting colonies everywhere ; we are sending forth little rivulets of Englishmen into every land, which are becoming great rivers, everywhere making their fertilising agency felt. The English language is being spoken all over the globe, and bids fair to become the predominant speech of men. Then our commerce seeks every shore, and exercises its ingenuities in finding its way to every people. Now these are great distinctions of our English race ; they seem to be the result of our Saxon energy, of our enterprise, of our ingenuity, and they are achieving results in every aspect of them. But are coal and iron the only merchandise that Englishmen have to carry ? Is an Englishman a mere beast of burden to carry material comforts to the savage nations of the earth ? Do we not all feel that we have merchandise far more precious in our possession, something Divinely entrusted to us, that is far nobler, something that we are bound by every principle of fealty to Christ, and every feeling of brotherhood to man, to diffuse wherever our ships go ? Wherever English ships sail wherever English merchants trade, there is a responsibility to carry the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—that which above all things can bless men and elevate them, make their lives on earth noble, and fit them for the higher and nobler life hereafter.

REV. S. MACFARLANE, MISSIONARY FROM NEW GUINEA.

Mr. Chairman, my dear Christian Friends,—I have great pleasure in seconding the resolution which Dr. Allon has proposed, the latter part of which has special reference to New Guinea. I remember seven years ago I stood upon this platform and referred to certain changes which had taken place during fourteen years' labour in one of the islands of the Loyalty Group, a change from idolatry and cannibalism and constant war to the worship of the true God, peaceful industry, and growing education. I think I reminded you of the sort of work that had been accomplished in a comparatively short space of time—schools established, people worshipping in pretty respectable churches, the language reduced to writing, the New Testament and Psalms translated, which I was then carrying through the press. I had just returned from New Guinea, and was here not only to

see the old country after fourteen years' absence and carry the New Testament and Psalms through the press, but to get, if possible, a little steamer. Those of you who read our Reports may remember that in 1870 the Directors of our Society asked me if I would transfer my services from the Loyalty Group to establish a mission in New Guinea. Well, I happen to be a Scotchman in addition to being brought up at Manchester, and we Scotch are supposed to be "canny." Although the Directors had not requested that any prospective voyage should be made before I came home, I thought it would not be a bad thing to have a look at New Guinea, and take some teachers there who might be carrying on the work while we were arranging about it here. Accordingly, Mr. Murray and I in 1871 went down and commenced a mission in New Guinea. We formed stations at Darnley and Dauan and Saibai. These were the first stepping stations to the mainland; but the first stations formed on the mainland were in the vicinity of the Fly River, at Katau and Turi-Turi. These were all amongst what is called the Papuan tribe. We had teachers simply from Western Polynesia who were Papuans, and so we commenced among the Papuans. We then paid a visit to the lighter coloured races on the south-east peninsula, and sent to the South Sea Islands to get teachers of their colour, and a mission amongst them was established in the following year, when I was in England, by Mr. Murray and Mr. Gill. Well, there is nothing very poetical in our first intercourse with savages, unless you can get poetry out of mud and mangrove, poisoned spears and human bones. I have a very lively recollection of our visit to the vicinity of

THE FLY RIVER.

When you are surrounded by two hundred natives, and those cannibals, armed with poisoned spears and arrows, and your boats are high and dry on a mud bank a quarter of a mile off, it is not a very poetical feeling that you experience at such a time. I remember there was a great excitement going on in the outer circle. We knew little about the natives, but we knew that the best way was to keep down excitement if possible, and never to look afraid—although we do feel afraid sometimes. It appeared that two war canoes had arrived, and there was evidently a disturbance getting up, but we did not know what it was about. Those who were immediately around us wanted us to sing, and there we were, sitting on a log, singing, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." I am not very sure that we kept good time, because we had one eye on the boat and the other on the natives, and we were longing for the rising tide. It all turned out very well, as it often does when we manage to keep down excitement. There was one thing we discovered which impressed itself very strongly upon our minds. The coast was nearly all unsurveyed. Many of the natives were armed with these poisoned spears and arrows, and we knew that there were currents, and mud flats, and sand banks along the coast, and we accordingly felt that, whether the Society had had steam or not before, the time had now come for a small steamer, and that we ought to have, in some form or other, steam power to commence our work in that great island. I came home with these ideas. When I went to Dundee, and was staying there with my respected hostess, whom we all know and revere for her kindness to this Society, she got to take an interest in the matter. So the little *Ellengowan* was purchased and equipped, and made her way steaming out from

England through the canal to Australia, and began her work. My respected colleague, Mr. Lawes, whom you know, was appointed to go from the Savage Island Mission and take charge of the New Guinea Mission, amongst the lighter-coloured tribes with whom he had been labouring on the south-east peninsula. I was requested to continue my work amongst the Papuans, which I did, and at the request of the Directors gave five years more especially to the work of pioneering along the coast of New Guinea. We did not find that very much, or, indeed, anything, had been done in the way of surveying. I am not going into all the difficulties we had to encounter with our little steamer; but we not only found that New Guinea was the largest island in the world, as long as from London to Constantinople, and 500 miles wide in some parts, but that it was the darkest and the most neglected island in the world; that, whilst all the great stirring events of the missionary age have been taking place, whilst the light of God's truth has been dispelling darkness upon 200 islands in the South Seas, and the Gospel has been sapping the position of ancient systems of idolatry in India, China, and different parts of the world, and families and whole islands have been giving up their idols and coming to take a place amongst the civilised and the saved, the people of New Guinea have been revelling in an abominable

CANNIBALISM AND IDOLATRY.

It has been so for ages; the people have been sitting in their cocoa-nut groves under the trees, mending their bows and making their poisoned arrows, and preparing to make raids upon unsuspecting villages for victims for their cannibal feasts. There they are still, as they have been for so many years, decorating themselves and their houses with paint and feathers and human skulls and bones. Ah! they present a strange contrast to the beautiful island in which they live, with its magnificent forests, its splendid mountains, its fertile valleys, its rich plains, its sunny slopes, its green-clad hills, and those grand rivers of which you have read, with flowing streams and dashing cascades, its groves of cocoa-nut trees and well-cultivated gardens, with its spices, masooi bark, and betel-nut. There it lies beneath the blazing tropical sun, with its head lifted up four or five miles into the cool atmosphere above the sea. One cannot help feeling that even now, as we are sitting in this room, there may be heard what we have often heard when we have gone up the rivers and along the coast—the shrieks of the victims; that there is the war horn sounded as we have often heard it; that there is the curling smoke on the hills from the beacons calling men to arms; just the same sort of thing that has been going on for ages. I can tell you, my friends, although you cannot realise it, perhaps, that there is nothing makes so strong an appeal to a man when he is anchored up those rivers as to hear, not only those abominable sounds from the cockatoo, and the other strange sounds from the bush, but the beating of drums and the shrieks of suffering women and children in the night. It is that that makes an appeal to a man's feelings when he is in a country of that kind. It is a grand thing to feel that you are opening up a great country like that, with its vegetable and mineral wealth, its gold, its coal, its iron, its ebony, its cedarwood, its rosewood—that is something; but it is still more to feel that we are saving millions of people there from present misery and future death. Now, how is the work to be carried on in a place like that? Well, we have had the experience of a brave band of Dutch missionaries, who commenced a mission

at the north end of New Guinea. All of them have passed away, their mission has been broken up, and there is but one man left to tell the tale in Germany. These men, amidst suffering, privation, and death, attempted at least to do a glorious work for their Master. We had the experience of those men, and we had our own experience, and we had such information as we could collect from sailors, pearl-sellers, Dutch reports, and so on, all of which led us to feel that in a country like New Guinea you must move cautiously. Rashness simply means defeat. You must study the conditions of health in a country like that; for if they are not studied and followed, a torrid clime rigorously inflicts a penalty in proportion to the neglect. I felt strongly from the first that in order to open up a mission in New Guinea you have to work upon different lines from those in the South Sea Mission. The best thing we can do there, the thing that has been done for years, is to settle down amidst the people in order to work for them; but to try that out in New Guinea, along that 600 miles of coast where the villages are near swamps or stagnant pools, would simply mean the death of our teachers, the leaving of the missionary, and the collapse of the mission. The great point is to select healthy centres. It is best to be on a hill a mile away, where you can live for years amongst them, and have a central educational department where the natives could be trained, and you could acquire the language and work for the people. It is better to be a mile away and have the trouble of going down to them and working for them, than to try and live amongst them for eighteen months and then have to leave altogether. We have a brave band of

NATIVE TEACHERS,

of whom you have heard so much, but never too much; and we have a great responsibility in connection with these men. The best and kindest thing for them is not to settle down amongst them, so that they have to nurse us instead of our nursing them. The best plan is to have a retreat—a sort of sanatorium—as near as possible, so that we can attend to them when they have the fever and keep the mission going at the same time. In this way we have put our foot down firmly, and there is no fear of the mission going to pieces. I remember when I went out as a missionary twenty-two years ago, my old friend Buzacott, a well-known name in connection with the South Sea Mission, said to me, “Now, you are a young man; let me give you a piece of advice—never do what a native can do.” Well, I have tried to act upon that advice. I find that there is plenty to do that the natives cannot do. The best way to improve our time is to reduce the languages to writing, which they cannot do; to translate the Scriptures, to prepare school-books, to superintend the work of the native teachers, and train a native ministry; but, above all, in a new mission, to move about rapidly amongst the different teachers. That is a machinery that must be kept well oiled and in good order. These men, I consider, are better adapted for getting at the heathen than we are ourselves—that is my experience. They are acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, and they naturally avoid mistakes that we are apt to make. I do not think the people in this country know very well what a native teacher is. It is rather amusing sometimes to hear people’s ideas on the subject. A native teacher is not a local preacher such as you have in this country; he is not a village teacher such as you have here; but I will tell you what he is. He may be a man only removed one stage from cannibalism. The eight men that we

took down in 1871 to begin the mission with were all the sons of cannibals, and two of them had been cannibals themselves. But, let me tell you, there is no mistaking their theology. You always know where they are. There is the full, free, and simple Gospel. When I was in the north a little while ago, I heard of a young sprig of divinity who was settled down in one of our Lancashire churches. Of course he was immensely superior to the people amongst whom he was living. An old college chum of his came to spend a few days with him, and he said to him, "Just come round and visit my people with me, and you will see what sort of a clod-hopping intellect we have to deal with." They went round, and in the first house they went to they saw the good lady washing. After some commonplace remarks, the young pastor said, "Well, Bettie, how many persons are there in the Trinity?" "Two," she replied. Then the good old soul took her arms out of the tub, shook the suds off, and wiped them with her apron. Then looking at a portrait on the wall, she exclaimed, "When that old man were here, bless his memory" (he was the former pastor), "there were *three*, but since you have been here there are only two." Now that sort of thing never could be said of one of our teachers, I am sure. These are the sort of men that we have to carry the Gospel from island to island and from group to group, as has been done from Tahiti down to Western Polynesia and now onward to New Guinea. I want to refer briefly to some of the

CONDITIONS OF THE WORK.

You have all heard how despotic the South Sea Island chiefs are. In going round New Guinea, we have never found a respectable chief yet. Theirs is a kind of patriarchal government, and one man is about as good as another; so that if we are received in one village, it is likely to excite jealousy in the next; and that is a serious difficulty in our work. Another difficulty is the variety of languages—not dialectic forms merely, but real difficulties in the language. In the island where we have our central station for the western branch, Murray Island, so strangely different is the language that I have sometimes thought that Max Müller ought to be acquainted with the fact. There is nothing like it in the South Seas. The language has regular declensions, a dative and an ablative case, and there is nothing like that in any other part of New Guinea, or even the South Seas; so that it is an interesting question where these people could have come from. Then there is another thing that I wish to refer to, and that is the cannibalism of the people. I want you to understand that cannibalism is a reality. The men think it perfectly legitimate to go out and make raids upon villages to get victims, and they look upon them as so much human beef. They think no more of that than you think of going to market in this country. They have very little idea of cruelty; they look at things from their own point of view; and when they get their victims, they will break the arms at the elbow-joint, and the legs at the knee-joint, and then throw them in the canoes and take them home, cooking one to-day and another to-morrow, if the poor wretches live in that condition. I will not draw pictures of these things, as I might do; but let me, by way of illustration, mention a conversation that I had with a cannibal just before I left, and I am not sure that he had not the best of the argument. When I was talking to him about cannibalism, and wishing him to give it up, he said, "But, you know, it is only our enemies; we never eat our friends. It is right to

eat our enemies. Have you got no enemies in your country?" I was obliged to confess we had people who were sometimes regarded as enemies. "Well," said he, "do you never fight?" I was obliged to confess that we did. "And do you never kill anybody?" I was very glad he did not ask me how many, for I could not have told him; there would have been no words in his language to tell him that. But when he found out that we did kill people, he said, "Do not you eat them?" "No," I said, "we do not eat people in our country." The man looked perfectly astounded. "Then what do you kill them for?" said he; "we kill our enemies because we like them, but you kill them for nothing at all." If I had been able to represent to that man's mind the thousands of people slain upon the battlefield, I have no doubt whatever that his idea would have been, what a splendid lot of beef! I want you to realise the feelings of this man when he said to me, and he said it earnestly, "How is it that you kill people if you do not want to eat them?" You see, there are a great many things that we have to look at from the native point of view. Even when the natives come from the savage to the civilised state, there are many things that we think very ludicrous and stupid; but you must look at them from their point of view. I remember being told of a young chief who was on board one of our trading ships when the sailors were opening a barrel of porter. He knew nothing about fermentation, and he was looking on in wonder when, through some mistake that occurred, the porter came out like a fountain. The sailors were very much annoyed at losing their porter, and they tried to stop it, but it forced its way up like a liquid umbrella. The man began to laugh heartily, and the captain told me that he lay down on the deck mightily amused. The sailors were very much annoyed, and asked him why he laughed at the porter coming out of the cask. "I was not laughing at that," said he; "I was laughing to think what a difficulty you must have had to get it in." I repeat, we must look at a number of these questions from a native point of view, and the probability is that, if we had not done so, I should not have been here to tell you anything about the matter to-day.

OUR LITTLE STEAMER

has been moving about constantly, doing a great deal of work—the captain and engineers think too much work—along 600 miles of coast, visiting a hundred places, and providing for the wants of thirty stations. New rivers, bays, harbours, and so on have been discovered, which are nearly all of them placed on the Admiralty charts, so that our steamer has really been a public benefit. We have always rendered assistance to naturalists, explorers, or any one else interested in opening up the country. We wish it to be opened up, and we should like to see a people engaged in commercial and other pursuits there. Just let me give an illustration which will serve to show how we manage to get at the people in our pioneering work. Let me suppose that we are going to Hall Sound, which is the eastern extremity of my locality amongst the Papuans. I thought it would be a good thing to begin the mission there, and we went there in our little ship. Now, when the captain and the crew have taken the vessel to a place, they say, "We have nothing further to do." When they have dropped anchor they turn round and say, in looks, if not in so many words, "Now it is for you to begin your work." The natives, it may be, are dancing about on the shore with their murderous weapons, and we have to land amongst them. It is an easy matter to go amongst

them when they know that we are their friends, but not otherwise. The difficulty is first of all to impress them with the idea that we are their friends, and that takes some time. Take, for instance, this visit to Hall Sound. I have made it a principle never to go on shore with a white man ; I had too much experience amongst the natives for that—I mean with white crews. We believe in black crews, and we have a black crew in the *Ellengowan*. I know their language, and I have confidence in them ; and I went on shore with five of these men. We knew what sort of a place it was, and we thought we had well arranged our plans. When a man goes out to a work of that kind he ought to be a consecrated man before he leaves ; but then it is not because he is a consecrated man that he is not to take every precaution to protect himself and his vessel. We took every precaution, and I said to two of these men, "You keep the boat in deep water," and to the other three I said, "You come on shore with me, and if any disturbance takes place there is always the chance of our boat being afloat." Well, that seemed a very good arrangement ; but when we got near the coast a number of natives got round the boat, and they hauled us up high and dry on the beach. Now that was a fact that we had not calculated upon. If we had had the sailors with us, they would perhaps have insisted on putting the boat into deep water, which would have been a great mistake, because it would have got up a disturbance. We were in their hands, and it was evident that we should have to go with them. I asked where the village was. One of the men took me by the hand, another took another man, and so on, and we were marched into the bush by a narrow path, which is precisely what would have been done if there had been treachery. We walked along for about a quarter of a mile. I had never seen a village so far from the coast before, and I thought there was treachery. Now, in circumstances like that, it never does to let the natives think you are afraid ; but I don't mind confessing to you that we did feel a little shaky on that occasion. However, there was nothing for it but to go with them. We did so, and it all came right. We came to a very nice village ; we made the people presents, and they made us presents in return, and we arranged for the establishment of a mission. I was very much touched by the kindness of a poor savage chief there on the second night. He seemed to take a great liking for me, and I professed, at least, a very great liking for him, and we exchanged names. At night he said, "Now, I will protect you." Our teachers were sleeping in a house about fifty yards off, and a kind of shed was apportioned to me—a pretty good native house, in its way. I had slung my hammock across the room, and as I lay in it the chief thought I was asleep, and he came in with a handful of spears and a stone club, and quietly laid them down by my hammock. Believing that I was asleep, I suppose he thought that he must guard me then. I thought if I was not in better keeping than that, I should not like to go about the coast of New Guinea ; but I had no fear of that man, because I believed that if anybody had come to interfere with me that night, he would have to go over the chief's dead body. At some places along the coast it is no easy matter to get away from the people. You have heard my brother Lawes tell you about the people stealing. I think they come up to the London thieves at that. On one occasion, when some of them were on board the steamer, they stole everything they could lay their hands on, even wrenching the magnets on each side of the compass, and trying to carry off the furnace doors, large as they were. They were lying on the deck,

because we had made some temporary furnace doors, having lowered the fire bars in order to try and burn wood. The men tried to get the doors into their canoes after they had stolen nearly everything else. It seemed that they wanted to get up a disturbance, so we thought it best to get away as soon as possible. Accordingly we just took up anchor, and the vessel was under way before the men had calculated upon anything of the kind, and it was amusing to see how their plans were at once abandoned, and their thoughts directed to the best way of getting away from us. I never saw the decks cleared in so short a time. They were flying in all directions into their canoes and into the sea, in order to get out of the difficulty. There have been places where we could not get out of the difficulty. In one place, for instance, we were in a bay on a dark rainy night; the people came to us five times during the night in three canoes, and, if we had not been on the watch, they would have taken our vessel and murdered all on board, but when they found that we were on the watch, they sheered away. When we found the place so unhealthy, we were obliged to go elsewhere and look for a place up the rivers. It is a grand thing to have a vessel that will enable us to get 260 miles up a river and back again without any collision with the natives. We managed to get up the Fly River. We broke our shaft coming down again, and that was not a very poetical situation to be in—to have the screw of the vessel broken opposite a large village, when in one of the houses, 400 or 500 feet long, there were people assembled who had come out to attack us on the way up. However, we always managed to conciliate the natives, and, where we could not conciliate them, we thought there was no harm in trying to frighten them away rather than run the risk of a collision. We went up and down that river without any collision with the natives at all, and, when the report of that voyage was read before the Royal Geographical Society, they said it was one of the finest pioneering voyages of modern times. Yet there are some people in this country who seem to think that we should not even frighten the natives, that if they wanted to cut off our heads and take the vessel it would be somehow or other for the honour and glory of missions, and therefore we should let them do it. All I have to say is that we look at things from different points of view. We looked at that matter from a Fly River point of view, and it seemed to us that it would be more for the honour and glory of this Society, better for the work and for ourselves, and altogether more humane and missionary-like, if we prevented a collision where there must have been bloodshed. We did it all in a harmless way, and I think we deserved to get a medal from the Peace Society. What has been

THE EFFECT OF THE GOSPEL IN NEW GUINEA ?

I contend that if we had not done anything more than open up 600 miles of coast line, and established thirty mission stations, and gained the confidence of the people at all those places, that would have been something for seven years' work. But we have done more than that. There are four languages reduced to writing—that is something; we have school books translated into them; we have catechisms, and I had the pleasure before I left of giving the people the whole of the Gospel of St. Mark in their own language. Chapels have been built, and altogether there is a very great encouragement to go on with the mission. Take our station at Murray Island. In 1871 one of the Lifu men built a canoe and went

across to Murray Island to introduce the Gospel amongst people who were then strangling their children and living in heathenism and idolatry. That was only seven or eight years ago, and now eighteen months ago, having heard that in the South Sea Islands they collected all their idols together and burned them when they did not believe in them, I had the pleasure on coming back from a five months' cruise on the coast to find that these people had collected their idols together, and said that as they did not believe in them any more they wanted them to be burned. These people are not only rising in the scale of education, but they have a court-house, they have their magistrate, and they have appointed one of the chiefs as king. They have established a number of laws; they have twenty of their best young men appointed as policemen. They may do some very stupid things at first, but it will all come right by-and-by. And now let me give you an illustration of how the Gospel began to take effect upon them. Saibai is one of the islands off the coast on which we first established the mission, and from which we have had to clear out on two or three occasions. The natives are what are called skull-hunters—that is, they are constantly making raids on the mainland in order to get skulls, which they value as trophies. Well, I thought if we could get these fellows, who seemed to have a good deal of "go" in them, under the influence of the Gospel, and into an institution, they would make splendid pioneer teachers for the Fly River, and places where Europeans cannot live. So we worked away with the island for a long time, and two years ago I remember having a very interesting meeting with these people. A little chapel had been built, and they all got together and promised that they would give up skull-hunting. I did not attach too much importance to their promises, but I was very glad to get them. They said, "We will give up skull-hunting, and we will embrace Christianity." We had a very nice service, and, after I left, the teacher began to tell the people, "If you are going to embrace Christianity, you must do as we used to do in the South Seas; instead of quarrelling and fighting with people who come to see you, you must give them presents, and then, when you go to see them, they will give you presents in return." Well, by-and-by, the Fly River men came down—notorious warriors known all round the coast—to visit those who used to be old enemies of theirs at Saibai. These men said to the Fly River men, "No more fighting here; we are Christians now." The Fly River men seemed to think there was nothing like making hay while the sun shone, so after receiving presents of food they began plundering the plantations, which they thought they could do with impunity; they filled their canoes and went away in the night. This was rather too much for the Christianity of the Saibaiana, so they got out their fleet canoes and followed these men. On reaching them they did not give them a volley of arrows, as they would have done in days gone by, but they jumped into the water, pulled the outriggers off of the canoes, and sent the bananas and the cocoa-nuts floating about. One of the Saibaiana said, "Look here, you Fly River men, if we had not been Christians we should have killed you people." He said, "We have embraced Christianity now, and our teacher says we are to do good to those who injure us." I dare say the Fly River men could not see what good they had done them, but he said something to the men, who jumped into the water again, got the outriggers, and collected the food, and then said, "Now you go away to your home, and look out you don't come to repeat that." It was a grand thing for us to feel that the natives did not give

them their poisoned arrows as they would have done in days gone by. Looking back, it is only by comparing the natives as they are with what they were that we get

INSPIRATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

We often feel out in the mission-field that the work is not going on half quick enough for us, but we look back and remember what they were, and comparing them with what they are we think there is something being done after all. We heard something in the Report about eighty years ago; that, you say, is a long time. Think of the revolution that has taken place in that time in the South Seas. Take the Sandwich Group, where we read that fifty years after the mission commenced it was closed. There is a people who, at the cost of £250,000, and no more, have been lifted up from idolatry, with their own government, educating their own pastors, and all this within a comparatively few years. Take our Samoan mission. We are told the exports of that one group are over £200,000. Take Lifu, that I went to twenty-one or twenty-two years ago. When I tell you there are a dozen European storekeepers established on the island, that means trade. These men do not go there for nothing; they believe in 150 or 200 per cent. out yonder. Here are these stores established, and here are the people coming up both in education and civilisation. Ah! but take even New Guinea itself. I shall never forget the first night I landed, and I should like to compare it with the last night before I left. It is all very well for the captains of our vessels and those on board; their work is out at sea; but when they bring the vessel to a certain point, and the anchor is dropped, and they have their evening's chat and turn in, when very often the missionary paces the deck in great anxiety because he is to go on shore the next morning amongst a number of savages. I remember the feeling that came across me that night. I could see the fires through the grove of cocoa-nut trees; I could hear the drums beating; and I heard sometimes the shrieks of women. I knew that there was heathenism and cannibalism all round. Ah! but as I sat on the verandah of my little house at Murray Island the night before I came to this country, you must try and understand what my feelings were then. I was coming home to my own country and family; the opening up of the mission had been mostly accomplished, and here I was sitting on the verandah of this house, and I saw a fire in the cocoa-nut grove, just as I had done on that night before I landed. And as I sat there, and thought of the work that had been accomplished during the six or seven years, there was a sound that came warbling up the hill—it was not the shrieks of women, but it was one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. These people were engaged in their evening worship, and after the singing of the hymn and prayer, and the talking of the teacher, then came about two hours of singing, for they are very fond of it; they know nearly all Moody and Sankey's hymns. All this has been accomplished within eight years. It was twenty years before the missionaries of Tahiti had their hearts cheered by knowing that a native was praying to the true God. We have not had to wait twenty years for that in New Guinea. There were two young men down at Dauan, about a mile and a-half from the main; one of them was speared by the young chief to follow his father's spirit into spirit-land, but the other one became very serious and anxious, and made many inquiries from the teacher about the progress of Christianity in the South Seas

One day he walked out very thoughtfully, and the teacher suspecting that he was going out to pray, and being very anxious to know if there was a man in New Guinea who had begun to pray, went after him, and followed him until he came to a banana plantation. There he saw him kneel down under one of those trees; he clasped his hands, and this was his prayer: "O God, we hear that Thou art the great God, the true God, the only God. My heart is dark, the hearts of my countrymen are all dark; have pity on us, and give us light." I was exceedingly touched when I heard it, and greatly delighted, because I look upon that as New Guinea on its knees asking God for the greatest of all blessings—that He would give light. You remember that when the world was without form and void, the very first step towards order and beauty and life was the Divine command, "Let there be light." And now there is darkness brooding over New Guinea, and, if we are only faithful as we ought to be, we shall soon have that light spreading over that land. I was down yonder in Scotland a little while ago, and was talking to an old gentleman in the Indian Navy about this young man, and I said, "The Directors of our Society are talking about curtailing our mission in New Guinea for want of funds." As he bade me good-bye the tears were in his eyes, and he said, "My good sir, you dare not let the people alone there; you cannot withdraw; you must not excite hopes like these in the minds of those people and then withdraw." I said, "It is for you," and I say the same this morning—it is for the constituents of this Society to say whether we are to curtail our efforts. Therefore, let us only be faithful, not alone by giving, but by united prayer and effort. Of course prayer without effort would be simple superstition, and effort without prayer would be idolatry. We want the two blended, and then we shall very soon see the prayer of this young man answered—the light of the Gospel spreading all over New Guinea, that Gospel of light and love and peace.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The Rev. R. ROBINSON announced the following list of contributions:—Mr. James Spicer, £100; Mr. Albert Spicer, £50; Mr. W. R. Spicer, £50; Mr. Joseph Hoare, £21; A Friend, £30; Mr. G. H. Frean, £10; Mr. W. S. Gard, £5 5s.

The collection was then made, and a hymn sung.

THE SECOND RESOLUTION.

THAT this meeting—while regretting that in the important mission in Madagascar the onward course which has marked its recent history has been, in some measure, checked, not only by the temporary reduction of the missionary staff, through ill-health and other causes, but also, and especially, by the arrogant and violent procedure of the Roman Catholic party in the island—nevertheless expresses its gratitude to God that, notwithstanding serious financial difficulty, the general work of the Society has been carried on with its usual efficiency, and that the reports from the several fields indicate, for the most part, real and sound progress. That

J. Kamp-Welch, Esq., J.P., be Treasurer; the Rev. J. O. Whitehouse be Acting Foreign Secretary; the Rev. Robert Robinson be Home Secretary; and the Rev. Edward H. Jones be Deputation Secretary for the ensuing year. That the list of Directors and of the Board Committee nominated by the annual meeting of Directors be approved, and that the gentlemen therein named be appointed Directors for the year.

The Rev. F. TRESTRAIL said :—

I am here, sir, charged by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to thank you for the courtesy which you have shown me as a former secretary, and to the committee of that society. I take this as an expression of respect on the part of the Directors, and I acknowledge my obligation to them. The committee of the Baptist Missionary Society wish me to say that they rejoice in your past success, that they sympathise in the deep troubles through which you have been called to pass during the year which has gone; and it is their hope and prayer that this next year on which you have now entered may be one of unusual prosperity and blessing. It was the habit of my parents to receive Christian ministers into their house, and I attribute my early conversion mainly to the influence produced upon my heart and mind by the conversations of these men at my father's table. It was my good fortune when I came to London, after I had been a missionary in Ireland—and I can sympathise very deeply with the difficulties that missionaries have to encounter, having lived for five years in a city where, out of every ten persons I met, eight were intensely bigoted Roman Catholics—to have the privilege of joining the weekly meeting of the secretaries of the different missionary societies for the purposes of prayer, of conference, and of mutual consideration. I am sure that that gathering of secretaries has a most delightful influence upon the deliberations of our Boards of Directors, because we can so manage and arrange as not to cut into each other's work. Let me say one word to my brethren on the platform, most of whom are younger than I am. My dear friends, if you want to be effective ministers of the Gospel, lay hold of the principles that you have heard advocated this morning. Live upon them and act them out and bring them before your churches. Express them in the hymns that you sing. Do not forget your missionary prayer-meetings; study the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE; get the facts into your mind, and let them warm your hearts and move your intellects, and then go down and pour them out to your people. I unite with the Independent church in missionary services in Newport, and that is a phenomenon, they tell me. However, I shall never forget the effect produced upon the people last Monday when I read the touching account of the death of Mr. Cockin; tears came out of the eyes of half the people that were present, and then, without an intimation from either of the pastors, earnest prayers were offered up that God, in His great goodness, would support the widow, and fulfil His own gracious words, to be the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless. If that fact shall reach the eye of that lady, I know it will be a very great comfort to her to know that people who never heard her name until then, on hearing of her sorrows, commended her to the blessing and care of Almighty God. That is what this missionary spirit does for us. It makes us forget all our differences, except when we are obliged to state

them. We do not want here an ecclesiastical act of uniformity. What we want is the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. May God, in His infinite mercy, grant that this morning that spirit may be promoted and rendered more intense ; and then we can go and bend at His mercy-seat, and then we can say, "God be merciful to us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us ! Let Thy way be known upon earth, and Thy saving health amongst all nations. Eternal God, whose servants we are, let Thy beauty be upon us to-day and for evermore. Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

REV. J. RICHARDSON, MISSIONARY FROM MADAGASCAR.

I have been in Madagascar for more than ten years ; in fact, I was the last missionary sent out to Madagascar, as an idolatrous country ; for about four months after I arrived in that island, the idols, at least in the central portions, were committed to the flames. I have seen the immense progress that has been made in that island during those ten or eleven years ; I have visited nearly every station of the London Missionary Society in the central provinces ; I have laboured among the heathen portions ; I have travelled among the barbarian portions ; I have been within a span of losing my life ; in all that I felt that God has been with us ; that God has been working in that island ; that He has laid His hand upon that island ; and that the progress is real and true, and is deepening every day. It is a difficult matter to speak about Madagascar. If we tell the gratifying proofs which we have seen of the power of God's truth, we cannot but be enthusiastic, and people imagine we are painting pictures with too golden a tint, and that things cannot be so. They say we are exaggerating, and yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that great and glorious things have happened to Madagascar through the preaching of the Gospel. And then if we speak of the difficulties, of the gross heathen darkness, of the so-called Christians of Madagascar, some of our friends are faint-hearted, and say, "You are altogether depreciating your work, and we know very well that the land is not in that condition." I have laboured amid that heathen darkness for the last ten or eleven years, and you cannot conceive the danger that threatened the Church in Madagascar when that barbarian horde of nearly a quarter of a million came pouring down upon the infant churches in 1868, 1869, and 1870. I am astonished that the light was not completely extinguished, and had it not been that the Lord Himself was there, keeping the light burning, that barbarian horde would have extinguished it.

1866 TO 1880—A CONTRAST.

In 1866 we had some 79 congregations in Madagascar—that was the Madagascar which Mr. Ellis knew—and now, sir, in that island we have 1,142. I do not say that every one of those churches has been erected from a pure desire to worship the living God ; but there the chapels are built, and the people are crowding into them week by week. In 1866 there were 13,682 people gathered into the churches, but now we hear that there are more than a quarter of a million assembling Sabbath after Sabbath. In 1866 there were 5,255 church members ; now we have 70,000 professed followers of the Lord

Jesus Christ. I wish I could say that all these love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth—I know that many do not. Many of them are very ignorant, and many know nothing about the elementary truths of Christianity; but still they do express a desire, however feebly and however imperfectly, to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. Then, again, in 1866, we had 18 schools in the island, with 811 scholars; now we have 890 schools and 50,000 scholars. In 1868, when the barbarian horde came into the Church of Madagascar, there were 10 men striving to grapple with that great mass of heathen corruption. Some would say, “Why did not you give them Bibles?” But where were the Bibles to come from? We had not 1,000 Bibles in the country, and there were not more than 3,000 who could have read them. There were no schools where we could say the children could read, and there were no great centres of intelligence to which we could have sent teachers. It was in 1870 when the Testaments were sent out, and it was 1873 before the complete Bible came out. Now we have among our adult population 25,535 who can read, and among our children 25,365; and there are 36,245 complete copies of the New Testament, or of the Bible, in the hands of these readers. These people had no literature at that time. The missionaries had to make all their books; we have to print them—not to give them away, but to sell them to the people. Sometimes we can sell them very cheaply, through the grants of paper we have from the Religious Tract Society. Our Directors give us nothing beyond press, type, and printer; our press has to pay its way year by year. We have to make the books; we have to make readers for the books; and we have to remember that these churches are scattered over a great tract or district of country. We have no railways and no beasts of burden in Madagascar. We go from place to place in palanquins, and our districts are sometimes as far away from the central government, in actual time taken on the journey, as Malta or San Francisco are from London. In 1870 we had no proper training school; the college was simply an experiment, but it has been a success, and has given us from 100 to 150 students, who have gone out as evangelists and pastors. The normal schools have been a success, and we find the people increasingly willing to learn. They recognise that in the Christianity we are giving them they have indeed a message from God, the great God who made them, the great God who loved them, and that is our hope of Madagascar. But oh, what

DIFFICULTIES WE MEET WITH !

Some of them have been mentioned this morning. We have that great separation of districts; the great distances we have to travel, and that is a difficulty not easily overcome. Then we must remember the gross heathenism of the people; we must remember their servile nature; how ready they are to follow those in authority; how ready they are to bow in subjection to those set over them in worldly things. It is a difficulty we have to battle with again and again; for unless we can secure the approbation of the local governors our work is sometimes at a standstill. Then trade in Madagascar is not the help it ought to be; it is mostly an ungodly trade—it is rum, gunpowder, and guns; and while the Queen and her husband, the Prime Minister, are staunch teetotallers, and would keep all intoxicating spirits out of the island, it is British interests, French interests, and

American interests which are being forced upon the people, and barrels of rum are taken there against the express wish and law of the Queen and the Prime Minister. Then you must remember that we have the Catholic priests there, and they persecute the people in the distant districts. In one district where I laboured two years the priests have had the evangelists put into chains, and many a poor lad has been persecuted almost to death by those who go out as the professed servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. They (the priests) know that the people love the Bible, and they taunt us in their publications, circulated over the country, with these words, "You sell your Bibles to keep your wives and children." I hope we shall sell thousands more, not to keep our wives and children, but to bring peace and happiness to the wives and to the little children of Madagascar, who would not know what peace and happiness were but for the Gospel. Then, again, we are troubled and hindered on every side by want of men. There is an impression abroad that Madagascar has been pampered and nursed. Why, it has been just the reverse. For every missionary on the island there are forty churches to be taken care of, and for every one at liberty to do direct evangelistic work there are sixty churches waiting for him. We only began to train native agents ten or eleven years ago, and we are troubled on every hand, because we are only twenty-eight men, including four belonging to the Friends Foreign Missionary Association. Sometimes our hands hang down; we feel ourselves so utterly unable to grapple with all the work that lies before us.

I think, however, there are some of the

INDIRECT RESULTS OF THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL

which are as remarkable as the great increase in the number of attendants on public worship. It was only in 1868 that the people had set to them a public example of what a Christian married life ought to be, and you ought to look upon the Queen and the Prime Minister as being, next to the Gospel, the grandest and most blessed power that ever has been exercised in Madagascar. Before 1868 it could not have been imagined that a Queen could have been the one wife of one husband, or that a Prime Minister could be the one husband of one wife. Since then the Queen of Madagascar and her husband, the Prime Minister, have lived as purely and as holily together as man and wife as any of us present in this room this morning, and that I consider one of the grandest testimonies to the power of Christianity. Then if we look at the homes of the people we see that they are building better houses and getting better clothed. And we must remember it is only three years ago since the stupid law of divorce was abolished. The Queen and her husband lived for eight years as an example of home purity to the people before they made a law saying that the absurd way of giving a woman sixpence, and saying, "I have done with you," and then marrying another the next day and sending her away the next must be abolished for ever. No undue pressure was brought to bear upon the people in this matter, but the Queen and the Prime Minister were an example for eight years before they declared that polygamy should come to an end. Since 1868 there has been no civil tumult in Madagascar, and before that time civil tumult was the order of the day. The people are very warlike, and Radama, the great king, who first came prominently before the British public, was a great warrior. He travelled all over the island,

and the curse of Radama was a very terrible one. His soldiers on some occasions slaughtered 20,000 men, captured 20,000 or 30,000 women and children, and devastated the whole country. Now, as a contrast to this, let me tell you that about six years ago a rebellion broke out in a distant part of the country, and 10,000 soldiers were called out and despatched, with perhaps 20,000 or 30,000 camp-followers, into that district. What was the wish of the Queen and the Prime Minister? It was that the soldiers should go into the country, subdue the rebellious tribes, and come back without taking life. The Prime Minister said to the soldiers, "Remember, you go now as Christians and not as barbarians, and you must go into that country, and you must not repeat those cruel practices of former days." The churches in Antananarivo met day after day in prayer-meetings, and subscription lists were opened to buy quinine and other medicines, that the soldiers might be properly provided for. The soldiers themselves, before they encamped for the night, met for prayer, and they assembled every morning for the same object. They prayed that God would keep them from shedding blood and from pillaging the country. They arrived there, they fired not a single shot to hurt a man, they slew not a single ox, they paid for every fowl that they had, they burnt not a single village, they subdued the country, and went back again without carnage and without capturing a single slave. Had that happened in 1867 thousands of men would have been slaughtered, and thousands of women and children carried away. Do not go away with the idea that slavery has been abolished in Madagascar. The time has not come for that yet, but we have a glorious instalment in the setting free of the Mozambiques. The Treaty with England required that all Mozambiques introduced since 1866 should be set free. The Prime Minister and the Queen had a difficulty there. They could not set free every one. You must remember the whole administration was corrupt, and every man would keep as many Mozambique slaves as he could, and would send word to the Prime Minister and Queen that he had none, and he could bribe all who went up to the capital. It was therefore very difficult to set the Mozambiques free. By the proclamation of the Queen, not only the Mozambiques introduced prior to or since 1866 were set free, but also their children, and any one who could prove that he had a drop of foreign blood in his veins was free. What delighted me, however, was that the Prime Minister should stand forth and put it on this grand broad basis, not simply on the Treaty with England, but that they had accepted Christianity, and it was not right that they should hold such men and women in slavery. Again, you must remember that in Madagascar we had until very recently no local registrars, police officers, nuisance inspectors, and the like to look after the social order of the people. It is only about three years ago that they were appointed. The greatest sign of progress is seen in

THE LATE CONSCRIPTION.

When the Mozambiques were emancipated the people were disturbed in mind, and when the registrars or police officers were appointed, and they were required to register births, deaths, marriages, agreements about money, and so on, they became alarmed. They said, "The Queen has taken our slaves. She now wants to know how many children we have, and where our money is. What does it all

mean!" It was whispered all over the country that the Queen was going to make a conscription, and it sent terror into every heart. Why? Radama came down to the schools one morning, and, seeing how nice the lads looked, said, "I will have them for my soldiers;" and he did so, and some of those men have been serving successive queens of Madagascar since, and have never had one fraction of pay. It was scarcely to be wondered, then, that mothers and fathers were afraid, and wished to take their boys away from school. And we had a little fright, too. Remember that we have nothing to do with politics. We simply go on teaching and preaching. We were terribly alarmed, because if the Queen had sent the Prime Minister into our schools to take the lads out as soldiers, we could not have objected. The people, however, got more and more alarmed, and one day we went to the great plain, and there was a review of some 10,000 troops. After all the preliminaries, the Prime Minister had to appear before the Queen to declare his intention to serve her with all the fervour and zeal that he had, and, standing in the presence of the 10,000 soldiers, he said to the Queen, "Madam, such a one of your ancestors brought gunpowder, such a one brought cannon, such a one did this; you yourself," he said, "have brought an Armstrong gun, you yourself have brought a Gatling gun, you yourself have given Snider rifles to these people, and so long as we find large and powerful tribes practically unsubdued and barbarous, and so long as European nations are arming—and we do not know what their intentions are—so long as they will bring rum and gunpowder into the country, it is necessary that we should be on our guard. We do not wish to undertake any more military expeditions, but we do wish to be prepared lest some one should wish to take our own from us. But," he said, "while one has done this, and another has done the other, you, Madam, have introduced the grandest subduing force into the island, which is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." We did rejoice. I felt it was a right time to rejoice that they should be depending, not upon swords and bayonets, but upon the Gospel, to give peace and quietness to that island. When the proclamation was made it proved to be altogether unlike what had been expected. One clause was to the effect that pastors of Christian churches for the future should be set free from military duty. I dare say it will amuse you to think that pastors should be soldiers. Why, I have seen our good men sometimes get into the pulpit on Sunday, and preach the Gospel with the fervour of Primitive Methodists, and on the Tuesday afterwards they have gone to the Great Plain with a cocked hat, epaulettes, sword, and big boots, and have been generals and captains, and all the rest of it. A number of years ago we thought we might talk to the Prime Minister, and ask him to set them free from Government service; but he said, "Gentlemen, you do not know what you are talking about. It may be all very well for you in England and in other parts of the world to set pastors free from military duty; but in Madagascar every man, including myself, is the slave of the Queen, and we are to do just as she tells us." We had no indignation meetings, no petitions; we went quietly about our work, and now for the future no pastor of the Christian Church is to do military duty. Another clause was, no child from school should be taken as a soldier, and no teacher; also, that it should not be a life service, binding on the poor only, but a five years' service, binding upon all. The result was that in less than a fortnight 20,000 men came and voluntarily offered themselves for the first conscription in that very military

service from which three weeks ago they would have fled to the uppermost parts of the kingdom. You have heard a great deal about

A STATE CHURCH IN MADAGASCAR.

Sometimes we have got alarmed about a State Church. We felt that it would be an awful burden upon the people. Just let me tell you, however, the history of the Missionary Society, by which you will get a side light into the question of this State Church in Madagascar. Five or six years ago the people determined to form a missionary society, and when it was accomplished it was arranged that the European missionaries should be put in a minority on the Board, and the native pastors and deacons should really take the conduct of affairs. Two men were ordained in that church built on the Tarpeian Rock, and were sent out as missionaries. They went to a wild heathen tribe. They began teaching the little children and inviting people to come to pray; but the natives got suspicious of them. Kindness, politeness, honesty, and sobriety were not understood by the heathen, and they drove the two young men away, and they had to come back to Antananarivo, and say, "We have failed." We thought this perhaps would break up the society, but no; the natives met again a year afterwards, and decided to send two more, and I was appointed to go with them. We went five weeks' journey among barbarous tribes. I was told I should be killed. By some kings I was driven from the towns, and by others I was protected and encouraged. At last I saw those evangelists settle down, and I went on to the coast. There I was set upon by some of those barbarous kings, and in broad daylight robbed of everything I had, and left destitute twenty-five miles from a drop of water, and 500 miles from my home, with only one lad by me. By God's good guidance, I got back, and told the people how I had seen these men settle among the Tanosy; but that I was afraid it would not last. In twelve months those men were back again; they had to retreat.

Twice had the infant Missionary Society resolved to send the Gospel to the heathen, and twice the heathen had snapped their fingers at them, and said they would not have them. We met again, although some 1,200 or 1,300 dollars in the notion of some had been wasted. And as we met the third time, we got the palace church to join with us, and asked the Prime Minister to come and take the chair, and he did so, and the man who, twelve years before, would have gone up to his knees in mud to give honour to the idols came into one of our pulpits as chairman of the Missionary Society; and he did it very well, too. His first words in addressing the meeting were, "Ladies and gentlemen,—As Prime Minister of Madagascar, I have no right here, but as a man, loving the Lord Jesus Christ, and desirous to promote and further His Kingdom, I have as much right here as any one of you." He reminded them how the martyrs prayed in former times, "When, oh, when shall we have a Christian Queen?" God had sent them a Christian Queen, and they were all desirous of sending the Gospel to the heathen. He narrated how they had oppressed the people in former times. He spoke to the evangelists, five in number, who were going out, and said, "Do not say to the people—put away your idols because we are sent by the Queen." He said, "If you use force and compulsion, your work will fail; you will not propagate the principles of the Gospel of Peace by any pressure. Go with the gentleness,

patience, and perseverance of Christ; show the people the better way, and you will wean them from their superstitious practices." The people cheered him to the echo. As the meeting broke up, I met him at the vestry door, and he took me by the hand, and said, "Mr. Richardson, did you note the enthusiasm of that audience?" I said, "Yes." "Could not I rule the Church of Madagascar if I liked?" "Yes, sir, I am sorry to say you could." "Ah!" he said, "we know better than that; there will be no head of the Church in Madagascar, except the Lord Jesus Christ." We were met in

THE CHURCH BUILT ON THE ROCK OF HURLING,

and he concluded by saying, "Standing upon this spot years and years ago there were gathered together some officers of the kingdom. My father was there, and a little girl was brought before him. My father looked at that little girl, and said, 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' The little girl raised herself, and said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.' My father the second time said, 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' She said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.'" Now five years ago, when Dr. Mullens preached at the opening of the church, the Queen, the Prime Minister, and all the Court left the capital; and nearly two years after, the Prime Minister comes to the very spot from which that little girl was hurled, and her body mangled on the plain below—and he said, "If a little girl in those dark times could give her life for the love of the Saviour, shall we hesitate to give of our substance to send these missionaries to the heathen?" Could there be a grander testimony to the power of the pure Gospel than that touching story told by the Prime Minister, the son of the person who had carried out the persecution, and on the very spot where the persecution happened?

I want to tell you another thing connected with that story. In 1851, a little lad in a South Lancashire town, I saw a picture in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* of these people being hurled over the rock. I was only seven years of age, and I said, "Oh! teacher, if ever I am a man, I will go and be a missionary there!" In my schooldays I forgot all that. I went to college, and in 1868 Dr. Mullens offered me Madagascar. I said, "Of course, I go to Madagascar, because that story made me a missionary in 1851." I went to Madagascar; and now here is a remarkable thing. You talk sometimes about chance and coincidence, but I think this is a leading of Divine providence. When I was chairman of the district committee, standing on the spot portrayed in the picture which had made me a missionary in 1851, I had to give the first missionary charge to the first missionaries sent out by the Church of Madagascar. A year after that I had to accompany a second company, and I was within a span of being another martyr for Madagascar; and a year afterwards I sat and looked up into the face of the Prime Minister as he told in public meeting the very story which had made me a missionary. Brethren, necessity is laid upon me that I preach the Gospel in Madagascar; and as God is calling me He is calling you—the London Missionary Society—to do the same. God has blessed you abundantly; God has prospered your labours there. Come to the rescue; come to our help. Do not leave us there; do not throw over the island. God is calling you there; Christ is pointing you there. Go in, and possess the land! And, surely, if a little girl,

in dark Madagascar, could give her life for the love of the Saviour, what ought you and I give to the Saviour, by whose blood we are delivered from all sin?

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The Rev. R. ROBINSON stated that Mr. WADDY, Q.C., was to have supported the resolution, but that he was unable, at the last moment, to attend. He also read an additional list of subscriptions, including £100 from the chairman and £50 from Mr. HENRY WRIGHT.

S. R. SCOTT, Esq.: There is one duty which remains for you to fulfil, that is, to offer our best thanks to our chairman for having taken the chair on the present occasion. I think you will all agree that we did very well in keeping within the circle of our own immediate supporters and friends in asking Mr. Kemp-Welch to take the chair. I ask you cordially to approve of the resolution.

The Rev. S. HEBDITCH seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

The CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen,—Allow me to offer you my heartfelt thanks for the vote which you now have accorded me. It has been a great pleasure for me to be here, and I thank you very much, on behalf of the Directors, for so kindly and patiently listening to what has unavoidably been rather a long meeting.

A hymn having been sung, the Rev. EUSTACE CONDER pronounced the Benediction, and the proceedings terminated.

II.—Next Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 30th April, 1860.

LONDON.							
Berley Heath	3 19 9	Blackpool, Victoria Street	3 0 0
Camberwell New Road	2 0 0	Brighton—
Cheshunt Auxiliary, Stanstead	0 9 6	Queen Square	5 5 0
Enfield, Baker Street	5 1 0	Union Street	4 4 8
Greenwich, Mase Hill Ch.	2 2 0	Buckingham	1 10 0
Kensish Town	11 1 6	Castle Corner	4 10 0
Mile End New Town	5 0 0	Miss Ryan	5 10 0
Norwood, Lower	5 0 0	Castleford	1 10 0
Ramford	2 12 0	Chatham	3 3 0
COUNTRY.				Cheltenham, Highbury Ch.	8 0 0
Andover	2 9 8	Daventry	1 0 0
Bailey	3 3 0	Denton and Topcroft	1 1 0
Bedford, Howard Ch.	2 7 4	Doncaster	2 0 0
Birmingham—	Mrs. Chadwick	1 0 0
Edgbaston Ch.	10 16 1	Dover, Stion Ch.	3 3 0
Loxalls Ch.	10 0 0	Dublin, York Street	7 0 0
Park Road	2 3 0	Dukinfield, Crescent Road	1 6 0
Saltley Road, 1879	3 8 1	East Dereham	1 7 9
1880	3 9 0	East Grinstead, Zion Ch.	1 5 0
Small Heath Ch.	2 4 1	Exeter	6 10 0
Soho Hill	6 16 0	Fakenham	1 0 0
Steelhouse Lane	6 0 0	Gloucester, Southgate Ch.	5 1 2
				Goole	1 1 0
				Hanley Tabernacle	5 0 0
				Hong Kong, Union Ch.	4 0 0
				Howden	1 0 0

Ingress Vale	1 17 1
Kendal, Zion Ch.	4 10 0
Leamington, Holly Walk Ch.	2 2 0
Liverpool—	
Orcerent Ch.	13 0 0
Norwood Ch.	8 6 5
Toxteth Ch.	4 12 0
Manchester—	
Patricroft	1 18 10
Stretford, Union Ch.	1 8 8
Melbourne—	
Colins Street	12 5 7
Victoria Parade	3 6 4
Needham Market	1 0 0
Newcastle-on-Tyne, St. James' Street	10 0 0
Norwich, Old Meeting House	2 6 0
Reading, Augustine Ch.	2 2 0
Rochdale, Milton Ch.	10 11 1
Sawbridgeworth	2 15 2
Shaftesbury, Muston's Lane Ch.	1 0 0

Sheffield—	
Howard Street	1 0 0
Zion Ch., Attercliffe	2 0 0
Smethwick	2 2 0
Somerleyton	3 0 0
Staplehurst	1 3 5
Stok. on-Trent, Copeland Street	1 6 0
Swindon, Victoria Street	1 1 8
Thetford	0 7 9
Trowbridge Tabernacle	10 0 0
Uxbridge, Providence Ch.	6 2 3
Walton	1 0 0
Ware—	
High Street	1 11 8
Wickford	0 6 0
Wells (Norfolk)	1 1 0
Wem and Harmer Hill	1 7 6
West Bromwich, Walsall Street	4 13 6
Winchester	2 4 4

III.—Contributions.

From 17th March to 15th April, 1880—(continued).

Guildford. Auxiliary	16 5 7	Ilfracombe. Auxiliary	29 7 6	Macclesfield. Park Green Ch.	20 10 0
Halifax District. Aux.	260 2 1	Ilminster. Auxiliary	7 0 2	Maidenhead. Auxiliary	15 16 10
Harleston	5 13 0	Ingress Vale	10 8 5	Maidstone. Week Street	2 2 0
Harrigate. Auxiliary	19 4 6	Ipswich—		Manchester—	
Misess Shutt	1 10 0	Tacket Street Young	5 5 0	Stockport Road	1 6 1
Hastings—		Ladies' Working Party	5 0 0	H. W.	2 0 0
Robertson Street	100 10 5	Mrs. Reeve	50 0 0	March	4 7 1
The Croft Ch.	42 4 0	J. Byles, Esq.	5 0 0	Marlborough	10 12 0
Hatherlow	19 1 10	Mrs. Byles	24 0 0	Marstock	6 12 5
Henstridge, &c.	7 5 4	Jersey. Auxiliary	62 17 1	Melbourn	28 4 0
Hertford	3 15 0	Kingsbridge	18 8 7	Melkham	10 0 0
High Wycombe. Crendon Street	26 11 8	Leancashire. Mrs. Evans	30 0 0	Mere. Auxiliary	53 5 6
Hockliffe and Eggington	3 16 0	Leatherhead. Mrs. Billinghurst	2 0 0	Middlewich	29 9 0
Holbeck	1 11 4	A Friend	0 8 6	Milton-on-Thames	11 6 6
Holybourne—		Leeds. Auxiliary	421 1 3	Milerton	2 6 0
Miss Tomkins	2 2 0	Leek	64 14 1	Minehill Farmen. Cross Lane Ch.	15 1 5
Do., for Indian Mission	1 1 0	Leicester. Auxiliary	98 5 6	Monmouthshire. Welsh Churches	116 10 2
Horsham	19 12 2	Lewes. Tabernacle	49 4 9	Morecambe	1 2 6
Huddersfield District. Aux.	205 12 10	Liverpool—		Mossley. Abney Ch.	42 5 0
Hull and East Riding. Aux.	468 2 1	Tabernacle Welsh Church	29 0 0	Nailsworth. Forest Green Ch.	12 5 6
Hungerford. Collected by Mrs. Walker	2 2 10	" Lazarus "	7 10 0	Nantwich. Auxiliary	11 6 0
Huntingdonshire. Aux.	20 6 4	Long Itchington	0 6 0	Nether Stoney	2 6 2
		Luton	28 14 0		
		Union Ch.	15 0 0		
		Lyme Regis	1 15 0		
		Lytham	12 3 0		

New Barnet—

Mrs. Saddington	3 2 0
Mrs. Chapman	0 10 0

Newbury. Auxiliary 66 8 2

Newcastle-on-Tyne. Aux. ... 34 10 10
St. Paul's Ch. 10 8 2

Newport (Salop) 21 6 6

Newton Abbot 11 10 0

Northam, near Bideford. R. Ch. &c, Bsq. 1 10 0

Northampton. J. A. Barry, Bsq. 0 10 6

Northfleet 3 17 0

North Fitzwarren and Bradford 8 10 6

Nottinghamshire. Auxiliary 12 0 6

Oakhill. Auxiliary 121 4 7

Oldham. Auxiliary 36 9 0

Osney District. Aux. 35 7 6

Osney. Salem Ch. 17 9 6

Oswestry 15 7 6

Oxford. Cowley Road 3 8 6

Palmersham 5 11 4

Plymouth and Devonport. Auxiliary 120 0 0

Print-in-Flow 3 14 2

Preston. Auxiliary 20 14 9

Putney and Camington 3 17 6

Radcliffe. Cong. Ch. 15 14 4

Radhill. Auxiliary 40 7 11

Rapids 20 5 10

Rapton and Barrow 3 8 4

Redborough. Tabernacle .. 10 11 6

Remsey 20 5 0

Rew 3 4 10

Retherfield 0 10 8

Reyton—

Rev. J. Medway (2 years) 2 2 0
In Memoriam (2 years) .. 2 2 0

Ryton-on-Tyne 2 2 0

St. Albans 15 0 0

St. Leonards. Auxiliary ... 20 15 2

Scarborough—

Eastborough Ch.	10 0 0
South Cliff Ch.	18 6 2

Seacombe. Auxiliary 26 18 0

Shepton Mallet. Auxiliary.. 28 19 2

Sharborne. Auxiliary 15 6 2

Shrewsbury. Auxiliary 42 10 11

Soult's Cove, near Brough... 5 5 0

South Hayling 1 18 5

South Molton 9 2 0

South Petherton 11 18 4

Southampton—

Above Bar Ch.	95 13 6
Albion Ch.	52 15 6
Kingsfield Ch.	11 6 9

Stobbing 18 18 10

Stockport. Auxiliary 264 5 8
Per Mr. J. Humphreys .. 1 4 0

Stoke sub-Hamdon 15 14 0

Stonehouse (Gloucestershire) 19 19 4

Stroud. Old Ch. 16 19 6

Stubbin Elsecar 11 10 1

Suffolk. Auxiliary 57 7 8

Sunderland. Auxiliary 18 5 7

Tottonhall. Auxiliary 30 7 0

Townson—

North Street 12 10 9
Paul's Meeting 65 8 9

Tisbury 4 2 0

Thornbury 10 18 2

Thornton. Auxiliary 30 5 5

Torquay—

Auxiliary	53 9 5
Miss Jessie Coombe	4 4 0
Bible Class	3 18 10

Torrington. Howe Ch. 15 13 8

Tunbridge Wells—

Auxiliary	69 6 2
Bella Ewe Green	0 17 0

Uckfield 4 10 0

Uley 1 11 0

Unbridge. Old Meeting 4 6 0

Wallingford 2 5 0

Wagford—

Auxiliary	19 18 3
Miss Tidcombe's Sabbath Morning Box	3 0 0

Wellingborough. Mrs. T. S.

Curtis, for Chinese Evangelist (half-year) 30 0 0

Willington (Somerset) 24 4 0
For Mrs. Lambert, Barnard 2 17 2

Wills (Somerset) 1 7 0

West Bromwich—

Ebenezer Ch. 41 4 7
High Street 4 7 8

Westbury-on-Severn 2 13 6

Weybridge 15 13 1

Weymouth. Gloucester Ch. 20 9 7

Whitby. Auxiliary 66 4 2

Whorlton 2 18 0
Rev. F. Raine 2 2 0

Wigan. Auxiliary 64 0 1

Wiltshire, &c.—

Per Rev. T. Mann.

Atworth	3 0 8
Bathampton	0 8 0
Bathampton Hall	1 7 0
Laock	5 0 10
Slidmouth	5 5 5
Swindon, Victoria Street	14 18 2
Tisbury	10 3 6
Trowbridge, Tabernacle..	69 13 11

Winchester. Collected by Miss Drew 2 4 8

Wincor and Eaton. Aux. .. 26 15 6

Wingham 15 3 9

Wingrave 8 0 0

Witcham 4 6 8

Widobach 19 4 10

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Yours truly

J. Cullen

Engraven by J. C. Cochran from a Photograph

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

JULY, 1880.

Advice to Young Orators.

To be able to clothe thought and feeling in speech, and so to decorate speech as to captivate the ear, and through the ear to find entrance to the minds and hearts of hundreds or thousands, is a power worth taking strenuous pains to acquire if it be within the range of our possibilities of acquisition. For it is the emancipation of thought. What had been shut up in the prison-house of our own cranium, only making signs through the gratings, by tears, or flushes of the cheek, or gestures, is set at large by the angel of speech, and walks forth. We dwelt alone, and our thoughts and convictions were seed without a soil, but being set free by speech, we scatter them on the ground of men's hearts. The sower goes forth to sow. We spiritually obey the command to "increase and multiply."

Nor is it the emancipation of our own thoughts alone. Our speech frees the struggling ideas of the hearer. In the thick underwood of his half-cleared mind he had caught sight of the tail of a conception; in vain he pursued it, but lo! the speaker has transfixed it. The hearer knows it for the idea he got a dim glimpse of, wriggling in the jungle of his brain, and with joy exclaims (as we have heard at many a meeting where Methodists were present), "That's it, that's it!"

Public speaking ought not to be mere garrulity. A man who has "the gift of the gab" should cultivate self-repression. Some men's speeches are born in the heart, others in the brain, others in the tongue. Training in public speaking may give facility and fluency to the tongue-tied, but it will perform the almost equally important

service to the community, of teaching the loquacious man to pen himself within bounds, so that the wandering flood of talk is banked up into a stream that can turn a mill.

It seems odd that on a review of the speakers one is best acquainted with, the first thought that rises to the mind is a wish, as to many of them, that they knew when and how to sit down. Who has not seen men who began their speech well and continued bravely, but could not stop? Their ideas used up, their language mere iteration, yet were they driven, like the man with the steam leg, to pursue their career, in face of yawns from the audience, grumbings from the platform, and cries of "Time," for want of power to stop. Like that unhappy wight, that primitive John Gilpin, in the "Arabian Nights," they had turned the handle by which the magic horse soared into the air, but could not find the handle by which its course was reversed. When one of these interminable persons gets up, despondency seizes the audience. His speech has no proper beginning, and we fear, as we listen, that it will only end by accident or exhaustion. "I don't intend, Mr. Chairman, to make a speech, but there's just a thought or two has occurred to me"—do we not instinctively set ourselves to the task of patient endurance when we listen to an uncouth, random start like that? When he seems to be "nearing his end," he plucks up heart again with "just another thought," and away we go, like the unhappy occupants of a balloon just about to alight when the freakish monster takes it into its head to leap another hedge or two. One such speaker incautiously said, "And what shall I say more?"—to which one of his hearers promptly and fervently replied, "Say Amen!"

It is not given to all men to be orators, which is a matter for thanksgiving, but there are few who may not by training and practice become serviceable speakers, able to give clear expression to their thoughts. And from this ground-level of well-ordered and intelligible speech, even ordinary men, finding wings in strong emotions, will now and again rise into true eloquence, as Judah did when pleading for Benjamin his brother. Truly great speeches can only arise on great occasions. If a man resolve to make a great speech he does not fly, but merely walks on stilts. Grand orations spring from deep wells of feeling and conviction, and only in part are the product of the speaker's volition at the moment. We cannot therefore lay too

much stress on the moral equipment of the man who would aspire to lead his fellows by the charm of speech. Are not the greatest of modern orators, Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, conspicuous by their moral grandeur, their fearless independence, their worship of "whatsoever things are true," whether their course carry them with the tide of popular favour or directly in its teeth? So could Demosthenes say of himself, "I have never been induced either by avarice or ambition" (to resort to corrupt political practices for the gaining of my ends). "I continue to offer counsel, by which I sink below others in your regard; but you, if you followed it, would be exalted." The public speaker must strive to be a sincere man, he must lay aside self-seeking and egotism, he must be possessed and dominated by noble purpose, having its springs deep down in that mysterious stratum of our nature where our poor wills link themselves with, and gain life and power from, "that Living Will, that shall endure when all beside shall suffer shock."

We must not deem it beneath us to notice the need of physical equipment in a successful public speaker. When a man says he has no stomach for an enterprise, he may speak literal truth. A large capacity for receiving and assimilating food is often associated with signal feats of brain. The man who wrote the oratorio of the "Messiah" in three weeks, ordered a dinner for six people, and consumed it himself. Great spiritual efforts may work mischief on the body which has to support them, unless the body can sustain itself by good appetite and good digestion. A long and energetic speech makes great demands on the bodily strength, and the man who would stand in the front rank of public speakers, especially in times of great public excitement, has need of a strong stomach, a clean skin, a sound heart and a clear conscience.

In mental equipment men differ as widely as flowers in a garden. Forcible, logical, penetrating, comprehensive, perspicuous, rhetorical, impassioned, brilliant, convincing—few can be all these, but the qualities are distributed, each man having his own talents and not needing to envy his neighbour. Let every man learn to appreciate his own strength and his own weakness, that he may train his strength and fortify his weakness, and so develop his own ideal, without becoming a feeble copy of some other man.

Every man, however, be his individuality ever so marked, must

follow certain lines in the preparation of a speech. He will need facts and arguments, method, language, emotion, style, manner, voice, and gesture. It is of the first importance that a speaker have a clear perception of his facts, and a firm hold upon them. He must be accurate in his narrative, and he must also have a vivid apprehension of the mutual relations of his facts, and their bearing on the matter in hand. Many a man breaks down and comes to the conclusion that he was not born for a speaker, when the simple truth is that he has been indolent, and has not given time and study to his facts and the inferences therefrom. They have lain outside his mind, in the warehouse of the mechanical memory. It is facts that give substance to a speech; but to form a living part of a living speech they must have been consumed and digested in the mind. A speech made of coloured and flavoured froth may amuse for the moment, and indeed may be a welcome interlude between more solid courses, but audiences weary of a man who tells them little or nothing. The world will listen, says Emerson, to a man who knows.

The facts having been fully grasped, and their bearing on the matter in hand fully apprehended, the next point is attention to their arrangement. The facts must be presented in the right facet and angle. Clear and logical arrangement is fruitful of advantages; it helps the speaker to remember his speech, reminds him when he has finished—some speakers are almost as unconscious of having arrived at the terminus, as the British soldier proverbially is of having been beaten—and enables the audience to understand and lay up in memory what they hear. The chaos of certain harangues we have heard recalls the 'state of the domestic department allotted to Sambo—“Massa say, ‘A place for ebery ting, and ebery ting in its place!’ Sambo better off dan massa! Sambo hab seberal places for ebery ting!” If a speech must be long, let it be orderly, articulated, jointed, let it be sweetened also by emotion, and lightened by simile; then, haply, the patient audience may say, despite its length, it was “linked sweetness long drawn out.”

An examination of a number of notable speeches (and we may refer, in passing, to the outlines of St. Paul's speeches, given in Acts xvii. 22, xxii. 1, xxiv. 10, and xxvi. 1) shows that the speaker's natural method, in many cases, is first to ingratiate himself with his audience, then to lay down the narrative or basis of facts, on which

he operates by way of argument, dissecting, explaining, and applying; then to give play to the emotion kindled in his own soul, and in which the hearers (being in partnership with him now as to the facts) may be expected to sympathise; and finally to point out the practical work into which, "heat being a mode of motion," these warm feelings should be translated, and so find rest.

The language of a speech should be carefully adjusted to the comprehension of the majority of hearers. We remember the bishop who preached a sermon in sesquipedalian words, demonstrating the existence of a God, and was accosted outside by a poor man thus, "'Spite of all you've said, my lord, I do think there be a God, after all." It is useless for the locomotive orator to steam out of the station unless the audience, his team of carriages, be duly coupled to him by the link of a common speech. Language (Talleyrand to the contrary notwithstanding) should be transparent to the thought.

How shall language, apt, and yet abundant and various, be placed at the speaker's command? Natural fluency counts for much, but it should be trained in those who have it, and may be grafted, to some extent, at least, on those who lack it, by diligent reading of the richest literature, and by effort to reproduce in solitary orations to the cabbages in one's garden, or in writing on a slate, the noblest passages of what has been read. The style, and even the phrases and words, of a book, lovingly conned, are curiously adhesive. A speaker should not aim at fine language, but if a wide and rich choice of words be his by familiarity with the best authors, he will illustrate in language the prudence of the "Northern Farmer's" advice concerning money—

"Do'ant thee marry for money,
But goa wheer money is."

Emotion next calls for observation. The most important rule is this—Do not give full play to your emotion until you are sure your audience can and ought to share it. You may be cognizant of facts as heart-shattering as the Ottoman outrages at Batak and Yeni-Zagra, but you must repress your feeling till in tranquil narrative you have placed the audience at your own point of view. Then your vehement indignation, even your tears, will find response. Tears, when you have drawn no picture to cry over, are apt to excite Mr. Weller's just criticism, "Blow this here water-cart business!" Emotion

must not be discovered sitting up in the air, like an Indian conjurer, fulfilling the definition of a vagabond, as being "without visible means of subsistence." "Airy fairy Lilians" must eat, and pathos must feed on facts.

The second rule is this—Always remain master of your emotion. Feeling partly suppressed, and manifestly held in with a tight rein, is far more impressive than feeling running away with its victim, and carrying him he knows not whither.

In regard to manner and gesture, happy is the man who possesses a friend keen to detect and faithful to reveal his eccentricities. Few can dispense with this kindly pruning. One man twists his legs into a knot; another extends all his fingers; another fetches his speech up from the depths by an action of the right arm precisely resembling pumping; an eminent local preacher whom we remember, who was also a shoemaker, used to thump with his right hand, and then rapidly draw out an imaginary thread; some men pocket their hands, some stick their thumbs in their waistcoats, few are tranquil enough to keep their arms and fingers still until natural instinct moves them in a sort of parallel symbolism with the rising tide of speech. And in the part played by the vocal organs too, what funny ways men fall into! In mortal panic at silence, many fill up the pauses of articulate speech with such meaningless intellectual shoddy as "er-er-er." We know one living divine, now highly placed in the Established Church, whose favourite stuffing was "M'n'yah, m'n'yah!" A young preacher who had unconsciously entangled his utterance in one of these nets of the tongue, wrote for advice on his style and delivery to Jacob Gruber, and received the following reply:—"When-ah you-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah, Ha, ha. Yours-ah, Jacob-ah Gruber-ah."

Study will do much to make clear to the solitary student what a teacher of elocution would quickly explain. The first thing is to learn to *stand still* in some quiet, self-possessed attitude, involving nothing more than readiness to speak. All reasonable gestures grow naturally out of this state of repose; and to nervous speakers we may say, repose of body perceptibly assists in preserving equanimity of mind. But so much more could be done in actual demonstration than by letter-press, to explain the genesis of truthful gesture, that we quit that topic here.

The production of the voice is exceedingly important. Those who have been taught to sing are set on their way as public speakers. The voice, well flung out from the chest, must find no reluctant gaoler in the jaws. Distinctness of enunciation in a large audience insists upon justice to initial and final consonants. The larger the audience, the slower must the enunciation be. Even though the speaker be dreading the tinkle of that odious, but useful, chairman's bell, he had better take time to say "government," "accurate," and "lusts," rather than "govmt" "acret," and "luss"; and he may even find time to use the pause, that "brilliant flash of silence," which ministers refreshment to the ear, and is a foil to the important word or sentence that follows, as attractive and impressive as the whole bar rest before the final "Amen" in Handel's mighty chorus.

Presence of mind must be cultivated by the public speaker. The most anxious preparation will not always be an effectual prophylactic against upsetting confusion of mind when the moment for action arrives. A parson, under whose roof a bishop deigned to lodge on the night preceding a confirmation, carefully schooled his errand boy in the office of taking up hot water to his lordship in the morning, and receiving his lordship's instructions. He was to knock at the door, and when the bishop said "Who's there?" he was to answer, "It is the boy, my lord." But when the crisis actually arrived, the flurried lad answered, "It is the lord, my boy." There is hardly any effectual antidote to nervousness, save continual practice; but for the comfort of the nervous, we aver that those who suffer most from this embarrassment in the early part of their career, are often the most effective speakers at a later period. The thoroughbred horse trembles violently before he starts, but once off, the energy that made him quiver when he stood, furnishes the momentum of his full career.

On the question of whether speaking should be extempore or memoriter, and whether aided by notes, copious or slender, no rule can be laid down. But in our judgment that man is safest from the danger of embarrassment, and best able to adjust his speech to his audience, and to weave into its tissue the circumstances of the moment of delivery, and thus to establish that magnetic connection between speaker and hearer which is the life of a speech, who prepares his line of thought, his salient points, his principal facts and illustrations, beforehand, but trusts the actual framing of his sentences to the

impulse of the hour. The natural history of a speech resembles the growth of a chicken in the egg. There is first the laying down of the spinal vertebræ of facts ; then the head is produced, in the shape of the exercise of intellect upon the facts ; lastly the heart appears, the emotion kindled by the friction of the mind upon the facts. The pretty feathers of language may appear when the egg is broken and the speech marches forth at the call of the chairman. The oft-quoted negro, who analysed his mode of composing a sermon, did not trouble himself about the garb of his thoughts any more than of his person, but as far as he unveiled his *modus operandi* we agree with him—"First I 'splains ; next I 'spounds ; lastly I puts in de rousements."

The space at our command forbids the introduction of other topics of interest to the public speaker. We close with an expression of our deep conviction that the actual effect of a speech is largely dependent on the character of the speaker, and also on the estimate of his character formed by his audience. If his inmost spirit be ruled by noble motives, by desire for the advent of God's kingdom, by self-forgetful love for his fellow-men, by the worship of truth and justice and mercy, or rather of Him who is the fountain of all these ; if he can with no feigned repudiation put aside the desire for fame and for popular applause, and if he truly values the "honour that cometh from God, rather than the honour that cometh from men," then "the light that never was on sea or land" will shine through his speech, and men will be reverently attentive, whilst on political or social, as well as on religious topics, there falls a gleam of that glory which those alone can reflect who have their spirits burnished to catch its rays from heaven.

EDWARD BUTLER.

Leeds.

The Inscription on the Cross.

It is quite possible to make too much of the material cross. We think the Romanists do this. Without presuming to judge motives, the fact is apparent that the cross or crucifix, with or without the suspended figure, is everywhere exposed to view. On, and in, their churches, by the roadside, on their tombs, schools, monasteries, and convents, the symbol is constantly obtruded, while bits of the true

cross are preserved as relics, and prompt either ridicule or superstition, according to the spectator's standpoint. All this is sensuous, degrading, idolatrous. "If we must have idols," said a Malagasy convert to one of our Missionaries, and pointing to a wayside crucifix, "we prefer our old ones to these."

And yet everything relating to the true cross is intensely interesting. Its locality, material, construction, form, who but must feel in each of these and similar particulars a vivid and absorbing interest, not that of the antiquarian alone, but equally that of the Christian? Who made the cross? what was the man's subsequent history? what became of the cross? was any of it preserved at the time? These are questions impossible to answer, but which naturally occur.

As one feature of its natural history, the inscription which it bore is worthy of attention. Before malefactors, as is well known, the Romans usually carried a written notice of the crime for which they were about to suffer. This—called by the evangelist John "a title"—was, whether previously exhibited or not, suspended over the head of the Divine Sufferer. "Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross." We can hardly doubt he did this, partly, at least, in mockery. The relations of the Jews to himself had become considerably strained. Though he had yielded to their wicked desire, he had done so under protest, washing his hands of their deed, consenting from policy, not conviction, and not sorry to show his annoyance and disgust. Hence the form of the inscription, which he apparently dictated, and would not alter. "What," said he, "I have written I have written."

It is a striking instance of substantial agreement with circumstantial variety, that each of the four evangelists transcribes the inscription differently. The idea, the spirit, each caught; of the exact words each was comparatively careless; nor whether it were, "The King of the Jews," "Jesus, the King of the Jews," "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews," or "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," is it possible now to determine, or of importance to enquire.

Diverse in its setting, one great central word stands out prominently in each—viz., "KING," "written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin." The one inscription in three languages—probably on one tablet, possibly on three—shows this royal word, like a Koh-i-nor,

resplendently in each tongue, and the "*Melek*," "*Basileus*," or "*Rex*," none could fail to observe. It suggests to us such thoughts as these.

The kingdom of Christ is founded on His cross. When to the upright beam Pilate affixed the inscription, the word "King" meant simply an idle claim, a pretence, a folly; and had the workman pierced the central word with his nail, as possibly he did, it would have but appropriately symbolized, so far as he intended, disaster and contemptible failure. Yet, though he meant not so, the word to us means a King, by virtue of, in consequence of, His cross. Jesus is King necessarily, essentially, as Divine; His kingdom thus ruling over all ages, creatures, departments of existence—a kingdom supreme, immutable, endless—that of "the King immortal, eternal, invisible, the only wise God." He also possesses a kingdom as "the everlasting Son of the Father," and as having espoused man's cause, and undertaken the great work of his salvation. A kingdom this, co-existent with the former, including creation in its fullest extent; Providence in its widest sweep, but conducted on special principles, for special ends, through special means, and being Mediatorial in all its arrangements and plans. To this delegated authority He Himself refers: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth," "I appoint unto you a kingdom as My Father also hath appointed unto Me." The apostles echoed their Master's declarations. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him." "When He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." It was to this kingdom prophecy had pointed—"Yet have I set My king upon My holy hill of Zion," while its possession was the "joy" set before the Saviour, who sought its glory that He might glorify His Father and direct all things for the benefit of His Church and the world. "Made sin for us," He was appointed to reign over us for the development of His mighty purposes of mercy, wisdom, and love. As the word "King" was suspended on the cross literally, so the grand reality which the word expressed rests on the cross spiritually, and had there been no cross there had been no crown.

The kingdom of Christ is centred by the cross. Placed between the two other crosses, the kingly word of the inscription glanced as it were on both nature and grace. On one side nature, the natural man, the victim of Satan, the slave of sin, dying with blasphemy

on his lips; on the other grace, the firstfruits of redemption, the product of spiritual power, a sinner, penitent, believing, saved. A beautifully suggestive fact! Christ as King rules over all. In spite of sin, we see law, order, government, prevailing everywhere, keeping all in beautiful harmony. It is the harmony of the cross, wrought by the Saviour, produced, sustained by Him. "All sheep and oxen, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea," mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, sun and moon and stars of light, are all subject to Him; and beautiful as they all are to the naturalist, the philosopher, the scientist, how much more so to the Christian, who sees on all the shadow of the cross! Calvary is the central force of the universe, material and moral too.

There is also an "imperium in imperio." Nature is for spirit, the body for the soul, the outward and visible kingdom for that which is inward and spiritual. "The kingdom of God is within you." In this Christ rules. Admission to it is the work of His Spirit. Growth in it is from His grace. His word is its law, His life its strength, His honour its aim, His heaven its home. His great spiritual kingdom, not apprehended by men, because "not with observation," but real and daily growing, is permeated through and through by Christ. For it He lives and rules, and makes all things work together for its good, nor will He stay His hand, or cease to sway His sceptre, till the spiritual temple is complete, and the top stone is brought with shoutings, "Grace, grace unto it." At the centre of the world's history, of the Church's progress, of creation's development, stands "the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The kingdom of Christ is glorious, spite of the cross. The ignominy of crucifixion is proverbial. It sometimes receives fresh illustration from passing events. A Malay recently outraged and murdered a European lady, and was afterwards himself killed by the enraged husband. So great was the indignation of the populace against their countryman, whose devoted friend the lady had been, that on returning from her burial, they crucified the corpse of the murderer, and with every kind of weapon pierced his body, though "dead already," as expressive of their scorn and contempt. Was it with any such feeling "the soldier with a spear pierced" the sacred body of the Saviour? At least "He endured the *shame*" of crucifixion, and yet was glorious as a King, and in the kingdom He was obtaining.

How glorious this kingdom in its *extent*! "Head of the body, the church;" "Head over all things to the church;" His mediatorial and spiritual kingdom distances all earthly limit, and is literally universal; glorious too in its *duration*. Where are the kings and kingdoms not only of Arpad, Hena, and Iva, but of the proud Potentate asking this question? Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, the head of gold, the breast of silver, the thighs of brass, the legs and feet of iron and clay, what has become of them all? The stone cut out of the mountain, without hands, has smitten the great image in all its members, broken it to pieces, itself becoming a great mountain filling the whole earth. Is it likewise destined to destruction? "It shall never be destroyed;" it shall "not be left to other people, but shall stand for ever," for "of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end."

None? What then means the Apostle, "Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom"? Doubtless this, that at "the end of all things," the present form and mode of administration of this kingdom will cease as to its terrestrial aspects, the earth itself being dissolved and passing away, or its present arrangements terminating. But as to the kingdom itself, in its central principles and bearings and manifestations, it will but develop as the ages pass on, "the Lamb in the midst of the Throne" ever presenting to glorified intelligences, in "the new heavens and new earth," the combined ideas of sacrifice and government; the once crucified, but now glorified Saviour being throughout eternity the medium of divine communication, the "Image of the invisible God." Without presuming to dogmatize on these things, such knowledge being too wonderful for us, the desire may well be deepened that the royal word of Calvary's inscription may be more and more read and pondered by Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and that religion, science, government, may increasingly acknowledge, in everything, "Jesus of Nazareth" as "Lord and KING."

JOSIAH VINEY.

HE who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—*Spurgeon*.

The Flowers Appear on the Earth.

THE Scriptures are not rich in references to flowers. Its writers have not much to say concerning them. When they do speak of them, they dwell not so much upon their beauty as upon their brief and transitory life. Few, indeed, are the passages in which the grace and loveliness of flowers are set forth. This is somewhat surprising. Why is it? It cannot be accounted for by the absence of flowers from the lands of the Bible. Dean Stanley, in his charming book, "Sinai and Palestine," tells us "that the hills and valleys glow with a profusion of wild flowers; with daisies, the white flower called the Star of Bethlehem, and especially with a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds, chiefly anemones, wild tulips, and poppies. Of all the ordinary aspects of the country this brilliant scarlet colour is, perhaps, the most peculiar, and to travellers first entering the Holy Land it is no wonder that it has suggested the touching and significant name of 'the Saviour's Blood-drops.'" In another place Dean Stanley says, "It is the contrast between the brilliant colours of the flowers and the sober hue of the rest of the landscape that gives force to the words: 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

The comparative silence of Scripture concerning flowers cannot, therefore, be accounted for by the absence or even the rarity of flowers in Palestine.

It may possibly be accounted for by two considerations: 1. *That the flowers have but a very short life.* They were probably confined to one season of the year. They glorified the spring-tide, but when the hot summer sun arose they soon faded away. They were not, therefore, ever before the eye as are the flowers in more Western lands. They had but a brief day and then ceased to be.*

2. *It would seem that the admiration of the Jew went out to trees rather than flowers.* The Scripture references to trees are very numerous. They form some of its most favourite illustrations. For one reference to flowers there could probably be found twenty or

* The glowing words of Stanley and other travellers concerning the flowers of Palestine may be accounted for by the fact that it is in the early spring months that they have generally visited the Holy Land.

more to trees. The palm, the cedar, the olive are constantly referred to, to say nothing of smaller and less beautiful trees. The reason is not far to seek. They belonged to all seasons. They struck their roots so deep as to defy the parching rays of the summer sun. Beneath their shade could be found at all times a cool retreat.

But amid this comparative silence concerning the *flowers*, Christ, who, though He never travelled beyond the borders of His own land, was yet more than a Jew, and anticipated every true and deep feeling of men in every land, lifted up His voice and bade us "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Whether the Jew noticed the flowers or not, whether he cared for them or not, they do "appear upon the earth." Of that there can be no doubt. Men may wrangle as to their origin, their development, their distribution, but their existence they cannot dispute. The flowers do appear on the earth, giving pleasure to all—delighting the tiny child as it gathers the daisies or buttercups in the meadow grass, refreshing and calming busy anxious men as they turn from the stern duties of life to train or nourish their favourite plants, bringing even to the aged sweet memories of the days that are no more. At this season, flowers meet us at every turn. What thoughts should they awaken in our minds, what feelings should they kindle in our hearts? Can we make them sacramental—suggestive of holy thought? May they not only please the eye, but cause their silent, upturned faces to quicken loving feeling within our hearts? May they not bear their gentle testimony to Him who, all unseen, thus ministers to His children upon the earth? Let us listen to their witness.

I. It must be evident to us that the flowers *are not necessary to our life*. Life could go on without them. We could not do without air or light or water or food, but we could do without flowers. It requires no great effort to imagine a flowerless world which should yet be quite habitable. God might have arranged a world which should just sustain our life, a world which should have been framed simply to minister to our necessities. Even then our thanks would have been due to Him. But there would surely have been a dim feeling in our hearts that He was bound to make such provision for creatures owing

their existence to His power. There would not have been the same room for gratitude. Parents who just meet the bodily necessities of their children can scarcely claim (they assuredly will not get) much thankfulness from those children. Still such a course is open to them. It was surely open to the Great Father. He has certainly not taken it. He could not find it in His heart to do so. No clearer proof of that can be found than in the appearing of the flowers on the earth. They are perhaps the least necessary of His works. I know full well that the whole economy of God is one of beauty, but in nearly every other case the beauty is connected with some great necessity. No words can express the loveliness of the forms and colours of the clouds. Neither Ruskin's wonderful pen nor Turner's marvellous pencil, can adequately set them forth: they certainly would not give to one who had never looked upon the heavens any idea of cloud beauty. But then, even the clouds are necessary to the world's life. The Divine tenderness is manifested here in giving loveliness of form to them, necessary as they are. But surely the whole floral order might disappear, and although some forms of insect life might suffer, and even perish utterly, man could live on as before. But the flowers do appear upon the earth. Why do they? An answer may surely be found in that home realm, in which our Lord found so many illustrations of the kingdom of God. I provide my children with food, with clothing, with home, with education. They take all these as a matter of course. They do not come to me and say, "I am so thankful for all these." Their eyes do not beam with gladness, and their voices ring out with joy, because of all these things. But I come back from a journey and take out of my pocket a book, or toy, or game, for each of them, and their faces are literally transfigured with their gladness. These have not cost me as much as food, or education, for a single day, but yet the deep springs of joy in their young hearts have been touched, because these are things over and above the mere necessities of life. Such also are the flowers. They belong to a realm far higher than mere necessity. They are revelations of our Father's tender thought, tokens of His loving remembrance. If we could see them as they should be seen, they would often bring "thoughts too deep for tears."

II. I have already said that it is God's method to give things that are needful in beautiful forms. The whole order of nature is one of

beauty. Man sometimes succeeds in making that which is beautiful, but scarcely ever is the process by which he reaches it also beautiful. Take even the most needful thing, the corn which forms the very staff of life, and you cannot fail to see that the blade and the ear as well as the full corn in the ear have each a beauty of their own. The Divine Hand touches everything into beauty; and the flowers have this pre-eminence in that for the most part they are sent on a pure mission of beauty. The flower cannot be found that has not a beauty of its own. Even those that sometimes with a touch of disdain we call wild flowers, possess—though we have not eyes to see it—a glory of their own. Now, ought not this to suggest some worthy thoughts of God to us? Are not the flowers a revelation of God's *thought*, as well as of His *feeling* to men? You look at a noble picture, and as the vision of beauty glows before you, your eye wanders to the corner of the canvas in which the painter's name or monogram with the date of the work appears; and if you think for a moment, you will know that all you now see on the canvas was first of all in the imagination of the artist. At the very season indicated he saw it all in his mind's eye. He was possessed by the vision of beauty which his canvas now reveals. In his case, however, all that was in his imagination was drawn from, or suggested, or inspired, by something actually seen in nature, or history, or life. You look at the flowers, God's perfect pictures, and if you will only think for a moment you will realise that they were first of all thoughts of the Divine Mind. They were in God's thoughts before they appeared in God's world. We are told by St. John that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," the thought of God was incarnate in Him who was the Son of Man. If we may dare to say so, God's thought is also incarnate in the flowers. I have referred to the artist's picture as illustrating the fact that the thought of beauty precedes its delineation upon canvas, and so that the thought of the flowers preceded their growth upon the earth. But pray remember this, that God's thought of the flowers was all His own, not borrowed from without but utterly original, welling up from the abysmal depths of the Divine Mind. We speak of originality among men. The phrase is an utterly misleading one. The nearest approach to originality possible to men is to discover the thoughts and purposes of God in whom all things consist. The flowers are the offspring of the Divine

Mind. They are all connected with the Eternal One. What a vision of beauty would pass before our eyes if the flowers of every land were to be set before us ! If, at one glance, we could look upon all the gorgeousness of tropical flowers with their gigantic foliage, together with all the more subdued, but not less lovely, blossoms of our less sunny clime ; if we could take in all the marvellous variety of colour, form, fragrance, we should get some dim and far-off conception of the beauty hidden in the Eternal Mind and thus partly revealed to us the children of men, and it may be with a new depth of meaning we should lift our hearts in the well-remembered words :—

“ Then, glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be ! ”

III. There is yet another aspect of the flowers not unworthy of our notice. This has to do with *God's method in their production*. It may be said, and rightly, that the flowers are connected not only with God but with men, that man has had much to do with their nurture and development. It will not be denied by any that man has taken God's work and led it on to a still higher beauty. The lovely flowers which fill our gardens and grace our homes owe much of their beauty to human skill and labour. This is true. But does this, in even the smallest way detract from God's work or make the flowers less suggestive of His beauty or tenderness. Far otherwise is it, and that for two reasons.

(a) *All that man has done in relation to the flowers, God made possible.* The development may be of man, but the possibility thereof is from God ; e.g., men have taken the wild rose of our hedgerows, and by care and skill and patience produced all the lovely forms of the rose which now delight our eyes. But it should not be forgotten that God must have given the original rose a nature which *could* be developed. It might have had a fixed nature—colour, form, scent unalterable. But which is the greater gift, one that is absolutely fixed in its nature, or one which may grow to nobler grace and greater beauty ? None will be at any loss for the answer to such a question. The danger just now is that we should make too much of man's part in development, and overlook God's part in the original constitution of things. We hear too much of the kingdom of man, and too little of the kingdom of God in this region. If I am not much mistaken, we greatly exaggerate man's part even in the work

of development. Men develop the flowers. They credit themselves with the work. They call them by their own names, as though they were actually creators of the flowers. What have they done? They have simply called out what lay hidden in the flower. If you demur to this, I venture to ask a question or two. Did they first conceive, and then paint the new colour? Did they first imagine, and then in some secret laboratory distil the new perfume? Did they first see in their mind's eye, and then with careful hand form the new shape of flower or leaf? Did they even foresee what would be the result of their efforts? To ask such questions is to answer them. No, they have not been the builders of a new floral fabric, they have only been as hewers of wood and drawers of water in the great workshop of nature. They have planted God's seed. They have married various forms to one another. God has given the increase and brought forth out of His storehouse things both new and old. Honour to whom honour is due. Honour to men for their patience, their watchfulness, their care. Honour to God who has used these for giving to His children new forms of beauty and grace.

(b) *God has allowed men to make the possible into the actual.* There is scarcely an aspect of the flowers which is not suggestive of the divine tenderness, but not the least of these is to be found in the fact that He allows men to have part in His work. The artist or the sculptor would not allow us to enter his studio and fill in even the background of a picture, or hew even into roughest form the marble for the statue that is to be. He would be afraid that his work would be spoilt. God's method is of another order. He delights in human co-operation. He leaves His work for us to finish. He gives full scope for our labour. We may be "co-workers together with God." He will not do all the work Himself. His purpose is fulfilled only in the union of the Divine with the human. The flowers which now appear on the earth are the witness to such a union. They are both of God and man. Surely that is God's method for every department of His kingdom. It may be that some day we shall know that God has but one method for all realms, and possibly for all worlds. It may be that if we could really understand His method with the flowers, we should find it apply even to the holiest things of the kingdom of Heaven. The poet laureate, in one of his least musical, but perhaps most suggestive little poems, sets forth this idea—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

If we could see how, deep in the method of nature, there is place for the human to work with the Divine, we should faintly see how in the highest realm we might produce beauty more lasting—aye, and more lustrous, than that of the flower, even the beauty of holiness. Whilst God gives the increase, Paul plants and Apollos waters ; so from every flower in our gardens, fashioned by the Divine Hand, but tended by man, there would come the exhortation, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure." W. G. HORDER.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER III.

CATHERINE EATS OF THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

THE next Sunday evening Martin wished to hear a certain popular preacher, whose church lay within walking distance. I was to accompany him. It was a clear, bright night, with a touch of frost in the air. We walked quietly, and did not talk. Presently, we had occasion to pass through some bye-streets which were to lead us into a great thoroughfare. Here, we soon perceived that some excitement was in the air. Men and women hurried past us, evidently bent on reaching a common goal. Presently, in the distance, we heard an uproar of voices, and turning a corner sharply we found ourselves on the outskirts of a crowd. Here a strange scene presented itself. Two women, apparently without male escort, headed the throng ; they faced the people, marching backwards rapidly, beating time with umbrellas, and singing loudly a hymn of martial strain. A mass of people followed them, and joined in the singing, orderly enough in the main body, but assailed by many a laugh and jest from the stragglers. We had formed part of these at first, but the street was narrow, and

the crowd filled it from side to side. New comers flocked up behind every moment, and cut off chance of escape. We were perforce carried along with the crowd in its rapid movements, and in a very few moments were pretty near the centre.

"Don't be frightened, Catherine," said Martin, close in my ear, "we'll soon get out of it."

"I am not frightened," I answered, "I am interested." And yet, if I were not frightened, I was certainly trembling, and every moment I thrilled with keener excitement. Where were they rushing, this eager impetuous crowd of men and women—men in their shirt sleeves, with red scarfs round their throats, unwashed, unshaven; women, draggled, dirty, careworn, all pressing on, intent on those two strange figures ahead of us? Martin put his arm round me, as if to shield me from contact with the crowd. I looked up at him. His face was set and stern. I saw that he had not caught the enthusiasm around him. He was only thinking of how to get me out of the crowd. Of this there was, however, now no chance. He might have worked his way through easily, but for me to do so would have been impossible. And so on we marched—the clear voices of the leaders ringing above the din, and their pale, resolute faces, and flashing eyes keeping the multitude in check. Shouts of laughter, cries of "It's the Hallelujah Lasses, let's bully them," or "Come along and have a lark at the Gospel Hall," sarcastic bravos, burlesque hymn-singing greeted them on all sides; but nothing daunted them. Presently, without slackening their pace, or stopping the singing, they wheeled round abruptly, and disappeared within the door of a small building, the windows of which were lighted up. The crowd rapidly followed them.

"Come Martin, come," I cried, "I must go in too."

He caught hold of my hand. "Oh no, Catherine, don't, don't," he implored. "It is not fit for you."

"If you won't come, I will go by myself," I cried hotly, and pressed in. Martin followed close behind me. I felt he was angry, but I did not care. The place was nearly full when we entered, but I pushed my way up to the top of the hall where the women were standing. At first I could not understand what was going on. One of the leaders was standing on a form, and pointing to some one half-way down the hall. There was a dead silence. The woman was small and plain,

but there was no mistaking the utter command that was expressed by every line of her face and figure. After a moment or two, she said, "Now then, you've got to come out, and you know it. I'm going to have a good meeting to-night, and we shan't get that till you're out of it."

Her voice was not powerful, it was low-pitched, yet it ensured absolute attention. A puny, ill-made youth with a sealskin cap, small retreating forehead, and red bleared eyes rose from his seat and moved sulkily along towards the door, the woman's eyes remaining fixed upon him. With breathless intensity I watched her. Never had I seen such aspects as these people wore. Instinctively I felt there were elements there which would make the place a hell were they not held down as with a vice.

In what lay the woman's power, commonplace, illiterate, insignificant as she seemed? The proceedings began. Prayers, hymns, addresses followed each other with a prompt rapidity, which allowed of no slackening of interest. Accustomed from my childhood to a decorous church service, I listened and looked, fascinated, half with horror, half with amazement. Yet there was nothing noisy, nothing disorderly; amens and groans, though audible, were half suppressed. The excitement was of a kind intense and restrained. By my side was a woman, with a baby in her arms, and a face pale, pinched, lacklustre, strained towards the speaker, hanging on each word with tearful sigh and unconsciously pathetic gesture. But the majority were men with villainous faces, marked by lines of sin and degradation.

"Come up to the front here, brothers and sisters," and the woman's voice sounded clear and calm, yet beseeching. "If any of you want to get rid of your sins to-night, come up here, and let us pray for you."

For a moment there was a silence, broken at last by sobs, deep and hoarse. Close to me, a man had risen slowly to his feet, a man uncouth, and vile to look upon. Emotion worked in his face. In a choked voice he spoke.

"I've been the devil's own," he said, "I'm just out of gaol. If there's a chance for me, here I am."

I now began to tremble violently. I had been overwhelmed, carried away, put beside myself. I had been plunged into a world

such as I could never have dreamed of. I had forgotten the existence of Martin altogether, though he had kept hold of me all the time. He now said in a tone of authority, such as I could not have believed he would have used towards me, "Come away, Catherine, you must, you shall." I did not resist. When we got outside, to my surprise I found myself beginning to cry. But the cold air sobered me; it helped me to control myself. Martin would have called a cab, but I prevented him; I wished to walk.

"I think I was mad to go in there," I cried.

"I think so too," said he gravely.

"Oh, Martin, I can't tell what to think of it. I can't think at all; I can only see those horrible faces."

"I'm glad I don't live in this country, that's all," said he, "but I scarcely saw them. I could think of no one but you. Oh, Catherine, you don't know what pain you gave me. How could you do it? You, you, Catherine, to be in such a place as that, to be in the same room with those low, degraded wretches, to be touching them! Why, Catherine you are born to be a queen among women: I always think of you as Queen Catherine: not a breath of harm should touch you."

Usually I loved homage, but now I was stung with a quick resentment. "Oh, you are wicked, you are unjust," I cried. "Can God be unjust like this? I to be born a queen, to be guarded thus, while men and women such as those, live all round me? Impossible! God cannot mean it."

My hot words met with no answer. Yet I could not think Martin's silence cold. If there be such a thing, I felt it to be a kind of passionate silence. Nothing more was said between us, and thus our walk ended.

My mother was subject to occasional attacks of severe illness, and one of these occurring about this time, I was in my position of nurse unavoidably brought into frequent contact with Dr. Brough. My mother's behaviour towards him continued to supply me food for amazement, and I could only suppose that he exercised some extraordinary fascination over her. In what this fascination lay, I could not understand. His manner towards her, grave and self-restrained as it was, was considerate and gentle; yet it was so evident that the gentleness was due, not to her as a lady, refined and cultivated, but as a suffering woman, that I wondered my mother should not resent it. Between

Dr. Brough and myself, on my side at least, there existed a kind of armed neutrality. My dislike to him was so decided that I could not feel comfortable in his presence. He on his side did not show, if he felt, any animosity. Apparently, he regarded me with absolute indifference, and he gave me his orders with the dry brevity which characterised his habitual manner. Once, indeed, I came into direct collision with him. He arrived one day when my mother was suffering from a paroxysm of violent pain. He entered the room, regarded my mother for a moment, and then said—

“Miss Ambrose, will you kindly leave the room?”

The blood flew to my cheeks. I remained by my mother's side.

“Dr. Brough,” I said, “I am my mother's nurse.”

“And I,” he replied, “am her doctor, and I request you to withdraw.”

Turning to face him proudly, I met his eyes. Then I felt that my will could no more make way against his than angry waves against a rock.

My mother said, “Go, Catherine,” and I went.

When he was gone my mother said to me, with a wistful tone in her voice, “Catherine, I wish you were better friends with Dr. Brough.”

“Dear mother,” I said, “what can that matter, if he does you good?”

My mother sighed heavily. “Perhaps, my dear, you may not always be so independent of even his goodwill; he says you are of a highly nervous temperament. It was out of pure consideration for you that he sent you away.”

“I fail to see, mother, in what way my temperament can concern Dr. Brough. His consideration is superfluous.”

I felt humiliated. I vowed that I would never again oppose my will to his, for victory in such contests must, I knew, remain with him.

One day I was with my mother when Dr. Brough took his departure. The room was a large one, and I sat by the fire; but I noticed that he made some change in the arrangement of the pillows, and I could not but admit that his hands were marvellously apt at all such delicate work. They shook hands, and then to my utter amazement I heard these words, uttered in the doctor's deep and re-

sonant tones, "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."

I pondered long over this strange incident. Was the doctor then a religious man? Did my mother's attraction to him lie in that element of their intercourse. Had I learned it from any source but my own ears I should have deemed the thing impossible, so foreign did it appear to either nature. Next day I said to my mother, "Are you aware, mother, that your grand doctor is a Dissenter?" The hand with which she was lifting a glass to her lips was suddenly arrested, and she looked up in surprise. "How do you know that?" she asked.

"I saw him coming out of a Dissenting chapel one Sunday morning," I answered.

"Perhaps he was there out of curiosity, or perhaps—well, he is a good man, Catherine." I, inly wondering, held my peace.

But soon after we discovered that Dr. Brough was not a Dissenter. He told my mother that in his hard-worked existence he had no time to spare for the deliberation of sects and dogmas. When he was free to go anywhere, he went wherever the service had the most power to distract him from the thoughts and cares of his outward life—no matter whether it were church or chapel. My mother was puzzled and by no means pleased. It was too eccentric, and savoured of heterodoxy. To me it was rather a new idea than an objectionable one, and I reflected upon it.

Poor Martin must have found the house dull at this time, my mother being upstairs, and I constantly in attendance on her. A certain suspicion with regard to him had occasionally flitted across my consciousness, but without taking any hold there. A little talk I had with my mother one day caused it to assume a more definite shape. She began abruptly.

"Catherine, I suppose you know that you are handsome?" I did not laugh nor blush, for we were accustomed to plain speech between ourselves.

"Yes," I answered, "I suppose most people would consider me so."

"And you know also that you are talented?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"And Catherine, I suppose you are ambitious?"

"No mother, I think not; but why am I thus in the confessional?"

She did not answer my question, but continued, observing me attentively.

"I have never talked to you of marriage, Catherine, and your experience has not brought you into connection with it, yet I suppose there was never a woman yet who had not formed ideas on that subject before she was your age. Tell me yours."

"I have thought very little about it, I assure you, mother; and your question is too vague for me to answer."

"Well, Catherine, I would warn you of one thing. If ambition has ever held a place in your dreams, dismiss it. Choose a simple gentle nature to mate with yours; and let intellect, money, position go by you as they may. Remember you will be alone in the world."

As soon as I could escape I ran away to my own room. My mother's words had wrought on my secret consciousness like fire upon invisible ink. They had revealed to me the fact that Martin loved me, and that I knew it. I was not glad, I was not sorry, I was simply thrilled. I went straight to the glass and looked at myself. My cheeks were glowing, my eyes flashing. I felt the blood pulsing quickly through my veins. With an amazed questioning I gazed at the excited creature staring back at me from the glass. What was I that this thing should have happened to me? Of love, as represented in stories and poems, I knew much; and I had had my imaginings like other girls, but who has not realised how startling is imagination translated into fact? It is with a shock that young creatures burst as I did then into the full consciousness of living. I, Catherine Ambrose, whose insignificant existence had been mine for twenty-one years, had passed from my little humdrum nook of feeling and thinking into the great world's great life of passion and action. Exultant, yet half-afraid, shrinking, yet eager, I stood there looking at myself. Suddenly a quick thought flashed across my brain. The flush died out of my cheeks, my eyes fell, I moved slowly away, and sank into a chair. It had occurred to me, thus suddenly, that I had not for a moment thought of Martin in the matter; it had seemed a wonderful thing to happen to me, but of any practical outcome I had not thought, I did not wish to think. Yet it was evident that I should be obliged to do so. Martin would, I feared, speak to me—would ask me if I cared for him. Did I? I did not think so,

but I did not know. How could I tell, seeing that I knew nothing of such things. I knew only that he was a good, dear fellow, and very kind to me. I thought I should not like to make him unhappy.

I now became very nervous and uncomfortable. Martin and I were frequently alone together. I was continually expecting that he would speak his mind to me. I did not know what I should say, and I dreaded it. At last it came—one evening. He did not beat about the bush, but said what he had to say quite simply and directly. He came and stood in front of me where I sat, and I thought I had never seen him look so handsome. He was not at all nervous. He said—

“Catherine, I'm sure you know I love you, so I needn't tell you that. And I can't help loving you, so there can be no presumption in it. But for me to speak to you about it does seem presumptuous, and I want to explain it. When I came here first and saw you standing there, in front of the red curtains, with your dark eyes, and your hair, you know, all ruffled on the top, and that way of carrying yourself, I thought ‘she should be a queen,’ and I scarcely knew what I was doing, you were so grand and lovely. But I did not love you then, although you were kind and friendly to me. And when I found you were so clever, still I did not love you. And then you sang—do you remember? and then I loved you. I can't explain it, because you were still as beautiful and as clever, and as much above me, and yet you were not far away, I could trust you with all my heart. I think it brought us together on ground where I felt I had something I could give you. Indeed, I have a great deal to give you, Catherine, and you must not think me vain to speak thus, for we must put aside such things just now. And so I will say that I am not a mean or wicked man, I fear God, and I love the right; and I shall take care of you well, for I shall think of you before myself, and as for love. Oh! Catherine, you need not be afraid, there will be plenty.”

When I saw that the dreaded moment was really come, and that Martin was going to speak, I had, to my surprise, lost my tremor. As he spoke, strangely enough, I became more and more self-possessed, and when he ended I found that I had quite forgotten myself, and was listening as calmly to the kind of eloquent hesitation of his speech, as if I were not concerned in the matter at all. But I felt I must say something, and so I looked up at him and answered—

"Well, Martin, I don't know what to say. Honestly, I don't know whether I care for you or not."

"Then there is a chance?" he asked urgently.

"Well, all I feel is that you are very good and kind—far too good for me, indeed you are, Martin. But I don't know how one ought to feel."

"But I can tell you, I will teach you," he replied eagerly.

"No, no," I said, "give me time to think it over by myself. But after all, the idea is, you know, absurd. I could never leave my mother."

Struck by the silence, I glanced up. He was looking at me with a most pitiful gaze.

"What do you mean?" I cried. His face brightened immediately.

"Oh," he said, "your mother wishes it."

"Impossible! she would never wish me to leave her."

"Not now, of course, but—but some day. I should come over and fetch you."

"Oh, I cannot believe it," I answered, shaking my head and smiling incredulously. "She could not do without me."

ELLIE BEIGHTON.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

IV.—"PEACE BE UNTO YOU."

ON the evening of the first day of the week, the eleven, with the single exception of Thomas, are gathered together, for the first time since the crucifixion, in a room in Jerusalem. We shall not err if we suppose it to be the same upper chamber in which they had eaten the last passover. I imagine they had been in hiding all day, afraid to show themselves, with little or no direct communication passing between them. They had now met by a common consent, of which in all likelihood they themselves could not have given any account. This little band is the germ of the great Brotherhood, made one in the "dear, uniting love" of Jesus. They are in fear lest the fury that had crucified the Master should next burst on them. This is why they have stolen together under the shadow of night, instead of meeting

openly in the face of day. For the same reason the doors are shut; that is to say, not merely closed, but fastened for security against hostile intrusion.*

Though there has been little or no open intercourse between these disciples during the day, yet ever since morning strange rumours have been in circulation (rumours which they are unable to verify, and which seem incredible because too good to be true), to the effect that Jesus is alive. There is the positive testimony of Mary Magdalene that she has seen and spoken with Him. The grave is certainly empty, and the Roman guard withdrawn. As they converse together about these things, two disciples come in from Emmaus, dusty and breathless, in haste and eagerness, with a great joy beaming from their eyes, and tell how they saw the Lord in the way, and how, that very evening, "He was known of them in breaking of bread." We can picture the scene—the moon-lit chamber, the deep shadows, the wondering, awe-struck looks of the disciples, the varying emotions expressed in their faces—such as joy, doubt, shame, love—and the keen intensity with which they listen to every word the two wayfarers speak.

Suddenly, without their perceiving the manner of His approach, Jesus Himself stands in their midst. It is not said what He was like; there is no description of the serenity of His brow, or the majesty of His aspect, or the light in which He stood, or the quenchless love that beamed from His eye. Last time they saw Him was when His sacred form hung upon the cross. Just as they are beginning to realise, in the dimmest way, that they are made truly one in Him, He appears among them to give them a specimen of the communion which He holds with "His own" in all ages. Various baffling questions arise from the narrative. The evangelist evidently means us to understand that there was something mysterious and supernatural in the appearing. He does not tell us that Jesus came "through" the shut doors, or that they opened and shut again at His will†; but neither does he mean that He lifted the latch and entered

* The doors are not those of the particular chamber in which they were met, but rather what we should call the *outer* or *street* doors. It is there that strangers, desiring to enter, knock or call: at the room door they do not knock; they walk in without ceremony. The guard to privacy is supposed to be placed at the entrance into the house.

† "*Ad nutum Divinae majestatis ejus,*" and "*Creatura cedente Creatori.*"

as at other times, or that He knocked and was admitted by a servant. No explanation is offered, and probably there is none possible to our understanding : enough to say that He had opened for Himself the inexorable doors of death, and neither stone nor iron fastenings could hold Him from His disciples now.

Standing in their midst, He greeted them with the benediction, "Peace be unto you." This was the customary entrance salutation, as well as the parting word. Thus when David sent his young men to Nabal, he bade them say, "Peace be to thee, and peace be to thy house, and peace be to all that thou hast." And when the Lord sent out disciples to announce that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, He instructed them, "Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, *Peace be unto this house.*" This form of salutation had grown up in ages of violence and fear, and in course of time had become one of the commonest salutations in Israel.* It may be that the disciples had often heard it from their Master, though it is nowhere recorded in the Gospels as one that He used. But what new meaning and power did it now contain ! From the lips of Jesus it never could have been a mere kindly, commonplace phrase, like our "Good morning" ; but now that He has come back from the invisible world, "having made peace by the blood of His cross," it is a salutation pregnant with all bliss. In its essence, the "peace" He now "commands" upon them is reconciliation with God, effected through the ever-availing sacrifice for sin accomplished on Calvary ; and then it is peace within the breast, the peace of conscious harmony between the soul and God—the calm tranquillity born of the assurance that we are divinely accepted, loved, and cared for ; and so the salutation from the lips of Jesus, is the "breviary of all bliss." With this peace for a possession, there is not a shepherd on a Highland mountain but feels that his turf-built "shieling" is a Bethel, and that he "abides under the shadow of the Almighty." I do not say that the disciples understood the word in this broad sense at the time ; but that, interpreting it by the rest of Scripture, the Lord so meant it.

But was it really the Lord Himself, and not another ? Were they not dreaming or deluding themselves and conjuring up a midnight

* In Hebrew, the word translated "welfare," Gen. xliii. 27, Exod. xviii. 7, 1 Chron. xviii. 10, Ps. lxix. 22, Jer. xxxviii. 4, signifies "peace."

phantom? "Then He showed them His hands and His side." He lifts His hands, that had been nailed to the tree and lacerated by the weight that hung upon them; He unbares His side, with the gash in it where the soldier's lance had entered.* The purpose is—as largely shown by the evangelist Luke, and more briefly by John—to convince them that the form in which He appeared to them was no shadow or phantom of thin air, but a true body; the same that had been suspended on the cross and buried in the garden sepulchre. It is as much as to say, *It is I Myself and not another; the very same Jesus whom you lost.* Nay, is it not a brother's act? Not a mere cold appeal to their senses to convince them of His corporeity and identity, but the act of a brother? Are not His fingers tremulous with emotion as they draw apart the vestments to disclose the wounded side? Could the disciples be insensible to the tender and sympathetic love that moved Him? *It is I Myself, He says, and not another! O My beloved, these are the wounds I bore for you; these are the tokens of the battle I have fought and the victory I have won in your behalf; by these came your peace; these are the pledges of My undying love.*

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord"—songs of the eternal dawn awaking in their hearts, as I have heard the woods and groves filled with melody when the storm has become a calm, and the sun of early summer has shone peacefully forth after a tempestuous night. The gladness of the disciples was not, indeed, instantaneous. As He suddenly "stood in the midst," there was first doubt and terror; they supposed they had seen a spirit—so Luke informs us. It is evident from this that they all instantly recognised their Master's likeness; they would not have supposed it to be a spirit if a Roman soldier or an officer of the Jews had burst into their assembly. But the "affright" caused by His appearing was only momentary; it passed away as soon as they realised that it was indeed Himself, and gladness took its place—even as He had said, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice."

As to this joy, they could not themselves have given a full explanation of it at the time. They did not yet grasp the mighty meanings of the event that had transpired. But the light had dawned upon

* The blade of the weapon being about the breadth of a man's hand.

them, and already both past and future began to assume a new aspect to their eyes. At times we speak as if it were merely the restoration of a lost Friend that affected them, and we seek a parallel to their joy in our own experience when dear ones are given back to us almost from the jaws of death. No doubt this was an element of their joy ; yet it was but *one* element : had it been all, the joy would by-and-by have been toned down ; by-and-by it would have disappeared ; and certainly it could never have become ours as it was theirs, lifted so suddenly out of their forlorn misery.

Rightly understood, however, the resurrection of Jesus is a joy for all time, and fully justifies those glorious resurrection-songs in which the Church is so rich. It is a satisfying answer to those awful questionings, dreads, doubts, remorseful pangs of conscience, which at times invade the minds of all men, and embitter their sunniest hours, and respecting which—just where our need is sorest—nature is dumb. The resurrection of Jesus is the divine signet set to His mighty claims as the Son of God. “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength ?” His resurrection is the answer, “I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save.” It is the assurance that His offering for sin is accepted ; that God is “the very God of Peace” ; and that though this God is so high and we so low—though He is so holy and we so sinful—we may advance by a new and living Way into His presence, and call Him our Father ; yea, cast ourselves on that loving heart of His, that is so “grieved for the misery” of His wandering children, and that yearns with such a holy yearning for their return. Once more, light is thrown by the resurrection of Jesus upon that which lies beyond death. Apart from His rising we have no assurance of a future state at all. A black, impenetrable curtain hangs down at the extremity of human life—a curtain which no living man has yet drawn aside, and from behind which no answer or sign of any kind has ever come in response to our passionately imploring cries. Nothing has happened this year, or this century, or throughout the past, to throw light on the Beyond and Hereafter, if Christ be not risen from the dead. No scientific discovery or analogy of nature helps us at all—nay, reasoning from what we know, we shall stop when we have said :—

"Thou madest Life, in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death, and lo ! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made."

Two of the greatest philosophers of ancient Greece, in books which have come down to our time, have investigated the doctrine of a future life or the immortality of the soul, and have recorded both process and result. One of them, with subtle, powerful intellect, pursued the investigation with remorseless logic, step by step, and reached this conclusion—that the argument which proves the immortality of the soul goes backward to prove its eternity ; and that if we do survive in some future state, we shall have no more memory or consciousness of our present condition than in the present we have memory or consciousness of having lived a former life. The other turned the doctrine of the soul's immortality into a glorious surmise, supported by arguments which at best only make it appear the more likely. Apart from the resurrection of Jesus, we stand where these old thinkers stood, with no more light than they. But now is Christ risen from the dead. The "Mighty Sufferer" has come back as Victor, laden with glorious spoils, and bearing at His girdle the keys of hell and of death ; and the least that His disciples can say is this : "*Because He lives, we shall live also.*"

It was not that the disciples understood all this on the evening of the first day of that week ; but to them already the darkness had passed away and the true light shone. Their sorrow is being *turned into joy*, even as the Lord had foretold ; not merely succeeded by it, as darkness is succeeded by morning light, but turned into it. The very event that had seemed so big with gloom and grief is becoming a new thing to them altogether ; not the calamity they had at first imagined it to be, but a disclosure of self-sacrificing, holy, victorious Love, inspiring and justifying the utterance, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills,
And let a full victorious tone be given
By rock and cavern to the wind which fills
Your urn-like depths with sound ! The tomb is riven,
The radiant gate of heaven
Unfolded, and the stern dark shadow cast
By Death's c'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom past."

JAMES CULROSS.

Letter from Rev. Apollos Howard on the Habit and Spirit of Prayer.

Maberly, July, 186—

DEAR COUSIN LILIAN,

I will take advantage of a few days' absence from Michaelstone to reply to your letter in a more leisurely way than I can do when in the full work of my pastorate. I do not feel disposed to preach on the subject as you suggest. Certain difficulties of heart and practice, and some intellectual puzzles, even if they can be met at all by frank and friendly advice, can hardly, with advantage, be discussed in the pulpit. Blight of corn, wine, or olive may easily be transferred from land to land by over-eager scientism. Well-meaning doctors may diffuse fevers among their patients, and so preachers who have just solved a difficulty in morals or religion have often been the unwitting instruments of diffusing what they intended to arrest by the officious pretension that they were stamping out some poisonous ideas which never had any root in the minds of their hearers; not even among their "thoughtful young people" until they put it there by unwise zeal.

Your present state of mind, my dear Lilian, would render all religious services useless; and the very *raison d'être* of the Church would vanish if your idea of them should unhappily prevail.

"Why," say you, "should we have fixed times and seasons for prayer? Is it not enough to cherish a prayerful spirit? Is not 'duty done' of the nature of prayer? Is it not as holy and as life-giving? Is it not as Christian to sweep a floor as to sing a psalm, if it be done well and honestly? Why should we be always reading some well-known chapters of the Bible, or be trying to reach their meaning, and perhaps put into them ideas derived from systematized theology? Why should we meet for what is called family prayer? Is not this often the mere iteration of common-places which have no meaning to individuals, and is it not the remains of an old superstition which has no better origin than many a Pagan observance, or vain repetition of the Heathen?"

These, and many other questions of a like kind, you propose to me, which I am disposed to meet by some other queries that I fancy

ought to receive an answer before the Christian experience of the closet, or the family, or the Church, can be honestly dealt with.

Let me put these questions to you. Can you preserve any fragrant essence by merely pouring it forth upon the ground? Can you retain any spirit whatever without the use of its accompanying form? Can you think clearly on any subject without the assistance of words? Can you cherish or purify any class of worthy feelings without any reference to the ideas out of which they grow? Can you be sure of any ideas unless you are able to compare or analyze them? Will not ideas and feelings chase after each other, dream fashion, without moral force or result, unless your will arises in forceful activity to control, direct, and shape their course?

Now, the spirit of prayer is a noble spirit, but I think that you will not be able to preserve it, unless you will take command of your vague imaginings, and turn your thought, by deliberate act, towards the glorious majestic Being whom you mean to honour, in whom you live, move and have your own being. A time and season for prayer means the habituation of the mind to this lofty sacrifice, the very grandest which the creature can engage in. The conscious effort to enter into the presence of God and see His face, to familiarize the mind with the relations possible between the Father and His child, to realise the stupendous chasm between the Eternal One and our poor mean life, and yet to find the means of bridging it, or rather, to acknowledge, with adoration, the means God Himself has taken to do this thing; to bare our sinfulness and littleness to His searching gaze, and not to die in the effort, because we have found that He is both gracious and pitiful, as well as holy and terrible, a loving Father as well as a consuming fire—to do all this demands the highest exercise of intellect and of will, and cannot be accomplished without the deliberate effort of both. The spirit of prayer will die of inanition unless the effort be made. In my opinion the experience of the greatest saints ought not to be passed over at the dictate of a vague impatience. "Evening, morning, and at noon will I call upon Thee" reflects, to my mind, the highest spirit of true devotion. The Lord Jesus Himself spent whole nights in prayer. When you substitute work for prayer, by the notion that they are both equally "holy," it seems to me that you mislead yourself by a false analogy. A rose and a ribbon may be alike red, and the redness

may be produced by a common power of refracting the light of heaven, but no twisting of ribbon will ever make a rose. Work done in the sight of Heaven, and for God and for man's sake, may, in the doing of it, be as acceptable as Psalm-singing, and sometimes more so ; but in order to give it this consecration it must be done in His name. The atmosphere of prayer must be breathed around it and through it. Perfunctory discharge of household duty, without reference to its reason or the beauty of its obligation, is just that which degrades human life to the level of the machine, and means less than the greeting of the faithful hound. So the child who accepts the Father's gifts without recognition or realisation of their source, becomes an orphan in a fatherless world. To go on receiving the Divine bounty week after week, to accept tokens of unmerited love to home and the home circle, the unspeakable considerations of the Divine patience, without consciously, deliberately setting ourselves to think and say how much we owe ; without having it entirely understood between us and our Father that we are His, and all we have is but the measure of His immeasurable love, is, to my mind, very sad and ungrateful.

Therefore, I am a profound believer in the wisdom and moral necessity of fixed, personal and private seasons for devotion, and also in the excellence and virtue of family, social, and common prayer. Those who exercise themselves in the high, intellectual athletic of prayer will find themselves far more continually in its spirit than those who disregard the form and make no effort. This is peculiarly the case when the great crises of human life arrive. To meet these we need training. When the world recedes from our view, and we find ourselves under the crushing strokes of God's hand, then, at least, in order to avoid despair we are in sore need of the sight of His face, the assurance of His goodness, and communion with Himself : but if we have lost the habit of lifting the veil, of deliberately exercising the faith of prayer, of talking with, of adoring God, of personally committing our dearest interests to Him ; we are all abroad in the great agony of our soul. The devotional temper alone is too attenuated a medium in which to spread the wings of the soul, and without practice we have no strength to librate them.

Take another illustration, Lillian. I think you told me that you spent a year in Italy, and acquired a fair knowledge of the Tuscan. Did you not answer, when I asked you the meaning of a passage in

the "*Vita nuova*," that you had forgotten your Italian, and could not converse in his own tongue with the noble patriot who recently visited the dale. Why was this forgetfulness? Have you not cultivated, and do you not admire, the genius of the language as much as ever? Is it not that you have lost the practice?

The highest tastes and faculties need constant nourishment and exercise. The rarer and nobler they are the more orderly and incessant must be the practice and occupation of the mind with the matter in question. You know I could establish this from every art and profession, from music to wool-stapling. Don't suppose that the spirit and power of prayer will come at your call if you deliberately neglect the exercise. Alas, there are some who have so long ceased to do this great thing, that they have turned round and declared to their fellow men, like "Atheist" to "Christian and Hopeful," that "there is no celestial city," no God to trust in, no heaven to reach. For the most part, it is because they have "restrained prayer," and have not sought the Lord.

Moreover, I am a hearty believer in "family worship." Such worship ought not to be perfunctory or formal, nor need it consist of "vain repetitions." The morning kiss, the sweet good night, of a loving household, though often repeated, are not "vain things." Do we not owe more to our heavenly Father than we do to one another? Why should you be trying to undervalue the beauty and sweetness of the constant recognition? Is the time occupied by the exercise so precious? Have you no time to eat your breakfast or your supper? Is the boiled egg, or the latest telegram, or the song, or joke, more precious to a household than the few minutes in which you exalt and magnify the Lord, the Giver of your life, the Saviour of your souls? "So difficult to arrange," you say, "the young men are off to business, the servants are occupied, the engagements in the evening are so numerous, and often late, that to find five minutes when we can meet the Lord together is——" No! you cannot finish the sentence. You know perfectly well, that to those who have any real belief in the Lord, or in prayer, or in the family, such reasons vanish, are less than contemptible. If the Queen were to condescend, in her Highland wanderings, to spend a week with you, and manifested a personal interest in every member of your household, and offered you—servants and all—her daily greeting, would you not, at any moment of the day or

night, no matter what the "inconvenience," all be there, to the instant, to express your reverence and receive this high honour? Lilian, do not get into that silly cant about the old Book. We have not sounded, our greatest scholars and our holiest saints have not sounded, all its meanings, nor measured all its glories. It has messages for us when we least think it. Its very perplexities and strange things strike deep chords, that go murmuring, vibrating on, when we have moved away to lighter notes, and more brilliant and comprehensible melodies. There is no reason for us to put *our* ideas into the Bible, there are quite enough there already. It is a bad habit to put into old writers modern meanings, or, in fact, to misunderstand any men's speech, or to attribute to them what they never said. The Bible has been served thus; but don't accept the silly charge against good people as though the Bible were the only literature thus blindly, stupidly, or uncereemoniously handled. It is thus with all human speech, and all material things—we find in them, both what we hear and see, and what "we half create," and the revelation of God to us is no exception to the rule. But why neglect it because some are so eager to find in it only what they have placed there!

Your letter has suggested much, and I am afraid I have travelled beyond its range—but,

I am,

Yours affectionately,

APOLLOS HOWARD.

Poetry.

THE Alp which through the clouds uprears
 His burnished pinnacles or lofty brow,
 Girded with pendent forests, crowned with snow,
 On glittering peak the trace of travail bears,
 Tells how, from fiery centre of the world,
 His ordered mass competing forces hurled,
 And now aids sunshine to make more of day,
 And turns the earth-born storms which round him play
 To rainbow-fringed robes. So souls in light
 Betray long-conquered agonies of life and doom,
 How, struggling to be patient in death's gloom,
 And "Abba-Father," cry in darkest night,
 They, glancing heavenwards through thick veil of tears,
 Beheld Eternal Love, and smiled away their fears,—A. H.

Hints to Ministers.

If you are the pastor of a church, don't give an "intimation of your intention to resign" unless you have some fixed ideas about leaving.

Do not resign unless you are quite sure it is your duty to leave.

If Providence directed you where you are, do not hastily conclude it is your duty to "seek another sphere" when He has not as yet opened the way.

Do not attach too much importance to the promise of your brother ministers to "look out for you," to "think of you if they should hear of a suitable opening." Remember that the "chief butler forgot Joseph."

Do not imagine that by leaving your present charge you will get clear of difficulties, or that another position will be free from them.

If a vacant church invite you to preach, do not hastily conclude they mean "the pastorate," and hint to your friends that you will "probably be leaving shortly."

In accepting an invitation to preach for a Sunday, do not volunteer to lecture or conduct week-night services. Do what you are asked, and having done so, leave.

Do not conclude, because some of the members or deacons inform you that "you are the most acceptable supply that they have had, and are sure to receive a call," that such will really be the case.

Discourage by all means "competitive preaching." If invited to preach "with a view to the pastorate," and you learn that no decision has yet been come to with reference to the brother who preceded you with a similar invite, kindly but firmly refuse to be put into competition with your brother, or to preach until the question respecting his candidature be settled.

If at present engaged in some calling, and serving a church, by no means be persuaded to "give up your calling to devote yourself wholly to the ministry." Many have done so, and have found time and reasons for repentance. It is often a delusion and a snare. Serve God faithfully and preach the Gospel, but don't be ambitious to become "dependent on the churches," lest you some day be somewhat forcibly reminded that such is the case.

Literary Notices.

Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives : an Attempt to Illustrate the Characters and Condition of Prehistoric Men in Europe, by those of the American Races. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., Montreal. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Epoch of the Mammoth and the Apparition of Man upon the Earth. By JAMES C. SOUTHALL, A.M., LL.D., with illustrations. (Trübner and Co.)

The hoar antiquity of man upon the earth has for a generation dominated the modern schools of geology, anthropology, and archæology. Ever since the conversion to this view of Sir Charles Lyell, and the help such an hypothesis has lent to other theories of cosmic and organic evolution, the persuasion has deepened that we are bound to admit the presence in Northern and Western Europe of veritable men before the last arrangement of the earth's physical contour, and some have said even before the glacial epoch. The contemporaneousness of man with long since extinct animals, such as the megatherium, the cave lion, cave bear, and the reindeer—the presence of his remains, his weapons, and other implements in or under formations which betray an almost fabulous period of time consumed in their deposition : while the material of which these weapons are composed differ in such a way as to reveal a relative antiquity. The oldest of these suggest the use of stone in its rudest form, the second in the scale, polished stone. To the age of stone succeeds that of bronze and copper, and finally that of iron, verging or entering fully into historic periods. Some believers in a Divine revelation have been fain to hold their judgment in suspense, others have been ready to say that there is nothing in Holy Scripture fairly interpreted to contest this view ; and that since a thousand years are as one day to the Lord, the antediluvian period may with no great straining of the Biblical text be extended just so far as the conclusions of well authenticated science can carry us. For ourselves, we are perfectly ready to accept whatever is rationally demonstrated by these studies, being persuaded that God will take care of His own Word. The greatest names in modern science have avowedly accepted vast periods for the existence of man upon the earth, and it requires no little

courage to differ from such men as Lyell, Agassiz, Lubbock, Huxley, Wallace, Geikie, and a host of Continental and American scholars. Nevertheless, the two volumes before us are more than enough to occasion the gravest doubt as to whether a single fact is as yet established which carries the advent of man farther back than eight or ten thousand years, or probably a still more recent period.

Dr. Dawson and Dr. Southall have approached the problem with no apparent preconception, and have obviously mastered the entire literature of the subject. Each volume is illustrated with well drawn woodcuts, and handles the same difficult question in an entirely independent manner, yet the authors have come to the conclusion that on close inspection every single argument for the great antiquity of man disappears. Dr. Dawson has made most interesting use of the earliest chronicles and accounts given of American nations, whose habits, implements, manners, conformation, correspond closely with those of the remotest specimens of European humanity, yet who are known to have been doing this when Europe had reached its stage of advanced Christian civilisation. Dr. Southall starts with the premature announcements by scientific men and travellers of the antiquity of man, since discredited, and advances step by step to interpret the significance of lake dwellings, kitchen middings, bone caves, river gravel, great extinct animals, the ages of stone, bronze, and iron, peat mosses and the like, and the two writers come very nearly to the same conclusion, that in every case the inference is in favour of the comparatively recent appearance of man upon the earth. We cordially commend these learned, scientific, sensible volumes to our readers. They assist decision in many other regions as well as that of the precise thesis they have sought to establish.

The Life of Joseph Barker. Written by Himself. Edited by his Nephew, JOHN THOMAS BARKER. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Joseph Barker was a representative of the unrest and change through which this century of religious thought has been passing. Almost entirely self-educated, this independent, honest-minded searcher for ideas, from beginning to end found himself clashing with the opinions and ways of those with whom he would have been glad enough to work. His early days were passed among the Wesleyan Methodists and the New Connexion, and his autobiography portrays

many a curious conflict of an acute, self-taught, undisciplined mind with constituted authority and prejudices. Step by step this vigorous but self-sufficient man discarded every truth of revelation, every religious idea. It was when he had reached no man's land, with neither compass nor chart, that we remember coming into contact with him. His clear-cut sentences, his Yorkshire brogue, his slashing wit, obtained for him great applause from the multitude; but it was always possible to quote, against his wild negations and cruel assaults on Christianity, his own eloquent and incisive words. This was often done with telling effect. We have seldom read any recital of experience more unspeakably sad than Joseph Barker's account of his own spiritual loneliness. The process of his return to faith is equally impressive. A few lines from this testimony will prepare our readers to know that Barker returned to the faith of Christ as a little child, and died in full hope of the glory of God. Thus he wrote when his cold scepticism was beginning to melt:—

"I now commenced a paper of my own, and I said to myself, and I said to my children: 'I will now re-read the Bible; I will review the history of the Church; I will examine the character and workings of the various religious denominations of the day; and whatever I find in them that is true or good I will lay before my readers. I am not a Christian,' said I, 'but I will do justice to the Christian cause to the best of my ability. I have said and written enough on the sceptical side. I will see what there is to be said on the Christian side.'

"I had no idea of the greatness of the task I was undertaking. I supposed that eight or ten articles would be sufficient to set forth all that was true and good in the Bible. But when I came to examine the Book of which, even in my better days, I seem to have had but a very inadequate conception, the character of Job, as portrayed in the twenty-ninth and thirty-first chapters of the book that goes under his name, melted me to tears. I was delighted with the purity and tenderness, the beauty and sublimity of the Psalms. I was amazed at the depth and vastness of the Book of Proverbs. I was pleased with the stern fidelity with which the Prophets rebuked the vices and the crimes, the hypocrisy and cruelty of the sinners of their days, and the tenderness and devotion with which they pleaded the cause of the poor, the fatherless, and the widow. When I came to

the Gospels, and read again the wonderful story of the Man of Nazareth, my whole soul gave way. The beauty, the tenderness, the glory of His character overpowered me. I was ashamed that I should ever have so fearfully misconceived it, and done it such grievous injustice. The tears flowed from my eyes. But I proceeded with my task, and drew the portrait of the Saviour to the best of my ability, and sent the articles to the press. When my children read those articles in correcting the press they, too, wept, and said, one to another, 'Father is coming right; he will be himself by-and-bye.' And they were right in thinking so. I had come in contact with the great Healer. I had got a view of One on whom it was impossible to look without experiencing transformation of soul. And from this time forward I became less and less of a sceptic, and more and more of a believer in Christianity."

A Homiletic Commentary on the Book of Numbers. With Critical and Explanatory Notes and Indices. By Rev. WILLIAM JONES. (Richard D. Dickinson.)

A goodly volume of more than six hundred, double-columned octavo pages on this one book of the Old Testament reveals the enormous magnitude to which the "Preachers' Complete Homiletical Commentary" is likely to extend. The plan of the writers, however, can scarcely be said to include exegesis, or direct or detailed exposition of the text. The purpose is, after a brief statement of the subject-matter, to proceed to practical remarks, religious generalisations, and homiletic illustration. These are followed by extracts drawn from all quarters, expository of one or other of the principles deduced. This volume of Mr. Jones's is well executed, if we grant the wisdom of the design. Some of the wine which is thus expressed from the ripe grapes by gentle pressure is admirable. *Ex uno disce omnia.* "The Lord spake to Moses in the wilderness"—from which, with considerable amplification under each head, we are called to consider—I. "The Natural Trials of the Desert:" (1) Barrenness, (2) Homelessness, (3) Pathlessness, (4) Perilousness, (5) Aimlessness; II. The Divine Presence in the Desert, involving (1) Communication, (2) Provision, (3) Shelter, (4) Direction, (5) Protection; III. The Divine Uses of the Desert, (1) That a generation of slaves might pass away, (2) that a generation of free men might be educated. These admirable suggestions are

followed by illustrative quotations of some length from Dr. James Hamilton and Eliza Cook. The whole of this is cleverly, piously done, but we can hardly restrain the remark, "If such is done in the dry tree, what will be done in the green!" More than three hundred authors have been laid under contribution by Mr. Jones, and the volume, consisting, perhaps, in one-half of these well-chosen extracts, is eminently readable, and will suggest sermons, not only to inexperienced tyros but also to weary veterans.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by Rev. Canon H. D. SPENCE, M.A., and Rev. J. S. EXELL. *Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther*; Exposition by Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A.; *Homiletics and Homilies* by various authors. (C. Kegan Paul.)

This work must be distinguished from the "Homiletic Commentary" in several ways, although the purport of this very extensive undertaking is closely allied to that of its predecessor. It aims at more. Two well-known general editors preside over the work. The exposition of this portion of the commentary has been entrusted to highly competent hands. The author of the "History of the Four Great Monarchies" is peculiarly qualified to expound this portion of the Biblical history. The homiletics of the three books are entrusted to three several writers, Rev. W. Lewis, M.A., Rev. George Wood, B.A., Rev. J. R. Thomson, M.A. In addition to their efforts, a group of some twenty well-known preachers in several evangelical churches have furnished brief homilies on selected texts or paragraphs, among whom we may notice, Rev. Professor Redford, M.A., Rev. W. Clarkson, B.A., Rev. A. Mackennal, B.A., Rev. P. C. Barker, M.A., Rev. D. Rowlands, B.D., Rev. F. Hastings, etc. It is obvious that it is purely impossible to give any criticism or specimens of this handsome volume which should be a fair exhibition of its multifarious contents. The thrilling narrative of the Book of Esther, which has so recently been set forth homiletically by the grand sweep of Dr. Raleigh's pencil, is here handled with dignified and graceful touch by Professor Thomson and his band of attendant homilizers. This and other commentaries which are now in course of publication for the especial benefit of ministers of religion, may be used by the Sunday-school teacher, and for purposes of family instruction with great advantage. An appropriate motto would be, "The Lord hath given the

word, and great is the company of the preachers." We rejoice at every effort now made to search, expound, enforce, or unfold the multifarious suggestions of the Divine Oracles, whose lightest word cannot be said as yet to have been fully or finally fathomed.

The Holy Bible, according to the Authorised Version, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, etc. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A.
New Testament, Vol. II., St. John—The Acts of the Apostles.
(John Murray.)

We are free to confess that the value of the so-called Speaker's Commentary grows upon us, when consulting it, not for purposes of criticism merely, but also for practical use. Great expectations have been entertained with reference to the manner in which Dr. Westcott would condense and present his lifelong studies of the Fourth Gospel. The introduction is constructive rather than controversial, and builds up a powerful argument rather than sets itself to demolish the dexterous theorizing of modern rationalism. The points on which great emphasis is laid, are the Palestinian origin of the Logos idea in St. John, the indications of other proofs of his Palestinian education and familiarity with the Holy Land, the resemblances and relations with the Apocalypse and the First Epistle, and the meaning, scope, and plan of the work. Mr. Cook, the general editor, has gone with greater fulness into the intricate problems raised by "the Acts," and has done good service. We have long needed some clear reply in English to the Tübingen hypothesis, one which the author of "Supernatural Religion," and M. Renan in his Hibbert Lectures, are now endeavouring to popularize in England. We have not seen a more able or masterly exposition and refutation of the hypothesis than that which is here offered by Canon Cook. Many other departments of the question are, moreover, handled with conspicuous ability. The Commentaries of Canon Westcott and Dr. Jacobson on the two books respectively are useful and suggestive, and fully sustain the high character of the noble series of works with which they are associated. There is keen insight into meaning, and clear, and able exposition.

China's Millions, 1879. Edited by J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S. (Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.) We regret that we are so late in recommending this handsome volume, which is full of

deeply interesting information respecting the Chinese, their manners and customs and present condition, social and religious. It gives also many details of the valuable work done by the "China Inland Mission," the labours of whose zealous and indefatigable agents have been crowned with large success. This periodical is issued in monthly numbers, and we strongly advise our readers to take it in this form, and carefully to peruse its contents.—*The Poetical Works of John Milton*, in two volumes. (W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.) A charming little edition of our great poet. We understand that it is the first of a series which the publishers intend to issue, for which we predict an extensive sale. The size is convenient for the pocket, the type clear, the appearance attractive, and the cost trifling.—*What do we owe Him? Robert Raikes; or, the Story of a Grain of Mustard-seed.* By Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. (London: *Hand and Heart* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.) This simple question can be asked in a moment, but it cannot be fully answered until the last great day. Meanwhile, we thank the indefatigable author for giving us in so small a compass, an interesting and instructive sketch of the life and labours of *Robert Raikes*, the founder of Sunday-schools, whose name will, perhaps, be more honoured in this centenary year than any name in the world.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have recently published, *Divine Footprints in the Field of Revelation*. By William Griffiths, M.A. Objections to the supernatural element in the Bible are effectually met by this exposition of reasons for the Christian faith. If it be thought that there is not an adequate recognition of the historical character of the first chapters in Genesis, this should not hinder a hearty appreciation of the candid, earnest, and devout spirit which characterises the book.

In Memoriam.—Rev. John Curwen.

It is useless to repeat here, the simple details and chronological outline of the career of this beloved and honoured friend of so many of the readers of this Magazine. From the days of Coward College to the month of May in the present year, the name of John Curwen has been a synonym of all that is beautiful in brotherhood and strong

in faith, and he presented the very image of that *simplicitas, hilaritas, and sanctitas*, which characterizes those who have entered very deeply into the spirit of the Master. Many will remember more than thirty years ago, how he poured new life and meaning into the Sunday-school principle and gave a fresh impetus to a system which was in some danger of becoming stereotyped and slow—how profoundly he entered into the laws of the child-mind, and not only found the way for himself into the heart of children, but revealed it to others. He came into the large towns and little villages, burning with the grand desire, and none who heard him will ever forget—when he first popularized Miss Glover's principle of reading music—how he would teach a thousand or twelve hundred children to sing the text on which he was going to preach to them, thus breaking down as by magic, the rigidity of the prejudice that then so widely prevailed against singing anything that was not rhymed. Chanting the words of Scripture was at that time regarded by some excellent people as a rag of the scarlet woman, or at least one of her ways, and hence to be abhorred by faithful Protestants. John Curwen helped to dissolve this prejudice, and to introduce truer and simpler ideas. His steady perseverance with the *Sol-fa* system of notation has conveyed musical ideas and the practice of choral harmony of sweet sounds, not only throughout England, but to distant missionary stations. The echoes of his work have sounded over *Imerina*, and cheered the islands of the sea. Since 1867 he has given the main stress of his energies to perfecting this popular and useful method of conquering some of the initial difficulties in reading Sacred Music. The great gatherings in the Crystal Palace, and the national Eistedfodds in the Principality, have crowned his enthusiasm with their own.

He has been a wonderful link of love to all who, since his day, called Coward College their Alma Mater, and often invited this now venerable and gradually diminishing confraternity to his hospitable home. One of his latest semi-public acts was to take a most affectionate part in a gathering of this kind, when many were grieved with the manifest signs of physical weakness, only too apparent in his look and movements. Referring to the departure of his beloved wife very soon after her removal, he thus indicated how surely he was ripening for his rest:—"During my dear Mary's long illness, I was able to be much with her, and her heart and soul were very open to me. It seemed like

walking through the valley of the shadow of death by her side ; and feeling with her the gentle touches of ' the rod and the staff.' She used to call them her ' happy seasons ' when with tears in our voices we were able to talk together of Jesus, and of heaven ; but when we came nearer the golden gates, she saw Jesus more clearly than I ; she cast off earthly cares and went on before me." On the afternoon of May 26th, in the sixty-third year of his age, still in the midst of services of love and sympathy, he passed to his home.

H. R. R.

Obituary.

REV. JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN was born April 24th, 1811, at Denny, in the county of Stirling ; but when about eight years of age he came with his parents to reside in Lancashire. They were sincere Christians, who trained him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and he never could specify the time when any marked religious change passed over him. In early life he owed much to the teaching of the Rev. George Brown, the minister of a Scotch Presbyterian Church near Bury. For several years he was a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and while thus engaged he was advised and encouraged to preach the Gospel in neighbouring villages. In the year 1833 he was recommended as a candidate for admission into the Blackburn Academy, now represented by the Lancashire Independent College. Mr. Brown had felt a strong desire to devote himself to missionary work, but was advised by his tutors and friends to take a pastorate at home. On leaving college in 1837, he settled in Derbyshire, as the pastor of the united (Congregational) churches of Wirksworth and Middleton, where he continued for nineteen years, preaching three times on the Sabbath and twice in the week.

He was abundant in labour, both for his own flock and for neighbouring parts of the county. He was for many years district secretary of the county union, and was held in high esteem by his brethren in the ministry.

In the year 1856 he resigned his charge, and in the following year, accepted the pastorate of the united churches of Hambleton and

Skirmit, near Henley-on-Thames, where he continued for eleven years, still preaching three times on the Sabbath and conducting three cottage-meetings in the week. In the year 1868 symptoms of failing health led him to remove into Shropshire; there, after the lapse of two years, his strength entirely gave way, and he retired to Matlock, where he passed the remaining years of his life. These were years of constant suffering, alleviated as much as possible by the unwearied care of a devoted wife and kind medical adviser. His patience under severe suffering won the admiration of those who watched him constantly; having glorified God by zeal in active labour during the time of health, he glorified Him no less in the fiery furnace of affliction. He had been an earnest student of the Bible, and had committed large portions of it to memory. When asked on one occasion how his thoughts were occupied, he replied, "I am going through the Epistles of John." His mind was fresh and vigorous to the last, though his bodily frame was a sad wreck. Perhaps the most striking feature of his character was his deep humility. His own nothingness and the glory of his Master were steadily kept in view throughout his life. His life was spent in obscurity, but undoubtedly he was "faithful in a few things." May we not believe that in the higher sphere of service on which he has entered he is now made "ruler over many things"? On the morning of March 22nd he fell asleep.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Bowdon, by Mr. J. Haworth, £10 10s.; Stoke Newington, Abney Chapel, by Mr. J. T. Fife, £4 1s.; Rochdale, by Mr. W. Shaw, £3 7s. 1d.; West Hartlepool, by Mr. F. English, £3; Salford, by Mr. J. Moscrop, £1 3s. 6d.; Doncaster, by Rev. G. R. Bettis, 19s. 8d.; M. L. B. L. (don.), £10.

Managers' Meeting.

THE next Half-Yearly Meeting of the Managers of the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE will be held at Carr's Restaurant, 265, Strand, on Tuesday, the 13th instant, at one o'clock precisely.





TAHITI. THE TOWN OF PAPEETE, TAKEN FROM THE SIGNAL STATION HILL.

[JULY, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—South Seas—Tahiti.

ON the morning of the 1st of March, 1797, the first missionaries of the Society on board the ship *Duff* saw in the distance the lofty peaks of the island of TAHITI. This island had been selected by the fathers of the Society as the field of their first aggression upon the kingdom of darkness in the heathen world; and, of the thirty missionaries whom the missionary ship was conveying to their respective destinations, eighteen had been appointed to make Tahiti the scene of their labours. On the 6th of March the *Duff* anchored in Matavai Bay, and the missionaries landed and, under favourable circumstances, took the first steps necessary to their settlement on the island. The moral, social, and religious degradation in which they found the natives, and the countenance which was given to their efforts by POMARE, the first of that name, and his son, the actual reigning sovereign, are fully described in the history of the Society by the late Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. On the 3rd of September, 1803, the elder Pomare died suddenly. At this period, and for some years afterwards, the King, while caring for the comfort and safety of the missionaries, personally remained wedded to the idolatrous faith and practice of his forefathers. About the year 1813, however, he embraced Christianity, one of the first public indications of which was the non-observance of heathen customs on the birth of a daughter—the Queen Pomare of pious memory. From the date of her accession, fourteen years later, the Word of God had free course in the island, and the churches, “walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.” This state of things, alas! did not long continue. The arrival of two French priests at the close of 1836 was only the beginning of troubles, which culminated in the forcible establishment of the French Protectorate over Tahiti in the year 1842. Not the least of the evils arising from the presence and

influence of the French in the island has been the disabilities under which the Protestant mission and the native churches composing it were thenceforward placed. Protestantism had, however, taken too firm a hold of the people to be easily displaced by the efforts of a Roman Catholic priesthood. The Queen, who died in 1877, remained to the last a staunch friend of the Society's missionaries, who, notwithstanding the severe and vexatious restrictions to which they have been exposed, have continued to carry on the mission and to visit the numerous native Christian churches which have from time to time been planted throughout the island. Since the beginning of 1870 the Rev. J. L. GREEN has been stationed at Tahiti, and, by the exercise of a singular amount of patience, perseverance and tact, in circumstances of much difficulty, has succeeded in gaining a liberty of action which has not been enjoyed by any missionary of the Society since the establishment of the Protectorate. In a recent communication Mr. Green furnishes a statement describing the efforts which have from time to time been made to secure some sort of discipline and order for the Tahitian churches. This is accompanied by a printed copy of an ordinance of Government issued in February of the present year, under which, as the sequel shows, Mr. Green will enjoy full liberty to preach in all the churches of the island without the special authorization hitherto required. In order to understand the present state of things it is necessary to review the past. Mr. Green writes :—

“Our former code of ecclesiastical discipline drawn up by us, completed after much prayerful care and deliberation, involving many days of labour and months of consideration, and which received the force of law by the signatures of the late Queen and Commandant of that time, was published in the *Messenger* of October 31, 1873. Shortly after this Commandant Girard was succeeded by Mons. Gilbert-Pierre, who was a devout Catholic and strongly opposed to the new state of ecclesiastical affairs in the Protestant churches, and he soon found objections which were destined to obstruct the progress of our cause. Protests were entered by us, interviews sought and obtained, correspondence interchanged, and every possible means employed to bring about a mutually agreeable adjustment of the differences, but the opinion and the determination of the Commandant could not be disturbed. It seems to have been designedly obstructive, and with such he was immovable; we were allowed to hold our annual meetings, but could not carry out our decisions on account of these official obstructions, so that our organization was merely one of name only.

“In due course M. Gilbert-Pierre was succeeded by M. Michaux, whose policy in ecclesiastical matters was virtually that of his predecessor, perhaps a little more obstructive, inasmuch as he did not allow us to hold our annual meetings even, and moreover used means for obtaining the signatures of the pastors of the churches to a protest drawn up by his own order, or at his own dictation, against the existing organization which had been published by royal decree, countersigned by Commandant Girard, as before mentioned.”

In the interval between the retirement of Mons. GIRAUD and the appointment in February, 1878, of Mons. PLANCHE as Commandant, that office had been held *ad interim*, which circumstance opposed an obstacle in the way of obtaining the concessions desired. On Mons. PLANCHE's accession the hopes of the mission were again raised.

"After some months M. le Commandant decided to send to France and obtain from head quarters a 'projet,' which should meet the requirements of the case more satisfactorily than that in nominal existence; the result was that a commission was formed in Paris, consisting of M. Jauréguiberry (now Ministre de la Marine), President; M. Puech, Capitaine de Frégate, Pastor Verne, ex-Commandant Michaux, M. Guizot, and another.

"The result of the deliberations of this committee was forwarded to the Commandant under date of February 28, 1879. On the arrival of the ministerial despatch, our Commandant seems not to have been satisfied therewith, as it withdrew from the Administration, and vested in the churches themselves still more of the power of the control of those churches than they formerly claimed, or than was ceded to them by the late Queen and Commandant Girard on October 31, 1873."

Instead, therefore, of immediately carrying out the ministerial instructions, Commandant Planche addressed another despatch to the home Government, to which, under date August 1st, 1879, a reply was returned requesting him "to annul immediately the former ordinance and promulgate the new as instructed, or, at least, to seek the assistance of the French pastors in modifying or expanding any of the clauses which may require it."

"The former part of these instructions was formally and promptly executed by publishing a 'Royal Ordonnance,' under date of 15th October, 1879, declaring that of the 31st of December, 1873, to be abrogated and annulled; but not a word was said about the new Constitution. This excited the fears of the natives that their religious worship was about to receive its death blow. The Catholics seized the opportunity of increasing and intensifying those fears by declaring that their predictions that Protestantism would soon be crushed in Tahiti were about to be fulfilled; that the abrogation of the Ordonnance in question was the beginning of the near end. Our poor natives were much alarmed, and anxiously sought our opinion and counsel on the subject. We were enabled to set them at rest by assuring them that the new 'projet' was under consideration, and would soon be promulgated. This intelligence set them somewhat at peace.

"With regard to the latter part of the ministerial despatch of the said 1st of August, the course which the Commandant pursued was to place the 'projet' in the hands of the French Protestant missionaries, who, with myself, sat in committee and discussed the various clauses carefully. The French brethren complied with the wish expressed to compile a letter to accompany our remarks and proposed alterations. This was in due time sent to the Commandant, who shortly afterwards formed a Commission, consisting of himself as President, the Chef du Service Judiciaire, and the Directeur des Affaires Indigènes, to which also M

Vernier was invited. The result of the deliberation of this said Commission was that, almost without exception, the alterations and additions proposed by us were rejected,¹ and other changes made, which the Commandant insisted on maintaining."

On the 6th of February, 1880, the long-talked-of "*Ordonnance portant organization des Eglises Tahitiennes*" was published both in the French and Tahitian languages in the *Messenger de Tahiti*, the official organ of Government in the island. Mr. Green writes:—

"The receipt of the *Messenger* on Friday afternoon was the first official intimation I had received of even an offer to accept an official position in the new Constitution, and, as this was but optional with me, I felt it to be my duty to visit the Commandant on the first opportunity, which I did on Monday morning last, the 9th of February. Our conversation may be summarised as follows:—

"1. As it is optional with the churches to accept or reject the 'projet,' what will be the position of those churches which reject it? What also would my relation to those churches be, as well as to those who accept, in the event of my non-acceptance? The reply was:—'Precisely the same as at present in each several case.' 'But,' added the Commandant, 'do you think any churches will reject?' I expressed, as my opinion, No.

"2. By accepting, will my action in the churches be freer than at present?—that is, will it be necessary for me to seek and obtain the authorisation of the Directeur of Native Affairs as heretofore before I can respond to an invitation to preach in any district in Tahiti or Moorea? Reply:—'You will be free to go when and where you like; your official position in the new Constitution will be your authorisation.'

"3. Does the limitation of the privilege of this official position absolutely refer to me, and will the privilege be definitely withdrawn on my retirement from Tahiti? Would my successor be admitted if he wished it? Reply:—'We deemed it right, as this is a French country, to introduce this phrase, "actually in Tahiti," in order to reserve to ourselves the right of admitting or otherwise an English missionary in future years [here followed some very flattering expressions about esteem, respect, &c., &c., in which I am personally held, which I do not record here]; but if Mr. Pearse, *par example*, succeed you, we should receive him with equal pleasure, or even another, but we may wish to know something about him first; the clause is by no means final and necessarily exclusive.' My rejoinder was one of thanks for compliments, and an expression of excuse for their reserve, on the ground of a Frenchman's idea of religious liberty being much less broad than an Englishman's. I at the same time expressed a hope that the phrase in question, if it must remain, would receive a liberal interpretation; more especially as German missionaries (priests), as well as a Mormon missionary (an American subject), are allowed to move freely among their respective religious communities, and to conduct schools as well as preach. I urged that there was no just ground for the restriction and limitation, the English missionary being a subject of a nation certainly as friendly and as neighbourly as that of Germany. The Commandant received my remarks quite in the spirit in which they were made; he admitted that their decisions in council were not without fault, and stated that they would reconsider my case.

"After some further conversation on the details of the new organization, I intimated my intention of, and pleasure in, accepting the position offered to me. The Commandant thanked me, accompanying his thanks with a hearty shake of the hand, and he added, 'I should have been very sorry, indeed, if you had refused it.' We separated very cordially, and I was assured that the point of liberty, which I had raised, should receive due attention."

With the concurrence of the Commandant, Mr. Green, with Messieurs VERNIER and BRUN, French missionaries, made a tour of the island, in order that the native churches might be made acquainted with the nature of the new "projet" before accepting or rejecting it. Writing on the 18th of February, Mr. Green adds:—

"On Saturday last (the 14th) I heard from one of the pastors that a circular letter had been sent to the districts of the Islands of Tahiti and Moorea informing the chiefs and district councils that, as I have accepted a position in the Superior Council of the new Constitution of the Churches, I should, henceforth, be free to preach in the districts, and, in short, to enjoy equal privileges with the French missionaries. This morning the Director of Native Affairs supplied me with a copy, a translation of which I give below:—

"TRANSLATION.

"No. 26.

"To the Chiefs, Presidents of the Council, and Councillors of the districts of Tahiti and Moorea.

"12 February, 1880.

"I inform you that the decree on the Tahitian churches has reserved a place for Mr. Green in the Superior Council.

"In consequence of his accepting (it), this English pastor will enjoy the same rights (droits) as the French pastors, and can, henceforth, go to preach in all the churches without previous authorisation.

"I pray you to inscribe the present notification in the register of the Council.

"Pour Copie Conforme,

"The Director of Native Affairs.

"(Signed) AUGARDE.

"The Director of Native Affairs.

"(Signed) AUGARDE."

More recent intelligence only tends to confirm the views entertained by Mr. Green as to the favourable turn which events have taken, and to lead to the belief that facilities to the Protestant missionaries in carrying out their work will be greater than was at first supposed.

The frontispiece represents PAPERETE, the chief town and port of Tahiti. Mr. Green's residence and the native church are seen on the left; the royal palace is in the centre, and the English church at the extreme right, with the cathedral a short distance above it. On the left in the distance is the island of MOOREA.

II.—China—Amoy.

THE Island of Amoy, on the lower portion of the coast of CHINA, with a population of 300,000 people, has formed, since 1843, the seat of one of the Society's flourishing missions. The city of Amoy is the great port of the southern half of the province of Fokien, and carries on an extensive trade. The Fokien people are an intelligent and enterprising race, fond of the sea, and ready to emigrate to Batavia, Singapore, Melbourne, or California, as occasion may serve. Present missionaries—Rev. JOHN MACGOWAN and Rev. JAMES SADLER.

By a division of labour which, by mutual arrangement, is observed in the Amoy Mission, the care of the home churches, the students, and the KOAN-KOW district devolves upon Mr. MACGOWAN, while that of the HUI-AN and CHANG-CHOW districts, with the Bible colporteurs, is allotted to his colleague Mr. SADLER. Both these brethren concur in the opinion that the past year has been one of unusual blessing, and that the present state of the mission affords, in a remarkable degree, ground for thankfulness and hope. Not that the accessions to the church have exceeded, or even equalled, those of some former years. In this respect the city congregations compare unfavourably with those in the country possessing fewer advantages. But never before has the obligation of personal effort for the support of the Gospel been so widely recognised, or the practical fulfilment of that obligation been more spontaneous and hearty. This state of things, apart from its healthy action upon the churches themselves, will place more time at the disposal of the missionaries for the training of students, and thus indirectly for the extension of the Gospel in the outlying districts, of which there are some without a single preacher. In the Society's Report just issued, the Christian activity of the native church at TNG-A-BE was referred to by Mr. Macgowan as likely to afford a stimulus in the right direction to other churches in the neighbourhood. In this respect our brother has not been disappointed. He writes:—

“After the Koan-Kow region came under my charge, I visited Chioh-boe, which was then subscribing but very little towards the salary of its native preacher. I spoke to the members on the Sabbath about the duty of self-support, and appealed to the example of Tng-a-be. At first they were utterly faithless as to their own capabilities for taking such an important step. I said I should give them time to think over the subject, and promised them if they raised enough to give them as their preacher a certain man whom I knew they all desired. On an appointed day the native pastor of Koan-Kow and myself visited the church. We preached on the subject of self-support, and then took the old subscription list, and asked each individual how much he was willing to increase. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to have prepared the hearts of the people. They were very enthusiastic, and during the morning's service enough was promised to support the man they wanted. He himself, entering into the spirit of the people, accepted their invita-

tion, though he gave up a much larger income which he was receiving from us as teacher of our theological students.

"The result of this action of the church has been far reaching. The effect upon my own mind was very great. It began to dawn upon me that the churches could after all really do more than I in my sympathy for their poverty had ever yet dared to ask of them. Vast possibilities arose before me, and I saw here the commencement of a new system that would speedily tend to make many of our churches self-supporting. In giving this church the privilege of electing their own preacher, a plan had been adopted that was fraught with great good. The effect upon the older churches was also very great. Some of them that had never dreamed of self-support began to think that what had been done in one place could certainly be done in another. Some of them, too, were incited by the desire of securing for themselves some preacher that was stationed elsewhere, and others of retaining their own man lest some other church might elect him and deprive them of his services. This noble contagion has spread, I am glad to say, throughout the Koan-Kow region, and all but one church is now self-supporting.

A parallel case is reported by Mr. SADLER. At PHU-KHI, where the following incidents occurred, a new station has been established.

"For several years a number of men, women, and children, who had obtained the Gospel in other parts of Hui-an, had met regularly to worship God in the best way they were able without the advantage of a preacher. We were anxious to put them under regular instruction, but could not afford a preacher; and, therefore, after much consultation, decided to seek a man who would go to them for whatever they might be able to give him. A prayer-meeting was held amongst those eligible, and the question earnestly discussed. At length a Bible distributor named Poah agreed to go. Our next step was to introduce him to the people, who warmly entered into the engagement which they have steadily fulfilled—partly, by giving him offerings of potatoes and rice, also by an allowance of two dollars a month. In addition to this they have exerted themselves, at considerable expense, to fit up a suitable chapel, including room for their preacher; and now they are engaged in starting a school—the greater part of the teacher's salary being subscribed by themselves. Twelve new members have been admitted in addition to several lapsed members who have been re-admitted. We have been encouraged at each visit to this station, and the benefit of the new effort has been felt in many places."

The church at PHO-LAM, likewise, has undertaken the support of its native preacher—a man of its own selection. It is only recently that such a discretion has been accorded to the native churches, and the result of the experiment has more than justified its adoption. Mr. Sadler proceeds:—

"So late as the beginning of this year it had been in several churches a matter of great difficulty to lead the members to keep up their old subscriptions. The raising of half-a-dollar was, in some cases, a great and protracted toil. Under the new plan, however, unusual zeal has been displayed in getting the man of their choice; and, to secure this, unprecedented efforts have been made toward providing the necessary support. In this way the churches at Chang-Chow Kio-a-thau, Loh-iu, and Hui-an (district city) have promised to raise the whole

of their preacher's salary, commencing with next year. The most that they were doing was a half of the salary ; thus they have at once agreed to raise more than double the former amount. This shows that success sometimes comes in an accelerated ratio. We encourage an ardent hope that, at least in some of these stations, the preacher may gradually advance to the native pastorate. The benefits of this movement are incalculable. Preachers have formerly had no position except as the servants of the mission. Being engaged by, they are now the servants of the churches. The opprobrium of their being the 'creatures of foreigners' may now be wiped away in every self-supporting church. This, joined with the fact that they are educated men, goes far to put them on a level with the schoolmasters of the country—a class of men held in very high respect. Some of the best young men of the churches have been tempted to give themselves to the study of foreign medicine ; they are now being taught that the work of a minister is even more important. Preachers are roused to see that if they are faithful they will not fail to be appreciated ; for no common judgment is being displayed by the Christians as to who the best men really are."

For years past, owing to peculiar circumstances tending to retard their growth, the stations at AN-BIN and E-TIAM had been in a drooping condition, and it was feared that, owing to deaths and removals, they would have to be discontinued. The story of their revival, resulting in their union under one pastor, brings out many interesting facts.

"A month ago," writes Mr. Macgowan, "I met the united churches—in all thirty in number, viz., ten men and twenty women—and had a long consultation with them about their following the example of the other churches and becoming free from foreign support. Poverty, and their small number, were at first pleaded as reasons for their inability to do as much as other more favoured places. After a very full and animated discussion of the subject, they pledged themselves to raise five dollars a month, and we at once proceeded to the election of a preacher. Their lot fell upon a man who was receiving seven dollars, but he at once willingly accepted their offer lest his refusal should damp the spirit of enthusiasm that, to the amazement of us all, had come to replace the apathy that had for years characterised them. This onward stride in self-development has had an important effect upon the churches generally. It has given them a consciousness of strength and an independent feeling which will tend to make them stronger in every way. Not that they do not any longer need the oversight of the foreign missionary. His presence will be as much as ever welcomed amongst them, and his advice in the management of the churches valued as in the past; but the feeling of dependence upon him for pecuniary aid was not a healthy one, and I am glad that in so many of them it is gone, and I trust for ever.

"On the 26th of October Kaw-Tiam-teng, who had been elected four years ago, was ordained pastor over the church of Koan-Kow. He has been well tried during these years of probation, and he has won our confidence and that of his church by his consistent Christian life. In his early life his advantages in the way of education were very limited, so that he is not so highly cultured as the Amoy pastor. He has, however, special qualifications that adapt him for the position he now occupies. He is a man of great energy of character, of large sympathy, and a vigorous preacher. His church lately has not grown much in numbers, and

he grieves a good deal over this, though I do not think that he is to blame for it. Still under his wise management it has become more consolidated, and he has taught them the art of giving, as the statistics on this point will show. I have recently made arrangements with him for getting his church to enter upon a course of evangelistic work, which will, I believe, have the effect of adding more enthusiasm to it, and thus giving it more vitality."

In the HUI-AN and CHANG-CHOW regions fifty-one members have been added to the church. These have all had to pass through a long probation, some of those baptized during 1879 having been inquirers for many years. As in more favoured lands, the church in China embraces a wide range of Christian character and experience. There are, it need scarcely be said, many instances of inconsistency to be found among the native converts. While deploring this fact, Mr. Sadler uses it as an argument in pressing upon the churches of Britain the necessity which exists for their intelligent sympathy and earnest prayers on behalf of China.

"As a rule we cannot expect from Chinese converts such rich experiences of Divine grace and power as delight the hearts of our brethren at home. Our inquirers are catechumens. All the 'inquiring' has to be done by us, and usually with a view to instruction; still, as they advance to membership, and the more select become office-bearers, our hearts are sometimes melted by the clear indications of the Holy Spirit's working. At one time, some who have been under severe discipline come to us, giving evidences that there has been a sifting and a winnowing amongst them, leaving the faithful few (to use their own words) 'Clinging to the Lord's feet.' At another, misdemeanours in the conduct of a preacher cause his fellow-preachers to gather round him in tearful supplication that he may be brought to a better mind. Proofs are given that the coming of the missionary is looked forward to as a good time for obtaining refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Deep sorrow is evinced over those who bring shame on the brotherhood, and corresponding joy when any are made alive unto God. A father will go a long way as men did of old to seek Jesus, and ask for prayer for his son afflicted with sore mental disorder. Great tenderness for each other's distresses is sometimes produced by the Gospel, not only for fellow-Christians, but for those outside the fold. The national clannishness of the people is being sanctified, and, where one did not expect it, mutual love is evoked. Out of their deep poverty many support the ordinances of religion. Without a bed-covering for themselves they will try to provide one for their preacher. And, though their meals may be plain, they will sometimes make a feast for him. And all in the midst of the hideous state and circumstances of China; debts and dunning, undying quarrels, innumerable diseases, cruel wrongs practised on children, women crushed, those willing to escape from gambling frequently enthralled, the Sabbath opposed by all the institutions of the country, family life a terror, social life all hard, mendacious, selfish, and a paternal (?) Government built upon might against right. Let the self-denying friends of China missions know that the word they send of *rest* to the weary and heavy-laden is not less sweet here than when first uttered by the Lord."

III.—The Mission in Madagascar.

THE Report of this Mission for 1879 contains a very full, faithful, and instructive review of the past year's work in the several departments of labour. Its tone, though indicating some depression, is not discouraging. Confident in the power of the Word of God, and in its final triumph over all obstacles, the missionaries have steadily carried on their numerous forms of effort in the face of many difficulties. The Directors are thankful to be able to state that friendly relations continue between the members of the Mission and the Central Government, and that the freedom of the churches from State-patronage and control is maintained.

During the year the pressure of work resting on the missionaries in the field has been unusually heavy, arising from the temporary absence of several of their colleagues, either on furlough or on account of serious ill-health compelling their return to England for a time. The diminution of the working staff in the island has been greater than was anticipated by the Directors. They are, however, taking steps immediately to send relief to their brethren who are finding the demands on them to be far beyond their ability to meet them satisfactorily.

Last year the reports from several districts referred to a severe visitation of epidemic fever in the northern and western part of Imerina, the central province. During 1879 the epidemic re-appeared, but its chief ravages were farther to the east. Widespread and very fatal have been the effects of this visitation, and by it, in some districts, the work of the Mission, both in the congregations and the schools, has been greatly hindered. At the close of July, however, the disease had greatly abated, the congregations were gathering together again, and the school work was being resumed.

In the Betsileo province, about 200 miles south of Antananarivo, the good and useful work of the Mission has been, for a time, seriously disturbed by the intrigues and violent procedure of the French Jesuit priests. The missionaries of the Society, forming the Betsileo District Committee, have furnished a statement of the difficulties in this matter, which they have had to encounter, and which is given in detail in the Society's Report. Affairs now present a more favourable aspect, owing to the action which the native Government has lately taken.

During the last two years much disquietude and anxiety have prevailed among the people in expectation of a new *conscription*. In March of last year the message of the Queen on this subject was publicly delivered at a great *kabary*. Before this, there had been no *conscription* in the island

since the reign of Ranavalona I., and that was of a very oppressive character. It is now very interesting and encouraging to note the high sense of justice and the enlightened views of natural rights of which the recently framed regulations for the new conscription give very clear evidence. This conscription has a relation to elementary education, and thus to the work of the Mission. On this aspect of the matter the missionaries write thus :—

“While fears and prejudices were rife among the people, the great *kabary* about the conscription was made, and we are happy to say that it produced much less excitement and gave much greater satisfaction to the people than any of us could have dared to expect. With regard to the schools, which is that part of the scheme that touches our work most closely, it is enacted (1) that they shall not be disturbed in the first instance, but that afterwards the Queen will take measures to find out who are worthy of being scholars ; (2) that after the business of the conscription is finished, all children from seven years of age and upwards, shall be compelled to learn, and that parents keeping back their children shall be fined three dollars for each child so kept back ; and (3) that in the meantime no new scholars shall be received, and those who have left shall not be re-admitted under a penalty of fifty dollars. The immediate effect of these regulations on our schools was to clear out some of the most lazy scholars who saw no hope of gain by further attendance, and thus the number of scholars was reduced, as no new ones could be received to fill the places of those who left ; but at the same time there was an increase of diligence on the part of many of the scholars, who were evidently hoping that the time of their reward was at hand. This, however, lasted only for a time. Eight months have passed since the great *kabary* was made, and no further action has been taken by the Government with regard to the schools. The day of reckoning may come before long, but it is not seen as yet ; and though our schools have made considerable progress in other respects during the year, we have not for a long time had fewer children in attendance than we have at present.”

The Report contains deeply interesting, varied, and suggestive statements respecting the evangelistic and pastoral work of the Mission. Properly to read and estimate these statements requires a large acquaintance with heathenism ; and its broad, strong, and deadening hold on the whole nature of those who have been brought up under its influence. Many British Christians, being without this knowledge, will certainly expect too much of these people, who, in the majority of cases, have only partially shaken off the old and close bondage of paganism. The missionaries have to acquire and maintain the habit of looking at the varied aspects of Malagasy Christianity from the standpoint of Malagasy circumstances. These remarks find corroboration in the following extracts from the report of the Rev. C. JUKES :—

“An intelligent native remarked to me the other day : ‘You missionaries preach to us about holiness, the spiritual life, growth in grace, and so on, but really the great majority of the Malagasy, who you think are deeply interested in

your teaching, do not understand or care much about these things.' I fear there is much truth in this.

"It is my pleasure to be personally acquainted with native brethren, who are I know, aspiring, struggling, and praying to attain to more Christ-likeness, and it is one of the real joys of missionary life to direct and to have fellowship with such converts; but I must confess that another year's experience in the two large districts under my charge, with constant and intimate intercourse with the people, has added to my conviction that a considerable proportion of our church members, even of some years' standing, have not yet reached to the soul and kernel of Christianity. In not a few country places the people would no doubt prefer to return to their old heathen habits, but prevailing custom, and the example of those high in authority, forbid their giving up the 'praying.' It is not at all improbable that the slightest indication of a royal wish—which, however, is not likely to be entertained, much less expressed—would as easily transform many of our chapels into Mohammedan mosques or heathen temples, as the unobtrusive piety of the sovereign influenced the whole tribe of the Hovas, a few years ago, nominally to embrace Christianity. Without in any way depreciating the wonderful, and, perhaps, unparalleled, success of missions in this land, and of which I believe the Holy Ghost to be the author, I deem it needful to make these remarks in case the accompanying statistics should produce a wrong impression, as I am apprehensive they may do, as to the religious condition of our churches."

But sunshine comes across the path of the brethren, at times correcting their former estimate of the condition of things. Thus the Rev. H. W. GRAINGE gives a varied sketch, in which the dark shades pass away in growing light:—

"The Malagasy church, like Israel of old, may be compared to the tiel tree and the oak, which have life and substance in them even when they cast their leaves, and vitality enough to send out many a noble shoot from far stretching underground fibres even should man do his utmost to uproot them altogether. In talking to some of the old Christian men connected with Andohalo church and district, men who passed through the persecution long ago, I have been tempted to think the present generation of Christians of an effeminate stamp as compared with them; but lately I have had to rejoice over cases in which a spontaneous and generous exhibition of Christian principle has been exhibited by younger men, and so have been led to thank God and take courage. And, moreover, during the past few months I have discovered that quiet evangelistic work has been carried on in the district, of which I had hitherto no knowledge—work for which the workers received no payment, thanks, or recognition. And in dealing with some of whom I had very mean impressions, such impressions have become greatly modified. On the whole I cannot help feeling that oftentimes I have seen little but evil in churches and individuals simply for want of the opportunity of knowing them better. Evil, from its very nature, rises like scum to the surface, while underneath there is often much that is sweet and pure. At least it was so in my experience of church life at home, and I believe it to be so here."

The Rev. T. BROCKWAY, reviewing his six years' work among the Betsileo in the Ambositra district, is encouraged, as the following extract from his report shows:—

"Yet one rejoices to sing of mercy as of judgment. If the numbers who gather on the Lord's-day be considered, the order and attention of the audience, the diligence of the native preachers and deacons, the flourishing condition of the Sunday and day schools in spite of all difficulties, the number of young people who seem impressed with the importance of eternal things and are candidates for baptism or church fellowship; if all this, with the hopeful spirit of the labourers most concerned, be considered, then it must be said that this which would almost lead a South African or an Indian missionary to sing Simeon's song after twenty or thirty years' labour in those countries, may at least excuse us if we say, 'We thank God and take courage,' after being six years among the Betsileo at Ambositra."

The Mission among the SIHANAKA, who occupy a district some distance to the north of the capital, was commenced by the Rev. J. PEARSE in 1875. His work there has been one of much difficulty, arising from the ignorance of the people, their strong and deeply rooted belief in charms, and their great indifference to spiritual things. His chief hope is in the work done in the schools. On these subjects he writes as follows:—

"I feel that it is almost impossible for our friends in England fully to realise the ignorance of the people among whom we dwell; and, although they attend our services, they are utterly indifferent to spiritual things. To many of those to whom we preach even the name of Jesus is still strange; and, more than once during the year, after speaking about the Saviour and His love, on putting the question, 'Who is Jesus?' to some of those who have listened to me, the reply I have received has been, 'Aaa,' or, 'I don't know.'"

"No department of our labour has given us more encouragement, or promises a richer reward, than the work in our schools; and I am happy to report that this has been carried on uninterruptedly and successfully during the year."

In 1877 the Rev. W. C. PICKERSGILL commenced a Mission in the province of IBOINA, to the north-west of Antananarivo, having the port of Mojanga as his headquarters. Here, from the time of his arrival, he has had to cope with the unauthorised and prejudicial interference of native officials in spiritual things. Notwithstanding the very distinct utterances of the Queen and Prime Minister on the subject of non-interference in religious matters, and a practical consistency in this respect on the part of those at the head of affairs, native officers, far removed from the centre of government, frequently exceed their authority, and violate the pledges given by their superiors. Mr. Pickersgill has found this to be a great obstacle in his work. He writes:—

"However we may strive to keep the Christian Church in Madagascar from State control, we can only effect the separation by providing the hands which are likely to work mischief with something better to do. The policy here indicated has hitherto proved satisfactory in Iboina. As far as possible the work of education has been handed over to the native authorities, and the schools are

specially named as belonging to the Queen. Unfortunately, the Malagasy officials are not yet far enough enlightened to take the entire matter into their own hands, and hence there is still an apparent connection between religion and State authority. But it is far better to have the link in a European missionary, who is keenly alive to the value of freedom on both sides, than to see the two things hopelessly confounded by undiscerning governors and their subordinates, whose bias is all on the side of the State."

Several of the reports refer to instances in which the beautiful results of the power of Christianity have been peculiarly marked and influential for good. The Committee in their general report make especial reference to the death of the sister of the Prime Minister, whose heart the Lord opened in former years, and whose life was one of eminent Christian consistency and widespread usefulness. The Committee write:—

"The death of RAMATOA RASOARAY, the last surviving sister of the Prime Minister, which took place on the 19th of July, is an event of public importance, and has not been without its influence on the work of the Mission. Ramatoa Rasoaray was respected and loved by all classes of the people, and her death produced universal sorrow. She was a lady of unusual intelligence and good sense, and was a true friend to all who were in trouble. She was the constant companion of the Queen and the trusted adviser of her brother the Prime Minister. In everything that concerned the welfare of the nation she took a lively interest, and was always recognised as the friend of the poor and the oppressed. She became a member of the church at Ambohipotsy in July, 1868, and has been a consistent Christian, zealous in every good work, and liberal in her contributions towards the spreading of the Gospel. Latterly she was connected with the Palace Church, and was one of its brightest ornaments. Though the second lady in the kingdom, she never presumed upon her rank, but was remarkable for her gentleness and kindly disposition. It was most pleasing at the time of her death to listen to the representatives of the various classes of the people, as they expressed their grief and made mention of some of the many kindnesses they had received from her; but the most interesting of all was a recently freed Mozambique, who, in the name of his companions, came forward and spoke of the kindness she had shown to them, and of their deep sorrow at having lost one of their best friends. We trust that her children, as well as many others, may be induced to follow her example, and take her place in works of charity and in the affections of the people."

The Committee, in their general report, refer to a subject of much interest, which brings out prominently the valuable results of the work of the COLLEGE in former years, and its indirect, but real and important, bearing on the true progress of the native community. Respecting the "Recall of the Folo Lahy," the Committee write as follows:—

"Another circumstance of importance to our mission is the RECALL OF THE FOLO LAHY, or ten evangelists, who were sent out about five years ago, and who have been supported by the Palace Church. These men were among the most successful of the first lot of students trained in our College. They finished their course of

study in 1874, and were sent out by the Queen and Prime Minister in the name of the Palace Church. They were stationed at the principal towns in the various parts of Imerina, and took charge of fourteen or fifteen churches each, including the schools.

"Much has been said and written with regard to these ten men, and their position has been pointed to, once and again, as proving the existence of a State Church in Madagascar. We have before had occasion to refute the arguments based on such an unsound foundation, and do not think it necessary to do so again. We feel it our duty, however, to place on record our high appreciation of the good work these men have been able to accomplish in their various districts during the five years of their evangelistic labours. The fruits of their teaching are abundantly manifest, and will be so for many years to come. They have occupied a unique and somewhat difficult position, but, with perhaps one exception, they have shown themselves to be men of sound judgment, as well as of superior intelligence, and have done their work conscientiously and well; and now that they have been called to take up other duties, and to occupy responsible positions in the government of the country, we trust they may be equally successful in their new work, and have a long career of usefulness before them. The services of these men have been required by the Government in consequence of the various changes and reforms which are now being made in the mode of administration in almost every branch of the public service. Hitherto the work of the Government in nearly every department has devolved upon the Prime Minister, but there is now being made the first attempt in Madagascar to form what may be called a *ministry*, based partly on European principles, but greatly modified to meet the circumstances of the country and the peculiarities of the Malagasy character. Officers approaching, in some degree, to what in Europe would be termed Ministers of Education, Justice, Jurisprudence, &c., are now being appointed, and the ten evangelists have been recalled to occupy these important and responsible positions. We regard this movement on the part of the Government as a step in the right direction, and hope for much good to the country as the result of these new arrangements."

Several of the missionaries, in their reports, bear very high testimony to the Christian character of these native brethren, and to the effective service which they have rendered in the districts in which they have been labouring.

Closely connected with this subject is the more recent work of the College, on which the strength, intelligence, and spiritual life of the native churches in the future so much depend. In June, 1878, thirty-one students left the institution; but eighteen candidates having been received, the new College-year began with fifty-four students; but two of these were carried off by fever, leaving fifty-two on the books. During the year ending June, 1879, quiet, thorough, and satisfactory work was done. The two tutors (Revs. R. Toy and G. Cousins) "were able to keep steadily to their classes, and the two native assistants gave much satisfaction by their conscientious attention to duty." Soon after this, however, the serious illness of Mr.

Toy rendered it imperative for him to withdraw from the work, and, as his health did not improve, he left Madagascar to proceed to England, but died on the way, leaving a vacancy which it will be difficult to fill up. Under these painfully changed circumstances, it was necessary to call in the aid of other brethren, whose district work was claiming from them more effort than they were well able to bestow. Thus, for a time, the ordinary work of the College will be carried on with difficulty. Of those who had been students during the year eleven left in June, and most of these proceeded at once to different stations.

In the absence of the Rev. J. Richardson, on furlough in England, the work of the NORMAL SCHOOL has been conducted by Mr. THORNE.

Definite action has been taken during the year with a view to re-opening the hospital in Antananarivo, and carrying on the MEDICAL MISSION. For about two years this work had been suspended, although, during that time, the Directors had used all available means to secure a suitable superintendent for that branch of the work. A few months ago, the Committee of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, recognising the importance of the medical department as an auxiliary to the more spiritual part of the work, and meeting with a fully qualified medical practitioner, Mr. J. TREGELLES FOX, M.R.C.S., in all respects fitted, and also ready, to undertake this service, invited the co-operation of the Directors in the re-establishment of the Medical Mission. After full deliberation, it was decided that the Friends' Society should send out Mr. Fox to re-open the hospital and resume the work of this branch, the London Missionary Society bearing a fixed proportion of the outlay. This work will be under the management of a joint committee, composed of missionaries of both societies. Mr. Fox left England on the 8th of June.

The entire Report, which occupies 146 pages, forms a very important contribution to the history of Christianity in Madagascar. It is full and frank, unvarnished and undisguised, and bears evident marks of having been written with an honest desire to set before the Christian Church the real aspects of the work which is being carried on. It deserves and will well repay a careful perusal. From it the thoughtful reader will gather much reliable information respecting the social, mental, and spiritual position of the people, and the numerous and grave difficulties which meet the missionary in his path of duty; and, by its clear statements, he cannot fail to be impressed with the marvellous revolution, affecting all classes of native society, in every aspect of human life, which has been wrought in the island, directly and indirectly, by means of Christian missionaries, wielding, as their chief weapon, "the Sword of the Spirit—the Word of God."

IV.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. F. WILKINSON, from MADRAS, South India, per steamer *Merkara*, April 24th.

Mrs. TOY and daughter, from MADAGASCAR, *viâ* Cape of Good Hope, per steamer *Glanully Castle*, April 28th.

The Rev. E. BRYANT, Mrs. Bryant, and family, from HANKOW, and Mrs. SADLER and son, from AMOY, China, per steamer *Priam*, April 28th.

The Rev. T. INSELL, from MIRZAPORE, North India, per steamer *Singapore*, May 7th.

The Rev. F. E. LAWES, Mrs. Lawes, and five children, from NIUE; and Rev. G. A. TURNER, M.D., Mrs. Turner, and three children, from UPOLU, Samoan Islands, per *Parramatta*, May 29th.

2. IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES HARDIE, FORMERLY OF SAMOA.

One of a party of six missionaries who embarked from England at the close of 1835, Mr. HARDIE was privileged to share in the early stages of the Society's mission in the SAMOAN Islands. He resided at SAVAII until the month of March, 1854, when he joined Mr. (now Dr.) TURNER at UPOLU in the formation of an Educational Institution at Malua. At the close of that year he left in the missionary vessel for England. Soon after his arrival, family considerations led him to accept charge of the Congregational Church at BRILL, in Buckinghamshire, when, equally to his own regret and that of the Directors, his connection with the Society ceased. In December, 1866, having previously exchanged the pastorate at Brill for that of a neighbouring church, he, with Mrs. Hardie and family, proceeded to Australia, and took up his residence at WOOLLAHRA, near Sydney, where he died on the 19th of February last in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Intelligence, geniality, and goodness were marked characteristics of Mr. Hardie's career, alike in his missionary, pastoral, and family life, and his dying-bed was cheered by the presence of a devoted wife and grown-up sons and daughters.

REV. R. TOY, OF MADAGASCAR.

The losses sustained by the society during the past twelve months, as referred to in the Annual Report, include the honoured name of ROBERT TOY. Landing in Madagascar, with Mrs. Toy, in the autumn of 1862, our brother took up his residence in the capital. His labours in the island were varied and important. In addition to the pastoral oversight of the church at Ambohipotsy, and more recently of that at Faravohitra, and the evangelistic operations connected therewith, he devoted much time to literary work, chiefly that of Bible revision, on which he was subsequently appointed a delegate. In 1869, with the Rev. GEORGE COUSINS, he shared the honour of commencing a Training class for native preachers, which afterwards developed into the Theological Institution. As the first tutor of that Institution, he found a most congenial sphere, and one for which, by education and habit, he was eminently fitted. Before leaving the island at the close of last year, he had the satisfaction of seeing in its near com-

pletion the new and commodious College building which the Directors have provided for the capital. Mr. Toy's physical powers were unfortunately unequal to bear the strain of his vigorous and active mind. In 1870 ill-health compelled him to anticipate the usual period of furlough to England; and another six years' hard work after his return to Madagascar rendered it, in the opinion of his medical advisers, indispensable that he should again turn his face homeward. Proceeding, *viâ* Natal and Cape Town, he resided for three months in the latter colony, thus avoiding an English winter. He once more embarked in the *Glastonbury Castle*, on the 6th of April, and on the 19th of the same month died at sea. Mrs. Toy and her daughter landed nine days afterwards, amid such expressions of sympathy and regard as their peculiar sorrow could scarcely fail to call forth.

3. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

On Wednesday, June 16th, Mr. E. V. COOPER, of Lancashire Independent College, on his appointment by the Directors as a missionary to the SOCIETY ISLANDS, South Pacific, was ordained at Mawdsley Street Chapel, BOLTON. The Scriptures were read by the Rev. C. A. Berry; the Rev. A. T. Saville, of Rye, formerly missionary at Huahine, described the field of labour; the questions were asked by the Rev. Robert Best, and, replies having been given by the candidate, the ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Hewgill, M.A., of Farnworth. The Rev. Professor Scott, LL.B., delivered the charge.

4. THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

After a stay of upwards of ten weeks in Sydney, during which she underwent the necessary preparations for sea, the missionary vessel, having taken on board supplies for the various islands, again left port on her twelfth series of voyages in the South Pacific on Monday, the 22nd of March.

V.—Anniversary Collections in May.

ANNIVERSARY COLLECTIONS.

Exeter Hall	92	1	7
Christ Church	56	18	1
COLLECTIONS, 9TH MAY (as far as reported).			
Abney Chapel	21	8	4
Acton	5	9	2
Addiscombe, Christchurch	11	18	4
Anerley	21	16	11
Arundel Square	11	18	6
Asylum Road, Pockham	8	2	0
Balham and Upper Tooting	7	1	10
Barbican Chapel	7	10	8
Battersea	4	14	2
Bokenham	6	8	8
Bethnal Green	7	14	2
Blackheath	37	5	4
Brentford, Boston Road	4	4	0
Brixton Road	40	15	8
" Trinity Chapel	10	18	0
Bromley, Kent	18	5	9
Buckhurst Hill	13	0	0
Camdenwell	28	6	0
" Albany Road	6	0	0
" New Road	7	5	9
Cambridge Heath	26	10	0
Canham Town, Park Chapel	40	0	0
Chigwell Row	3	1	0
City Road	7	17	2
" Temple	50	0	0
Clapham	98	2	11
Clapton, Lower	28	19	0
" Upper	30	0	0
" Park	61	0	2
Claremont Chapel	8	0	0
Cockfords' Rents Chapel	3	0	0
Coverdale Chapel	2	13	6
Craven Chapel	35	0	0
Craven Hill Chapel	20	2	6
Crouch End, Park Chapel	35	6	1
Croydon, George Street	25	1	9
" Belhurst	7	15	9
" Trinity Church	14	17	0
" South	0	18	0
Dalston, Middleton Road	11	4	9
" Fownell Road	2	0	0
Deptford	10	19	3
Dulwich, West	4	14	0
" George	3	5	0
Ealing	18	4	5
Edmonton Square	20	0	0
Edmonton, Lower	1	12	0
Eltham	9	1	3
Enfield, Baker Street	10	13	7
Epsom Congregational Church	6	9	2
Essex Street	6	13	0

Hinchley Common (North End) ...	15 4 9	Norwood, Upper... ..	9 0 0
Forest Hill, Queen's Road ...	10 4 5	Offord Road... ..	6 5 6
Trinity Church	9 8 7	Paddington Chapel	10 3 3
Gospel Oak	7 13 0	Peckham Eye	13 9 0
Greenwich, Mase Hill	10 17 6	Pentonville Road	4 0 3
Greville Place	5 7 2	Plaistow	9 0 0
Hackney, Old Gravel Pit... ..	16 1 2	Ponders End	3 6 0
Hammermith, Albion Road	4 5 9	Redhill	9 2 1
Hamstead Congregational Church ...	8 9 8	Reigate	9 6 9
Hanover Chapel... ..	23 0 0	Richmond	27 0 0
Hare Court Chapel	47 0 1	River Street, Islington	4 3 0
Harley Street, Bow	15 9 3	Robert Street	5 0 0
Haverstock Chapel	37 0 0	St. John's Wood Terrace Church ...	4 4 6
Hertford	5 5 8	Sidcup	14 4 0
Highbury Quadrant Congregation Ch...	20 11 0	Slon New Chapel	3 0 0
Highgate	20 8 0	Stamford Hill	30 19 0
Holloway Congregational Church ...	14 0 0	Stepney Meeting	28 0 0
" Junction Road	11 2 2	Stratford Congregational Church...	22 8 2
" Seven Sisters Road... ..	6 7 0	Streatham Hill	17 7 8
Horbury Chapel... ..	22 10 0	Surbiton Park	12 15 0
Horselydown, Union Chapel	3 6 6	Sutherland Chapel	9 5 5
Horton, Academy Chapel	7 7 4	Sutton	10 1 10
Islington, Union Chapel... ..	80 5 4	Sydenham, Church-in-the-Grove...	12 18 2
Kensington	60 5 9	Thornton Heath... ..	4 6 8
" Golborne Road	2 3 9	Tollington Park, New Court Ch. ...	27 2 4
Kewish Town	19 9 6	Tottenham Court Road	51 0 0
Kingland	15 5 0	Trevor Chapel	7 8 8
Latter Chapel	7 12 3	Walford Road, Trinity Church ...	3 16 6
Levisham Congregational Church ...	52 13 0	Walthamstow, Marsh Street	16 16 0
" High Road	40 0 0	" Trinity Chapel	13 14 10
Leyton	4 0 0	" Wood Street	8 13 4
Leytstone... ..	13 1 7	Wandsworth	12 2 9
Loughborough Park	11 11 6	Wanstead	10 18 0
Merton	2 3 6	Whitefield Tabernacle	5 17 0
Mile End New Town... ..	10 2 0	Wimbledon	10 17 2
Mile Hill	10 11 10	Woodford	15 8 4
Milton next Gravesend	20 0 0	" Union Church	11 7 3
Mitcham, Zion Chapel	4 12 5	Wood Green... ..	8 3 0
New Barnet... ..	12 5 4	Wycliffe Chapel... ..	20 0 0
New College Chapel	26 0 0	York Road	8 5 5
New Tabernacle... ..	4 13 8	" Street	7 9 4
Northfleet (moisty)	1 11 6		

VI.—Contributions.

From 16th to 30th of April, 1880.

LONDON.			
£ C. instead of a Legacy ...	200 0 0	Miss Hughes (box).....	1 11 5
Anonymous, E. E., towards a Fund for Training Home for Teachers, Calcutta.....	80 0 0	Alney Ch. Miss Collinson ..	1 8 6
For Schools in India, China, and Madagascar, for Wo- men and Girls.....	50 0 0	Arundel Square	7 17 6
R. Scott, Esq., for Female Missions	50 0 0	Barbican Ch.	6 2 0
Dr. S. O. Habershon.....	10 10 0	Mr. G. Baker	0 10 6
A. C. Stuart, Esq.	10 0 0	Barnsbury Ch.....	13 18 0
Messrs. Piby and Kemp....	5 5 0	Becky Month	44 4 8
Henry Tabby, Esq.	5 0 0	Bishopsgate Ch.	6 6 6
J. Fawcett, Esq.	2 16 6	Blackheath	207 18 11
J. Nicholson, Esq.....	2 2 0	" E."	20 0 0
J. E. B.	1 1 0	Bromley (Kent)	106 9 10
F. Leaver, Esq.....	1 1 0	Buckhurst Hill	18 10 0
A. Price, per Mr. Butler ..	1 0 0	Cannden Town. Park Ch. ..	48 11 8
A. Vase from the "Duff" ..	0 4 6	Chesham	131 10 2
"Amicus," for Central Africa	0 2 6	City Road	1 10 6
Subscriptions by the Collec- tor	28 79 6	Clapham	254 14 0
		Clapham, Lower	68 11 6
		Clapham Park	139 13 0
		Clarendon Ch. Collected by Miss Hill	8 19 0
		Crown Hill Ch.	20 3 1
		Crouch End. Park Ch.	148 8 11
		Croydon. George Street....	22 9 5
		Croydon, West.....	28 19 3
		Dalston. Middleton Road..	3 10 0
		Enfield	1 0 0
		Enfield— Baker Street	33 2 6
		Christchurch	1 1 0
		Forest Hill. Trinity Ch....	6 14 6
		Greenwich. Mase Hill Ch.	11 15 2
		Greenwich Road.....	3 13 0
		Hammermith. Broadway ..	9 2 9
		Hanover Ch.....	10 18 0
		Hare Court Ch.	95 16 4
		Horton. Academy Ch.	30 6 9
		Islington. Union Ch.....	144 8 2
		Kensington... ..	55 0 0
		Kewish Town	72 9 8
		J. Gordon, Esq., Dividend for Native Teacher, New Guinea.....	4 17 11

<i>Kingland</i>	46 9 6	<i>Bolton and Farnworth.</i>		<i>Guildford. Auxiliary</i>	23 8 3
<i>Kingston-on-Thames</i>	28 1 9	<i>Auxiliary</i>	118 8 6	<i>Rev. Sir T. M. Lambington</i>	
<i>Lancaster Road</i>	21 10 10	<i>Boston. Grove street</i>	9 1 0	<i>Tilson, Bart.</i>	20 0 0
<i>Leytonstone. Mr. and Mrs.</i>		<i>Bourne</i>	2 7 0	<i>Hamley District</i>	14 15 7
<i>W. T. Allen</i>	1 11 6	<i>Bradford. Auxiliary</i>	162 11 6	<i>Hartlepool. Auxiliary</i>	21 0 0
<i>Mile End New Town</i>	14 17 1	<i>Brighton. Auxiliary</i>	80 0 0	<i>Hartlepool, West.</i>	
<i>New College. Auxiliary</i>	8 2 1	<i>Broadway</i>	1 14 9	<i>Belle Vue Ch.</i>	2 0 0
<i>New College Ch.</i>	44 8 6	<i>Buckingham. Auxiliary</i>	21 8 7	<i>Tower street</i>	70 15 6
<i>Norwood, Lower</i>	25 0 0	<i>Bucklow Hill</i>	8 0 0	<i>Horne Bay</i>	7 7 2
<i>Norwood, Upper</i>	68 17 0	<i>Bungay. Auxiliary</i>	25 12 4	<i>Hitchin. Queen street</i>	19 17 4
<i>Oaklands Ch.</i>	5 6 0	<i>Burage</i>	0 11 3	<i>Hyde. Zion Chapel</i>	10 15 6
<i>Putney. Union Ch.</i>	23 2 6	<i>Burcott. Union Ch.</i>	20 0 8	<i>Kendal. Auxiliary</i>	69 18 3
<i>Robert Street</i>	23 19 7	<i>Burnley. Auxiliary</i>	137 13 6	<i>Kettering. Auxiliary</i>	20 9 10
<i>St. Mary Cray</i>	42 15 9	<i>Burton-on-Trent</i>	8 11 0	<i>Kingsteignton</i>	3 7 0
<i>Silver Street</i>	26 4 4	<i>Cains. Legacy of the late</i>		<i>Lancashire, West. Aux.</i>	419 11 2
<i>Southgate Road</i>	3 7 3	<i>Miss Pickett</i>	19 19 0	<i>Lamington. Holly Walk Ch.</i>	27 4 4
<i>Stamford Hill</i>	24 12 0	<i>Castle Combe District</i>	10 18 11	<i>Spencer street Ch.</i>	46 4 4
<i>Stepney Meeting</i>	1 1 0	<i>Castleford</i>	13 6 3	<i>Leicestershire. Auxiliary</i> ..	96 19 4
<i>Trecor Chapel</i>	61 9 10	<i>Caterham</i>	20 8 5	<i>Lincoln. Auxiliary</i>	92 1 5
<i>Walthamstow—</i>		<i>Chatham. Auxiliary</i>	60 11 7	<i>Littlehampton</i>	19 17 8
<i>Marsh Street</i>	7 5 0	<i>Chelmsford. For Rev. J. A.</i>		<i>Liverpool. Great Marney st.</i>	
<i>Wood Street</i>	20 9 7	<i>Lambert, Benares</i>	25 0 0	<i>Welsh Ch</i>	10 16 10
<i>West Ham. Brickfields Ch.</i>	18 0 0	<i>Cheltenham. Highbury Ch.</i>	193 4 9	<i>Grove street do.</i>	19 0 7
<i>Westminster Ch.</i>	68 6 4	<i>Chertsey. For Dr Mawbey's</i>		<i>Longton</i>	7 4 6
<i>Woodford—</i>		<i>Hospital, China, for Bed.</i>	10 0 0	<i>Macclesfield. Auxiliary</i>	16 15 2
<i>For Native Teacher, Edw.</i>		<i>Chichester. Auxiliary</i>	32 2 0	<i>Park Green Ch.</i>	17 2 4
<i>Woodford</i>	25 0 0	<i>Cornwall. Auxiliary</i>	105 0 0	<i>Maidenhead.</i>	
<i>Miss Buxton</i>	25 0 0	<i>Cotherstone</i>	2 0 0	<i>Rev. R. C. Lumsden</i>	1 1 0
<i>Albert Spicer, Esq., and</i>		<i>Coventry. Vicar Lane Ch.</i>	58 9 0	<i>Miss Bevan Brown</i>	1 1 0
<i>Mrs. Spicer</i>	15 15 0	<i>West Orchard Chapel</i>	67 0 5	<i>Malden and Thrapwood</i>	7 9 9
<i>G. Spicer, Esq.</i>	2 2 0	<i>Darwen. Duckworth street</i>	61 9 10	<i>Manchester and Salford.</i>	
<i>Woolwich. Rectory Place.</i>	19 17 4	<i>Dasentry. Auxiliary</i>	16 0 10	<i>Auxiliary</i>	201 12 4
<i>York Road</i>	26 12 4	<i>Deesbury District</i>	70 12 2	<i>Marsh Gibbon</i>	6 17 4
COUNTRY.		<i>Doncaster and Wombwell</i>	20 0 3	<i>Milton by Sittingbourne</i>	24 16 4
<i>Abercrombie</i>	1 9 9	<i>Dorchester</i>	5 9 3	<i>Milton Mount College.</i>	
<i>Abertillery. Eng. Cong. Ch.</i>	3 15 6	<i>Dover. Zion Chapel</i>	25 10 10	<i>For Zenana Work, Mirsa-</i>	
<i>Abingdon</i>	27 0 8	<i>Dursley. Tabernacle</i>	13 6 2	<i>pore</i>	10 0 9
<i>Andover</i>	23 6 3	<i>Essex. Auxiliary</i>	111 0 7	<i>New Shildon, near Darlington</i>	1 19 9
<i>Arundel</i>	20 12 8	<i>Easter. Auxiliary</i>	79 2 3	<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne. Auxiliary</i>	47 2 10
<i>Ashton-under-Lyne. Aux.</i>	322 19 2	<i>Ermouth. Glenorchy Ch.</i>	2 2 0	<i>Newham</i>	8 0 0
<i>Barnard Castle</i>	16 15 10	<i>Fakenham</i>	6 17 8	<i>Newport, Isle of Wight—</i>	
<i>Barnstaple. Auxiliary</i>	11 4 4	<i>Fylde. Auxiliary</i>	40 2 7	<i>St. James Street</i>	7 10 9
<i>Batley. Auxiliary</i>	15 8 5	<i>Gainford District</i>	10 9 10	<i>Newport, Monmouthshire</i>	26 19 2
<i>Bedford. Bunyan Meeting</i>	20 15 5	<i>Gloucester. Southgate Ch.</i>	61 7 10	<i>Norbury Common</i>	6 19 2
<i>Howard Chapel</i>	17 1 4	<i>Gravesend. Princes street</i>	40 1 8	<i>Norfolk and Norwich. Aux.</i>	245 16 2
<i>Berkhamstead</i>	10 9 6	<i>Great Marlow</i>	4 8 4	<i>North Shields</i>	11 8 6
<i>Birkenhead and Wirral.</i>		<i>Guernsey. Auxiliary</i>	27 9 6	<i>Nottinghamshire. Auxiliary</i>	99 15 0
<i>Auxiliary</i>	13 16 3			<i>Ongar</i>	16 13 3
<i>Hamilton Square</i>	19 1 10			<i>Peterborough. Westgate Ch.</i>	42 3 5
<i>Birmingham.</i>				<i>Plymouth. Auxiliary</i>	40 12 1
<i>Mrs. Phillips and family</i>				<i>Poole. Skinner Street</i>	6 1 0
<i>for boat for Rev. W. E.</i>				<i>Portsmouth. Auxiliary</i>	66 9 4
<i>Phillips, Berhampore</i> ..	2 0 0			<i>Puddletown</i>	6 4 2
<i>Blackburn District</i>	146 0 0				

(Remainder of List next month.)



Yours faithfully
E. Jackson.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST, 1880.

The City of Trent and its Famous Council.

THE drive from Riva, on the Lago di Garda, to the ancient city of Trent, is one of the most charming in the lower Tyrol. Leaving the inn with its pretty garden on the shores of the lovely lake, you pass through scenes of rare beauty, which culminate about half-way in picturesque views of a rock-built castle on the margin of a broad reach of water ; and then the rest of the journey is through mountain scenery, more magnificent, bold and bare, than the preceding part, but clothed at the bottom with luxuriant vegetation. At the end you thread your way through a narrow gorge, and then there opens a lovely valley sprinkled over with trees and houses, cut in twain by a broad river, on the banks of which spread out a wide range of buildings, overlooked by mountains all round, and by a curious huge rock standing up in the midst, well covered over with dense foliage. The name by which it is known to the Italians is *Dos Trento*, the German name is *Hoch Trient*. The river is the Adige, those buildings form the city of Trent. The city is completely encircled by chains of mountains, green, brown, and slate coloured, presenting a pleasant harmony of tints ; and in the month of May, when we were there, one of the everlasting hills which overlook the place was covered with wide drifts of snow.

Having crossed the bridge, the traveller soon finds himself in the midst of wide and stately streets, ancient palaces, sculpture of all kinds, balconies without number, carved medallions let into the walls here and there, huge paintings in front of the houses, oriel windows, and all sorts of little architectural bits, pleasant to the artist and

the antiquary. Some streets are narrow, and full of shops, rather Italian-looking, and well stored with goods; and if you enter to make purchases, it is amusing to hear from the trades-people an odd intermingling of German gutturals with the liquid vocables of the south. A little strange too it is to notice the contrast between the antique appearance of the houses, and the ladies dressed according to the latest Parisian fashion.

But one idea predominates over all others, at least, in the case of theological students, as they wander through these quaint thoroughfares. Here from 1546 to 1563 was held the famous Council which fixed the Roman Catholic church on the theological and ecclesiastical basis it has occupied ever since. The theological and ecclesiastical strifes at the time of the Reformation led many Papists, as well as Protestants, to wish for a general council for the settlement of disputes; but the deep differences of opinion existing between them rendered a satisfactory union totally impossible. After much diplomacy had been bestowed on preliminary arrangements, Trent was selected as the place of meeting; but the Papacy would allow no Protestants to share in the proceedings, because they were regarded as heretics and schismatics, and therefore without the pale of the Catholic church. Liberty of individual judgment lay at the basis of Protestant demands; a determination to deny it lay at the bottom of the Romanistic policy. Yet though the temper and spirit of the fathers who assembled were manifestly one-sided and exclusive, it soon appeared that on several points a divergence of sentiments obtained amongst them. They were of different lands, of different theological schools, of different individual idiosyncrasies. They resembled the mediæval divines in this respect, that whilst acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope, and the infallibility of the church, many of them put their own interpretation upon the teaching of Catholic antiquity. Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus had held very different theological views, and some of the Tridentine fathers rallied round these separate standards in an antagonistic attitude. Augustine, indeed, was treated by all with reverence, but what exactly was meant by him in certain portions of his works remained an open question.

It requires no very inventive imagination to picture what the people of Trent beheld at the opening of the Council. Up through the road from Italy, down from the country of the north, came car.

dinals and archbishops, bishops and doctors, many of them, no doubt, in all the pomp and pride of priestly splendour. On richly caparisoned horses and mules, with crowds of attendants carrying symbols of dignity, they would slowly trot down the hill sides, or emerge from the winding valleys. Imperial representatives at the same time, displaying the utmost civil state, or the most imposing military splendour, would mingle with other processions, and were followed, most likely, by all sorts of folks, who in those days hung on the skirts of great men, as they travelled from place to place. What crowds would await the coming of these notable visitors! How their names with due reverence would pass from lip to lip! How the ladies would look down from the balconies, and the parish priests and the monastic Orders come forth in full force to do homage to these much talked of dignitaries!

In the midst of the city stands the cathedral of weather-stained marble, white, brown, and black, finished early in the fifteenth century; joined to a castle-like building with forked battlements, connected with the episcopal palace at a right angle, and flanked by an old square tower, perhaps as old as the cathedral itself. It has a cupola over the end of the choir, and a red pepper-box sort of top to the tower at the termination of the nave. In front of the principal side there is a large gushing fountain, ornamented by figures life-size, and surmounted by a statue of Neptune with his trident, whilst at the back of the fountain is an ancient house, frescoed all over with coloured figures. A curious marble porch resting on lions of an old conventional form, each holding a nondescript animal in his paws, leads into the sacred edifice; and there were leaning against the door, as we entered, two dusty umbrellas, and a large bundle belonging to two humble worshippers within the nave—a touching sign of the way in which Tyrolese peasants unite religious acts with their daily life and work. The interior of the edifice is imposing—lofty, with disproportionately tall columns supporting a roof hideously modernised both within and without. There are two curiously-contrived marble stairways with short columns let into each side of the nave, and there is in the same portion of the building an external pillared gallery running along the wall with a pleasant effect. There are a few monuments—one by the door with a sculptured figure, and a long inscription bearing date about the time of the Council. There are slabs on the old

marble floor, once carved in bold relief, but now worn away by the footsteps of many generations ; beneath the pavement is buried San-severino, the Venetian general, who was slain in battle by the citizens of Trent, in 1487. A monument to his memory was placed in the cathedral.

The Fathers who assembled at the Council must have celebrated mass again and again within these time-honoured walls, and a crucifix, before which the decrees were pronounced, is preserved in the sacristy ; but the deliberations of the assembly were carried on in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore not far off. That church has been altered a good deal, indeed, we should conclude from its appearance, rebuilt, since the time of the Council, but the guide-book says it was erected in 1520. Externally and internally it is very plain, and of smaller dimensions than could conveniently accommodate so many ecclesiastics ; certainly it has nothing to recommend it architecturally ; yet there is in it an exceedingly superb marble gallery, now supporting an organ, and it is carved and adorned in the Renaissance style of the sixteenth century. Of about the same date is a handsome doorway not in harmony with the rest of the structure, and which we should suppose must have belonged to an earlier edifice. Two representations of the Council are preserved on the walls, one differing considerably from the other. That which hangs by the side of the altar is an old oil painting, poorly executed, and in it the church appears quite unlike what it is now, showing, instead of a narrow nave without aisles, as is its present construction, columns and arches in perspective, forming a very wide and imposing edifice. There are circular seats indicated, by the side and in front of the altar, six rows deep, crowded with the Fathers—scarlet-robed personages on a raised platform—sitting face to face with the rest, the Papal Legates, we apprehend, being intended by these prominent dignitaries. There is a lofty pulpit introduced, in the midst of the congregated Fathers, and it is occupied by some one who is haranguing the audience. On the left-hand wall of the church, near the altar, is a marble slab, bearing an inscription addressed to the Madonna, declaring her Immaculate Conception, and the homage paid to her within that temple ; imploring her to protect it, and praying that the light which shone from heaven through her, might be made more and more effulgent to all the inhabitants of Trent.

It is curious and instructive to study the discussions and decrees

of the Council, the former illustrating the remarks we have already made as to the theological divergences of the Fathers; and any one who will read Father Paul's history will find, perhaps, to his surprise, how many points of doctrine very familiar to modern disputants came under review. Indeed, not a few of the questions then earnestly mooted are anything but uninteresting to us at the present time. The rule of faith lay at the bottom of the main dispute, and one Bishop went so far as to affirm that it was impious to put tradition on a level with the Scriptures, a remark which Pallavicini, who wrote in opposition to Father Paul, declares was received with "surprise and horror." How did sin enter the world, how is it transmitted, does it come through a material or an immaterial channel—these were problems knotty and obscure, yet having a strange fascination for certain metaphysical minds, and they abundantly exercised the dialectic powers of the assembled controversialists. The question of future punishment now a theme of so much interest, occupied a large share of attention, and none of the Fathers denied the position of St. Augustine, that perdition was the necessary consequence of moral evil; but a distinction was made between the privation of blessedness, and the infliction of torments, and it was thought the former only, as the result of original sin, had to be endured by little children. Gregory, of Arimini, forsook that opinion in his utterances at Trent, and hence obtained the title of the children's tormenter: not being supported by the voices of his brethren. Grace and free will, of course, came within topics for discussion, the Franciscans, following Dun Scotus, manifesting a Pelagian bias; the Dominicans, in the wake of Aquinas, exhibiting strong Augustinian tendencies and assigning the first place in personal salvation to the grace of God; indeed, some went so far in that direction as to maintain what differs little, if at all, from the teaching of Martin Luther. Here it may be noticed as remarkable, that as to predestination nothing in the works of Luther, in the Augsburg Confession, or in the Apologia, was pronounced worthy of censure; while as to the doctrine of justification by faith, the key to the whole controversy of the day, opinions were broached also very similar to those of the Saxon Reformer. The Archbishop of Sienna ascribed all merit to Christ, and none to man, and spoke of righteousness as obtained by faith only. The Bishop of Cava followed on the same side, contending that hope and love are the companions of faith,

and not the causes of justification, whilst Cardinal Contarini maintained that good works are not the foundation, but the evidence of righteousness.

The decisions of the Council, too numerous for us to specify, were intended to settle the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and they certainly laid a professedly immutable society open to the charge of addition and change, for the Tridentine decrees under pretence of development advanced on many points far beyond the conclusions of mediæval divines; but the Fathers conceded no liberty whatever to private judgment, which they deemed the parent of heresy and schism; yet, as in the middle ages, so in post-reformation times, active minds within the pale of Romish Christendom have found room for vigorous and even fierce controversy without breaking bounds. The Tridentine decisions, however, took hold on the common thought and faith of Roman Catholics throughout the world, through the creed of Pious IV., which formulated and condensed the newly edited doctrines of the Council.

The morning after we had revived these recollections of the Council we took another walk through the city, which deepened our impressions of its magnitude, picturesqueness, and apparent prosperity. Street after street presents something or other which interests the tourist; and in the Spring, the sharp, crisp air from the neighbouring mountains, has an invigorating and delightful effect most acceptable to those who on former occasions may have experienced lassitude produced by the Summer heat of the Tyrol. May is the best month for visiting that exceedingly beautiful region, and we would recommend this as a most desirable route for those who are returning from Italy at that season. In the course of our morning ramble, we re-entered the cathedral, and found in it a goodly number of people engaged in their devotions; then proceeding to Santa Maria Maggiore close by, we found priests saying mass at three different altars, and a large number of men and women on their knees. Returning to our hotel, we passed another church, where a long procession of boys filed up to the door, and disappeared. This induced us to enter, and there we discovered a large building completely filled with a juvenile congregation, consisting of many hundreds, who were singing with well modulated voices what as we learned from the books in their hands was a litany to the Virgin.

On the evening of the same day, having reached Botzen, in the neighbourhood of the Dolomite mountains—of which a good view is obtained, both at the railway station, and on the old wooden bridge—we went into the parish church, the bright parti-coloured roof of which forms a conspicuous figure in the varied and charming landscape. There we saw another crowded congregation, including a number of children, who, in a low, murmuring voice, were repeating a litany in German, like that at Trent in honour of the Virgin; for it was the month of May, and to her that month is specially consecrated. Therefore the numbers present on this occasion offered no fair specimen of the numbers attending at other times.

Many years ago, when travelling in the northern part of the Tyrol, we were struck with the religious habits of the people. At nightfall when tarrying in a village, and resting at a farmhouse, we witnessed a family and their servants kneeling at evening prayers, and chanting in union several petitions; we noticed also, how the country churches were crowded with peasants, when it was too dark to discern more than the dim shadows of the people. From what we have said, it will be seen that in our late visit to the south of the Tyrol, our previous idea of the population was confirmed; and while lamenting the superstition which disfigures the popular devotion, in the reverence paid to the Virgin and other saints as intercessors, we could not but wish that, with higher motives and clearer views, places of worship in England were as well filled on week-days.

Certainly Roman Catholic worship in that, and some other countries, has a hold on rustic, as well as on town populations, to which Protestant worship in England presents no parallel. The fact should be laid to heart, and the causes of it ought to be gravely pondered by our ministers and churches. We profess that our faith is purer, more Scriptural, more divine, than that of our brethren abroad; then should we not regard it as a solemn duty to inquire into the question now proposed, and to seek to bring our Protestantism to bear upon the lower classes of our countrymen so as to win their hearts? The Church of England and the Nonconformist communities must have been remiss in their conduct and efforts, or the state of the case amongst us would not be what it is.

Another circumstance may be mentioned. The Tyrolese place by the road-side wooden images of our Lord's crucifixion. We counted

ten in a drive of as many miles ; but we do not recollect seeing one image of His mother, though there were, here and there, rude pictures of wonderful escapes from danger through the interposition of saints who are represented as descending from heaven to help their votaries. Altogether, there is enough to show that the Tyrolese, if more simple-minded and devout than people in some other Roman Catholic countries, and less addicted to the grosser forms of Mariolatry, or rather perhaps giving to the Crucified Christ the greater prominence in their symbols and their ritual, are, nevertheless, thorough believers in that system of Theology and Ecclesiasticism which was developed and established for all modern Roman Catholics at the Council of Trent.

Finally, we remark that the Council of Trent was subsequent to our Reformation, and therefore our Reformers did not depart from the doctrine and discipline of the modern Romish Church, but took their stand upon principles held prior to the Tridentine Establishment. Evangelical Protestantism is based upon corner-stones laid long before the Fathers assembled in the city we have described ; and it is, in its essence and spirit, as old as the origin of the New Testament, as old as the Apostles.

JOHN STOUGHTON.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

V.—RECEIVE YE THE HOLY GHOST.

WHEN the Lord suddenly appeared in the midst of His disciples on the evening of the resurrection day, it was with the greeting, "Peace be unto you." At first there was perturbation among them ; they "were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit." Luke informs us with considerable fulness of detail in what manner He calmed their agitation and convinced them that it was indeed Himself ; John, more briefly, tells us that "He showed them His hands and His side." They were glad when they saw that it was He. While the joy is at its height, He again commands His "peace" upon them, and appoints them their apostolic mission. He will have them go forth on that mission with calm spirits and serene brows, publishing peace with peaceful hearts. And this second "Peace be unto you," the preface to their commission, is as much as

to say: Let nothing disquiet you; not guilt, for I have died for you; nor danger, for I hold you in My safeguard; nor the world, for I have overcome it; nor death and the grave, for I am risen, and behold I am alive for evermore; nor things present, for I am with you; nor things to come, for you can never lose Me.

Their mission is set forth in these terms, "As My Father hath sent Me into the world, even so send I you." It was not the first time that He had spoken in this way. On the betrayal evening He had said, lifting His eyes to heaven, and addressing His Father, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Their actual going is to be delayed until Pentecost; He means to visit and revisit them during the coming forty days; and even after He ascends to the Father, they are still to "tarry" for a time in Jerusalem, until the "power from on high" is granted in all its fulness, as the consequence of His being "glorified," so that the word "*I send you*" is simply the announcement of their mission, and not the fixing of the date of their actual setting forth. They are to be His messengers, not now to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel" exclusively, but to "the world"—to this round earth, with all its isles and continents, and all its millions of inhabitants. Elsewhere they are instructed what order they must observe: they are to "begin at Jerusalem"—the metropolis of the chosen nation, where the light had shone, where sin abounded, and where the Gospel facts transpired—with no fear of confutation, no trembling for personal consequences, no remembrance of superlative guilt, save the magnanimous remembering of love. But, "beginning at Jerusalem," they are to go forth on their errand of grace into all the world. No boundary line is drawn beyond which they may not proceed. Their message of salvation is for earth to its utmost borders, and for time to its close. As widely as the curse extends, so widely let the message be proclaimed.

The Lord sends them even as the Father had sent Him. He Himself was the Father's "Apostle" (Heb. iii. 1), sent into the world on an errand "sole and incomparable"; they in turn are *His* apostles, sent after the same manner. There was, indeed, an immeasurable disparity between what He came to do and the service appointed for them. *He* came to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness; *they* were sent to publish

what He had done, and to pray men, in His stead, "Be ye reconciled to God." Ye have seen the manner, Jesus says, in which I have fulfilled My Father's will and glorified His name; and now, as He sent Me forth, even so send I you.

But is not the mission too sublime? Who is sufficient for it? Take into account the magnitude of the undertaking, the hazards and sacrifices involved, the world's moral condition, the nature of the change contemplated in sending the apostles forth, and the opposition certain to be offered by prejudice, by vested interests, by selfishness, by pride, by vice, by godless power: can such a mission be entrusted to this handful of Galilean fishermen? They have not hitherto shown themselves equal to such a responsibility. Why, only last Thursday they all forsook their Master and fled; and this very night they are trembling behind closed doors for fear of the Jews; they are unlearned men; they have no worldly influence backing them up: are *they* the men to send on an errand so high and difficult? Granted their personal incompetency. But in giving them their commission, the Lord also supplies the necessary equipment: "He breathed on them and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'" The possession of the Spirit, the "power from on high," is the necessary and crowning condition of service, apart from which their own endeavours could only issue in defeat and shame.

There is mystery in the case which I do not pretend to remove—indeed we talk about it very much in the dark. But it is to be assumed that they did receive the Spirit now, as truly as they received the "peace." It was not a mere promise of the Spirit, a mere prophecy to be fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, in the rushing mighty wind, the tongues of fire, and the mighty energies then communicated; there was an actual impartation of the Spirit to them—not as an "influence" that can be measured out, for God "giveth not the Spirit by measure," but as an indwelling personality, inspiring their being in all its powers and tendencies.

The manner of the impartation is very significant. We are told in Genesis that when the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, He "breathed" into his nostrils the breath of life; and from that time downward the "wind" or "breath" became an emblem of the quickening, energizing Spirit: but never once, even in symbolism, had this breathing been repeated. It is repeated—with

a difference—for the first time when the Risen One breathes upon His disciples, and says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Immediately there follows the empowering of those on whom He had breathed to forgive and retain sins: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." It is fundamental and indisputable that none can forgive sins but God only. If I forgive my brother who has trespassed against me, or my fellow-man who has wronged me, the forgiving is my personal act; but the wrong-doer needs a forgiveness beyond mine, one such as it is not in my power to grant. He needs the absolution of God. God may appoint and accredit messengers to convey His absolution; but these messengers cannot convey a deed of absolution that has not first issued from Him, nor act according to their own will or judgment, any more than a king's messenger who conveys the king's pardon to a man lying under sentence of death: the only valid absolution is that of God Himself. In being now sent forth to remit and retain sins, the apostles are not invested with any Divine prerogative; God parts with none of His rights; they could in no sense or manner "commit" Him to a particular course by any arbitrary or self-willed act of theirs; they could be nothing more than delegates or envoys by whom the Divine will was conveyed.

What, then, was it that they actually did, in remitting or retaining sins? It would be impossible in the course of a lifetime to wade through all the controversies that have opened out in dealing with this question. To arrive at any satisfactory solution of it, there are certain things to be observed. In the outset, the apostles were commissioned by Christ and endued with the Spirit, that they might publish God's message of salvation to the world, saying to every single hearer, *Thou art the man* for whom this gospel is intended. They preached forgiveness of sins as the gift of righteousness and love through the ever-availing sacrifice of the Redeemer. They declared by whom this gift is actually received and enjoyed: it is received by faith; while he that believeth not is condemned, "because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God." It was not merely that they were *the earliest preachers*; they were "ambassadors for Christ," bearing credentials from Him; the message with which they were sent forth was authoritative; it expressed the mind of Christ; it laid down for all ages the principles according to

which sins are forgiven or retained ; and by that message which they delivered, the apostles are remitting or retaining sins to-day, and men are admitted into or shut out from the fellowship of saints accordingly.

But when all this has been said and emphasized, one cannot help feeling that something still requires to be added ; and that we must take into account the inspired *action* as well as words of the apostles. By their action in dealing with individual men, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, God's forgiving grace would be exhibited, not in a mere abstract way, but in examples and instances, through means of which abiding principles could the more easily be understood.

Bold, even astounding, pretensions have been put forward, claiming heirship to the gift which Christ conferred on His apostles. Thus, in ordaining a priest the bishop (who assumes to stand in the line of succession to the apostles) says, "*Receive the Holy Ghost* for the office and work of a priest, in the Church of God." He does not thereby confer mere ecclesiastical status upon one whom he recognises as already a man of God qualified for the ministry of the Gospel : he professes to impart a spiritual gift. He does not merely pray that God would impart it* ; he speaks in the imperative, as if Christ spoke by his lips, and says, *Receive the Holy Ghost*. The priest, thus endowed, is then able to minister absolution. Popery asserts, "To the priest is given a power which God would not give to angels or archangels ; what the priest does below, God ratifies above, and the Master confirms the sentence of the servant." The "sentence of the servant" takes this form, addressed to the penitent, "I absolve thee." Were he only to say, "I declare thee absolved," the "sacrament" would not be valid, and the sinner would continue to carry his burden.† In any form, and however mildly put, a claim so portentous, which if admitted would give the priest such fearful power over his fellow-men, would require to be sustained by the most satisfactory evidence : there must be no room left for suspecting the genuineness of the priestly credentials. But the credentials are utterly wanting. With the deepest sorrow must one pronounce—however large his charity—that

* As the apostles, e.g., prayed, Acts viii. 16.

† "If any one saith that the sacramental absolution of the priest is not a judicial act, but a bare ministry of pronouncing and declaring sins to be forgiven to him who confesses, let him be accursed."—*Council of Trent : Canon ix.*

such an absolution is of no more value than a forged bank-note—besides that the forger makes himself liable to punishment.

It is not merely to be admitted without burden, but to be resolutely maintained that the apostolic message, of a free forgiveness and an open access for the believing soul through the blood of Jesus into the very sanctuary and presence of God, is as valid to-day as if it were proclaimed directly by apostolic lips; and that the humblest preacher in a conventicle, or the Christian mother among her children, or the nurse by the dying man's bedside, may repeat it as freely, with as strong assurance, and with as real Divine efficacy, as any consecrated priest. The blessing of God does not rest upon officialism but on possession of the Holy Spirit.

With this commission to the apostles the account of the interview closes. How long did Jesus stay with them? Was daybreak near? In what manner did He go? Did He open the door and pass forth as another might have done? Did He vanish as from the eyes of the two disciples at Emmaus? The record does not even hint; and His going from their midst is left as deep a mystery as His first appearance.

JAMES CULROSS.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY.

I HAD told Martin that I would give him his answer in a fortnight; he had suggested a week, but I had begged for further delay. In the meantime I had set myself to discover whether my feeling for him was of the kind which a woman ought to feel for a man before consenting to become his wife. I knew that Martin was honourable, I felt that he was lovable; when he entered the room I became lighter-hearted, more happy. He never jarred me. It is true that intellectually he was my inferior, but this discrepancy had long ceased to obtrude itself on my attention: it did not disturb our intercourse. The fact was that Martin was morally my superior, and I felt this unconsciously. Mere mental acquirements sink into insignificance before the mind that sees, the heart that feels, the will that dares and does. For my part I despise the mental acrobat. Yet in spite of

all this I was not quite satisfied. A lingering doubt beset me lest my temper of mind was too equable, too unimpassioned. If love were indeed the thing of fears and passions and storms which had enchained me through so many a novel and poem, could my quiet feeling be called by the same name? On the whole, however, I was inclined to think, never having seen anything of love in real life, that the every-day emotion was something very different from its distorted image in fiction. I did not consult my mother on the subject. Though the fullest confidence existed between us on all other sides of our characters, emotionally we were to each other almost as strangers. I rarely discussed with her any question of feeling. Moreover I was in daily expectation that she would herself speak to me on the subject. I felt sure she was aware of the position of affairs. She followed me about with her eyes wistfully and inquiringly. That she wished me to marry Martin, though the knowledge both perplexed and hurt me, I could not doubt; for in connection with what he had said I had recalled her words of warning and advice, words which could bear but one meaning, though in the rush of feeling they produced they had been little heeded. But the days passed, and the silence between us was not broken. I could only suppose that she thought her object the more likely to be gained, were I left unfettered by advice.

Three days only remained to me of my fortnight, when my mother, who was now well enough to be downstairs again, astonished me by saying, "My dear, I have invited Dr. Brough to dine with us." This step on my mother's part was as annoying to me as it was extraordinary. We never received visitors. Why should the rule be abrogated in favour of this doctor, a man whom I personally detested, and who had emphatically no claim on our hospitality? I did not suspect myself of disliking the doctor because he was the one person whom I had met with in my small world who did not acknowledge my superiority, and who had the temerity to imply disapproval of me. I should have resented the idea. Yet in looking back it is very clear to me that this was the case. I hope there are few people in the world as conceited as I was.

I prepared myself to be very haughty indeed to Dr. Brough. I arranged my toilet with unusual fastidiousness. I put on black, with no white to relieve it, but a circle of coral with the black lace

at the throat and wrists. Ann declared I looked like a queen, and I certainly glanced at myself in the glass with pleasure. I fancy I believed I was going to dazzle him. But the doctor would not be dazzled. Indeed, for all my high resolutions, when I entered the room where he sat with my mother, I felt, as usual, a sense of mental uneasiness creep over me. After greeting him I sat down, feeling small; this was a new and a shocking sensation. I struggled hard against it, and was helped in doing so by the arrival of Martin. How differently the two men made me feel! Martin, dear fellow, came up to me with a face full of eager admiration and pleasure. Yes, I was always happy with him! He sat down by me to tell me of his adventures that day, while my mother and Dr. Brough continued their chat. At dinner conversation became more general. I found Dr. Brough could talk, though with a certain sententiousness which I objected to. He lost something of his professional gravity, and once or twice I could almost have imagined there was some degree of affinity between us; he understood me, and caught up my ideas so readily. A spirit of geniality seemed to be more than once on the point of settling down upon our little party, but it never did more than brush us with its wings. Once I quoted Goethe.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "that is what a man loses, who has to focus his energies as we doctors have. General culture is a thing I have often sighed for, but it is a luxury beyond my reach."

Dr. Brough confess ignorance! Dr. Brough confess to a sigh for a thing beyond his reach! Arrogance, then, and Dr. Brough were not always inseparable. After dinner, my mother asked me to sing; but this I had resolved not to do. I could not shut out the unwelcome guest, I must behave courteously to him; but at least I need not sing to him. But my mother did not accept my excuse, and I was obliged to give way. My reluctance was extreme. I think I felt that in talk I could keep the distance between us that I wished, but when I sang, in spite of myself I was no longer reserved. I was unable to resist the impulse which urged me to throw my whole soul into my voice. My song ended, I left the piano. I felt humiliated. I knew that Dr. Brough had been watching me, possibly analysing my feelings. I sat down and turned over the leaves of a book. Presently my ear was attracted by the talk going on by the sofa.

"Well," said my mother, "I am not, of course, in a position to

judge of this class of people, and their modes of going on. I confess the whole thing is to me shocking."

"For my own part," said Dr. Brough, "I am a deeply interested spectator, but not exactly a sympathiser. All workings of the human mind are of importance to me, concerned as I am with the care of the human body. There is much evil mixed up with the good in these meetings, and the balance is difficult to adjudge. But it is at any rate certain that the souls of men and women are reached in this way which could be reached in no other. They are quite beyond the pale of the ordinary so-called 'means of grace.'"

"Ah," said Martin, "it is very different where I come from. I don't know what England can be thinking of, to tolerate the existence of such people."

Dr. Brough looked at Martin from under his shaggy brows with a more attentive observation than he had yet bestowed on him.

"That," he said stiffly, "is an easy remark. An old country, like an old tree, must suffer the parasites and creepers which the sapling can defy. You have, then, attended these meetings?"

"I happened, much against my will, to be present at one of them with my cousin."

"Indeed! with Miss Ambrose? The motive was curiosity, I presume?"

"Oh no; we were accidentally caught in the crowd, and then Catherine got quite into the spirit of the thing, and would go in. Of course I followed her."

"I am ashamed, Dr. Brough," said my mother, "that you should hear of such an escapade. It was truly undignified in Catherine, and the excitement made her ill."

The doctor did not answer. Why? For the uncomfortable reason that he had turned round to face me, and was engaged in a keen scrutiny. My cheeks were burning. Martin, seeing me look distressed, as he supposed at my mother's rebuke, struck in for my relief.

"Well," he said, "I must say I think it very noble in Catherine to feel so much for that kind of people, and to wish to do them good."

With every word Martin spoke, more intensely vivid became the scene before my eyes; not the well-lighted, warmly-coloured drawing-

room, but the cold November streets, and a girl's figure lying lifeless on the pavement, and I standing helpless near.

"Is this true, Miss Ambrose?" With flippant speech on my tongue, I raised my head to answer him; but meeting his steady, truth-compelling eyes, I was ashamed, and answered, "Yes." Then I added, "Not to do them good, I shouldn't know how to do that; but it is true that I wish to know more about them."

"That," he said, "is a wish easily gratified. If your mother will allow me, I will initiate you." There was a pause of general astonishment. Was there no limit to this man's audacity? No one spoke. Why did not my mother at once negative the idea? I waited nervously for her to do so. The doctor continued to regard me with grave attention. Evidently he expected me to answer. I longed to refuse, yet pride forbade that I should thus contradict the wish I had just expressed. At last I said, with as much decisiveness as I could muster—

"You are very kind. For my own part I should be glad. My mother must decide."

Dr. Brough turned to her. "Will you allow me to take Miss Ambrose to see a patient of mine?" he asked.

My mother hesitated. "I cannot quite understand the reason for it; it seems strange, unnecessary. But yes; if you think it advisable, and Catherine wishes it, I will not say no."

Martin stood biting his moustache, looking half-vexed, half-mystified. Though strongly averse to the whole affair, I saw no feasible mode of escape. I had brought it on myself by my unlucky confession. Dr. Brough, I saw plainly enough, did not share in Martin's admiration of my "feeling." I even fancied him sceptical concerning its existence, or at any rate its earnestness. He had taken for granted that mere curiosity had led me into the meeting. If he despised me thus, why did he not at least leave me alone? What was his idea in giving himself this trouble concerning me? Perhaps that a conceited, ignorant girl should be taught a lesson—odious thought!

At parting, Dr. Brough told me he should call for me the next afternoon at four o'clock, and he came to the moment. There was an element of apprehension in the reluctance which I felt as I stepped into his brougham. I wondered what was going to happen to me. Ann

was, of course, in attendance, no doubt with a considerable amount of curiosity in her breast. The doctor was as silent as usual. Very few words had been spoken when the carriage stopped. We alighted on the pavement of a brilliantly-lighted, crowded thoroughfare, before the entrance to a court, which lay at the back of it, dark and silent. Dr. Brough led the way into this. There was only light enough to see that the houses stood in a row—tall, dingy, and dilapidated. Presently he halted, and knocked at one of the doors. A slatternly woman opened it.

"Kindly allow this person to sit down in your room, Mrs. Jones," he said, "till we come downstairs again." He spoke authoritatively. Ann could only submit; but she testified her indignation by bouncing into the room indicated to her. Dr. Brough then proceeded upstairs, I following. A candle flaring away on the landing dimly illuminated the gloom. When we had ascended three flights, and had reached the top of the house, he stopped. A clicking sound reached my ears through a closed door facing us. The doctor knocked, but receiving no answer opened it. A low attic room was disclosed. It was cold and yet close. There was a small fire. The boards of the floor were bare, except for an old hearthrug, and a bit of ragged carpet near the bed. A sewing-machine stood in one corner, and with her back to us, sat a girl working it by the light of a tallow candle. She had not discovered our entrance.

"Mary," said the doctor softly. She looked round quickly and came forward to meet us. She was very pale and very thin, and her face seemed in some way familiar to me, though I could not tell why. It was very gentle and quiet, and if it had not been so colourless, would have been pretty. Her eyes, light-grey, had a wonderful serenity in them. She looked as if nothing could ruffle her. Dr. Brough said, "I have brought Miss Ambrose, you see."

"Yes," said Mary, "I am very glad to see her." Two things surprised me—that the girl knew my name and was not surprised to see me, and that she received me as a lady would receive a visitor into her house; modestly and simply enough, but it evidently did not occur to her to regard my visit as a favour.

"How is my little patient?" asked the doctor.

Mary shook her head. "Worse, much worse," she answered, but her voice had no tone of distress in it. When the noise of the sewing-machine

had stopped, another sound had become audible in the room—a heavy, laboured breathing. The bed was concealed from where we stood by a rude screen—an old clothes-horse with a ragged patchwork quilt thrown over it. Mary and the doctor advanced; I followed, impelled by a nervous dread, rather than by inclination. I feared to see what was behind the screen, but the reality was worse than my imagination. A little girl sat on the bed, propped up with pillows; she was leaning forward, clasping her knees. She drew her breath in quick distressed pants. She looked like a doll, she was so wasted and so pale. Out of her small pinched face, which wore the look of an old woman, two gleaming dark eyes shone forth. There was a kind of grey shadow over the face, and big drops stood on the forehead. She seemed too weak to move or speak, but she fixed her eyes upon the doctor. All the life of the child seemed to have centered itself in them. I stood motionless with terror. I had never looked on death, but instinctively I felt that the dread unknown visitant was hovering there. For a terrible moment life seemed as it were shifting sand. Death, not life, was reality. The securities of sense, and personality, and substance melted away. I was alone in an awful universe, alone in an awful eternity. Then I came back to my senses again, and in my selfish heart I cried out passionately against this cruel man who had brought me here to be tortured. And through it all I heard, as if they were far off, the voices of the doctor and of Mary. He had sat down on the edge of the bed, and now held the child's wrist.

"How are you to-night, Jenny?" he said, and I wondered that his voice could sound so gentle, and that his eyes could look so kind.

In quick gasps the child whispered, with her eyes on Mary, "I'm not ill, thank you. Look at her, she's ill." Mary and the doctor smiled at each other—how could they smile? I thought.

"Yes," said he, "we must take care of Mary too." He rose, and with a sort of half-smile, half-sigh, and little gesture of relinquishment, said to Mary, "I can do no more." Mary, too, looked up in his face and smiled, though I saw her eyes were brimming over with tears. "I thank you," she said.

Dr. Brough was turning to go: he appeared for the moment to have forgotten me. "Oh," he said, "stay here, please, till I return; I have a patient to see next door." Involuntarily I shuddered, and

moved a step forward. And then for the second time in our acquaintance Dr. Brough looked at me with contempt. "You need not be afraid," he said in a low voice. I did not answer; I turned away. I was not angry; I could have cried, for I was bewildered and terrified, and I wanted some one to be kind to me.

When he was gone, Mary came to me and took hold of my hand, and I did not mind her touching me. I liked her. She took my hand, and looked in my face and smiled, and all at once I felt as though I loved her. She said—

"I am afraid this makes you very unhappy; but you must not take it so. You know she is going to Jesus."

We were standing by the fire some distance from the bed, but the little girl kept her great eyes fixed on us, and now she made a sign to her sister to come to her.

"Mary," she gasped, "does he say I shall never get better?"

Mary nodded. "I shall soon be with Jesus," the child whispered. "I'm not afraid; He will take care of me."

Then apparently catching sight of a cup that was standing near, her eyes lit up with excitement, and she said, "I needn't take any more beef-tea and things. They'd be wasted. You must drink this. You ain't had anything to-day." I thought Mary would have cried, and kissed and thanked her; but she did not. She did not say a word, and only smoothed the child's hair with her hand. The two seemed to understand each other without words or kisses. Then she came back and stood by me silently. After a moment or two, she said under her breath, "What should I do, if it wasn't for God?"

I burst out crying. "Oh!" I said, "if I were you, I should hate God. How can He be so cruel? How can He? Oh, tell me! Haven't you got a father or mother? you look so young."

"Oh, don't, don't!" she said, and her voice had a courage in it which quieted me. "You are sorry for us, and it is good of you. But you are too good to talk like that of God. You do not mean it."

She stopped, and then added quickly, "No, we have no mother, and our father is not here just now."

"Oh," I cried in a kind of desperation, "I want to help you; let me do something! Oh, take this from me," and I held out my purse. She took the purse, and held my hand in her own.

"Yes, yes," she said soothingly, and looking at me quite pitifully, "I will take it from you."

Suddenly she let my hand go. I had not thought her face could have been whiter, but now it had grown ghastly. "Listen," she said, in a tone that made my blood run cold. I listened. There were steps on the stairs. Was it the doctor? No, the tread was too slow and uncertain. I could not take my eyes off Mary. She stood like stone, her eyes dilated, her whole aspect denoting intense and paralyzing fear. Nearer and nearer, step by step, came the tread upon the stairs. At last she spoke. "God help me!" she said, "it's father." She went to the door and stood close to it. It was opened noisily, and a man would have come in had not Mary stood in his way. "Well, Poll, I'm — if you look glad to see me," he exclaimed in a loud, bullying tone. "Stop a minute, father," said Mary, "I've something to tell you."

"Curse me if I do," he answered. "Come, clear out of my road. I don't want your leave to come into my own room."

He gave Mary a push that sent her staggering; I thought she would have fallen. Then, struck by a sudden suspicion, "What's up with the little 'un?" he cried. Mary ran to him and caught his arm. "You shall not hurt her. Kill *me*, if you like, but don't hurt her."

"Who wants to hurt her, you soft?" and the man laughed loudly, and pushed past her. Mary stood trembling where he had left her. She seemed too terrified to move. I went and put my arm round her, and we waited for something, I know not how horrible. We did not wait long; no sooner had the man got beyond the screen than his whole aspect changed. A startled cry escaped him; he staggered forward, and threw himself on his knees at the child's side. He buried his head in the clothes and sobbed convulsively. The little girl put her hand on her father's head, and said, "Father, I am very happy; I'm going home. Oh! father, you must come too." Then all was silent.

In the midst of the silence Dr. Brough came back. He gave a rapid, searching glance round at Mary and me, as we stood clinging together; at the bed, with the child and the father. "Come," he said to me. I did not stir, I scarcely heard him. He came up and touched my shoulder. He looked at my eyes, as if he saw I had been

crying. "Come," he said again. I threw my arms round Mary, and kissed her.

"I shall come again," I whispered. Then I went with the doctor. When we got outside, he said to me, as we walked to the carriage, "I owe you an apology. I had no idea the man would be there. I knew the girl could do you only good, she is a noble creature. I was wrong to take you there. I thought I did right, but I made a mistake." He spoke in quite an agitated voice. To my astonishment, he appeared perturbed, remorseful.

"Oh," I answered, "what does it matter? I am quite aware of your motives, you need not explain them; and I cannot think of anything but what we have just seen." ELLIE BEIGHTON.

Jabez.

"JABEZ was more honourable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, 'Because I bare him with sorrow.' And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, 'Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!' And God granted him that which he requested." These words, occurring in a bare catalogue of names (1 Chron. iv. 9, 10), contain a life's history in a sentence. This brief epitome of human life appeals to universal experience. Its very brevity increases its suggestiveness. It records a mother's sorrowful despondency, and the expression of her anxious apprehension; a son's eminence and piety, and a prayer which expresses the desire and aspiration of his life; God's loving rebuke to the despondent sorrow of the one, and His reward of the pious confidence of the other.

The mother's faithless anticipation reminds us how the present often colours our thoughts of the future.—Joy kindles bright anticipations, sorrow suggests gloomy forebodings. Surrounding darkness often projects itself as a shadow overhanging that which is to come. We are apt to think ourselves wise in proportion, not merely to the soberness, but to the gloominess of our anticipations. Yet the dark forebodings of sorrow are as likely to prove groundless as the bright

hopes which joy inspires. Our judgments are biassed, often warped, by our circumstances. We interpret even the past by the present, and often fail, therefore, to form a right estimate of it. We look forward to the future through the roseate or darkened glass of the present; but we can only form a right estimate of the past by transporting ourselves back into it; by living its scenes over again in imagination, recalling its experiences, realizing its surroundings, and the measure, whether great or small, of its opportunities and privileges. This constitutes one of the great difficulties of the historian; and this is impossible with respect to the future. We may learn what has been yesterday, but we know not what shall be on the morrow. Hence the especial danger of letting our anticipations be coloured by our present circumstances.

God's teaching is the very reverse of this. The thought of the future is to colour the present. As Mr. Canning, when he announced in Parliament the independence of South America, said "that he brought in the New World to redress the balance of the Old," so God gives us the bright inheritance of heaven as a counterbalance to the cares and sorrows of earth. Sorrow is transient, joy is eternal. There is a limit to all earthly trial; while the thought of future blessedness, which knows no limit, sustains us amid present troubles. It was this that enabled the apostle to say, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." It is only in the light of the future, as revealed to us by God, that we can rightly estimate the present. The thought of that which is eternal nerves us to endure that which is transient. The anticipation of unseen glory inspires fidelity to present duty. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; *while* we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

We know not what special circumstances led the mother of Jabez to record her sorrow in his name. It was probably no light or ordinary trouble. It may have been domestic bereavement, the loss of her husband; or national calamity, such as led the wife of Phinehas to name her child "Ichabod," when she heard that Israel was defeated, her husband and father-in-law slain, and the ark of God

taken : or it may have been such death agony as led Rachel to call her son "Benoni, the son of my sorrow," and she may not have lived to see her sorrowful anticipations contradicted by her son's life. Evidently, all hope seemed to her at an end, nor did she possess the light which we have, to enable her to rightly estimate the present or forecast the future. Yet in the history of Israel we find the same teaching as in the revelation of Jesus Christ. Abraham left home and kindred at God's command, and sojourned as a stranger in the land which his seed afterwards possessed. Jacob passed through great darkness to the light. By severe discipline the Supplanter was changed into a Prince of God. He thought that all things were against him, but "at eventide it was light." The Israelites groaned in Egypt by reason of their hard bondage ; their heart fainted in them again and again in "that great and terrible wilderness," but the promised land repaid their toils, and more than realized their hopes. God leads none, who put their trust in Him, from darkness merely into deeper darkness, but out of darkness into light, out of sorrow into joy, through toil to rest.

Yet how often we allow the dark present to colour our thoughts of the future, instead of letting the bright promise of the future illumine the darkness of the present ! And through thus reversing God's teaching we unfit ourselves for the future. We go forth to the duties and burdens of the morrow weakened by apprehension, instead of being strong with the courage of hope. The fear of failure may unnerve the bravest, but great hopes lead to great deeds.

But the darkness of the present, even while it shadows our thoughts of the future, may have a contrary effect upon our efforts. Instead of enervating, it may stimulate us. It may make us more faithful and earnest, lest our worst fears should be realized. It is not impossible that the piety of Jabez may have been owing in part to his mother's faithless anticipations. Her sorrow suggested his name. His name was a perpetual reminder of her sorrow, and perhaps inspired and stimulated her efforts to train him to piety and usefulness. For thus God often makes our very failings the means of disciplining and perfecting us, and changes our mistakes into successes. Jabez, who bore through life a name which was a perpetual reminder of his mother's sorrow, "was more honourable than his brethren." How far he excelled them we may judge from the fact that in this long

genealogical record, he is the only one of whom any special mention is made.

The prayer of Jabez combines wise reticence and ordinary ambition.—It is at once deeply humble and intensely natural. He asks for prosperity, that his possessions may be increased; for protection and success in his undertakings; and for exemption from calamity and trouble. But he also acknowledges that God only knows what is true blessing, and prays for that above all; and he acknowledges also that no prosperity or success, worth the name, is possible without the guidance and help of God. These are the elements of true prayer—a sense of dependence, the expression of confidence, and unrestrained petition, pouring out the heart to God, leaving to Him the decision as to what is blessing indeed.

This prayer also reveals the true spirit of Christian life.—It is the outcome of practical piety. Perhaps, like Caleb, he had to conquer his own inheritance. His dependence upon God did not mean inaction. He had learned the great lesson that prayer and effort go hand in hand, the one inspiring and sanctifying the other.

We are often more ready to pray than to watch. But prayer itself is of little worth unless it is the result of watchfulness, and leads to increased earnestness. Our prayers often condemn us, because they are so little the true expression of our life; because our life so little corresponds to our prayers. Our great need is, "To live more nearly as we pray." We can only ask that God's hand may be with us when our supreme desire is to do God's will. Such prayer is both a test and a safeguard.

Jabez prayed also for deliverance from calamity and trouble. Yet we cannot believe that he expected to be exempt from all suffering and trial, or that he selfishly prayed to be thus favoured. For would it have been a blessing indeed? Does not experience teach us that many things which are evil, so far as the pain which they cause is concerned, are our best blessings? Yet it is a natural request; it would be unnatural not to desire to be kept from suffering and sorrow. But this petition, read in the light of his character, and of the former part of his prayer, "Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed," expresses the desire that no loss or pain which he might be called to bear should be otherwise than good for him; that he might be kept from faithless murmuring and distrustful dependency. The

remembrance of his mother's overwhelming sorrow, which she had perpetuated in his name, might well suggest this wise and humble petition.

God's answer to the prayer of Jabez confirms this. It was not a request for mere worldly success and prosperity, and exemption from suffering and sorrow. It was a prayer for the blessing that maketh rich, for the guidance which alone can keep us from going astray, for the help by which only we can withstand in the evil day. Such prayers God always hears and answers. We honour God by our dependence, by our confidence, and by the desire to be led and kept by Him, and "Them that honour Me, I will honour, saith the Lord." More honourable than his brethren in this world's esteem, Jabez was honoured by God, because his heart was right in the sight of God.

The Spirit who taught Jabez thus to pray is our Teacher still. He waits to cleanse and renew our hearts, to bring us into harmony with God's will, to work in us that mind which was also in Christ Jesus.

To be guided, taught, and sustained continually by Him, is to be blessed indeed.

A. F. JOSCELYNE

Brighton.

Tombs, and their Lessons.

Two hundred generations of mankind have passed away. The world on which we live is one vast graveyard. The soil of earth is quick with human dust. A hundred thousand million buried men give awful meaning to the crust of our old world. It may not be without its use, to turn away from the busy scenes of active life to wander for an hour among the tombs. In doing this we neither leave our cheerfulness nor our hope behind us, for amid them we are ever reminded how life has sprung out of death. We walk over our Redeemer's chosen battle-ground, where He bared the arm of victory and fought out the earnest of His final triumph.

It is difficult to classify the tombs which I have myself visited, yet some grouping of the burial-places of our fellow-men may help to bring together a few of their most striking characteristics and obvious lessons. (1.) The places of simple burial. (2.) The memorial sepulchres, which preserve some traces of the men, or the age, or the

country, that fashioned or adorned them. (3.) The tombs in which superstition has struggled to outdo and vanquish death.

I.

SIMPLE BURIAL-PLACES FORM BY FAR THE LARGEST GROUP. They are deposits of the unknown and sleeping dust of our humanity. Generation after generation has passed away in every land, leaving no name, no individuality, no history behind them, but yet linking together the past and the present. These undistinguished heaps have been wept over by the affection of forgotten ages, and cover all the mystery of that human life which formed during successive generations the material and the means by which every event enacted in our world was in reality effected.

The silent churchyard, under the shadow of the rugged elm and solemn yew, the neglected and disused cemetery in the heart of some vast metropolis, the tumulus of our half-savage ancestors, offer endless themes for meditation ; but I will not ask my readers to pause there now, nor will I take them to those simple burial-places, where haste and fear, where pestilence and war have laid the silent dust of thousands, and "men like garnered grain are heaped together." Many such burrows does our earth's surface show, deriving their interest from and bearing their witness to great facts in our world's history. Such are the blood-stained plains of Waterloo, the fields of Marathon and Morat, the wooded banks of Thrasymene, the defile of Inkerman, the highway between Cawnpore and Lucknow, the heights of Gravelotte, and the sandy wastes of Zululand ; each of which has a magic power in its name to awaken the sympathy and stimulate the heroism of civilized men. If we begin to moralise over the graves of "the unnamed demigods" we shall wander away from our theme.

Some years ago, I was much affected by some visits paid to Arab graveyards. These are generally outside the walls of the city, exposed to the blasts of the desert, and are often covered with simple memorial stones, which have neither name nor mark inscribed upon them whereby one grave may be distinguished from another. There the Moslems lie, often without coffin of any kind, and shielded only by the shifting sands of the wilderness. Perhaps a few palm trees cast their shadows over the desolation, while the monumental tomb of some Moslem Sheikh or saint hallows and consecrates the whole.

Thus beyond the walls of Cairo, towards the east, the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans stretch away into the desert, picturesque and graceful in their forms, and surrounded on every side by the unremembered dead, all gazing intently (as their living brethren say) toward the birthplace of the Prophet, and all so placed that they may rise on their knees when the angel of the Presence shall sound his last trumpet peal in their long closed ears.

The most elaborate pretension to a cemetery that I saw in the East was at the town of Siout, the capital of Middle Egypt, where some of the wealthier among the Arab chiefs and Turkish governors had prepared, near to the memorial mosque of a celebrated saint, tombs and vaults, which they had adorned with rude paintings of boats, houses and palm trees, interspersed with passages from the Koran. Among them fall the shadows of living palm beauty, and the smile of gay flowers cheers the scene ; but the wildest, most impressive burial-place that I have ever seen, is the great Arab graveyard at Assouan, the Syene of Scripture. It is just on the boundary line between Egypt and Nubia, within sound of the cataract's roar, and stretching away to the immense granite quarries where the monolithical obelisks and sphynxes were fashioned, and whence they were transported to the temples which they afterwards adorned. A most desolate "City of the Dead" is this Necropolis of Syene. Seventy thousand Moslem saints are said to be buried here, and some of them were of great notoriety. The tops of the hills are crowned with monumental mosques, and the vast undulating plain is dotted over with tombs built of brick or moulded clay. Still, the majority of the dead sleep beneath no other shelter than the golden sands of the Nubian desert, under the shadow of the purple rocks, and within sound of the howl of hyænas, as they gather at night to their obscene repast. How have human hearts ached, and human eyes failed for weeping, in this grand ghastly burial-place ! How long has been the conflict ! How silent is the rest ! The men who hewed the obelisks of Luxor from the virgin rock lie buried here. The crowds who watched the gilded barges of the great Rameses as they lay moored below the cataracts while he made a royal progress to the rock temples of Nubia ; the companies of Greek musicians or Roman soldiers, of Persian priests, and devotees of the sun, of the crocodile, or the buried Osiris, who once elbowed each other on the gay esplanade of the island of

Elephantine; Ptolemaic princes, exiled Romans, early Christians, Saracenic chiefs, and wild Arabs of the desert, sleep here their last long sleep.

Of these receptacles of the undistinguished dead, still more impressive are the mummy-pits of the common people, on the summits of the mountain gorge that is riddled by the vast Necropolis of Thebes. It was on a lovely morning that I set out with two or three travelling companions to explore these grim sepulchres. Having climbed the hills to a considerable height, we reached a point in the Sheikh-el-Gournou, whence we could overlook the nearer elevations, and could see a large portion of the plain on which the city of Thebes must once have appeared spread out at the spectator's feet. We observed a dark aperture in the side of the hill, and into this we were to penetrate. We crawled in on our knees and elbows, holding lighted candles in our hands. Our old guide looked horror-stricken, and declared that he would rather not accompany us; but as he assured us that there was no danger, we pushed on, and in a few moments found ourselves in one of a series of low vaulted chambers, in which it was impossible to stand upright, and where at every step we were treading on masses of half-mummied, but uncoffined dead. Thousands of our fellow-men had been laid there when Thebes was in the glory of her pride and power, and their arms, legs, grinning faces, and half-swathed bodies, crackled beneath us as we moved. These chambers opening one into the other extended on every side, all choked with ghastly occupants. Probably the identical hands that built the Ramessceum, or painted the Halls of Medeenet Haboo, were there. It can hardly be said that their work still outlives them, for nothing certain can be determined with respect to the actual dates of their interment; but there they lie, mute vouchers of the past, and after we had gazed upon them, and had crawled out into the dazzling sunshine, and surveyed again the ruins of those works achieved by them in the days when Rome was still the haunt of the wolf, when the Acropolis of Athens was a mere shapeless rock, and when naked savages hunted the otter between London Bridge and Chelsea, the truth that "all live unto God" flashed upon the inward eye, and the evidences of these long cycles of life and death tended to confirm, rather than to weaken, the faith that we belong to an immortal race.

II.

But I must pass on to a few brief notices of the MEMORIAL SEPULCHRES which convey to our minds hints of long past years and peoples, and help us by familiarity with the individuals, or with the period in which they flourished, to reproduce those olden times and live again those bygone days.

I will not pause over the memorial tombs and cenotaphs that constitute the glory of some of our great national mausoleums ; but who that has wandered through the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and while meditating on the memorials of our heroes, legislators, and poets, has found there that true greatness has conquered all class exclusion, that Shakespeare and Milton, Johnson and Watts, Wilberforce, Howard, and Livingstone, have thus received equal homage from their countrymen ; but has felt more elate with the conviction of the deep roots and wide basis of England's greatness !

It were impossible to discuss the effigy tombs of our old cathedrals and churches which are so full of varied interest, and from which we learn much of the costume and manners of mediæval times, on which we often read some fulsome epitaph, while now and then there gleam bright rays of virtue, self-sacrifice and holy life.

We are reminded, too, of Stratford-upon-Avon, that shrine of the Anglo-Saxon race, where the quaint epitaph of our greatest poet still guards his dust ; of Winchester, where the Saxon and Plantagenet kings lie entombed ; of the Necropolis of Glasgow, where conspicuous amid other noble monuments stands the colossal figure of John Knox, the champion of reformed worship and an open Bible ; and of the sequestered cloister of Dryburgh Abbey, where beneath an ivy-covered arch lies all that was mortal of Walter Scott.

Let us turn for a moment to the celebrated cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, in Paris, with its streets of tombs, where by every possible device, the names and noble deeds of illustrious Frenchmen are signalled. All French art is sentimental in the eyes of an Englishman, and the excessive emotion which is there chiselled in enduring marbles may sometimes provoke a smile. At one moment, the pilgrim to that city of the dead halts before the broken column of some brave warrior, some knight, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and the next he may pause to study the effigies of the great *revolutionnaires* of —89 and —91, to trace the pencillings of thought in the

faces of Cuvier or Laplace, to linger beside the mouldering tomb in which Abélard and Eloïse now rest together. This Necropolis presents to us a petrification of the modern history of France. The heroes of the Constituent Assembly, and the Convention ; the soldiers who carried out the daring schemes of the great Napoleon ; hosts of rebellious abbés, ultramontanist priests, socialist agitators, victims of despotism and revolution ; the supporters of opposing dynasties ; and daring speculators in every range of thought ; Puritans and Jesuits ; the Abbé Lamennais, Auguste Comte, and Adolphe Monod, rest together here ; the clangour is hushed, the mutual disdain is quelled, the fitful passion calmed. But we must turn and sail up the stream of time, and pause over a few of these mementoes of the past, many of which are remarkable for the skill with which they were executed, rather than for the worth of those whom they enshrine, while others merely signalise the superstition which first conferred a sacredness on mortal relics, and then thought no cost nor sacrifice too great to honour them. There is the gorgeous tomb of the Medici family at Florence, where the genius of Michael Angelo was taxed to apotheosize the dead ; and there are the varied structures enclosed in the Campo Santo of Pisa, which is far more distinguished by the frescoes of Giotto and his pupils that adorn the arcade surrounding it, than by the cargo of sacred soil that was brought thither from Palestine, or by the ashes of the dead who are interred in it.

I must not omit to enumerate in this group the costly tombs which, in the fourteenth century, the lords of Verona prepared for themselves, where, in massive sarcophagi, beneath gothic canopies of elaborate fretwork, and surmounted by graceful pinnacles, they lie entombed. On the sides of the sarcophagi, the bas-reliefs represent Scripture scenes, and exhibit these men as mystically surrounded with virtues that they never practised, and as brought into mysteriously close conjunction with the Saviour's passion and glory. One of them in particular, the most profligate of the three, must have garnished his tomb before his death, and placed around it the conspicuous figures of patience, purity, truth, mercy, fortitude, and charity. We only see here a miserable and exaggerated specimen of what is perhaps to be found in every churchyard where surviving relatives have thought it right to carve on stone charitable

lies about their deceased friends, and presumptuously to assume that death has in some way turned their vices into virtues, and their infidelity or indifference into faith. This allies itself closely with the dangerous charity which compromises every evangelic principle, and vainly confers upon death the magical power of sanctifying the memory, and condoning the vices of our fellow-men.

H. R. R.

(To be continued.)

Counsels.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you—
Do it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live—
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night—
Light it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be—
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message, sweet or clear,
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.

OUR ideas, like the children of our youth, often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are fast approaching—where though the brass and marble may remain, the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away.—*John Locke*

The Fete Day of Republican France.

THE brilliant *fête* which was held in Paris on the 14th of July was the coronation-day of the Republic; if it is lawful to associate in any way the words Republic and Crown. Republican sculptors and painters seldom fail to crown their ideal figures with some form of diadem; and if the crown is the symbol of the right to rule over men, no form of Government can claim to wear it by so good a right, as that which represents the power of the people to rule themselves. Self-rule is the highest form of rule, if only it is understood that above the self there is God. The young Republic may be said at any rate to have attained its majority on Wednesday, July 14th, when its feast was celebrated, and the last seal was set on its supremacy, by the distribution of standards bearing Republican symbols to the troops. It is significant that the standards have been ready since the brief reign of M. Thiers, but no opportunity was found to distribute them. The monarchical factions were strong enough and jubilant enough to make the attempt dangerous. M. Thiers fell and Marshal McMahon dreaded nothing so much as the republicanisation of the army, and would have regarded the distribution of Republican banners as the first step towards its disorganisation, or at any rate its demoralisation. The Duc de Broglie, it is well known, long cherished the hope that he might be so far honoured as to be the instrument of distributing monarchical banners, and inaugurating thus a new monarchical *régime*. And so till now the banners have been laid by at the War Office, and the army has shared in the uncertainty and confusion which has distracted the State. Its political propensities have always presented an anxious question to the successive factions which have harassed France by their attempts to save her; and more than once a *coup d'état* was imminent, but that uncertainty as to how far the army could be relied upon to act against the Republic, gave pause to the project, and put it off to a more convenient season which has never yet arrived, and let us hope never will arrive. Never we may say before the present moment could the opportune hour for proclaiming the final triumph of the Republican principle be regarded by cautious and farsighted statesmen as having arrived; and never before could such a festival have been held without the danger of an *émeute*. The passage of the Amnesty

Bill has filled all hearts in Belleville and Montmartre with joy and thankfulness. The extreme Left for the moment is disarmed, and there were only the Legitimists and the Bonapartists left seriously out of tune with the rejoicings which hailed the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille; an event ever memorable in history, for the Bastille was the symbol of the brutal and crushing tyranny under which France had for generations been groaning, and its destruction was the sign that a new era had dawned for France and for the world.

The great event in France at this time is unquestionably the Amnesty; it had become the burning question of the day. The strenuous resistance offered to the measure, not only by the Monarchical faction but by the more moderate Republicans, will not seem surprising to those who remember how nearly the Commune succeeded in making Paris a wreck. She bears still and will long bear the deep scars of her wounds. It was M. Thiers too who put the Commune down. The Conservative Republic put her heel on the Communistic Republic with a vigour and decision, which were justified probably by the terrible danger of the crisis, but which left bitter hatred rankling in the hearts of no small section of that great class on which ultimately the Republic must depend for its stability and its progress. And the knowledge that this furious hatred existed made the responsible Republican leaders very chary of showing mercy to men who, if they returned to Paris, could easily lash it into frenzy, and shake to the very foundations the order of the State. We believe that their anxiety and distrust were well founded, and that an earlier concession of the Amnesty might have been fraught with the gravest dangers to the country. But none the less is it wise policy to concede it now. The way in which it has been managed has its ominous aspect. The conflict between the Senate and the Chamber has only been averted by what seems an almost childish arrangement, and M. Gambetta's hand has been too conspicuous through it all. The Ministry, which at the commencement of the Session was firmly convinced that the concession of the Amnesty would be a measure of grave danger, at the close of the Session makes it a Cabinet question and spends all its wit and energy in carrying it through. The instrument of this sudden conversion is M. Gambetta. He chose, in his irresponsible position as President of the Chamber, to make it known that in his judgment the time for the Amnesty had come, and straight-

way the Ministry must bring in the Bill or lose M. Gambetta's favour and the confidence of the country. This is one of the gravest dangers for Republican France in the near future. M. Gambetta is altogether too powerful to be anything but the responsible ruler of France. And M. Gambetta prefers his dignified office, his large salary, his splendid establishment, and his excellent cook, to the perils and toils of the political leadership to which his genius, his influence, and his history call him, but from which he strangely shrinks. No one quite seems to understand what game he is playing; and the uncertainty which reigns about this sovereign question, is the cause of grave disquiet to those who sincerely desire the orderly and *fruitful* development of Republican institutions in France. Again the conflict between the Senate and the Chamber was averted by a compromise which was almost childish in its simplicity and transparency. It shows great want of political tact in the Senate that such an "illusion" was needed, in order to get it to do what it was bound to do, and what sooner or later it was sure to be compelled to do, and what it would have done well to do at once with a good grace. But still the fact that the Senate did yield, with but the thinnest cloak to its dignity, is a fact full of significance, and gives a promise of the practical working of the Constitution which all must hail, who would fain hope that the era of Revolutions in France has closed, and that the era of Constitutional progress has begun. M. de Freycinet, having to get the Amnesty through somehow at M. Gambetta's bidding, has shown a good deal of tact and firmness in his method; and the Ministry may now feel with profound thankfulness that a dangerous question is finally disposed of, and that Republican France can celebrate her festival with one mind and one heart, which until this moment would have been impossible.

The Amnesty rests on the conviction that the Republic can now without danger afford to be generous to those who were once its most deadly foes. Looked at from one point of view the crimes of the leaders of the Commune were some of the most terrible known to history. If the magnitude and the frenzy of the crimes which were perpetrated in the name of the Commune were alone regarded, the criminals would be left to linger on in their distant captivity until death came to their release. But a very painful feeling exists in France among even the more moderate of the Republicans, that the

tribunals by which they were condemned were far from impartial; that the simplest rules of evidence were disregarded, and that the verdicts were pronounced and the punishments awarded in cruel haste. Further than this, reports have found credence in France that the treatment of the convicts in their distant captivity has been brutal in the extreme, and that their terrible sufferings might well be held to have expiated even crimes ghastly and awful as theirs. A feeling of pity was thus engendered which has spread very widely, and which it was quite right that the Government should take note of in deciding on the policy which it should pursue. But the wisdom of conceding the Amnesty rests on far broader and stronger grounds than these. There is no need to extenuate the enormity of the crimes of the Communards in order to justify the clemency of the Government. The spirit which took possession of the people in that brief agony of terror was as truly devilish as any spirit which we meet with in the darkest eras of human history. The Petroleuses of the Commune were probably more like demons in human form than any furies that we meet with in the history of revolutions, worthy comrades of the "Tricoteuses," the "Megseras," and the "Septembriseurs" of the first Revolution. But two things have to be considered in judging them, which are not always borne in mind, and one of which is prone to escape notice altogether in the estimation of what is behind these terrible movements which are the volcanic convulsions of human society. In the first place we need to consider with tender pitiful hearts the legacy which ages of want, toil, and misery have handed down, which makes women into demons; the horrible suffering to them and to those dearest to them which the established order of things has very palpably inflicted, and which in all its works and manifestations they learn furiously to hate. Let any one read the account which Rousseau gives of the miserable sights which made him the father of the Revolution, and he will learn to mingle tender pity with the stern condemnation with which these mad deeds must be visited; mad, we say, for they are mostly the work of men and women who have been driven to frenzy by the miseries which not they only but their class has had to endure. And then we must take into consideration their utterly baseless and enthusiastic dreams as to what is possible in the way of the reformation of society if the classes which seem to them the great obstacles to pro-

gress were moved out of the way. In nothing is the democratic mind more childlike and visionary, than in the imagination of the swiftness and certainty with which things would right themselves, if the incubus which presses them down could be removed. The most pathetic thing in the history of the first Revolution is the intensity of the belief in the poor starved wretched masses that peace, plenty, brotherhood, and all imaginable blessings were waiting, if they could but get priest and noble out of the way. At their feast of fraternity strangers fell on each other's necks and wept for joy, at the birth of the new era of peace and love; soon, finding that the new era was not born, they flew fiercely at each other's throats. Even Garibaldi at the Peace Congress at Geneva many years ago, while he dwelt in glowing terms on the millennium which was coming, thought that one great war would be needed to put tyrant and aristocrat finally down. The apostles of the Socialist Republic walk politically in a vain show, and live in a world of unsubstantial dreams. There is plenty of pure scoundrelism let loose at such times, and it deserves the sharp chastisement which it meets. But there is plenty too of very high and noble aspiration, which as it misses utterly its aim through the ignorance and arrogance which debase it, may yet claim the generous pity of the cultivated classes, and their mercy as soon as it is safe to exercise it. We believe that this hour of safety has now arrived, and that the presence of the amnestied Communards in Paris will be less dangerous than the irritation and indignation which the rejection of the Amnesty Bill would have roused in the classes who have hitherto been the trouble, but now promise to be the strength and stability of the Republic. The Republic can now trust its troops, and it proves by the Amnesty Bill that it can fully trust the people. In the atmosphere of free discussion, and in the absence of any exciting danger to the Republic through the strength and activity of the Monarchic factions, the Communistic ideas will be weighed in the balances, and will be found wanting by many who have hitherto been their most ardent devotees. Fanaticism, like gas or powder, is dangerous just in the measure in which it is confined. In the open air its power to injure is slight. The Republic can now bear the open air of freedom, and the danger with which knots of fanatics could threaten her when her policy was repression, is now almost at the vanishing point. It may return, nothing is certain in France

but the unforeseen ; but for the present France may well hold high festival ; her children are more free and more happy than they have ever been in the whole course of her chequered history, and for the first time she may dismiss the fear that she is dancing over hidden fires.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

Letter from New Guinea.

THE following extract from a letter addressed to the Editor by the Rev. J. Chalmers will, we think, interest many of our readers :—

New Guinea, Port Moresby, January 10, 1880.

EARLY in last March I left New Guinea for Sydney, hoping to meet my wife and take her home to Scotland. On arriving at Thursday Island I received a letter written by her in the previous January, in which she spoke hopefully, and said I was on no account to leave the work on *her* account, and that she would be with me in April or May as she was determined to return. A few days after, and whilst waiting for a steamer going south, the mail packet arrived from Sydney, but no letters for me ; but on board the *Ellengowan* I got a newspaper from one of the pearl-shellers who had just arrived from Sydney, and on looking over it saw an article headed, "Death of a Noble Woman." I read it, was stunned, but did not realize it. I seemed to enter into impenetrable darkness. I dare not write of that time. I went to Sydney, to her friends in New Zealand, to South Australia, where I met Mr. Copland, spent one very pleasant day with him, and then stole back to New Guinea to bury my sorrow in service for the Man of Sorrows, and now I give thanks that I was so led.

Mrs. Chalmers did not think she was dying, and on the morning of the day she died she spoke heartily and with vigour to a few lady friends, of mission work in New Guinea, and her return to it. A friend said once to her, "You must not think of returning." "You do not know, you cannot understand it ; I must return," was her reply. Some weeks before her death the doctor said to her, "Do you not think it is Mr. Chalmers' duty to come to you, instead of your going to him ?" "No, doctor, he cannot come, he must not leave the teachers ; I shall go to him." About five o'clock in the evening, after she had been silent and apparently unconscious for about an hour, she said, "More

light, more light." It was the dimness of death before the grand breaking of eternity's morning, the darkness in the valley leading up to the light unspeakable on the heavenly mountains, and two hours later she beheld it. Friends were extremely kind. She was with a widow lady who loved her as a sister, and who with her daughters did all that it was possible for them to do. The doctor, a Christian man, was truly kind and attentive, and his brother gave a sepulchre. How full of kindness the world is !

Since my return to New Guinea we have begun an inland mission among the mountain tribes, and have already three stations. After spending some time inland visiting new districts and becoming acquainted with new people, I returned to the coast, where I remained some weeks visiting, in this district, and then set out for the Gulf. We went ashore at many new places, discovered new districts, rivers, and mountains, and obtained a good deal of information that will be useful in our future work. At one or two places we thought it advisable to clear out, the natives getting troublesome. We saw numerous temples where the goddess Kaevakuku dwells, and others to the gods Semese and Tauparau. They are spirits with great power, represented in the temples by peculiar figures of men cut in wood. We did not see Kaevakuku ; she is most feared, and to her the offerings in times of sickness, drought, famine, or plenty are made. When they wish to fight she is consulted, and if she approves her head moves from side to side. The best of everything is given to her, and her majesty's pleasure, as expressed through her priests, must be thought of and attended to. All when they die go to her and spend their days and nights in revelry, in the dance and betel-nut chewing ; very bad people are sent away to two small islands near here, there to await the goddess' will. Some reply to her when she says they are to leave, " Oh, Kaevakuku, it is all right now. I am sorry, but did not think of it when in the body, so you might pass me," and sometimes she relents.

They say their ancestors were two brothers, who, with a dog came out of the earth ; the dog bore a daughter, and afterwards a son, and from these the inland and the coast became populated. They have many superstitions similar to those of the ancient highlanders of Scotland, perhaps now unknown to the latter. Inland I met with spiritualism, pure and simple, practised at night, but without cabinets.

The "mediums" are dreadfully feared, and whatever they say is accepted as truth and strictly attended to.

A few days ago we had a meeting of teachers and a number of natives who attend the services at the various stations. After reconsecrating ourselves to Christ's work at His table, we asked several chiefs who were present to say something. Those from inland said they can now without fear come to the coast, that a way had been opened up for them right back to the mountains, and right down to the sea. All spoke of the blessings of peace they enjoyed since the beginning of the mission. We have as yet had no converts, but I have heard natives pray for light just as if in great darkness, and seeking for a light, however small, to guide them. That they are beginning to realize the darkness, and are groping for light is much to be thankful for. We need more missionaries; men filled with holy enthusiasm, to whom Christ is everything, and who, because of their love to Christ, would fear nothing in His service. Everything else right, the missionary would be able to undertake as soon as he knows the language the work of translation, the grandest work in all missions, and now required here. I would say let him also be a thoroughly manly, muscular Christian, without any namby-pambyism, forgetting the black frock and white tie, able to sail a boat and enjoy it in the worst weather; to mount a horse and gallop off wherever required; to ford a river, climb a mountain, sleep under a tree or in a native hut with scarcely room to turn because of the crowds of savages all around him, and if he could also be a doctor, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a gunsmith, a clock and watch mender, so much the better. He must be able to enjoy a laugh and make others laugh, for to be hearty amongst the natives is a royal road to their good-will. This is a splendid field for a man with plenty of life, such men as are often found in college cricket clubs. Have you something of the sort, or somewhere about it, in Cheshunt now? He might have them all, but requires New Guinea to develop them. If you have such he will be one of the cricketers, and I should welcome him here with delight. I am in excellent health, have had no fever for fifteen months, and thoroughly enjoy the work. A young missionary coming out need not think it a kindness in friends if they weep for him as going to death. Christ's ambassador on urgent kingly business ought to leave home rejoicing, and friends ought to rejoice with him.

We have a good deal of sickness here, and sometimes natives with clubs and spears, or bows and arrows get uncomfortably near, and some of them do like a little bit of man now and again (!), but all these things only give zest to the life, and help to keep one a little nearer the Captain. I rejoice in the reports of Cheshunt College that I see from time to time ; how I should rejoice and shout with very gladness if I could hear of *all* the students offering themselves for mission-work ! How astonished the Church would be ! A whole college going up to the front ! The sinews of war would soon be found.

Many thanks for remembering me when with the King. God help me to hold fast to Christ, and live in entire sympathy with Him in His great work, so that all my friends may see their prayers have been heard.

Sometimes I think a run home would be pleasant and do me good—but not now—the work increases, and the time has arrived for more steady efforts in schools and institutions, and we must do our utmost to secure a native ministry from New Guinea itself. It is only by living amongst the natives that they get to know us, and we to know them. After the attack at South Cape, I had to leave ; Mrs. Chalmers remained ; she gained the confidence of all the natives round, and when they heard of her death they cried bitterly. We live amongst them, get to love them, and hence seek more earnestly to lead them to Christ. I intend settling here for the present, getting youths to live near and teaching them. I hope to have youths from the Gulf, inland, and coast villages of this district.

To all the students my very kind regards. I hope many of them will become missionaries, all of them great men in Christ's service.

With much affection,

Ever sincerely yours,

JAMES CHALMERS.

THE Providence which watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes, at times, a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by their wisest forethought.—*Froude*.

Literary Notices.

Old Testament Prophecy: its Witness as a Record of Divine Foreknowledge. The Warburton Lectures for 1876-1880; with Notes on the Genuineness of the Book of Daniel and the Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. Leathes, by numerous important contributions to Christian Evidences, by his Boyle and Bampton Lectures and other works, has approved himself as a theologian conservative of those ideas and principles of interpretation upon which the traditions of the Church of Christ may be said to be unanimous. He has not given in to the reconstructive and revolutionary criticism of the modern school with reference to the integrity, date, or genuineness of Isaiah's prophecies or St. John's Gospel, and we know few treatises on either of these themes more searching or comprehensive than Dr. Leathes' Boyle Lectures. In the volume before us, he combats bravely the onslaught made upon the supernatural element in Hebrew Scripture. It is not that he is ignorant of what English or Continental scholars have said on this theme. Indeed, the author shows on every page, that he has taken the measure of Kuenen, and is prepared to contest his conclusions and principles. The most interesting feature of the volume, is that the author takes the revolutionary school in flank, and makes their most extreme position, the ground on which he can and does establish a proof, of the existence—ages before their full realization—of indubitable expectations of events and Providential guidance, which demonstrate Divine foreknowledge and its revelation to mankind. Whether or not Abraham understood the full meaning of his own hopes, it is clear that the faith of the promise made to Abraham underlies the whole literature. In what, then, did it originate? The "tabernacle of David" as "fallen" and to "be built again" is shown by most conclusive argument, to have been the burden of a prophet—Amos—whose words all admit to have been genuine, and to have been uttered when they could not fail to be strangely enigmatic, namely, at the time of the greatest prosperity of both kingdoms, since the days of Solomon. Dr. Leathes urges that the New Testament shows these words to have had a meaning of thrilling significance in the days of the Apostles. The threatened captivities and "the return,"

are handled with singular force ; and within the admitted conclusions of the critical school, our author shows how much room remains to display the astounding evidence of the Divine foreknowledge involved in the prophetic word. As might be expected, Dr. Kuenen's view of Daniel is contrasted with that of Dr. Pusey's, and our writer shows that no theory of the great prophecy is so compatible with common-sense, as that which admits the genuineness of the whole book, and the predictive quality of the prophecy of the "seventy weeks," reckoned, i.e., from the decree of Artaxerxes, to the death of Christ. The appendix, containing among other things, a valuable discussion of the "Credentials of Revelation," is worthy of serious attention.

What Church? and the only Faith and Fold: Romanism and Anglicanism Tested. Correspondence with Archbishop Manning. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. Fourth enlarged edition. (Hand and Heart Publishing Office.)

This little work places in strong and clear light the crowning assumption that the visible organisation, which has its centre in Rome, is the true Church of God. The "Anglicanism" of Mr. Bullock is very different from the Anglo-Catholicism, which is quite as presumptuous and less defensible than the Roman claim, although Mr. Bullock seems to think that the establishment of the Anglican Church has been the great bar to the progress of Rome in England. It is curious to see so intelligent a writer ignoring the spread of the Romish idea in the Church of England, established though she be by the State of England,—a circumstance which makes the State itself more or less responsible for all her divergencies from the truth for which the martyrs bled.

Memoir of the Rev. John Graham. By his brother, Charles Graham. (London: John F. Shaw and Co.) It was the ruling desire of the late John Graham to bring home to the hearts of men the attractiveness of the Lord Jesus. He studied and taught and laboured with this end in view, and, as many know, with most encouraging results in Ireland, England, and Australia. This narrative of his Christian experience and testimony to the Truth of God makes us feel more deeply how great was the loss sustained by the Church when he was so suddenly summoned to the heavenly rest. His last poetic composition, suggested by the ocean, as the image of God's abounding love,

and written shortly before his death, beautifully expresses the spirit and joy of his life.—*Memorials of John Legge, M.A.* By James Legge, M.A. (London: James Clarke and Co.) John Legge was one of those noble-minded and sympathetic men whose testimony to truth is rich in spiritual power. Obligated to leave England through feeble health, he was permitted for nearly eleven years to serve the Church of Christ in Melbourne. His sermons indicate his quick perception of analogies between things natural and things spiritual. They are fresh in thought, apt in illustration, and Scriptural in doctrine. The narrative is a worthy memorial of a holy and gifted man.—*Sin and its Penalty, Present and Future.* By Joshua Hawkins. (London: Elliot Stock.) As a counterblast to the dogma of the annihilation of the wicked, this work may have its value. It shows that Scripture may be so used as, apparently, to teach two opposite views of human destiny. The unwisdom of dogmatism, on either side, is thus made manifest. Both cannot be right, but both may be wrong. That the penalty of sin will be eventually corrective of sin; that where it is, the sinner has a right to pardon; and that in the end all will be saved, are ideas which the writer seeks to prove. The objections that such ideas tend to lessen our sense of the evil of sin, and make the work of Jesus Christ to a great extent unnecessary, are but feebly met; indeed, they are not answered at all.—*The Holy Spirit's Work: its Nature and Extent.* By George Cross. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) This is a concise and practical exposition of the Holy Spirit's relation to the Father and Son, to the Truth, and to the spirit of man. The book requires to be read with discrimination. A verse is quoted in which the "Mother Maid" is associated with the Trinity so as to bewilder the mind, instead of enlightening it.—*Robert Raikes, Journalist and Philanthropist.* By Alfred Gregory. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) We are glad to welcome this cheap edition of an interesting biography, already recommended by us.—*Tom's Heathen.* By Josephine R. Baker. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) A charming American tale. The spiritual penalties of avarice, injustice, and self-indulgence, and the victorious power of Christian principle, are so depicted as to excite and repay intense interest.—*Tendrils in Verse.* By Ebenezer Palmer; also by the same author, *Lebanon Leaves.* (London: Clement Sadler Palmer.) The first of these volumes is a collection of occasional

poetic compositions ; and the second consists of " Metrical soliloquies on passages of Holy Scripture for every day in the year." The poetic fire is not always equally bright, but in both volumes there are many passages of considerable force and beauty.—*The Young Cumbrian, and other Stories of Schoolboys.* By George E. Sargent. (The Religious Tract Society.) These tales, both from their subjects, style, and tone, are likely to be no less profitable than pleasant to the young.—*Good Tidings for the Anxious.* (London : The Religious Tract Society.) Plain teaching about salvation, by which light and rest may be brought to minds harassed with doubt and perplexity.—*The Christian Commonwealth a Theocracy.* By Rev. Robert Sewell. (London : R. D. Dickinson.) This inaugural address to the Congregational Union of Ireland is well worthy of the larger circulation which, in the present form, we hope it will secure.—*All for Christ, and Christ for All: Illustrated by the Life and Labours of William M. Bailey.* By F. W. Bourne. (London : Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) William Bailey was a Bible Christian minister, endowed with much force of character, inspired with much love to Christ, and boldness for the truth. Whatever the peculiarities of some of his ideas, language, and conduct, at the root of all were intense loyalty to God and love to man.—*The Gospel in Leviticus.* By James Fleming, D.D. (London : Morgan and Scott.) The correction of the proof-sheets of this work was among the closing labours of Dr. Fleming's life. With holy interest he dwelt upon the harmony between the Jewish rites and Christian realities, and this fruit of his meditations will deepen and extend his influence for good.

Obituary.

REV. JOHN PULLING.

THE Rev. John Pulling was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, well known as the residence of the poet Coleridge. The lad was placed at school at Topsham, and afterwards at Teignmouth. Here he became an expert swimmer, and on one occasion saved a school-fellow from drowning by diving to his assistance, an act which seemed prophetic of a benevolent career. Perhaps his early resi-

dence amidst some of the loveliest scenery in England inspired him with that taste for the beautiful in nature which was conspicuous in his after life.

He was the child of pious parents, and was trained under religious influences. He early became a Sunday-school teacher, and showed a fondness for evangelistic work. This led to his being placed with the Rev. Flavel Stenner, of Dartmouth, a descendant of John Flavel, the eminent Nonconformist divine. Thence he proceeded to High-bury College, where he gained the friendship of his tutors, the Revs. Drs. Halley, Henderson, and Burder, which he retained until the close of their lives. On the conclusion of his college course, he received invitations from several different churches. One of these was from Deptford, where the choice had previously fallen between two candidates who divided the votes of the people; but as all parties joined unanimously in a call to Mr. Pulling, he was led to accept it as the sphere appointed to him by Providence, and he was ordained on October 16th, 1833.

From that period for nearly forty years he laboured faithfully in the work of the Lord. During his long residence he won the hearts of those who knew him by his kind disposition and genial sympathy. He married a lady from the congregation, but after seven happy years he was left to mourn her loss and to continue his journey alone.

In 1861, after a pastorate of twenty-eight years, Mr. Pulling resolved to commence the erection of a place of worship more suited to the wants of the locality. Many difficulties stood in the way, but by his energy and perseverance the project was carried through, and the present spacious and elegant building was erected at a cost of £5,000. In this Mr. Pulling continued to exercise his ministry until the year 1872. In 1868 Mr. Pulling was elected vice-chairman of the Congregational Board and a member of the Council of New College.

His vacations were spent chiefly in foreign travel, in the course of which he visited Holland, Germany, Russia, Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and the United States. On his return from these wanderings he delivered lectures in various places upon the observations which he had made while abroad. These lectures were full of information and enriched with racy anecdotes. He published

an account of his "Travels in the Crimea" in 1868, and also a volume entitled "Memorial Sermons" in 1861.

Advancing years at length admonished him of the necessity of retirement, and in 1872 he resigned the pastorate. He removed to Blackheath and continued to preach occasionally in that neighbourhood. His health was generally good during the summer, but in the winter he often suffered severely from bronchial asthma; he was seized by a severe attack of this complaint in November last, and although he rallied sufficiently to remove to Hampstead, where he enjoyed the attentions of his beloved daughter and his grandchildren, he grew gradually weaker, until on the morning of May 5th, he calmly fell asleep; his end was as peaceful and as happy as his life had been.

Mr. Pulling was a man of simple, earnest piety; he loved his Bible, and cultivated habitually a spirit of devotion, "praying always." His nature was transparent and guileless, and the sister graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, abounded in him. He cherished implicit faith in the providence of God, and throughout his life he sought to follow its leadings and submit himself to its guidance. His disposition was affectionate, almost womanly in its tenderness; little children would cling to him; the needy and sorrowful found in him a friend and helper, and those who knew him closely, loved him with ardent affection. As he drew nearer to eternity, his graces seemed to develop more and more until "Eternal sunshine settled on his brow," and he passed away into the light of heaven.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Hornsey, by Mr. Hazell, £11 18s.; Richmond, by Rev. G. S. Ingram, £10; Highgate, by Mr. J. Clarke, £8 10s. 4d.; Wellingborough, by Mr. N. P. Sharman, £5; Birkenhead, by Mr. R. H. Minns, £3 3s.; Edgbaston, by Rev. W. J. Clarkson, £3; Atherstone, by Rev. W. S. Sheavyn, £1 2s.; Faversham, by Rev. W. H. Hill, £1 1s.; Farnworth, by Mr. Crompton, £1 1s.; Whitechapel, Zion, by Rev. J. Thomas, £1 1s.; Rochester, Vines Chapel, by Mr. Bentham, £1 1s.; Bingley, Crow and Nest, by Rev. J. Martin, 14s. 6d.; Sutton Valence, by Rev. J. Birdseye, 10s.

Managers' Meeting.

THE Half-yearly Meeting of the Managers of the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE was held at Carr's Restaurant, 265, Strand, on Tuesday, July 13th, 1880.

The Rev. J. Viney, the Treasurer, in the Chair.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Clemance, and the usual business was transacted.

The Application Papers for renewed grants were examined, and the following table shows the number of each widow on the list of grantees, as entered in the Treasurer's book, with the age and the sum voted :—

No.	Age.	Amount.	No.	Age.	Amount.
22	70	£10	205	89	£8
32	59	8	211	81	10
35	79	10	212	60	8
36	68	8	213	70	8
37	47	8	214	66	6
38	64	8	235	65	8
55	79	10	250	72	10
56	57	6	260	78	8
65	55	6	265	62	6
66	57	6	271	56	6
86	73	8	272	75	10
87	53	6	309	63	6
112	61	4	311	55	4
113	49	8	312	84	8
138	79	10	331	60	4
139	66	8	332	69	6
143	67	6	333	56	6
148	74	8	334	66	8
149	48	6	337	68	8
152	70	10	341	71	10
154	61	8	342	50	4
155	67	6	358	81	10
165	75	8	359	68	8
168	87	10	371	63	6
174	74	10	413	60	8
181	55	6	415	70	10
204	71	10	418	64	8

The Secretary reported the decease of some of the widows on the list, and read letters from surviving relatives expressing sincere thanks for the annual grant which had been made, and which had been found to be most acceptable.

New cases were added to fill up vacancies.

The Treasurer announced that many of the churches had already made their annual summer collection, in aid of the *Widows' Fund*, in answer to the appeal recently issued; and a strong wish was expressed that more of the churches would adopt this simple mode of enabling the Managers to meet all the pressing cases which came under their notice.

AUGUST, 1880.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—North China—Wu-Chang.

BY THE REV. T. BRYSON.

IN reviewing my labours and giving account of my stewardship for the year 1879, it may be expected that I should refer to the serious interruption caused by my dear wife's long illness, and the necessity for my accompanying her to Chefoo. The interruption occurred during the hottest season of the year, when the physical strength of everyone in the East is at its lowest ebb, and when, therefore, I could be spared from my station with least harm to the work, and most benefit to myself. The native assistant and schoolmaster carried on the daily work of the chapel and school as usual during my absence, and my colleagues in Hankow, and other brethren of the Wesleyan and Inland Missions resident in Wu-Chang, conducted the Sunday services. While waiting at Shanghai I availed myself of the opportunity to visit as many stations and to confer with as many missionaries of other Societies as possible. The result was in no wise such as to render me discouraged with our position in Wu-Chang. On the contrary, I saw much cause of devout congratulation for the success we have already attained ; while on the other hand there was much to be learned from the points of contrast between our methods and those which came under my observation.

While I was absent in Chefoo, two disaffected members went over to the Roman Catholics. They had both sustained losses in business—in no way, however, caused by their profession of Christianity—and both were greatly offended because I refused to carry their grievances before the Chinese magistrate or English consul. Happily, through the influence of the native preacher and the deacons, these weak brethren were reclaimed from their temporary backsliding ; and on my return to Wu-Chang they openly confessed their fault, and were restored to confidence and fellowship.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Another trial of a very different nature threatened us not long after in the sickness almost unto death of our senior deacon, HU TEH-TSZ. I have spoken in previous Reports of the exemplary life and devout God-fearing spirit of this man, who is certainly one of the pillars of the church. Under Dr. Mawbey's kind and unremitting attention to him while in the hospital at Hankow, he made a wonderful recovery; but on his return to Wu-Chang he had a serious relapse, and for some days his life seemed to hang in the balance. He was oft-times overcome with a most sorrowful sense of his sins, but exhibited great resignation and patience, and a humble trust in the merits of Christ as his Saviour. Feeling keenly the great loss which the church would sustain by his death, many earnest prayers and supplications were offered that he might be spared; and God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on us also, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. I shall not soon forget the impressive address he made at the first church meeting after his recovery. "Why have I been raised up from this sickness?" he asked. "Doubtless it has been in answer to your prayers, and because the Lord has more work for me to do. I was in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ; but now I must remain a little longer, and I pray it may be for your furtherance and joy of faith. If," he added, "I can do anything for any one of you—the very humblest member—I am ready to serve you to the utmost of my power. Do not fear to command me, brethren, for if I should have to go without bread myself, you will be welcome to all that I have."

Old PAU SIEN-SANG, our native preacher, has fulfilled his duties as diligently as before; and every year only makes him more hopeful of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel, and the steady advance of the church in Wu-Chang. "There was a time," he said recently, "when I had forebodings about the future, but now I have none. God has given us pillars of the church, and, though the present builders may be removed, the building will certainly go on."

As in former years, we have lost several members by removal of residence to other parts of the country; but it is pleasing to hear now and again of the steadfastness of these believers, and their endeavours to propagate the faith which they have embraced. Mr. Bryant had the pleasure of meeting one on his journey into Hunan; and during the provincial examinations, a gentleman called at the chapel with messages from another who is now living in King-Chow. This gentleman bore the most unequivocal testimony to his friend's Christian life and conduct, and expressed a wish to follow his example and be baptized.

DEATH OF A NEW CONVERT.

One of those baptized during the year was soon afterwards received into the communion of the Church above. His case was a striking illustration of the grace of God, and one which clearly justified the propriety of departing, in exceptional circumstances, from our ordinary rule regarding a longer or shorter probation before baptism. Like the eunuch in the Acts, this man might well have been baptized immediately upon his profession of faith in Jesus. It was a Tuesday afternoon in April—one that stands out in my recollection by the great number and variety of questions put to me by different persons in the audience that day—when I first talked with this inquirer about the things of God. He had been to our services on the previous Sunday, and listened to an earnest exhortation to some who were halting between two opinions to come out from the world and to enter into the fold of Christ. Here, on the Tuesday, seemed to be an answer to my appeal—a man deeply anxious about his salvation and eager to be baptized. He had carefully read and pondered a copy of Mark's Gospel, left by a missionary at the shop of a relative. The shopmen were throwing the book away with some contemptuous remarks about the foreigner and his doctrine of Jesus, when *Tun* asked that it might be given to him. He had openly cast off idolatry, and was now bearing the reproach of his friends for refusing to join in the celebration of the birthday of the god of Riches. And he was told that his sickness was the result of becoming Christian, and a sure evidence of the anger of the gods against him. As he described his position to me:—"I am," he said, "on the border-land, between two kingdoms, neither belonging to Satan's kingdom nor yet a member of Christ's Kingdom. I am at enmity with Satan, and yet do not feel that I am at peace with God."

The following evening—Wednesday—at our weekly prayer-meeting, he was conspicuous by his eager attention as he sat on the front seat. When the address was ended, he asked leave, in the presence of the members, to put a question in regard to the thief who called upon Christ in his last hour. The speaker himself was very ill, and might have been carried off suddenly at any moment. He then accurately and most minutely recounted the history of our Lord's apprehension in the garden; His trial before the high priest and Pilate; the testimony borne to our Lord's innocence by the Roman judge, and his desire to set Jesus free; the clamour of the Jews for Barrabas instead of Christ, which last circumstance the speaker dwelt upon with expressions of utmost wonder and amazement; and then, coming back to the point from which he started, in the most earnest manner he asked me if the thief who appealed to Christ in his last hours was accepted and saved.

I was still hesitating whether I should immediately baptize this man, and was talking the matter over with our native preacher on Thursday, when *Tun* himself came in, and put all hesitation at an end. He was looking worse than usual. His cough had kept him awake for hours during the night, and he had been spitting blood. He had not hoped to see the morning light. "I thought I was dying," he said, "but I had no fear. I remembered the thief on the Cross, and trusted my soul to Jesus."

With such a confession, and under such circumstances, I could hesitate no longer, and it was my great privilege on the following Sunday to admit this believer to the visible church by the ordinance of baptism. He was not to be long with us. His sickness increased, and he was taken to his native place, some fifty miles from Wu-Chang. When he came for the last time to our chapel, *Pau sien-sang* prayed with him, and *Tun* wept like a child. Soon after reaching home he died, and went to be with Jesus in Paradise.

THE DAY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Two special efforts have distinguished the year 1879; first the resuscitation of our Day School, and the establishment in connection with it of a Sunday School.

Contrary to our experience in former years we found no difficulty in obtaining pupils. From a carefully kept record I find that the daily average attendance has been twenty-five, while as many as fifty-four children have attended for longer or shorter periods during the course of the year. This indicates one of the serious drawbacks to a day-school as compared with a boarding-school in China. The children are mostly from the poorer class of the population, and are put out to work as soon as they can earn a penny. The ages of the scholars range from six to twelve years, and among them we had five girls. The progress made in the studies reflects great credit on the teacher, *Mung sien-sang*, whose patient and kindly manner, strict discipline, and regular attendance to his duties have done much to insure the success already attained.

But it is the Sunday-school which has given us the greatest satisfaction. Formerly, in our own, as in all the other missions here, the children attending day and boarding schools confined their studies exclusively to religious books on Sundays; but beyond the schoolmaster's instruction nothing more was done for them on those days. Believing that the system pursued in the West, of dividing the children into small classes, and getting the most zealous and intelligent Christians to act as Sabbath-school teachers, would, like mercy, be twice blessed—bless teachers and taught—I appealed to several of our Christians for help, and met with a most hearty response. The male teachers, five in number, meet every

Saturday morning at my house for the study of the Sunday lesson. The school is opened an hour before the afternoon service with prayer and singing, after which each teacher becomes the centre of a class of little boys and girls, all eager to learn more about Jesus. We have been going through the life of our Lord, and it is wonderful to find how much more interest has been created and how much more knowledge the children have acquired by this method as compared with the old system. I have found the Bible illustrations published by the Sunday School Union, and the splendid cartoons published by the Wesleyan Sunday School Society, of great use in impressing the lessons on the minds of the children. Several missionaries and many of the Chinese, both Christian and heathen, have witnessed these Sunday catechisings of the little ones, and expressed their surprise and delight at the results. Some of the grown-up children of converts engaged in business during the week have formed part of the classes on Sunday, and I have also added a Bible-class, which is well attended, for the benefit of younger members of the church and congregation. The hum of instruction in all the class-rooms, the eagerness of the children to display their newly acquired knowledge, the joyful singing of old familiar hymns, all remind us of happy hours spent in Sunday-schools at home, and make this one of the brightest and most joyous hours of all the week. When I add that my dear wife has been the moving spirit in establishing both day and Sunday school, and has greatly assisted in carrying both on by her personal visitation and help, I only say what is gladly recognised and felt by all.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION DURING THE EXAMINATIONS.

The second special effort of the year has been the distribution of 10,000 tracts among the students who attended the Triennial Examinations for the M.A. degree. This was carried out through the generous help of the London Religious Tract Society by their local committee here.*

Almost the only unpleasant incident that occurred in connection with the distribution was the nailing of a copy of Mr. Griffith John's tract to the barricade outside the great door. This was the act of a petty military officer on duty, and was evidently intended to stir up the opposition of the people. A crowd gathered around the spot, and from the loud laughter and derisive remarks heard on all sides, it was clear that mischief was preying, when a Christian, one of our members baptized this year, and a most active and intelligent Sabbath-school teacher, pressed forward in defiance of the taunts and threats of the crowd and tore the book down.

* See MISSIONARY CHRONICLE for May, p. 94.

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Next day, at the social gathering of the distributors, Pau sien-sang's remarks were so appropriate that I am tempted to copy them. He said he had been reminded of the words of our Lord, "I have overcome the world," and how literally they had been fulfilled in the history of the Wu-Chang mission. Contrasting the spirit and conduct of the people fifteen years ago and now, he attributed the change to the power of Christ in overcoming the world. Here he entered on some reminiscences of the first planting of the mission, when no Christian dared to appear in connection with the negotiations for the purchase of land but himself, and he only because he had friends in the city; when great placards were put out warning the people against renting or selling property to missionaries, and when hundreds of the gentry went in a body and besieged the magistrates with petitions to prevent the hated foreigner and his doctrines from ever entering within its walls. "When we had obtained a footing," he continued, "students would come to the chapel to blaspheme the name of Jesus, to revile the preacher, and to create a disturbance. Every day, while the examinations were in progress, was to me a day of fear and trembling how it might end. Friends used to advise me at such times to leave the city, lest there should be an uproar. And had such a thing been attempted then as had been peaceably accomplished the previous evening, there would certainly have been an uproar, and the work would have been stopped. No one would have dared to attempt it. Now, the times are altered. Students come to our chapels; they sit down quietly, and respectfully put questions about Jesus and His Gospel. For all this we give God thanks and take courage." Then followed some admirable remarks on the joy of seeing so many brethren of other missions united in this common work; on the success that had attended the labours of recent years; the necessity for cultivating mutual sympathy, help, and brotherly love; the glory of serving Christ, and suffering for Him, and, above all, the supreme importance of personal holiness to recommend by our lives the religion of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. He also referred to the courage displayed by the Christian who pulled down the pilloried book, and remarked that he was a recent convert; but like many others it might be said of him, "The last shall be first, and the first last."

II.—South India—Itinerating in Belgaum.

ON previous occasions reference has been made to itinerating work as carried on in the BELGAUM district. By this means, all the larger towns within a radius of fifty miles from the head station have been frequently, and others beyond that limit occasionally, visited. It has, however, long been felt by many of our missionary brethren that this department of labour deserves a larger share of time and attention than the resources at their disposal have hitherto enabled them to devote to it. Holding these views, and being also desirous of working upon a methodical plan, the Rev. J. G. HAWKER determined to visit every town, village, and hamlet in the district, or in as large a portion of the district as he could cover. It is satisfactory to note that, in taking up this aggressive work, our brother is able to leave his share of the station services largely to the care of the native assistants, who have been trained in the mission, their work being superintended by his colleague, the Rev. JAMES SMITH. From his report we select the following passages:—

"In March and April I visited seventy-nine places. As this is our hot season, I have commenced the work in the Belgaum taluka, or near home. This has enabled me to reach a larger number of villages than I shall be able to visit in equal time when greater distances have to be travelled. My plan is to select a village in the centre of a group, pitch my tent there, and morning and evening go forth on my pony to all the villages within four or five miles of the centre. In this way I can sometimes visit six, or even more, villages in a day. As I must travel fast, I go alone, spend about half-an-hour with those whom I can collect, and then go on to another village. When all the villages around the centre are visited, the tent is removed to another place. During this hot season, and as the distances are short, I have usually made but one centre a week, returning home when the work of that was done, to start out again in the following week. This kind of work takes me away from the roads, and into many villages where a European's face is a rare, or even a new, sight. In some villages, the whole population in the place, men, women, and children, have turned out to see and hear. It has given me special pleasure to have so many women in my audiences. My plan does not allow time for discussion, and I discourage it. I speak of suffering, sin, and salvation, and, by the use of illustrations which experience has shown to be the most convincing, endeavour to leave as powerful an impression as possible on the mind of my hearers of the uselessness of their expedients for deliverance and the excellency of Christ's way of salvation. Often the Word is heard with great gladness by these simple, ignorant villagers. On one occasion a man accompanied me from his own to a neighbouring village and afterwards conducted me to the high road; but though a poor man, with scarcely a rag to cover him, he determinedly refused any gratuity for his services. In another village a poor woman, after listening for some time, said, with a sigh, 'This is all very well for you clever people; but what can we do!' In a village near the top of a high peak we collected a few people after nightfall. They were greatly interested, and

as Marathi was more used in that village than Canarese, one of the men translated what was said into Marathi. On the following day he, with another man and a widow, came down to the tent and spent the middle of the day in hearing more of the invitations and promises of Jesus. In my last two little trips I have visited all the hunters' hamlets on the hills stretching away to the east of us. They are a wild, lawless class of men, very ignorant, and having the reputation of being violent highwaymen. They, however, heard the Gospel very gladly, and one of them said, 'My father and mother never taught me anything that was good; we have heard this now for the first time; but what must we do?' He, like others in different villages, begged for another visit."

The objects of worship in these villages are somewhat numerous, and as but little provision is available for the instruction of the rising generation, education generally is at a lamentably low ebb. On this subject, Mr. Hawker writes:—

"I have been much impressed with the need of more elementary schools. Of the seventy-nine villages mentioned, there are schools in only nine of them. These are all Government schools, having on their registers an aggregate of 519 scholars. Besides these, there are in two villages thirteen boys under private instruction, but these are family gatherings rather than schools. As the population of these seventy-nine villages is upwards of 57,000, it will be seen that not one in a hundred is learning to read and write. Such a mass of ignorance is a great religious, social, and political evil. I saw with much pleasure the other day that the Marquis of Ripon intends to move on the line of the educational despatch of 1854. The public services could well dispense with a few of our colleges and high schools; and the country would be greatly benefited by an increased number of elementary schools. But such a policy would find little favour with the educational department and none with the Brahmans, and will not be carried out until we have governors who can see for themselves and act on their own responsibility.

"The total number of hearers collected in the seventy-nine villages was about 3,400. The magic-lanterns were exhibited in some and attracted large numbers."

The interest with which political events occurring in Europe are watched by our brethren abroad, and the influence which such events exercise upon mission work in foreign lands, are thus referred to:—

"The action of the Government helps or hinders us much in our evangelistic efforts in India. The ungodly lives of Europeans are sometimes brought forward by adversaries as objections to Christianity; but my experience has been that the public acts of the Government are more helpful or injurious than the private acts of individuals. This might be expected when we consider that the acts of Government are more widely known, and affect the pockets, and the dinners often, of the thousands to whom we go; while private vices injuriously affect a smaller number. Seldom do I hear of the vices of individuals; but often, very often, and in very bitter language, do I hear of the supposed injustice of Government; and this injustice is urged as an objection to Christianity. It is easy to show how illogical this argument is; but it is not easy to open the heart which this supposed (or real) injury has closed."

III.—Madagascar—Opening of the Chapel Royal.

ONE of the first public acts of the present Queen of Madagascar after her baptism had reference to the erection, within the palace enclosure in the capital, of a building for the worship of the true God. The need for such a building was enhanced by the formation of a church in the palace, with its appointed pastors and deacons. At the request of the Government Mr. WILLIAM POOL, the Society's building superintendent, prepared plans and undertook the erection of the church, the corner-stone of which was laid by her Majesty, with the usual Christian formalities, on the 20th of July, 1869. Pending its completion the ordinances of religion were regularly administered in one of the palaces. Notwithstanding this, speculation was rife in some quarters as to the form of worship which would be observed in the Chapel Royal, and this feeling was increased by the unavoidable delays which occurred in the progress of the work and the repeated postponement of the day of opening. All doubt on the subject was, however, set at rest on Thursday, the 8th of April of the present year, when the dedication services commenced. For the first time in its history the church within the palace invited and received the ministrations of the Society's missionaries, while the companions of the martyrs from Vonizongo had an opportunity of worshipping with the Queen. On this subject the Rev. B. BRIGGS writes:—

"The Queen and Prime Minister have shown, in the most decided manner possible, their firm adherence to the doctrines they have received and the form of Christian worship to which they have been accustomed. Everything has hitherto passed off in the most satisfactory manner, and will, we trust, have a salutary influence on the churches throughout the country. The event has also been commemorated by the setting at liberty of all the State prisoners who have been in chains since the beginning of the present reign on account of the part they took in a conspiracy to upset the Government. Other prisoners have also been released. The opening services were conducted in an orderly and becoming manner, and with much less ostentation and display than could have been anticipated. All the proceedings were regarded as matters relating to the 'fiavavahana' (praying) rather than to the 'fanjakana' (kingdom)."

On the day of opening business generally was suspended, even to the collection of moneys for the equipment of the newly formed army. The royal flag was hoisted over the entrance to the palace-yard and on the palace itself, and all seemed to intimate that a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving had arrived.

"At an early hour," writes Mr. Pool, "a detachment of soldiers surrounded the building; the Queen's musicians occupied a distant portion of the palace enclosure, within which a large number of people had gathered. The admission

to the building was by ticket, ten being sent to each church in the capital—namely, five red ones for the morning, and five yellow ones for the afternoon; the mission families were also supplied. The time announced for the morning service was ten o'clock, and shortly after that hour the singers were heard, and a bustle created by the appearance of men who told that the Queen was on her way to the church, and would enter by the western door. Soon the singers approached, singing a native hymn to a native tune, followed by the courtiers, the officers of State and their ladies, all in full dress; then came Her Majesty, led by the hand of His Excellency the Prime Minister. As soon as the Queen had taken her seat, the members of the mission first, and then those who had tickets, were admitted to the building; some time was necessarily occupied in getting every one in his or her right place, and in securing the needful quiet for worship.

The dedication services extended over a fortnight, and were brought to a close on Thursday, April 22nd. Mr. Briggs gives a brief outline of the proceedings:—

“There were two services on the day of opening, in which some of the missionaries, the native pastors, and some of the old Christians who suffered for Christ in the time of persecution took part. Andriambelo, the pastor of the Palace Church, and myself preached in the morning; Rainimanga, pastor of the Ambohipotsy Church, and Mr. Pickersgill preached in the afternoon. In addition to the two sermons in the morning, the Prime Minister, at the request of the church, read a most interesting paper containing a history of the Palace Church from its commencement in 1868. Mr. Pool presided at the organ, and the singing was excellent. Mr. G. Cousins and Mr. Pearse preached on the first Sunday after the opening, and Mr. W. E. Cousins and Mr. Clark preached last Sunday. Services have also been held in the church every day since the opening, the city churches, with their numerous village stations, taking a day in turn. Large numbers of the people have thus had an opportunity of seeing the church and of joining in worship with their Sovereign, who, with the Prime Minister, has been present at every service. Some days the church has been filled eight times, and eight short services have been held.”

To these details Mr. Pool adds:—

“It would be interesting to know how many persons passed through the church during these services. On one day 279 were counted out at one of the doors as the congregations changed places, and, allowing 200 for those who left by the other door, and the preachers, &c., we get, besides the members and attendants on the Court, a congregation of 479 persons—which number multiplied by seven, the number of services on Thursday, April 15, gives a total of worshippers for that day, 3,353 persons. Some hundreds passed through the church without attending any service daily; arrangements were made to admit the congregations separately, and thus avoid a second admittance. Some of these multitudes were attended by bands of music; indeed, one mass of the Ambatonakanga congregations had no less than four, as they proceeded orderly from the Memorial Church to the palace.”

The church stands in the south-western portion of the Roza (palace enclosure), and forms a prominent object when the city is entered from

the south ; it can also be seen at a distance both on the east and west sides of the capital. The following architectural description has been furnished by Mr. Pool :—

“The building is a parallelogram, intended to accommodate some four hundred and fifty worshippers, having at its south-west corner a tower and spire rising to the height of 112 feet, and richly ornamented ; in it is placed a good clock, the gift of ‘the Friends’ in England. On its eastern side is a minister’s vestry and a retiring-room for the Court, who can also enter the building from the high ground on which the palace stands by an ornamental stone bridge erected for that purpose, and communicating by means of a staircase with the retiring-room before alluded to. As the monarch must occupy the highest seat in all public assemblies, it was necessary to place a raised pew near to the retiring-room ; the base of this pew is in a coarse native marble, panelled and richly carved, the enclosure, stairs, canopy, &c., being of a native wood somewhat resembling light rosewood, the whole being a fine specimen of native carved work. The altar-rail and also that of the preacher’s platform is of the same handsome wood, on twisted and carved balusters supporting arches on which the rails lie, the terminals of the altar-rails and the rails themselves being richly carved. The benches are provided with book and kneeling-boards, and have panelled ends, with moulded edges, and a small rosette carved over the panel. The Italian style (as most in conformity with the surrounding buildings) was chosen ; it has been very freely treated, especially in the work of ornamentation. The church has been built of native stone found immediately above or in the lap of the primary granite ; its classification seems a puzzle—felspar and quartz bound together with earthy matter containing very little, if any, that is ferruginous. It cannot be sawn or rubbed, but is worked with chisel-hammers having handles which are easily removed for sharpening the flat point ; one is quite surprised at what the natives can do with such rough tools. The shafts of the columns on either side the pulpit, and also to the windows inside the building, are of a dull red-colour clay, which seems to harden as it is exposed to the atmosphere. Care is taken throughout the building that no weight other than its own shall press upon any of the columns, key-stones, or bands, which are of this material, hence all may be removed without seriously affecting the strength of the building. The roof was until lately the only one in the country covered with native slates ; recently the new residence for the Queen has been covered with that material. The whole exhibits the improvement of the native workmen, who have received instruction from agents of the London Missionary Society. The geometrical stained-glass windows are by Messrs. Cann, of Smethwick ; the ornaments to the coved and panelled ceiling are from Messrs. Jackson, of London ; and the organ (a good instrument, with two manuals and two and a-half octaves of foot-notes) by Messrs. Hill, London.”

Quite apart from its architectural proportions the Chapel Royal of Madagascar possesses an interest for the Christian public generally, and for the supporters of the London Missionary Society in particular. We trust that that Protestant Christianity, of which it forms the expression and pledge, may long remain the guiding principle alike of the rulers and the people of that remarkable island !

IV.—Hurricane in the Loyalty Islands.

NOW and again the islands which stud the South Pacific are subject to visitations of wind and rain such as are rarely experienced beyond the tropics. Early in the present year a hurricane, exceeding in intensity any that had occurred within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant" of those latitudes, passed over the LOYALTY ISLANDS. The first outbreak occurred on the 24th of January, and the second, although not equal in extent, on the 9th of February. The islands of MARÉ and LIFU, which are occupied by the Society as mission stations, lay in the direct course of the storm, and when the intelligence first reached England by telegram, the Directors were naturally anxious with regard to the safety of the mission. From letters recently received they are happy to state that, so far as is known, no lives, either European or native, have been sacrificed. The season's crops are of course destroyed, but so prolific is the soil that it is hoped Nature will shortly repair the void thus made; years, however, must elapse ere the cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees can be replaced. The native huts, and portions of the mission property, are greatly damaged, and the Directors have, with readiness and cordiality, complied with the request of the missionary on MARÉ that the balance of contributions to the Society should be devoted to the purchase of an iron roof for the native church. The details of the event, as recorded by the Rev. J. JONES, are as follow:—

"Last Saturday, January 24th, this island was visited by a terrific hurricane; it was at its worst about 10 o'clock a.m. My barometer, which I do not consider a good one, stood at 28.65. The desolation all around cannot be described. Though I have been here more than twenty-five years, and have witnessed several, yet I have never seen anything to equal that. The number of cocoa-nut trees and bread-fruit trees laid low is very great; indeed of the latter scarcely any are left. In many places these trees lie piled one upon the other like great barricades. The loss of the cocoa-nut trees is a very serious thing for this island, where they are of so slow growth, requiring about twenty years to come to perfection. The yam plantations, too, were in the height of their luxuriance. These are destroyed, as their growth is stopped by the vines being torn and twisted. Bananas, sugar cane, &c., are all laid low. We anticipate a great dearth of food during the present year. The cocoa-nut trees, too, being so many destroyed, the people cannot make much copra for many years to come, and that is their only article of commerce at present, so that they will have little to eat, and much diminished means for purchasing. In this district there are scarcely any houses left standing; the sea rose to a fearful height, sweeping stone houses and stone walls completely away. My house was made a place of refuge by the poor homeless people. They brought their children in crowds to escape the wind, rain, and sea; some of the people were carried in quite exhausted. No fire could be kept

alight, the houses being all washed away; consequently no food could be cooked, except in my kitchen, and there the poor creatures were huddled round the fire so much that it was with great difficulty I could keep water boiling, and with that I made them arrowroot, which comforted the children, revived the exhausted, and sustained all during the violence of the storm. One man I could not move from before the fire; he said, 'I am dying.' 'Well,' I replied, 'let me come to the hot water that I may make you and your wife some warm arrowroot, then you can squat before the fire again.' After they had partaken, and were revived, the man addressed the crowd around him, 'Ah! you people complain about the missionary being too fond of work, but you see the advantage of it now; he only has a strong, dry house where we are all glad to take refuge.'

"Certainly I have great cause for thankfulness. My house and kitchen stood well; also the church, with the exception of the shutters of the latter being wrenched off from the hinges and thrown about in all directions. The cyclone came so suddenly that things could not be properly secured. Our school-house, too, was terribly shaken, and a part of it put out of the perpendicular. Had the violence of the storm continued a little longer, it must have fallen. I am sorry to say that my large workshop, where I taught the students industrial work, was blown down, and, I fear, much that it contained very seriously damaged. Two of the sleeping houses belonging to the scholars of the boarding-school were destroyed; also the teacher's dwelling-house. The whole of the stone wall bounding the mission premises has been washed away by the sea.

"I am thankful to say that, with the exception of some bruises, all the people have escaped. This is remarkable, considering how trees and houses were falling all around; many being compelled to swim into the sea to rescue their property. On such occasions the howling of the wind is so great that the crash of trees and houses falling around cannot be heard to give warning of danger."

Respecting the island of LIFU, over which the storm for a second time spent its fury, the Rev. S. M. CREAGH writes:—

"During the height of the gale on the 24th of January, my aneroid went down to 28.05. Terrible destruction has been done; very few of our chapels remain intact. Our beautiful chapel at Xepenehe is a mass of ruins; the gable-wall, built of solid masonry by French practical workmen, was blown flat down, as one of the walls of Jericho may have been prostrated. Our class-room, built by MacFarlane, and considered by him as almost impregnable, is a heap of ruins. Our dwelling-house suffered much; a great many of the sheets of galvanised iron roofing were stripped off, and everything in the house got saturated. Unfortunately for us, we were spending a month amongst the people of the other side of the island. Cocoa-nut trees have fallen by thousands; the yam, cocoa-nut, and banana crops, which bade so fair, are all ruined. Scarcely any copra will be made this year, and no money obtained. We hope there will not be any real want, as the land will yield a quick crop of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins. Native huts were swept away like houses of cards. All this will involve a large amount of extra labour on the part of us all. A second gale came on last Monday night, February 9th, but much less in severity; it had been brewing for a whole week. I have not seen such a gale as we had on the 24th of January, during the whole of my twenty-five years' experience of the South Sea Islands. I never wish to see another. Last Monday night the aneroid stood at 29.08."

V.—New Guinea—Good Bay and District.

SINCE the inland journey of the Rev. JAMES CHALMERS, described in our April number, two visits have been paid by his colleague, the Rev. THOMAS BESWICK, and himself to different portions of New Guinea. The first of these, to the GULF district, was commenced in November, 1879, and occupied nearly two months; the second, having HULA as its starting point, embraced the stations to the south and east, superintended by Mr. Beswick. An interesting and unique New Year's gathering took place at Port Moresby before our brethren left. A number of coastal and inland chiefs and natives, in confidence and unarmed, met on common ground the teachers and their wives, twenty-four in all. That such a meeting should be practicable may be accepted as a proof of the leavening process which is going on, and an assurance that the teachers are respected and their motives appreciated, even though their message be but imperfectly understood or carried into practice. Twelve months had elapsed since Mr. Beswick undertook his first missionary tour; he was, therefore, able to contrast the state of things at present with what it was then. He writes:—

“During the first four months of last year, our mission prospects seemed indeed dark and discouraging, death having deprived my colleague of his beloved partner, whilst sickness and death made fearful havoc in the ranks of our newly arrived teachers and their families. Nor was the bearing of the natives towards them and us of a much less discouraging character. It seems to be a general rule in reference to our teachers, that those who have been first acclimatised, whether in Torres Straits or at some of our healthy coastal stations, by the adoption of a little care, are seldom attacked with fever, and even when they are so attacked, its reign is brief and mild; whilst I have further found that the attacked ones are generally the inactive ones. Mindful of the already described scenes of last year, I was not without some fears as to what the beginning of this year might witness. But I am thankful to say that, so far, such fears have been groundless, as the health of our teachers was on the whole very favourable, and the feeling of the natives towards *the work* and us has vastly improved. In one or two places thieving raids are yet made upon the property of our teachers, but the success of such is mainly due to the carelessness of the teachers.”

Leaving HULA on the 15th of January, our friends directed their course towards the south-east, calling at KERPUNU on their way. It is sad to contemplate that obstacles to missionary work should arise from the opposition, not only of the heathen, but of foreign residents from so-called Christian lands.

“After visiting East Cape and Teste Island,” continues Mr. Beswick, “we made for Dinner Island, where we held a meeting of the five teachers in China Straits, for the purpose of stimulating them, as well as ourselves, to increased earnestness, effort, and fidelity in the work which lies before us. It will readily be seen that such meetings are not unneeded, when one considers that there are some white

traders already making their appearance in the vicinity of China Straits, who by precept, as well as by example, are urging the natives to prevent missionaries and teachers settling amongst them, alleging that they are 'no good,' and will but 'rob them of their lands and food.' The natives of one place interrogated some Loyalty Islanders concerning the truth of the reports heard, when the latter not only denied them *in toto*, but also dilated at some length upon the benefits which had accrued to their own islands through the labours of missionaries. The above account comes from no less a personage than the well-known scientist, Baron Maclay, whom we conveyed from Teste Island *en route* to Thursday Island.

"Of the five teachers referred to, the one whose influence appears to be the more widely felt, and whose station is the most important meeting place for tribes, near and distant, is the teacher at Dinner Island. That influence, however, has been obtained, and is kept, by the reprehensible mode of doles of hoop-iron, red beads, &c., &c.

"Both at Dinner Isle, and afterwards at South Cape, I examined the children connected with the mission in the simplest elementary reading and spelling, and was highly pleased at the progress made in six months; whilst with the boys at South Cape, both my colleague and Baron Maclay expressed themselves as very much pleased. At South Cape, also, we had a meeting of the three teachers in that district, similar to the one held at Dinner Island. At the close of both meetings we assembled the chiefs that were thereabouts, and, after the usual ceremony of giving and receiving presents, we exhorted them to seek to obtain and maintain peace among their several peoples. The old chief at South Cape had already given compensation to, and made peace with, all places with which he had formerly been at enmity, determining that for the future he would do no more fighting—an encouraging sign that the work is not in vain.

"South Cape was left on the 30th of January, and the same afternoon we anchored in Port Dudfield, where some of us so narrowly escaped being murdered last June. We made friends with the natives in the usual way of receiving compensation for injury done, as well as giving compensation. To Europeans the custom seems a most absurd one, for the injured party to give compensation to the aggressor; nevertheless, it is *native*, and in this instance, 'being in Rome, we did as they do in Rome.' Strong head-winds and scantiness of fuel prevented our reaching Aroma till February 4th, and Kerepunu on the 8th, whilst Hula was gained on the 10th, calling at Kalo on our way, at all of which places the mission party (except one teacher's wife) were well. On the 13th, my colleague left for Port Moresby, whilst I remained to attend to my own station."

While the mission stations in his immediate diocese present a primary claim on his attention, Mr. Beswick endeavours as far as possible to extend his Christian influence among the outlying known and unknown villages, and thereby to cement or initiate friendly relations among the natives.

"In the carrying out of such a plan," he writes, "I have just paid visits to two hitherto unvisited districts, lying inland to the north-west of Hood Bay. The first visit was paid to the district of Palawai. As there is frequent trading between this place and Hula, there was no difficulty in securing native guides thereto. The district lies some ten miles from Hula, and about four miles from Round Head. It consists of four villages built on the summits of steep hills, from

a quarter to half a mile apart. The aggregate number of houses I found to be 180, which bespeaks a population of at least 700. Whilst height and bareness characterise the immediate vicinity of the houses, yet some parts of the low-lands contain thick shrubbery, and country sometimes under water. Native food, too, seems rather scarce. The houses are, as usual, built on piles. The people are evidently one in race with those of Hula, though somewhat inferior. Leaving the coast just at the east of Pairi Point, there is a stretch for some five miles of high-level country to pass through, whereon chiefly grass and gum-trees at present grow, but which might be utilised to advantage by some agriculturist. There is abundant scope for the energies of one teacher in the Palawian district.

"To reach the district of Rune, distant some ten miles to the north-east of Palawai, I left Hula on the morning of February 23rd, taking along with me our Hula teacher and a hardly got crew from that place. The weather was changing for the worse, as far as our comfort was concerned. After an hour's sail we reached Kalo at the mouth of the Kemp Welch in Hood Bay. Here we secured the services of the teacher there, as well as of a chief's son to act as guide. According to information previously received at Kalo, the Rune district comprised fourteen villages, which actually dwindled down to five small ones on being visited. Two of my colleagues had previously ascended the river about a mile, whilst our Kaloan teacher had been up it about five miles, and the native guide had traversed its windings for a distance of some twelve miles; beyond this none of us knew anything."

Pursuing the serpentine course of the river for nearly three days, and spending the nights in such temporary dwellings as are to be found in the plantations lining its banks, the missionary party arrived at the first village of which they were in quest on the morning of the 25th of February, reaching the other village in the afternoon of the same day.

"The first village is situated on the right bank of the river, and is named Tarova. It has a population of about fifty, the people being very inferior to those met with in Hood Bay. From the mouth of the river to this place is some fourteen miles, for about eleven of which the Kaloan plantations line the banks, the plantations being very productive in all kinds of native food, and kept, too, in beautiful order. Beyond these plantations the country seems uncultivated, at least to any extent. Close to Tarova the river takes a sudden bend, which was no sooner passed than we were sighted from the village, and created quite a panic there, the natives seeming to vie with each other who could get away to the bush first. Away went the dusky warriors with their spears and shields, not considering it safe to try their effect upon the intruders; away, also, sped the women, carrying along with them their wardrobes and infantile charges, whilst, as an harmonious chorus, the native girls set up a dismal howling, as if the hour of their execution had at last arrived. For some time it appeared of little use that we had despatched our Kaloan guide along the opposite bank to exert his vocal powers in calling the terror-stricken ones back, assuring them that we came as their friends. Tardily the chief and two of his warriors returned; we then landed, gave them presents to assure them of our peaceful intentions, and then informed them of the purport of our visit. Soon the rest of the villagers straggled back to their deserted homes. We now obtained two guides from here for the camping-ground beyond, so as to prevent the recurrence of a similar panic; by

that means we secured a favourable reception at the outset. This camping-ground was distant some four miles beyond Tarova, on the right bank of the river, and consisted of an assemblage of sloping sheds merely, inhabited by the natives of four villages, their villages having been just previously fired by the Taroans, a numerous mountain tribe, whom I visited last July. The effect of such a raid was the chief reason why the people of Tarova were so afraid of us. The population at the camping-ground was from eighty to one hundred. From accounts received at this latter place, and corroborated by what I have since heard at Kuaipo, the river trends in a N. by N.N.E. direction. For some twenty miles farther the natives say it can be traversed by boat, after which large boulders intercept the passage, whilst some fabulous distance beyond the river is said to widen into an expansive sheet of water. No more villages are said to be found on the river banks, but some of the neighbouring ridges are peopled.

"After spending a short time at the camping-ground we re-embarked for our return, and greatly disappointed the people of Tarova because we would not spend the night there, our crew preferring to travel in the dark and wet to our lodging-place of the previous night. On the afternoon of the 26th Hula was again reached, not much to my regret, as I was drenched and somewhat tired, but otherwise none the worse for the trip.

"The result of this journey is that it has been seen that no large population is to be met with for at least fifty miles up the river, whilst the two places visited are not healthily situated, and therefore could at the best be only worked as outlying stations. It is not yet known, however, whether a large though scattered population may not be met with on some of the mountain ridges. The river might prove of great use should the country thereabouts ever become colonised."

VI.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. ORDINATION OF MISSIONARIES.

On Sunday, the 4th of July, Mr. J. TAIT SCOTT received ordination as a missionary to NEW GUINEA in the Congregational Church, Baltic Street, MONTROSE. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. E. D. Solomon, of Tillicoultry, and the charge was delivered by the Rev. James Ross, of Montrose. Sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. David Russell, of Glasgow, and in the evening by Mr. Ross.

On the same day, two students, who have just completed their course at the Lancashire Independent College, were ordained at the Chorlton Road Congregational Church, Manchester—Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, for the Madagascar mission, and Mr. JOSHUA KNOWLES, for the Travancore mission, South India. The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, M.A., presided, and offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. Professor Hodgson, M.A., read the Scriptures; the Rev. J. Richardson (returned missionary from Madagascar) gave an encouraging statement as to the progress of Christian work in that land; and the Rev. Professor Scott, LL.B., Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, delivered the charge.

2. DEPARTURE.

The Rev. JAMES TAIT SCOTT, appointed to NEW GUINEA, with Mrs. Scott, embarked for Singapore, en route for Thursday Island, per steamer *Stentor*, July 22nd.

3. CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

We have much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival at ZANZIBAR, on Saturday, the 29th May, of the Revs. A. J. WOOKEY and D. WILLIAMS, with Dr. PALMER. At the time of writing, an efficient leader and some of the principal bearers were already engaged, and the party hoped to be ready to leave for the mainland and the interior in about a fortnight.

4. ENGLISH NEEDLEWORK UNDER MALAGASY CRITICISM.

Print and calico, crochet, sewing, and knitting cottons, flannel and wools are the only goods which pay the cost of sending out, as all *made-up* things have to be sold for what the material costs in England, as they are not made in the style the Malagasy like; and those who care to buy dresses are able to sew beautifully, and they quite chuckle with contempt at the bad sewing of the English, and try to beat you down in price, because they will have the trouble to unpick the work.—*Extract of a letter from Madagascar.*

5. NORTH INDIA—BERHAMPORE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

The Khagra branch of this society has continued to hold its bi-monthly meetings throughout the year. In March the third anniversary was celebrated, accompanied as usual with decoration and illumination of the school. A crowded audience filled both the large halls of the building, and several European friends were present to show their sympathy with the movement. Our members at present number 283, and there continues to be a steady addition. It has been proposed to extend operations to Moorshedabad, and efforts are being made to arrange for a meeting. At present some difficulty about a suitable room is acting as a check; but we are in hopes that ere long this obstacle will be removed.

One or two facts in connection with intoxicating drinks and drugs in India may not be uninteresting or without their lessons. In April last, being present at the sale of licences for keeping drinking houses, I gathered the following particulars:—Last year the licence to sell at Nobada went for fourteen rupees, this year for thirty-seven rupees per month; last year at Ralindipore for fifty rupees, this year for 126 rupees per month; last year at Rampoorhât for thirty-two rupees, this year for 110 rupees per month. These instances are taken from a number, and will serve to show the general tendency towards an enormous increase in the drink traffic. Whatever Government's *theory* of licensing may be, it is quite evident that in practice it increases drinking and drunkenness.

The branch of our society at Gora Bazar has regularly held its meetings month by month. In March an anniversary service was held, which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. During the year one aged member has died. Before this society was formed he was a notoriously hard drinker. However, he was among the first who signed the pledge. He remained steadfast, and passed out of the world a sober man. Our present members, we have reason to believe, are keeping firm; and their example is not lost upon their neighbours.—*Rev. W. B. Phillips.*

6. MADAGASCAR—THE CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

"I must," writes the Rev. C. F. Moss, "just tell you of a novelty we had at the commencement of this year, January 3rd, in the form of a grand vocal and instrumental sacred concert, in connection with the Young Men's Society at Ambatonakonga. It commenced at 8.30 a.m., but the church was crowded before

5 a.m., and there could not have been fewer than 1,500 persons present. The hymns and pieces sung by the choir were very creditably done indeed; while the presence of the Queen's band, who sometimes accompanied them and sometimes interspersed sacred pieces between the vocal music and the addresses given on the occasion, very much added to the brilliancy of the programme. My friend, the Rev. W. C. Pickersgill, kindly presided at the harmonium, and also, with my wife and Dr. Mackie, contributed some sacred songs in English, which were received with great applause. The attempt was the first of its kind in Madagascar, and certainly was pronounced by all present, whether European or Malagasy, a great success. To myself, the most pleasing feature of the morning's entertainment was the perfect propriety and decorum with which the immense audience behaved; although before the meeting broke up most of them had been there six or seven hours, and many of them had barely been accommodated with standing room. I must further add that the conductor, Ratamy, who performed his part most admirably, was taught *Sol-fa* by the Rev. James Richardson, and was one of his most successful pupils."

VII.—Anniversary Collections in May—(continued).

Bedford Chapel	10 9 3	Lancaster Road Church	8 10 0
Burnt Ash	10 3 7	St. Mary Cray, The Temple	14 11 8
Clapham, Park Crescent Church	2 2 10	Southgate Road Church	4 3 7
Enfield, Christobereh	14 4 8	Tottenham High Cross	6 11 6
Finchley, East	14 3 0	Victoria Dock	7 4 10
Hammersmith, Broadway Church	6 8 0	West Brompton, Edith Grove Church... ..	4 4 0
Islington Chapel	4 9 10	Woolwich, Rectory Place	12 2 6

VIII.—Contributions.

From 16th to 30th of April, 1880—(continued).

<i>Kenosgate. Auxiliary</i>	34 6 1	<i>Tetworth</i>	9 4 6	<i>Worthing</i>	26 8 1
<i>Ravenstonedale</i>	5 6 1	<i>Truckery</i>	16 10 0	<i>Wotton-under-Edge</i>	25 8 4
<i>Reading. Auxiliary</i>	215 6 4	<i>Truro</i>		<i>T. S. Child, Esq.</i>	10 0 0
<i>Castle St., for Zenana Work</i> 28 0 0		<i>For Miss Coombs, additional</i> 1 0 0		<i>York. Auxiliary</i>	182 17 7
<i>Rochdale. Auxiliary</i>	82 12 11	<i>Tredegar</i> —		WALES.	
<i>Romsey</i>	7 10 0	<i>Adullum Congregational Ch.</i> 1 14 0		<i>Aber and Benah Talybont</i> ..	8 2 3
<i>Royston. Kneesworth Street</i> 4 14 6		<i>Tenbridge Wells</i> —		<i>Aberdare.</i>	
<i>Saulbridgeworth</i>	26 13 6	<i>Auxiliary (additional)</i>	0 15 4	<i>Zoar Church</i>	5 10 0
<i>Saxton</i>	6 17 0	<i>Mrs. Baldock</i>	5 5 0	<i>Trecynon, Ebenezer In-</i>	
<i>Sutton and Beer</i>	3 0 7	<i>Collected by Miss Walker,</i>		<i>dependent Church</i>	10 0 0
<i>Shaftesbury</i> —		<i>for Female Missions</i>	2 15 6	<i>Aberllefani</i>	1 4 0
<i>Muston's Lane Church</i> ..	5 5 5	<i>Unbridge. Providence Chapel</i> 55 16 3		<i>Angloesa. Auxiliary</i>	163 7 0
<i>Sheffield. Auxiliary</i>	220 4 6	<i>Ware</i> —		<i>Bangor. Ebenezer Welsh Cha.</i> 6 0 0	
<i>Tabernacle Chapel</i>	8 5 11	<i>Church Street</i>	10 17 7	<i>Bethania, &c.</i>	11 5 0
<i>Mark Firth, Esq.</i>	28 0 0	<i>High Street</i>	11 15 6	<i>Bethesda Fro</i>	1 7 0
<i>Smithwick. Auxiliary</i>	19 4 11	<i>Wareham</i>	6 7 8	<i>Bracon. Plough Church, &c.</i>	2 13 1
<i>Somerleyton</i>	5 1 0	<i>Wells, Norfolk</i>	11 2 6	<i>Deconshire</i> —	
<i>Staplehurst</i>	6 14 6	<i>Legacy of the late Wm.</i>		<i>Bethlehem Chapel (on ac-</i>	
<i>Stoke-on-Trent, Copeland St.</i> 6 10 3		<i>Nettleton, Esq.</i>	1720 6 5	<i>count of legacy of the</i>	
<i>Sturbridge District. Auxiliary</i> 54 15 5		<i>Wen and Harmer Hill</i>	31 5 6	<i>late W. Watkins, Esq.</i> ..	10 0 0
<i>Sussex. Auxiliary</i>	180 14 9	<i>Wendover</i>	0 17 6	<i>Caeophilly, Bethel</i>	2 19 3
<i>Sunderland</i> —		<i>West Bromwich</i> —		<i>Cardif. Charles Street</i>	48 0 0
<i>Ebenezer Ch., Fawcett St</i> 23 12 6		<i>Mayer's Green Church</i> ..	24 12 10	<i>Cardiganah ire. Auxiliary</i> ..	170 4 3
<i>Sussex. Auxiliary</i>	134 0 5	<i>Westbury. Upper Church</i> ..	13 10 9	<i>Carmarthenshire. Auxiliary</i> 111 17 1	
<i>Taunton. North Street</i>	14 17 6	<i>Weymouth. Auxiliary</i>	27 8 0	<i>Central District</i>	58 2 4
		<i>Wimborne</i>	3 2 6	<i>Upper Division</i>	14 13 1
		<i>Winconton</i>	14 2 4	<i>Carmarconshire</i> —	
		<i>Winchester</i>	21 5 4	<i>Northern Division</i>	40 0 0

<i>Cwm Acon.</i> Zion Chapel ..	14 14 6	<i>Penarth, near Cardiff.</i>		<i>Kilmarnock</i>	0 15 0
<i>Denbighshire and Flintshire.</i>	93 1 10	<i>Welsh Independent Ch.</i>	7 7 6	<i>Selkirk</i>	2 4 6
<i>Dinas Mawddwy</i>	19 0 3	<i>Penarth, near Welshpool</i>	3 4 6	<i>Stirling</i>	15 3 1
<i>Glamorgenshire—</i>		<i>Pwllheli</i>	9 5 6	IRELAND.	
<i>Western District</i>	187 10 2	<i>Telchirion, &c.</i>	9 12 9	<i>Castle Comer</i>	31 0 0
<i>Haverfordwest—</i>		<i>Talgarth</i>	3 13 5	<i>Miss L. Scott, Edinburgh</i>	10 0 0
<i>Albany Church</i>	7 4 6	<i>Tanygrisiau</i>	4 4 1	<i>Clonakilty.</i>	
<i>Tabernacle Church</i>	30 7 4	<i>Tranfynydd.</i>		<i>Per Miss Hungerford</i>	2 15 10
<i>Hirwaia.</i> Nebo Church....	13 16 0	<i>Ebenezer Church</i>	2 0 0	<i>Coleraine.</i>	
<i>Llanelli District</i>	32 7 9	<i>Wrexham.</i> Chester Street..	13 16 0	<i>Interest on legacy of the</i>	
<i>Bryn</i>	6 16 7			<i>late Jas. McCurdy, Esq.</i>	19 10 0
<i>Llangynydder and Dyffryn</i> ..	7 5 0	SCOTLAND.		<i>Newtown, Mount Kennedy</i> ..	2 16 0
<i>Llanwrtyd</i>	4 8 4	<i>Abertom.</i> Female Society	58 7 6	<i>Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.</i>	
<i>Loughor.</i> Horeb.....	0 11 6	<i>Bang</i>	11 0 0	<i>Bandon</i>	1 9 4
<i>Machynlleth.</i>		<i>Dundee.</i>		<i>Clonakilty</i>	7 18 9
<i>Soar Chapel</i>	1 4 9	<i>Miss Baxter, for press for</i>		<i>Cockstown</i>	9 12 1
<i>Merionethshire.</i>		<i>Central Africa</i>	20 0 0	<i>Dublin</i>	131 9 2
<i>Auxiliary</i>	54 6 6	<i>Edinburgh.</i> Auxiliary....	342 1 2	<i>Dundalk</i>	30 5 0
<i>Merthyr Tydfil.</i> Auxiliary..	27 1 6	<i>Glasgow.</i> Auxiliary.....	164 6 7	<i>Kingstown</i>	13 4 2
<i>Mold Auxiliary</i>	12 0 0	<i>St. Andrews.</i> Auxiliary ..	48 0 6	<i>Limerick</i>	7 2 3
<i>Montgomeryshire.</i>		<i>Thornhill.</i>		COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SOCI-	
<i>Auxiliary</i>	117 13 0	<i>W. Thomson, Esq.</i>	5 0 6	TIES AND MISSION STATIONS.	
<i>Moriah Amen</i>	2 8 4	<i>Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.</i>		<i>Antennarise.</i> Per Rev. G.	
<i>Nynyddbach</i>	12 18 6	<i>Arbroath</i>	10 0 0	<i>Ouidine, from occasional</i>	
<i>Pembrokeshire.</i>		<i>Edmonston</i>	3 3 0	<i>English communion ser-</i>	
<i>Welsh Auxiliary</i>	54 4 11	<i>Falkirk</i>	1 0 0	<i>vice, for Widows Fund</i> ..	12 1 4
		<i>Forfar</i>	8 8 9	<i>Berkhampton.</i> Per Rev. W.	
		<i>Hamilton</i>	19 2 3	<i>B. Phillips</i>	2 9 0
		<i>Hawick</i>	16 13 5	<i>Gemeen.</i> Per Rev. F. Le	
		<i>Irvine</i>	3 0 0	<i>Port, for schools and</i>	
		<i>Jedburgh</i>	5 0 7	<i>Zenana work, Calcutta</i> ..	35 10 9

From 1st May to 15th July, 1880.

LONDON.		<i>Miss Campion</i>	3 3 0	<i>Bromley (Middlesex). Bruce</i>	
<i>W. Cooke, Esq.</i>	100 0 0	<i>H.</i>	3 0 0	<i>Grove</i>	1 1 0
<i>A. H. Y.</i>	100 0 0	<i>Collected by Mr. B. V. Field</i>	2 12 0	<i>Camberwell.</i> Miss Mac-	
<i>Mrs. Jackson, for Female</i>		<i>Mr. E. Bacon, for Central</i>		<i>Kenzie, for Female Work</i>	1 0 0
<i>Missions</i>	25 0 0	<i>Africa</i>	2 0 0	<i>Cambridge Heath.</i> Rev. E. J.	
<i>J. Hoare, Esq.</i>	21 0 0	<i>S. Feigate, Esq.</i>	2 0 0	<i>and Mrs. Newton, for</i>	
<i>Miss L. Du Pre</i>	20 0 0	<i>G. Rathbone, Esq.</i>	1 1 0	<i>Native Child, Tahiti</i>	3 0 0
<i>W. C. Gellibrand, Esq.</i>	10 0 0	<i>Mrs. Greenhorne, for Female</i>		<i>Chelms—</i>	
<i>Do., for Education in</i>		<i>Missions</i>	1 1 0	<i>Markham Square</i>	15 12 4
<i>India</i>	10 0 0	<i>Robert Cust, Esq.</i>	1 1 0	<i>For Widows' Fund</i>	7 1 1
<i>B. & H. Beveridge, Esqrs.,</i>		<i>Mr. Long</i>	1 1 0	<i>Christ Church, Westminster</i>	
<i>for training Boys as Tea-</i>		<i>H. W. Smithers, Esq.</i>	1 1 0	<i>Road</i>	33 0 0
<i>chers, Flansarantson In-</i>		<i>A Friend, per Rev. E.</i>		<i>City Temple—</i>	
<i>stitution, Madagascar</i>	15 0 0	<i>Bryant</i>	1 1 0	<i>Mr. Moore</i>	2 2 0
<i>J. Firby, Esq., for New</i>		<i>Rev. E. Stallybrass</i>	1 0 0	<i>Mrs. Moore</i>	1 1 0
<i>Guinea</i>	10 10 0	<i>A Thankoffering for Mercies</i>		<i>Miss Moore</i>	1 1 0
<i>Dr. T. B. Peacock (L. S.)</i> ..	10 10 0	<i>Received</i>	1 0 0	<i>Clapton, Lower</i>	1 1 0
<i>A Friend</i>	10 0 0	<i>Per Rev. J. Foreman, for</i>		<i>Miss Marsh, for Female</i>	
<i>I. W. A.</i>	10 0 0	<i>Hyde Park Ch., Demerara</i>	0 5 0	<i>Missions</i>	0 10 6
<i>J. H. Lydall, Esq.</i>	10 0 0	<i>Anonymous</i>	0 5 0	<i>Craven Hill</i>	1 1 0
<i>E. Wiltshire</i>	10 0 0	<i>Per Miss Hebditch, for</i>		<i>A Friend, for Widows'</i>	
<i>Collected by Miss Mullens</i>		<i>Female Missions</i>	0 5 0	<i>Fund</i>	3 0 0
<i>and Mrs. Spicer, for</i>		<i>Harriett Bastick</i>	0 2 6	<i>Croydon—</i>	
<i>Rhowanipore and Mirra-</i>		<i>A. D.</i>	0 2 0	<i>Rev. J. G. Stevenson</i>	2 2 0
<i>pore Schools</i>	6 10 6	<i>Legacy of the late Henry</i>		<i>H. Martin, Esq.</i>	3 9 0
<i>Readers of the "Christian,"</i>		<i>J. Fidler, Esq.</i>	100 0 0	<i>Deptford.</i> High Street....	27 12 7
<i>per Messrs. Morgan &</i>		<i>Anerley</i>	6 3 6	<i>Dulwich, West</i>	7 8 1
<i>Scott</i>	7 5 0	<i>Balham and Upper Tooting</i> ..	7 1 10	<i>Edling.</i> M. Lethem, Esq....	10 0 0
<i>H. W. Chapman, Esq.</i>	5 5 0	<i>Bedford Ch.</i>	26 2 3	<i>Ecceleston Square.</i> C. E.	
<i>The Misses Smith</i>	5 0 0			<i>Beth Smith, Esq.</i>	20 0 0
<i>R. F. C.</i>	5 0 0			<i>Edmonton and Tottenham</i> ..	35 11 8
<i>Mrs. G. Brown</i>	4 4 0			<i>Eltham</i>	29 13 6
				<i>Esher Street</i>	5 6 8
				<i>Greenwich.</i> Mare Hill....	9 18 3

<i>Hammersmith.</i> Broadway Ch., for Widows' Fund ..	1 17 4	<i>Bolsover</i>	1 0 0	<i>Horley.</i> Gospel Mission Room Box	6 7 2
<i>Hampstead Cong. Ch.</i> A. Davis, Esq.	5 5 0	<i>Bowden.</i> Legacy of the late Miss A. Reynar	100 0 0	<i>Huddersfield.</i> Ramsden St. ..	15 7 6
<i>Hampstead.</i> Heath Street..	14 1 5	<i>Bradford.</i> Airedale College ..	3 2 5	<i>Lancashire—</i>	
<i>Hare Court Ch.</i> Miss Murphy ..	0 15 0	<i>Brampton</i>	5 4 7	Mid Auxiliary.....	14 5 0
<i>Holloway.</i> Junction Road..	12 16 3	<i>Brentwood.</i> Legacy of the late Mr. J. Savill	19 19 0	West Auxiliary	380 0 0
<i>Horbury Ch.</i> Mr. C. Walton ..	20 0 0	<i>Brighton.</i> Mrs. Alcorn Hankey, sen.	5 0 5	<i>Lancaster.</i> Auxiliary	299 5 0
<i>Isleworth.</i> For boat for Rev. W. B. Phillips, Berhampore.....	2 10 0	<i>Bristol.</i> Auxiliary	177 0 3	<i>Leeds—</i>	
<i>Ilington.</i> Union Ch., A. J. Malcolm, Esq.	10 0 0	The Misses Heywood.....	3 0 0	East Parade Ch., for Rev. S. Mace, Trevastrum ..	10 0 0
<i>Lancaster Road.</i> For Widows' Fund	4 7 6	C. P., a thankoffering	14 0 0	Ladies' Working Party, for Mrs. Bacon, Cuddapah... ..	5 0 0
<i>Lee.</i> Young Men's Association ..	2 10 0	<i>Bruton,</i> per Rev. T. Mann ..	5 5 5	<i>Leamington.</i> Mrs. C. Potter ..	5 0 0
<i>Leisham Cong. Ch.</i>	14 7 0	<i>Calow</i>	2 1 0	<i>Leicester and Leicestershire—</i>	
<i>Leptonstone</i>	5 5 0	<i>Castleford</i>	3 0 0	Auxiliary	60 0 0
<i>Little End New Town</i>	5 0 0	<i>Caterham</i>	1 5 6	For Female Mission Work under Mrs. Bryson, China.....	10 0 7
<i>Mitcham.</i> Zion Ch.	2 10 3	<i>Chelmsford.</i> W. W. Perry, Esq.	10 10 0	Miss Rust's Bible Class, for Girl in Mrs. Rice's School, Bangalore.....	3 0 0
<i>New College.</i> Students	7 10 0	<i>Cheltenham.</i> Legacy of the late John Bailey, Esq.	450 0 0	<i>Liverpool.</i> "Lazarus"	12 10 0
<i>Norwood, South</i>	11 3 7	<i>Coggeshall</i>	0 13 8	<i>Luton—</i>	
<i>Oxford Road</i>	0 13 6	<i>Cornwall.</i> Auxiliary	12 10 5	Mrs. C. Harrison	2 2 0
<i>Pekham Eye</i>	6 17 6	<i>County.</i> Well Street	15 9 16	Union Ch., for Widows' Fund, moiety	1 10 0
<i>Pewee.</i> St. Leonard's Ch., for Widows' Fund	5 5 0	<i>Cowes, East</i>	1 10 2	<i>Manchester—</i>	
<i>Poplar.</i> Trinity Ch.	5 5 1	<i>Creston</i>	2 12 5	Legacy of the late Miss Emma Wilson.....	88 6 11
<i>St. John's Wood</i>	10 11 0	<i>Darlington</i>	59 7 1	Lancashire Independent College, Principal and Students	6 6 0
<i>Sidcup.</i> Mr. A. B. Ebbs	1 1 0	<i>Eastwood</i>	3 9 2	<i>Market Harborough</i>	20 12 9
<i>Soulgate</i>	9 0 0	<i>Egham.</i> Auxiliary	14 14 2	<i>Maripool</i>	3 0 3
<i>Streatham Hill.</i> Ladies' Working Society, for Mrs. Siterama	10 0 0	<i>Elswick.</i> For Widows' Fund ..	1 2 0	<i>New Barnet.</i> Auxiliary....	11 9 2
<i>Sutton.</i> J. H. Townsend, Esq. ..	5 0 0	<i>Exeter—</i>		<i>New Inn</i>	8 5 0
<i>Tettridge</i>	4 1 9	Hale of work, for Female Missions	0 6 0	<i>New Swindon.</i> Per Rev. T. Mann	3 8 0
<i>Trever Ch.</i>	1 17 6	Do., by Ladies of Marlborough College, moiety ..	20 0 0	<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i> Miss E. Hall, for New Guinea....	0 10 0
<i>Walford Road.</i> Trinity Ch. Missionary Working Party, for Ruth Townley, Bangalore ..	5 0 0	<i>Expsom.</i> Auxiliary	6 14 2	<i>Newport (I. of W.).</i> St. James' Street	6 10 5
<i>Walthamston.</i> Marsh Street ..	5 5 0	<i>Grantham.</i> Auxiliary.....	11 14 0	<i>Newport (Mon.).</i> For Female Missions	25 13 2
<i>Wanstead</i>	12 2 0	<i>Great Claidons, nr. Chelmsford—</i>		<i>North Peckerton</i>	0 11 5
<i>Wich House Ch.</i>	33 19 4	John Dixon, Esq.	21 0 0	<i>North Shields.</i> St. Andrew's Ch.	0 9 0
<i>Westminster Ch.</i>	59 9 6	Mrs. Dixon	1 0 0	<i>Northampton.</i> Commercial Street.....	7 7 3
<i>Whitfield Tabernacle</i>	19 0 0	Miss Dixon	1 0 0	<i>Nottingham.</i> Legacy of the late Mrs. Wild, for Widows' Fund	19 19 0
<i>Winchmore Hill</i>	18 17 6	<i>Great Yarmouth</i>	12 5 0	<i>Oldham.</i> Waterhead Cong. Ch., for Widows' Fund ..	1 15 0
<i>Wood Green</i>	14 11 4	<i>Halifax District</i>	31 9 8	<i>Ormskirk</i>	12 19 3
<i>Tork Street</i>	21 2 9	<i>Kalstead</i>	25 4 6	<i>Oundle</i>	5 5 0
COUNTRY.		<i>Kanoor (Mon.)</i>	24 0 0	<i>Petworth.</i> Auxiliary	8 18 0
<i>Albion.</i> Miss Smith, for Mary Alabwick, Bangalore ..	2 10 0	<i>Harpender</i>	3 5 4	<i>Poulton-le-Fylde.</i> Legacy of the late Mr. W. Parkinson ..	10 0 0
<i>Ashey</i>	1 19 10	<i>Harrogate</i>	13 5 6	<i>Poyle</i>	7 5 9
F. Smith, Esq.	1 1 0	<i>Hastings.</i> B. C. Mummery, Esq.	1 1 0	<i>Ramegate</i>	4 13 1
C. J. Smith, Esq.	1 1 0	<i>Hatfield Heath.</i> Sir H. S. Ibbotson, Bart., M.P.	10 10 0	<i>Ravenstonedale</i>	0 19 0
<i>Bath.</i> Auxiliary	10 19 9	<i>Havant</i>	17 5 2		
<i>Beaminster</i>	1 10 6	<i>Hawes and Bainbridge</i>	10 3 0		
		<i>Henley-on-Thames.</i> Aux.....	119 12 6		
		<i>Hersham</i>	16 13 0		
		<i>Hopton</i>	43 9 2		

<i>Reading</i> — Castle Street 4 16 6 G. Palmer, Esq., M.P. 50 0 0	<i>Winteringham.</i> Legacy of the late Mr. Jefferson Suggit 19 19 0	<i>Fraserburgh</i> 9 0 0
<i>Redhill</i> 1 1 0	<i>Wycombe</i> 4 3 2	<i>Graveck</i> — Auxiliary 27 5 4 "Jacob's Vow" 2 0 0
<i>Rochdale.</i> Auxiliary 90 0 0	WALES.	<i>Huntly</i> 26 10 2
<i>Ryde.</i> Miss M. Young 2 0 0	<i>Barmouth</i> 4 15 0	<i>For Rev. T. T. Matthews'</i> <i>School, Madagascar</i> 2 0 0
<i>St. Leonards.</i> H. Treacher, Esq. 1 1 0	<i>Bridgend.</i> Tabernacle, Welsh Ch. 2 8 7	<i>Inverness.</i> "Amicus" 1 0 0
<i>Sandbach.</i> I. C. Billington, Esq. 5 0 0	<i>Cardiff.</i> Hannah Street 7 1 4	<i>Kircaldy.</i> Annuity of the late Mr. R. Philips 4 0 0
<i>Sandown.</i> Miss Percival, for Central Africa 3 3 0	<i>Cardiganshire.</i> Auxiliary .. 6 0 0	<i>Orkneys.</i> Mrs. Mainland 1 0 0
<i>Scanglathorpe.</i> Mr. Billington, Mrs. Hamilton 1 0 0	<i>Carnarvonshire.</i> Auxiliary 21 16 5	<i>Paisley.</i> Legacy of the late Rev. A. Pollock 120 0 0
<i>Seoceaks</i> 1 16 8	<i>Clydach, nr. Swansea</i> 2 12 2	<i>St. Monance.</i> Mrs. J. M. Miller 1 0 0
<i>Sheffield.</i> Cemetery Road .. 20 0 2	<i>Cwmalews</i> 3 0 0	<i>Stromness.</i> U. P. Ch., for Colombators 1 10 0
<i>Southampton.</i> Kingsfield Ch. 0 9 10	<i>Glamorganshire.</i> Western Auxiliary 35 15 0	<i>Per Rev. E. A. Warham.</i>
<i>Staines.</i> Auxiliary 36 11 1	<i>Gros Wen.</i> District 9 10 2	<i>Alloa</i> 14 8 9
<i>Stalybridge</i> — Auxiliary 54 8 9	<i>Guernsey.</i> Dowlais Ch. 3 5 3	<i>Arbroath</i> 6 4 2
The late Mrs. J. Cheetham 500 0 0	<i>Llangollen</i> 3 5 8	<i>Berwick-on-Tweed</i> 2 2 0
In Memoriam Mrs. J. Cheetham and Miss A. Reynier, per Miss Agnes Cheetham 500 0 0	<i>Mumbles and Newtown</i> 4 11 9	<i>Brechin</i> 9 6 6
<i>Stockport.</i> Auxiliary 15 12 4	<i>Nantygfin</i> 1 15 11	<i>Cabar Fife</i> 1 17 6
<i>Stratford-on-Avon.</i> Annuity of the late Mr. R. Fisher 12 4 9	<i>Neath, &c.</i> 10 6 6	<i>Dumfries</i> 11 3 1
<i>Stroud</i> — Bedford Street 31 7 6	<i>Newcastle Emlyn.</i> Chapel Evan 6 10 8	<i>Garturk</i> 2 19 1
Legacy of the late Mr. Barnard 100 0 0	<i>Pantlog</i> 7 14 3	<i>Hamilton</i> 6 10 3
<i>Totton</i> 5 6 0	<i>Pentallnycymmer</i> 2 13 6	<i>Helenburgh</i> 6 0 0
<i>Tunbridge Wells</i> 9 7 1	<i>Pontypridd.</i> Sardinia Ch. 9 0 0	<i>Inverness</i> 6 12 4
Legacy of the late Mrs. Rachel Bethel 3,127 5 10	<i>Rhyl.</i> Auxiliary 9 8 1	<i>Jedburgh</i> 2 15 0
<i>Upton.</i> Mrs. Rawlings 5 0 0	<i>Swansea</i> 2 4 2	<i>Kilmarnock</i> 0 10 0
<i>Wakefield.</i> Salem Ch. 3 1 6	<i>Wrexham.</i> Queen Street .. 3 1 6	<i>Llanark</i> 1 1 9
<i>Wattisfield.</i> Trustees of the late John Dyer, Esq. 146 5 3	SCOTLAND.	<i>Langholm</i> 6 9 0
<i>Welford</i> 8 0 0	<i>Aberdeen.</i> Legacy of the late W. Leslie, Esq. 688 8 6	<i>Selkirk</i> 11 5 3
<i>Weybridge.</i> Rev. J. Hayden 2 10 0	<i>Dundee</i> — Russell Ch., Pastor's Bible Class 2 10 0	<i>Stirling</i> 1 2 4
<i>Whitstable</i> 7 10 0	A Friend, per W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Esq. 1000 0 0	<i>Uddington</i> 9 0 4
	<i>Edinburgh</i> — The late Mrs. D. E. Miller 1 0 0	
	J. Melrose, Esq., for Miss Sturrock, Peelton 20 0 0	

IRELAND.

Abbeyleir. Collected by
Miss E. Mills 2 5 6

Coleraine. For Coleraine
and Agherton Schools 12 19 9

Sligo 6 11 8

Per Rev. E. A. Warham.
Dublin 6 1 0
Dungannon 2 2 0

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN
SOCIETIES.

Brisbane. Wharf Street, for
Widows' Fund 3 14 6

Sharbrook (Canada). Rev.
A. Duff 1 0 0

For Deficiency in the Year 1879-80.

J. Trueman Mills, Esq., Watton ... 500 0 0	John Thompson, Esq. ... 5 0 0
J. Kemp Welch, Esq. ... 100 0 0	A Friend ... 5 0 0
James Spicer, Esq., Woodford ... 100 0 0	F. Hindley, Esq. ... 5 0 0
Mrs. M. Davison, Anerley, a thank- offering for special recent mercies ... 50 0 0	A Friend ... 5 0 0
D. Paton, Esq., Alloa ... 50 0 0	D. H. Goddard, Esq., Chester-le-Street 5 0 0
B. E. Greenfield, Esq. ... 30 0 0	Mrs. Ferguson, Ilkley ... 2 2 0
A Friend ... 25 0 0	Mr. W. Robertson, Dunbar ... 2 0 0
W. Blomfield, Esq. ... 25 0 0	Miss Rowland ... 1 1 0
G. H. Frean, Esq. ... 10 0 0	Mrs. Martin, Buxton ... 1 1 0
J. Clapham, Esq. ... 10 0 0	S. Hodgson, Esq., Liverpool ... 1 1 0
Rev. J. Viney, Highgate ... 10 0 0	W. J. Brain, Esq., Reading ... 1 1 0
Miss J. J. Pim, Wandsworth ... 10 0 0	A Friend ... 1 0 0
John Hutton, Esq., Eocleshill ... 10 0 0	Mr. J. Harris, Caine ... 1 0 0
W. J. Govan, Esq., Glasgow ... 10 0 0	Mr. J. Linton, Gloucester ... 0 15 0
S. Dunn, Esq. ... 10 0 0	A Friend ... 0 7 0
W. S. Gard, Esq. ... 5 5 0	Mr. W. Parker ... 0 5 0
In Memoriam, Dr. Mullens ... 5 0 0	Mrs. Phillips ... 0 5 0





*Yours Cordially
Colman B. Hayes.*

Engraved by J. Cochran from a Photograph

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

Love of Christ.

AFFECTIONS are evoked, not created, educes from within, not implanted from without. Conditions or occasions of action may be external, but the forces that act are internal; the objects men love may live without the spirit, but the love itself lives within. Every child born into the world is a centre of latent loves, and these but need appropriate objects and conditions of action to be drawn into exercise and nursed into strength. The child may grow into an unloving man, but he does it by repression of nature, not by expansion of soul. The quality of the object determines indeed the kind and quality of the affection. There cannot be a good and happy love of a bad being. Love of a bad person either debases the person loving, or becomes in him a pity, painful in proportion to his own goodness. Perfect love is perfect joy only where the loving and the loved are alike good, holy, and true. The one love that has had power to transform and command men, is the love of the Holiest and the Best, and the more man has loved Christ, the holier and the better has he become. Here it is that belief creates love, and the love rises into a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

Love again may be evoked or awakened in one of two ways—by instinct and nature, or by reason and spirit. The object that calls it from latent into actual and active being may appeal to our instincts or to our deeper and immortal qualities. Instinctive love may be spiritual—will be spiritual if it be pure. The affection parent has for child, or child for parent may be instinctive, but it may also be penetrated and glorified by the purest and holiest spirituality—will be so

where it is most real. Yet it may, and often does remain merely instinctive, a thing of nature rather than of spirit. Animals in their own way love their offspring. The passionate devotion of the tiger to its cubs, or the bear to its whelps, is proverbial. Animals, too, in their own fashion, love their mates. The birds that pair, the lions that frequent the same den, are, after their kind, patterns of mutual affection. But in such cases the affection is a mere instinct, a blind impulse which asks no reason for its existence, and gives none; and when love in man is mere devotion to offspring as such, it is mere instinctive affection. If a man loves his son simply because the boy happens to be his, or a woman her daughter simply because the girl chances to be hers, and for no other and higher reason, the love is only blind impulse; it has no regard to actual or possible spiritual qualities, or any high moral end. The child is loved as the mortal child of a mortal man, not as the immortal son of the eternal God, with possibilities of the highest excellence latent in him. The nurture is according to instinct, not according to conscience; determined by momentary passion, or passing impulse, not by an enlightened moral sense. Chastisement is for what annoys rather than what is wrong; approval for what relieves or saves trouble rather than what is right. Instinctive love is thus, while blind to moral qualities and ends, alive to what is sensuous in conduct, rejoices in the *welfare* rather than the *wellbeing* of its object.

But love awakened through the reason and in the spirit is spiritual love. The qualities admired belong to the spirit, the eye that sees is the spirit's, and the admiration excited lives in the spirit. The physical eye can see the beauty of a flower, but the spiritual eye alone can see the loveliness, which is also the loveableness, of a fine character. Neither bodily sight nor social intercourse is necessary to spiritual vision. We can love the myriads of the great and good, whom with our mortal eyes we have never beheld. The knowledge, mediate or immediate, of heroic and noble qualities, awakens love to the person to whom they belong, and whether centuries or seas lie between us and that person, our love is none the less real. This affection, then, not springing from a natural relation, but from perceived moral qualities, will always be due to its object, the deserved and rightful tribute to its intrinsic worth, and as its object is spiritual, as its seat is in the spirit, so being spiritual, it will be immortal. The

love that is derived from instinct with instinct will die, but the love awakened in the spirit will be as immortal as the spirit itself. Instinctive affection is blind and arbitrary, but spiritual is not. Many a man would perceive and despise in another boy the moral qualities he scarcely observes in his own son. As self-love is only blindness to the faults of self, so instinctive love is often only blindness to the faults of its object; but reason looks at the person as he is, considers his real and characteristic qualities and then renders the affection they deserve. The first is due to a relation, natural or arbitrary, but the second to worth, personal, inherent, moral, real. Instinctive affection may be blind and impure, but spiritual must be altogether lovely and true.

Perhaps it may now be superfluous to remark that the Christian's love to Christ must be of the latter kind, the spiritual. The eye that sees Jesus is the mind's, and the heart that loves Him is the mind's too. The sight is spiritual and the affection the same. The love may lack the passion and intensity of instinct, but it has the calmness and the power of spirit. The claims of Christ have not appealed to eye and ear, but to heart and mind. We love Him, not for His beautiful face, or fine voice, or winsome ways, but for His mercy, and grace, the righteousness and truth that blend so perfectly in His character. We love Him, not so much for what He did, as for what He is. Gratitude for salvation may be the first, but is never the final form of Christian love. He who loves his deliverer simply as a deliverer loves for the lowest of all reasons, merely because he has been rescued. But he who loves his Saviour for what that Saviour is, loves Him for the highest of all reasons, because He is Supreme Love, perfect Grace and Truth. Jesus seems infinitely lovely and lovable to angels, though he never died for them, and the moment will come when the glorified saints will love Christ, not because He saved them, but because He is divinely gracious and good. The moral excellencies of Jesus, and these alone, can be inexhaustible sources of spiritual love.

The distinction made above may enable us to deal with a too common difficulty. Many a devout soul has said:—"I cannot love my Saviour as I love my child. I do not, I cannot, love God more than I love my husband. There is an intensity and heartiness in my affection for my family and friends entirely wanting in my affection

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for Divine things. I need to be reconverted. I must be altogether wrong." But the error lies in confounding things that differ. Man's affection for man must be more or less instinctive. Man's love for Christ must be altogether spiritual. The instinctive must be intense, because passionate and confined ; but the spiritual mild, because calm and expansive. The eagerness of the first, and the serenity of the second belong to their respective natures. The one derives its intensity from our physical constitution, but the other its calmness from our spiritual. Instinctive affection is born of flesh and blood, but spiritual of the will of God, and the nature of each corresponds to its parentage. Our love for Christ, then, while wanting the warmth of our love for man, has more depth and root in our being ; while its form is less fervent, its essence is more real. The one seems to be, but the other in reality is, the greater. Indeed, it cannot be rightly compared to our love for the living. It resembles much more closely our love for the dead. Death at once sanctifies and spiritualises our affection. The departed orb into clear and perfect stars in the heaven of memory, where the lurid fires of earth no longer burn, where only the light of immortal purity gleams, and the emotions they awaken are no more intense, instinctive, passionate, but gentle, spiritual, calm. Our love of the dead knows neither the pang of jealousy, nor the agony of suspicion, nor the fear of loss, but is serene and strong as death itself. The dead never die to us. They live in our hearts purified, beautified, exalted into minor deities whom we can reverence without idolatry. Ah ! I once knew and loved a man—a right earnest, manful, chivalrous soul, who could, because his own spirit was attuned to divinest harmonies, strike the chords of the human spirit as David struck his harp ; but he died, and no more on earth will his voice be heard, nor his face be seen. Yet I know and love him still, not as of old with a very earthly love, but rather with a heavenly, a love clarified, etherealised, which jealousy cannot touch, nor suspicion disturb, nor envy trouble—the love felt by a man who lives on earth for a man who lives in heaven. And of this kind is our love of Christ ; we love the Saviour as we love the dead, not as we love the living.

It is, then, no calamity or hardship to have an invisible Saviour. We can love Him the better that He is unseen. Sight assists the affection that is akin to instinct, but not that which lives in the spirit.

That which the eye sees and the hand handles is commonplace and gross, loses in ethereality by what it gains in visibility. Were God localised, He would seem to our thought much less awful and majestic than when He is conceived as everywhere, like the air we breathe, the element in which all beings live. If there were only one spot on earth where God and my heart could stand face to face, God would seem to my heart much less Divine than He does now when I can meet Him anywhere, speak to Him anywhere, just as my soul has need. So a Jesus visible to the eye, tangible to the touch, would be a Jesus too limited and gross to be the object of a universal and spiritual affection—a Jesus known to the senses rather than to the soul. And so, while God gave us an historical Christ on whom our faith could rest, He made the history but a moment in the heart of His invisible and eternal being, that we might be compelled to love Him, if we loved Him at all, in spirit and in truth.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the disciples never loved Christ aright till He became invisible. Their love had much of the intensity and selfishness of passion, co-existed with much self-seeking and jealousy. Perhaps the lying upon the Master's breast at supper had something to do with John's love—perhaps, too, something with the apostasy of Judas ; it may have caused in the others heartburning, and a little criticism of the ungenerous sort. There was certainly much of the instinctive in Mary's affection, and possibly it mingled in the love of the other women. But when Jesus ascended all this was changed. Their affections were enlarged and clarified. Jealousy perished for ever ; love celestial and serene was born in their hearts, each man feeling that he who loved most was best.

Note, now, how this invisibility enables the mind to glorify, to idealise Jesus, as the object of its love. The senses are very prosaic and tyrannical. They see but a little way into a man, and retain only what of him is superficial and transient. The image of Christ that haunted the disciples would be very unequal, one of blended power and weakness, glory and shame. He would rise in their memories now as a weary man, sitting on Jacob's well, or asleep in the hinder part of the ship, and again as a mighty God, feeding the hungry multitude, or stilling the tempest. Now, He would be seen amid the glories of the transfiguration, or in the ascension stepping into His cloud chariot, and anon, in the agonies of the garden, amid

<i>Cwm Acon.</i> Zion Chapel ..	14 14 6	<i>Pemarth, near Cardif.</i> Welsh Independent Ch..	7 7 8	<i>Kilmarnock</i>	0 15 0
<i>Denbighshire and Flintshire.</i>	93 1 10	<i>Pemarth, near Walspool</i>	3 4 6	<i>Seikirk</i>	2 4 6
<i>Dinas Mawddwy</i>	19 0 3	<i>Pwllheli</i>	9 5 5	<i>Stirling</i>	15 5 1
<i>Glamorganshire—</i> <i>Western District</i>	187 10 2	<i>Tathlirion, &c.</i>	9 12 9	IRELAND.	
<i>Haverfordwest—</i> <i>Albany Church</i>	7 4 6	<i>Telgarth</i>	3 13 5	<i>Castle Comer</i>	31 0 0
<i>Tabernacle Church</i>	30 7 4	<i>Temygrisian</i>	4 4 1	<i>Miss L. Scott, Edinburgh</i>	10 0 0
<i>Hirwaia.</i> Nebo Church.....	13 16 0	<i>Trawsfynydd.</i> <i>Ebenexer Church</i>	2 0 0	<i>Clonahilly.</i> Per Miss Hungerford	2 15 10
<i>Llanelli District</i>	33 7 0	<i>Wrexham.</i> Chester Street..	13 16 0	<i>Coleraine.</i> Interest on legacy of the late Jas. McCurdy, Esq.	19 10 0
<i>Bryn</i>	6 16 7	SCOTLAND.		<i>Newtown, Mount Kennedy</i> ..	2 16 0
<i>Llangynider and Dyffryn</i> ..	7 9 0	<i>Aberdeen.</i> Female Society	58 7 6	Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.	
<i>Llanwrtyd</i>	4 8 4	<i>Bony.</i>	11 9 0	<i>Bandon</i>	1 4 4
<i>Loughor.</i> Horeb.....	0 11 6	<i>Dundee.</i> Miss Baxter, for press for Central Africa	20 0 0	<i>Clonahilly</i>	7 18 5
<i>Macgymletth.</i> <i>Soar Chapel</i>	1 4 9	<i>Edinburgh.</i> Auxiliary	342 1 3	<i>Cookstown</i>	9 12 10
<i>Merrickonshire.</i> Auxiliary	54 6 6	<i>Glasgow.</i> Auxiliary.....	164 6 7	<i>Dublin</i>	131 9 2
<i>Merthyr Tydfil.</i> Auxiliary..	27 1 0	<i>St. Andrews.</i> Auxiliary ..	48 0 6	<i>Dundalk</i>	30 6 0
<i>Mold</i> Auxiliary	12 0 0	<i>Thornhill.</i> W. Thomson, Esq.....	5 0 0	<i>Kingstown</i>	13 4 2
<i>Montgomeryshire.</i> Auxiliary	117 13 0	Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.		<i>Limerick</i>	7 2 3
<i>Morvah Aman</i>	2 8 4	<i>Arbroath</i>	10 0 0	COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SOCIETIES AND MISSION STATIONS.	
<i>Mynyddbach</i>	12 18 6	<i>Edmonston</i>	3 3 0	<i>Antananarivo.</i> Per Rev. G. Cousins, from occasional English communion service, for Widows Fund ..	12 1 6
<i>Pembrokeshire.</i> Welsh Auxiliary	54 4 11	<i>Falkirk</i>	1 0 0	<i>Berkampore.</i> Per Rev. W. B. Phillips	2 9 0
		<i>Forfar</i>	8 8 8	<i>Gowra.</i> Per Rev. F. Le Fort, for schools and Zenana work, Calcutta ..	35 10 0
		<i>Hamilton</i>	19 2 3	<i>Newfoundland.</i> St. John's, Queen's Road Church, for Native Teacher, Daniel Spencer Ward, India ..	10 0 0
		<i>Hawick</i>	16 13 5		
		<i>Irvine</i>	3 0 0		
		<i>Jedburgh</i>	8 0 7		

From 1st May to 15th July, 1880.

LONDON.		<i>Miss Camplin</i>	3 3 0	<i>Bromley (Middlesex).</i> Bruce Groves	1 1 0
<i>W. Cooke, Esq.</i>	100 0 0	<i>H.</i>	3 0 0	<i>Camberwell.</i> Miss Mac- kenzie, for Female Work	1 0 6
<i>A. H. Y.</i>	100 0 0	Collected by Mr. E. V. Field		<i>Cambridge Heath.</i> Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Newton, for Native Child, Tahiti.....	3 0 0
<i>Mrs. Jackson, for Female</i> <i>Missions</i>	25 0 0	<i>Mr. E. Bacon, for Central</i> <i>Africa</i>	2 0 0	<i>Chelsea—</i> Markham Square	15 12 4
<i>J. Hoare, Esq.</i>	21 0 0	<i>S. Feigate, Esq.</i>	2 0 0	<i>For Widows' Fund</i>	7 1 1
<i>Miss L. Du Pre</i>	29 0 0	<i>G. Rathbone, Esq.</i>	1 1 0	<i>Christ Church, Westminster</i> <i>Road</i>	33 0 0
<i>W. C. Gellibrand, Esq.</i>	10 0 0	<i>Mrs. Greenhorne, for Female</i> <i>Missions</i>	1 1 0	<i>City Temple—</i> Mr. Moore.....	2 2 0
<i>Do., for Education in</i> <i>India</i>	10 0 0	<i>Robert Cust, Esq.</i>	1 1 0	<i>Mrs. Moore</i>	1 1 0
<i>E. & H. Beveridge, Esqrs.,</i> <i>for training Boys as Tea-</i> <i>chers, Flanarantona In-</i> <i>stitution, Madagascar</i>	15 0 0	<i>Mr. Long</i>	1 1 0	<i>Miss Moore</i>	1 1 0
<i>J. Firby, Esq., for New</i> <i>Gulbana</i>	10 10 0	<i>H. W. Smithers, Esq.</i>	1 1 0	<i>Clapton, Lower</i>	1 1 0
<i>Dr. T. B. Peacock (L.S.)</i> ..	10 10 0	<i>A Friend, per Rev. E.</i> <i>Bryant</i>	1 1 0	<i>Miss Marsh, for Female</i> <i>Missions</i>	0 10 6
<i>A Friend</i>	10 0 0	<i>Rev. E. Stallybrass</i>	1 0 0	<i>Craven Hill</i>	1 1 0
<i>I. W. A.</i>	10 0 0	<i>A Thankoffering for Mercies</i> <i>Received</i>	1 0 0	<i>A Friend, for Widows'</i> <i>Fund</i>	3 0 0
<i>J. H. Lydall, Esq.</i>	10 0 0	<i>Per Rev. J. Foreman, for</i> <i>Hyde Park Ch., Demerara</i>	0 5 0	<i>Croydon—</i> Rev. J. G. Stevenson	2 2 6
<i>E. Wiltshire</i>	10 0 0	<i>Anonymous</i>	0 5 0	<i>H. Martin, Esq.</i>	3 3 0
Collected by Miss Mullens and Mrs. Spicer, for Rhovanipore and Mirza- pore Schools		<i>Per Miss Hebditch, for</i> <i>Female Missions</i>	0 5 0	<i>Deptford.</i> High Street	27 12 7
Readers of the "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan & Scott		<i>Harriett Bastick</i>	0 2 6	<i>Dulwich, West</i>	7 8 1
<i>H. W. Chapman, Esq.</i>	5 5 0	<i>A. D.</i>	0 2 0	<i>Ealing.</i> M. Lethem, Esq. ..	10 0 0
<i>The Misses Smith</i>	5 0 0	<i>Legacy of the late Henry</i> <i>J. Fidler, Esq.</i>	100 0 0	<i>Ecoleston Square.</i> C. R. Beth Smith, Esq.	20 0 0
<i>R. P. C.</i>	5 0 0	<i>Anerley</i>	6 3 5	<i>Edmonston and Tottenham</i> ..	25 11 8
<i>Mrs. G. Brown</i>	4 4 0	<i>Betham and Upper Tooting</i> ..	7 1 10	<i>Eliham</i>	29 13 6
		<i>Bedford Ch.</i>	25 3 3	<i>Esher Street</i>	5 8 8
				<i>Greenwich.</i> Mare Hill	9 18 5

heart, and make Him a more real, loveable, Divine-human Person, round whom our affections can gather, He whom, having not seen, we yet love.

The love of the invisible Jesus may thus be developed in us like any other normal affection, and our growth in grace will be commensurate with this development. Here we may note God's wisdom and goodness in thus enlisting our natural capacities on the side of our own eternal interests. In his own wise way, old Archbishop Leighton saith, "Grace doth not pluck up by the roots, and wholly destroy the natural passions of the mind, because they are distempered by sin; that were an extreme remedy, to cure by killing, and heal by cutting off. No, but it corrects the distemper in them; it dries not up this main stream of love, but purifies it from the mud it is full of in its wrong course, or calls it to its right channel, by which it may run into happiness, and empty itself into the ocean of goodness." It is little wonder that weak human love should grow to something excellent and sublime when its object is the invisible Christ.

But can we define this love? What are its constituent elements? Love, like light, seems simple, but is in truth compound. In a simple beam of white light there are varied colours. Pass the beam through a prism and it breaks into those bright and dark hues that blend so beautifully in the rainbow. The beam is one, yet several, each constituent colour being necessary to its very existence. The sombre softens and tones the light that it may not be a fierce glare, painful to the eye, withering to nature; the brilliant clarify and brighten the light that it may extinguish darkness, and be the glorious robe that envelops our earth, and makes it beautiful with the green of spring, or the glories of summer, or the mellow hues of autumn. So love has its essential elements, each complementary to the other, and all combining to give it real and ample being—goodwill, approbation, delight, desire, and trust. Where any of these is not, love cannot be. There must be goodwill, the desire to promote the happiness of the object loved. Hate strives to injure, love to benefit—the one bans, the other blesses. Hate is wretched when the person hated is happy, but love rejoices in its object's joy. It is like the sun shining upon the earth, and charming it into fertility and beauty, fruits and flowers. Then there must be approbation. Affection directed to one whose character can only merit our disapproval may be mercy, or pity,

Reading—		Winteringham. Legacy of the late Mr. Jefferson		Frearburgh	9 0 0
Castle Street	4 16 6	Suggit	19 19 0	Greenock—	
G. Palmer, Esq., M.P.	60 0 0	Wycombe	4 8 2	Auxiliary	27 5 6
Radhill	1 1 0			"Jacob's Vow"	2 0 0
Rochdale. Auxiliary	90 0 0	WALBS.		Huntly	26 10 0
Ryde. Miss M. Young.....	2 0 0	Barmouth	4 16 0	For Rev. T. T. Matthews	
St. Leonards. H. Treacher,		Bridgend. Tabernacle, Welsh		School, Madagascar	2 0 0
Esq.	1 1 0	Ch.	2 8 7	Inverness. "Amicus"	1 0 0
Sandbach. I. C. Billington,		Cardiff. Hannah Street....	7 1 4	Kircaldy. Annuity of the	
Esq.	5 0 0	Cardiganshire. Auxiliary..	6 0 0	late Mr. R. Philips	4 0 0
Sandown. Miss Percival,		Carnarvonshire. Auxiliary	21 18 6	Orkneys. Mrs. Mainland	1 0 0
for Central Africa	3 3 0	Clydach, nr. Swansea	2 12 2	Paisley. Legacy of the late	
Scagglethorpe, nr. Billington.		Oswestry	3 0 0	Rev. A. Pollock	190 0 0
Mrs. Hamilton	1 0 0	Glamorganshire. Western		St. Ninian. Mrs. Jno. Miller	1 0 0
Seecocks	1 16 8	Auxiliary	35 15 0	Stromness. U. P. Ch., Sw	
Sheffield. Cemetery Road ..	20 0 2	Gross Wm. District	9 10 2	Colimbatores	1 10 0
Southampton. Kingsfield Ch.	0 9 10	Gwernllyn. Dowlls Ch.	3 5 3	Per Rev. E. A. Warham.	
Staines. Auxiliary	38 11 1	Llangollen	3 5 8	Alloa	14 8 9
Stalybridge—		Mumbles and Newtown	4 11 9	Arbroath	8 4 2
Auxiliary	64 8 9	Nant-y-fyn	1 15 11	Berwick-on-Tweed	2 2 0
The late Mrs. J. Cheetham...	500 0 0	Neath, &c.	10 6 6	Brechin	9 6 6
In Memoriam Mrs. J.		Newcastle Emlyn. Capel Evan	6 10 6	Cupar Fife	1 17 6
Cheetham and Miss A.		Pantlog	7 14 3	Dumfries	11 3 2
Reynor, per Miss Agnes		Pentrecymmer	2 12 6	Gartcarr	2 19 1
Cheetham	500 0 0	Pontypridd. Sardinia Ch.	9 0 0	Hamilton	6 19 3
Stockport. Auxiliary	15 12 4	Rhyl. Auxiliary	9 8 1	Helenburgh	6 0 0
Stratford-on-Avon. Annuity		Swansea	2 4 3	Inverness	12 12 6
of the late Mr. R. Fisher	13 4 9	Wrexham. Queen Street ..	3 1 6	Jedburgh	2 18 0
Stroud—				Kilmarnock	10 10 0
Bedford Street	31 7 6	SCOTLAND.		Lanark	1 1 9
Legacy of the late Mr.		Aberdeen. Legacy of the		Langholm	8 9 8
Barnard.....	100 0 0	late W. Leslie, Esq.	688 8 6	Seikirk	11 5 5
Totton	5 6 0	Dundee—		Stirling	1 2 6
Tunbridge Wells	9 7 1	Russell Ch., Pastor's Bible		Uddington	8 0 6
Legacy of the late Mrs.		Class	2 10 0	IRELAND.	
Rachel Bethel	3,127 5 10	A Friend, per W. Ogilvy		Abbeyleir. Collected by	
Upton. Mrs. Rawlings	5 0 0	Dalglish, Esq.	1000 0 0	Miss R. Millie	3 5 6
Wakefield. Salem Ch.	3 1 6	Edinburgh—		Coleraine. For Coleraine	
Watfield. Trustees of the		The late Mrs. D. E. Miller	1 0 0	and Agherton Schools....	13 19 9
late John Dyer, Esq.	146 5 3	J. Melrose, Esq., for Miss		Sligo	8 13 0
Welford	8 0 0	Sturrock, Peelton	20 0 0	Per Rev. E. A. Warham.	
Weybridge. Rev. J. Hayden	2 10 0			Dublin	9 1 0
Whitstable	7 10 0			Dungannon	2 2 0

For Deficiency in the Year 1879-80.

J. Trueman Mills, Esq., Watton ...	500 0 0	John Thompson, Esq.	5 0 0
J. Kemp Welch, Esq.	100 0 0	A Friend	5 0 0
James Spicer, Esq., Woodford ...	100 0 0	F. Hindley, Esq.	5 0 0
Mrs. M. Davison, Annesley, a thank-		A Friend	5 0 0
offering for special recent mercies	50 0 0	D. H. Goddard, Esq., Chester-le-Street	8 0 0
D. Paton, Esq., Alloa	50 0 0	Mrs. Ferguson, Ilkley	2 2 0
B. E. Greenfield, Esq.	30 0 0	Mr. W. Robertson, Dunbar	3 0 0
A Friend	25 0 0	Miss Rowland	1 1 0
W. Blomfield, Esq.	25 0 0	Mrs. Martin, Buxton	1 1 0
G. H. Frean, Esq.	10 0 0	S. Hodgson, Esq., Liverpool	1 1 0
J. Clapham, Esq.	10 0 0	W. J. Brain, Esq., Reading	1 1 0
Rev. J. Viney, Highgate	10 0 0	A Friend	1 0 0
Miss J. J. Pim, Wandsworth	10 0 0	Mr. J. Harris, Calne	1 0 0
John Hutton, Esq., Boolehill	10 0 0	Mr. J. Linton, Gloucester	0 15 0
W. J. Govan, Esq., Glasgow	10 0 0	A Friend	0 7 0
S. Dunn, Esq.	10 0 0	Mr. W. Parker	0 5 0
W. S. Gard, Esq.	5 5 0	Mrs. Phillips	0 5 0
In Memoriam, Dr. Mullens	5 0 0		

has been done, that it may fitly express its conception of Christ. Men of highest spirit and purest devoutness, like Fra Bartolomeo, who painted out of truest piety ; men whose art was religion, and whose works are joys for ever, like Raphael and Angelo, Titian and Rubens, have exhausted the resources of their genius and their art in giving form and colour to their ideal of Him who was at once "the Man of sorrows" and the "altogether lovely" Son of Man. Go where we may in search of the noblest creations in art, His is the image that ever meets us, His the form in which the painter has striven to embody his sublimest dream. But whatever the æsthetic faculty may have felt in the presence of these creatures of the imagination, the spiritual has never been satisfied. From the purest and most perfect picture of the Christ, in infancy or manhood, in sorrow or in glory, it has turned away, pained, perhaps offended, saying, "My Master is lovelier and more Divine than these. Pencil cannot delineate His perfection ; colour cannot express His beauty. The human form must be transfigured and transformed into the Divine, ere it can tell the glory and the grace of the indwelling Christ." We would not then, O Christ, wish Thee to become visible—One we could see with our fleshly eyes, and handle with our fleshly hands. Remain Thou within the veil ; there Thou art worthier to be loved ; and while here we abide we shall enjoy the blessedness of those who, because they have not seen, have only the more believed and the better loved.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

VI.—THOMAS CALLED DIDYMUS.

It will help us the better to understand the Lord's next interview with His disciples if we have a distinct idea what manner of man Thomas called Didymus was. The previous notices of him in the Gospel story are comparatively few and scanty, and do not warrant a large generalisation ; but, if we may judge from them, his individuality appears as strongly marked as that of any of the twelve. "Doubting Thomas" he is often called, as if he were the representative of sceptics, or of those who are given to despondency. There is no warrant, however, for such a reading of his character. Rather

he stands out as a man in whom the natural reason predominates; not disposed to take things for granted, cautious and scrutinizing, requiring the full satisfaction of his understanding, possessing little of that spiritual insight which characterizes John, or of that impulsive ardour which distinguishes Peter; a man of sturdy independence and honesty, who will give in to no fraud, with a nature capable of profound love and daring, the very last of the band to be imposed upon by his likings, or to admit unsustained pretensions. Once satisfied concerning the truth, he is fitted to be one of the noblest of witnesses for Christ. I confess I cannot help loving him.*

This man had not been present with the rest when Jesus appeared to them on the evening of the resurrection day. He was a loser in consequence. Where he was and what kept him away we are not informed; but it does not seem probable that his absence was accidental; and though we are not in a position to censure him, yet somehow we cannot help connecting his absence with his condition and temper of mind, and attributing it to the man rather than to his circumstances.

The disciples tell him what had occurred at their evening gathering. We can almost imagine the first meeting. There is Thomas, forlorn of countenance, and yonder come some of his old companions. A difference is noticeable in their bearing, even from a distance. They advance to meet him with gladness in their eyes; and with gladness in their voices they tell him, *The Lord is risen, and we have seen Him*. This is their united and unhesitating assurance; but, wishing to make him full partaker of their joy, they doubtless relate at full length what Jesus said and did.

Thomas will not believe them. He only shakes his head, and smiles sadly, in the misery of doubt. He stands in the centre of a rejoicing circle; hears the unhesitating assurance from every tongue, *The Lord is risen indeed, and we have seen Him*; and yet no admission that it may be so, escapes his lips; he does not even express astonishment; his only reply is, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my

* One is sometimes tempted to call him the Paley of the twelve. But no such cry as "*My Lord and my God*" bursts forth in any of Paley's writings; no such appeal as "*Let us go with Him that we may die with Him.*"

hand into His side, I will not believe." Their story seems incredible to him. He refuses to take their word; he must examine and receive satisfaction for himself—"Except I shall see," I myself, and not another for me. He as much as charges them with credulity; they have believed too easily; but as for him, he will use severer scrutiny. He must not only see but handle; and not only handle but probe: he must put his finger into the print of the nails and thrust his hand into the wounded side; and so resolute is he in his position, that he does not say that he will believe even then, but only that he will not believe sooner.*

It was right that he should require full proof of the Lord's resurrection; and had he said, "Except I shall see, I cannot testify," we might have approved his word. A man who is to bear witness—and, if necessary, lay down his life in confirmation of his testimony—had need to be very sure of his facts; and I would not say that Thomas was guilty of treason against Christ by doubting the ten. But has he not forgotten something? There were prophetic intimations in the ancient Scriptures, dim and enigmatical indeed, which pointed to the Messiah's victory over death. There were words of Jesus Himself, pointing in the same direction, which must have been known to Thomas, and which (one would have thought) could not be known without exciting at least presentiment of something wonderful. There were the mighty works of Jesus which he had seen, and all the disclosures of His superhuman personality. That He should lie down and rise no more—that He should become the prey of death and see corruption—was really an inconceivable issue of such a life. And now, in harmony with all this, here is the testimony of the other apostles that they have actually seen Jesus and heard the voice of His mouth, that He has showed them His hands and His side, that He has appointed them to be His messengers, that He has breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," that He has commissioned them to remit and retain sins. This was not indeed sufficient to constitute him a witness to the resurrection, but it was enough surely to convince him of the fact. It does seem strange

* Even Renan does not present the case better from the modern scientific point when he says, "A miracle at Paris before competent *savans* would put an end to all doubts. . . . The condition of a miracle is the credulity of the witness."

that no contagion of faith seized him, and that he could stand in that atmosphere of joyful certainty unconvinced, stoutly maintaining his ground—nay, even dictating the only terms on which he would yield.

Yet the very obstinacy of his refusal becomes a signal confirmation of the truth. For, only a few days after, this very man who will take nothing on trust, nothing at second-hand, is satisfied; and, by-and-by, he stands up with his fellow-apostles, in the very place where the Lord was crucified, as a witness that the Crucified One was risen and living; and along with the rest of them, he pledges his very life in guarantee of his testimony. It was no accident that so judicial, deliberative an intellect was of the twelve, and was specially dealt with.

The week passes, a week of joy to all except Thomas; *his* countenance continues to wear its look of despondency; he is clothed in mourning robes while they are girded with gladness. The first day of the week comes round again—the octave of the Lord's first appearing; and again the disciples are met within closed doors. This time Thomas is with them. Perhaps he was not so utterly incredulous as his words made out. At all events, if Jesus *should* again appear, he would like to be present; and if on the former occasion he had absented himself wilfully, the wilfulness is now gone. The place is the same as formerly—for they have not yet gone north to Galilee—and so probably is the outward scene; only the bosoms of all (with the one exception) are now filled with joy and love and longing hope. Suddenly Jesus stands in their midst as aforetime, and greets them in the same manner, "Peace be unto you." It is no vain repetition; it declares His kingly will concerning them, that their peace should be abiding and assured. How will He deal with unbelieving Thomas? Does He mean the peace-greeting for him also, or will He make him an exception? Will He upbraid him and cover him with shame? Will He turn His face away from him? No; but being full of compassion, He will graciously meet his weakness, and concede what his honest but too doubting mind required. So He turned to him and said, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side; and be not* faithless but believing."

* "Be not faithless" = *Become not faithless*; thou art on a dangerous path.

Jesus takes up the very words of Thomas, spoken a week before, and so signifies to him, *I heard thee*. It is as in the interview with Nathanael. When He saw Nathanael coming, Jesus said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." In astonishment Nathanael exclaims, "Whence knowest Thou me?" and Jesus replies, pointing to some token of his Israel-character as a man who had power in prayer, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Thus Jesus shows that He not only penetrated with His glance into the depths of Nathanael's being, and knew him in his true character as an Israelite indeed, but likewise that He was acquainted with his secret employment lately under the fig-tree; and thus Jesus Himself stands revealed to the faith of Nathanael, who exclaims, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel." The same manner of dealing is now pursued with regard to Thomas, and a similar result attained. One may find an illustration near home. Suppose that a little band of children are playing in a room, with door ajar, so that the mother hears all that is going on without being seen. One of them in anger utters some wrong word, some passionate exclamation. An hour later, that little one sits on her mother's knee, who quietly repeats the passionate exclamation word for word. The child starts and looks up into the mother's face with a quick, intelligent glance, which means, *You know it all then*. So with Thomas now, he is made to feel himself in the presence of his all-knowing Lord.

There is the well-known countenance, with the light of immortality upon it; that is the beloved voice; it is Jesus Himself: and instantly, in awful joy, Thomas cries out, "My Lord and my God!" He does not put his finger into the print of the nails, nor thrust his hand into the wounded side; he cannot*; he knows without a

The reference is not to a single manifestation of unbelief, but to his spiritual condition generally. The rebuke is finely tender and true.

* In view of the exclamation of Thomas which immediately follows, the representation made sometimes in pictures and sometimes in words is an absolutely incredible one: "*Non pudore ac rubore suffusus, sed audacter et intrepide, digitos suos in vestigia clavorum ingerit.*" Equally incredible is it that the Lord, as He spoke, would take the finger and hand of Thomas and place them on the wounds. The whole pathos and grandeur of the scene are thus emptied out of it, and, instead, we have mere vulgar grotesqueries.

doubt that it is *the Lord* in whose presence he stands. And not only "my Lord," but also "*my God*." I cannot look upon this as a kind of profane exclamation such as a man might utter when suddenly surprised and startled; the words are evidently a direct address to Jesus; nor can I believe that Thomas calls Jesus "*my God*" in some "inferior sense," as angels or judges are called "gods." There is nothing to give the least plausibility to such a miserably-ingenuous view. It seems quite evident that here is no mere outburst of emotion—but that Thomas confesses more than the resurrection of Jesus from the dead: in faith he has leaped to the front, and recognizes Him as Divine; and his word now uttered is the exponent of that glorious induction at which his heart and understanding have unitedly arrived, joyously adoring. Not that as yet he knows the full significance of his own confession; he has *that* still to learn under the teaching of the Holy Spirit—even as we ourselves after the lapse of so many centuries.

How does Jesus receive the confession of His disciple? When Paul and Barnabas were supposed by the people of Lystra to be gods, they ran in among them, crying out, "We are men of like passions with you." When John, in the Apocalypse, fell down before the angel to worship him, he refused the homage and said, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant." But here Jesus accepts the homage without a hint of its impropriety. It is not merely that He does not reject it, but He accepts it as the utterance of faith—"Thou *hast believed*." And I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion that hereby He claims to be Divine. To bring home this conclusion seems to be the very reason why John records the interview.

It is not difficult to understand how Thomas was led to recognize the Lord's higher nature. He had been silently, unconsciously, preparing for it all through his career of discipleship; and now that look which searched his inmost being, those words which showed that the Lord had heard him, that "heart-reproving, heart-winning love"—along with the now recognized fact that He has overcome death and the grave—like a flash of lightning revealed and illumined a whole world of truth that had been lying in darkness to him before; revealed it as by a lightning-flash, only with this difference, that the truth could never again lie in darkness to him; henceforth Jesus would be "my Lord and my God" to him for ever—"declared to be

the Son of God with power according to the Spirit of holiness by the resurrection of the dead."

When Peter made his great confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus said to him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona." No such word is addressed to Thomas. On the contrary, Jesus says, "Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." It is no benediction on credulity or believing in the absence of evidence. The benediction is upon those who have so understood the Scriptures, who have so understood the Lord Himself, that faith is instantly awakened by the testimony of the witnesses—the door opened as soon as God knocks. Blessed believing is warranted and well-grounded believing. There must not only be readiness and strength in it, but also reason for it.

The Evangelist adds, "Many other signs truly did Jesus,...which are not written in this book; but these are written that ye might believe [what Thomas uttered] THAT JESUS IS THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD; and that believing ye might have life in His name."

JAMES CULROSS.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER V.

CATHERINE TRIES A NEW PATH.

I SAT long in my room that night, brooding over the fire, and thinking many new strange thoughts. If I had had any readers of the history I am writing, they would, I take for granted, long ere this have become heartily weary of the vain, self-opinionated, self-engrossed creature who has been the heroine of my pages. A circle drawn round my mother and myself, and shutting out the rest of the world, not only from sympathy, but from any interest save that of a slight curiosity, would fairly have represented my existence. But now I had had a check—a check sufficient this time to throw me entirely off the mental balance acquired from my previous experience of life. I had been forced out of my entrenched egotism; thoughts, interest, sympathy had been urged from myself to another. In this one step out of myself I had gained a clearer vision than years of self-culture had brought me.

I recognised the fact that I had been entirely self-centred, and I despised myself. There was no one, I cried, pacing my room to and fro, who was not more noble than I, more self-denying, self-forgetting. The dying child, the calm and gentle sister, Dr. Brough, hard-natured though he seemed, and Martin—yes, even Martin—all were far beyond me here: they thought of others, I only of myself. I have a large capacity for scorn, and I let it all out upon myself that night. Yet in my scorn there was a something hard, defiant. I had not looked into the clear mirror of the Gospels to behold what manner of woman I was, I had beheld only the distorted image reflected to me from my own consciousness. Self-contempt I felt, but I knew not humility. With a fiercely determined pride I set myself to learn unselfishness. I had always chosen to be noble, and since I had discovered I was not noble, nothing would I allow to stand in the way of my becoming so. I was not repentant, I was ambitious. Therefore, perhaps, it was that I still regarded Dr. Brough with bitterness, for he had been the cause of this self-revelation, and in my proud heart I resented it. Yet from the midst of my folly bits of wisdom cropped up here and there, like clover in a field of stubble. I felt I must not seek unselfishness outside the clearly-defined, if narrow lines by which my life was shaped. My mother's will and necessities must still constitute my existence, and for all I could see, would continue to do so indefinitely—unless, indeed, I accepted these new conditions of existence which just now presented themselves to me. But should I? No, never! I was startled by the vehemence with which I found myself declaring this. How was it I was now so sure of what up till now I had been so doubtful? Simply because from my new standpoint, I saw plainly enough that it was no true love I had for Martin. It had pleased me that he should love and admire me. I had even taken it into consideration whether I should not allow him the supreme privilege of devoting himself to me for the rest of his days; I had proposed to myself that this would be very pleasant. It was with a shock that it now occurred to me that I had never for a moment regarded the matter from Martin's point of view.

The next morning I sought him. He was in the dining-room alone. When he saw me coming towards him he must have discovered something from my face, for he advanced with outstretched hands, exclaiming, "My answer!" I felt I must get the decisive words out

at once, and let reasons come after, so I said, "The answer is, No, Martin," and as I said it my heart beat quickly. It was very painful, for Martin showed so plainly what he felt. His arms fell at his side, and he turned quite pale. He looked at me like a child when his mother hurts him. "I am not good enough," he said, in a tone of mournful conviction. I could not bear to give him pain. I ran across and took hold of his hand.

"Oh, don't, don't!" I cried, "that is not the reason. It is just the opposite. I am not good enough. No, don't interrupt me, let me tell you the truth. You are a noble, unselfish man, and you have run the risk of having for a wife a revoltingly mean and selfish woman, and you have happily escaped the fate. You have run the risk of squandering your true, devoted love in exchange for nothing, except the privilege of being allowed to do it, and you have escaped. Don't be sorry, be thankful."

Martin laughed; he caught hold of both my hands, and threw back his head;—a little way he had when he was confident.

"You are talking the wildest nonsense, Catherine—what has happened to you? Your words are nothing to me. Do you know what I want? I want to give you everything I've got, to take care of you and love you, and to take you out to my home, where they will never tire of trying to make you happy. That's all I want from you, you need not promise anything more."

I burst forth impetuously, breaking away from him, "Yes, that is that you and all the rest wish, and I will not bear it. Can't you see that I don't want to be everlastingly petted and spoiled? Why cannot I be noble too? Why can't you give me a chance to be unselfish like the rest of you? Oh, I will not have it. I like you—yes, I like you very much, and I think you good, and I might marry you, and if I did I should have to count myself a happy woman. But it would all be selfishness, horrible selfishness. I don't love you, and I never should do, as a woman can love and ought to love. I ought to be able to die for you, and I could not even live for you. There now, I shall despise you if you want me after that."

I had forgotten my fear of paining him in the strong feeling which found vent in my passionate speech. But his look now brought me suddenly to a sense of what my words were to him.

"Oh! don't, don't look like that," I said, and I was so distressed

that he immediately thought of nothing but how to cheer me. He smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. "Come, come, Catherine," he said, "you look as if you were going to cry. It is not you, surely, who has a right to cry. But I do not mean to cry, and you will have to despise me as much as you like. We will be friends till I go, and the day may come when, perhaps, you will change your mind."

Three weeks only remained of Martin's stay with us. They were dreary weeks to me. The first time that I entered my mother's presence after my interview with him, I knew that she was aware of what had passed. I was sensible of having incurred a certain chill disfavour, which yet never expressed itself in words or manner which would have been recognizable by an outsider. There had never before been estrangement between us which the lapse of a few hours, or a dutiful behaviour towards her, had not been enough to dispel, and never had I known what it was to live without her approbation; but now day after day passed, and still I lay under the cold shadow of her displeasure. I was more unhappy than I had ever been in my life. At times I scarcely knew whether my decision had been the right one. I was in that depressed condition when there appears no more reason for, or against, one action rather than another. Martin's manner helped to make my position seem unreal. He carried himself quite as usual—was cheerful, kind, and simple, just as he had always been, and it was evident that he had only outwardly accepted my answer.

Once only did my mother express in words any feeling in the matter. She said abruptly one night as I was going to bed, "Catherine, I am deeply disappointed. You have frustrated my dearest hopes."

I did not go near to her, or kiss her, or take her hand. I wish I had done, but we were not accustomed to express our affection thus. When my feelings were moved I was an impulsive creature, but I had so habitually restrained myself in my mother's presence, that it was a matter of course for me to do so now. And so, I believe, my tones betrayed little feeling as I replied, "What can I do, mother? Must I marry him, in spite of my judgment: is that what you wish? I cannot bear your anger."

"I am not angry, Catherine; you mistake. And I wish nothing

now. I could never allow you to marry against your will, much less could I require you to do so."

And so it ended, and left me hopeless. I had disappointed my mother, and no reparation was possible.

I passed my time in wearying conjecture as to the cause of this change in her life-long habit of treating me. I had not before deemed it possible that she could be other than proud of and indulgent towards me, for notwithstanding her occasional severity of manner, her love for me had been, I knew, dominant in her nature. It is clear to me now that the change in her arose from a change in me, or rather in my attitude towards her. Never before had I acted in opposition to her wishes; her will had been mine from infancy, and she loved me as part of herself, and not as an independent being, capable of exerting independent force. But now I had chosen to act not in accordance with her wishes, I had rejected the path she had marked out for me; and though she had rigidly abstained from pressing any wish in the matter, and had apparently left me absolute freedom, yet she could not overcome the shock my action had given to her feelings towards me. Nor, on my side, was the way entirely open to a return to the old relationship; there was an obstacle in the sense of mystery and pain I felt that the thing could have become a wish to my mother. Had I chosen to marry my cousin, and put the sea between her and me, then indeed I might have expected resentment and estrangement. But it seemed that she actually desired it. I was wounded, but this she never knew. Confidence with regard to inner experiences had never existed between us. The gulf which a life-long reserve has created is, under any circumstances, a difficult thing to bridge over—doubly difficult when the gulf is widened by an actual estrangement. Neither my mother nor I attempted to do it, but rather buried our hurts deep down in silence.

I had not forgotten Mary. Indeed she was never for long together absent from my thoughts. Yet it was, strangely enough, not associations of suffering and pity that her image called up. It was not circumstance but character that had impressed me in that strange scene I had witnessed. The power of self-restraint in the girl had appeared to me so strange that it haunted me. I was out when Dr. Brough paid his next visit. At the second I eagerly awaited the

close of his interview with my mother, and met him in the hall as he came out. In answer to my inquiries, "The little girl is dead," he said, "she died the night you were there. And the father has recovered from his fit of repentance, and is gone off again. But as Mary has now only one mouth to fill, she will have no temptation to starve herself."

I was startled. "Starve herself!" I repeated.

"Yes, she could not get work, so she starved herself, trying to save the child. I picked her up one night for dead. You will remember that."

The blood flew to my cheeks. "That girl, Mary! How cruel, how cruel I was!"

"That is the fault of your up-bringing. There is some good stuff in you."

Though I had not meant him to contradict me when I called myself cruel, and, indeed, scarcely knew I was speaking the words aloud, and though I felt with all my heart that Mary was far more noble than I, yet I recollected with a pang that he had called her a "noble creature," while these measured words of excuse were all he could say for me. The tears came into my eyes. "I know you despise me," I said, and when I had said it I hated myself. I felt that I could possess no true dignity when I could thus lose any semblance of it so easily. Dr. Brough was regarding me with one of his steadfast keen looks, but this time there was something new in it which I could not understand.

"It is not for me to offer you advice," he said, with some hesitation in his tone, "but I may say that the incident set me reflecting whether the habit of ignoring what is outside our own narrowness is not equivalent to a refined brutality."

I answered nothing, and in another moment he had said "Good morning" and was gone. I turned away, feeling a blank disgust with existence. Life was beginning to prove itself a harder thing than it had once appeared. Under its smooth seeming lay unsuspected complexities of duty and possibilities of error, and awaiting one's actions there lay hard judgment and uncomprehending coldness instead of the genial approval I had always expected. "Refined brutality!" The word had struck me like a blow, and yet I recognised its harsh truth. Did not that deserve the name which could result in my standing

still to stare, with never an impulse to help, at a well-nigh dying girl, and she such a girl as Mary? Yes! a life-long selfishness had brutalised my very nature. What fearful capacities might not yet lie undeveloped within me! I shuddered. All my pride in myself was gone, and in its place was absolute horror.

I had always intended to go again to see Mary. I was now resolved to do so at the earliest opportunity possible. I must make confession to her of my behaviour when she lay half-dead on the pavement at my feet.

This time, though the girl again sat at her sewing-machine, and all looked as before, save in one direction only, I felt as though entering some unfamiliar atmosphere, which awed me, and made my voice sound low and strange. It was, I suppose, that for the first time I drew near to the mysterious blank of death—when with swept and garnished chambers we sit down and realise our solitude. There was no screen before the bed, no little figure drawing painful breath, and looking on with gleaming earnest eyes.

Mary greeted me with her former quietness, a quietness which did not suggest tameness, but rather the habit of holding power in reserve. I had judged the girl, on the night I had first seen her, to have something of remarkableness about her; but then I had been carried away by emotion, now I was in cooler, more critical mood. Then she had moved in an atmosphere of tragic pathos, and the vivid light had thrown her quiet figure into strong relief. How would that figure stand the light of common day? Would the all-absorbing commonplace now claim it as its own? I looked at the thin face, the self-repression of the mouth-lines, the straight brow, the clear, serene eyes, and I answered, No. I felt a power about her now, as I had felt it then. I could not define it, yet it carried with it a rebuke to my own spirit. But I did not resent this in her as I did in Dr. Brough. Perhaps it was because in her there was so evidently no tinge of assumption in it. It was wholly unconscious, while, justly or unjustly, I attributed a state of feeling quite the reverse to him. Mary spoke little: in this also she was like Dr. Brough, but here also with a difference. The doctor's taciturnity appeared to arise from a sense that speech was not worth while; Mary's from a nature given rather to feeling and thinking than to outward manifestation of either. Conversation did not at first progress between us. I speedily came to the conclusion that

what of demonstrativeness there had appeared about her on the previous occasion was due to the opening out of her nature, under the influence of emotion. I hesitated to ask her about the dead child, for it appeared to me a horrible thing to speak of one who was dead ; but to my surprise she began to speak about her of her own accord, in quite an ordinary tone of voice, and, so far from crying, quite cheerfully. This appeared to me incomprehensible, because I could not think her heartless. But I did once see tears. She fetched me a half-knitted stocking, and said, "See, Jenny did this for me ; I had to put it into her hands the last day, a few hours before she died. 'I mustn't be lazy, I must get on with my knitting,' she said. There never was such a child for work, she would never give in, and she was so pretty."

She said these last words tenderly under her breath, and the tears fell over on to the stocking. Then she looked at me apologetically and smiled, "You see I haven't had any one to talk to about her," she said.

There was a refinement about the girl, a purity, which struck me more and more. How came a girl to look and speak like this in the midst of coarse squalor and dirt ? I longed to know more about her, to learn her history ; but though I am inclined to think that there was at this time, notwithstanding my admiration, a slight tinge of patronage in the feelings with which I regarded her, I did not feel at liberty to question her. In spite of her extreme simplicity, and my consciousness of culture, I was not free from a certain awe of her. I wanted to ask her to let me help her with money, but I found this strangely difficult in cold blood, though I had found it easy enough the other night. At last I said abruptly, "Have you enough work ?" And she replied, "Yes, thank you ; Dr. Brough has got me some."

I said no more. When I rose to go, it was with a feeling of disappointment. We had not drawn at all near to each other, I had not even made the very confession I had come on purpose to make. I felt it must be done, or I should never regain my self-respect.

"Mary," I said, "I have no friends. I should like to make a friend of you, if you would let me. But I ought to tell you something before I ask you that. I behaved to you once when you knew nothing about it in a way that no one could help calling brutal. It was when you——" I hesitated, and felt my cheeks burning. Mary, calm as usual, helped me.

"Yes," she said, "I know all about that, Dr. Brough told me before he brought you here. At first it seemed cruel, but when I thought about it, it seemed to me you were frightened. You had never seen anything like that before. As to our being friends," here Mary smiled rather mournfully, "that is not possible. You could never be friends with me."

"Why not?" I said quickly. She seemed to me at this moment more as she had appeared the first time I had seen her. She thrilled me, touched my very heart in a way no one had ever done before. "Why not?" I cried again passionately. Yet though I said it, I felt in my secret heart that she was right. She smiled again, and shook her head. And I knew the idea had been romantic, foolish. The differences between us were too great. What would my mother say to such a friendship? What, indeed, should I have said but a few days ago?

ELLIE BEIGHTON.

Answers to Prayer.

It is often a matter of perplexity and discouragement to many earnest Christians that their petitions, humbly and trustfully offered, receive apparently no answer. They pray with their whole heart for guidance in some course of action; for deliverance from some trial or temptation, and yet no answering intimation of God's will, no protection from harm, seems to come to them.

The character of God, as unfolded to us in the Bible, and especially in the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the many promises recorded by those who felt their value and certainty, would lead us to believe that earnest prayer, offered in faith and with submission to God's will, must have some answer, and would make us suspect that the apparent want of response on God's part is due to the blindness which prevents our recognising the answer when sent.

We are too apt to expect that God will give what we request in a certain way which we have marked out for Him, instead of feeling that we must have our minds ready to receive answering messages of grace in characters far different from those which we have shaped for ourselves, and which it may take us years of trustful toil to decipher.

But prayers are answered in many ways. Sometimes the answer comes speedily, and we easily recognise that our request has been

granted. It is chiefly to simple childlike souls that such direct blessings are sent. They make every want a subject of daily prayer, and think nothing too small or mean to be brought before their Father, knowing that nothing is small, which affects a human life, and that daily cares, mean though they may appear, have great influence over the physical, and through that over the spiritual, life of man.

There are others, however, on whose souls such cares do not lie as a burden. Their needs are deeper and more subtle, and the answer to their prayers cannot be read so clearly, for it has no visible form. They are passing through a crisis in their lives, and they wrestle with God for guidance in the way they shall take, a way which will affect not *their* lives only, but the future of those dear to them. They pray fervently, but it seems that no answer comes. They fear to take as an answer feelings and promptings which arise in their hearts, lest they should be indications of their own wishes rather than of God's will. And so days pass on, and it seems as if God had veiled His will, and had left them, as mariners without a compass, drifting hither and thither, tossed by waves of doubt and uncertainty. This happens chiefly to those who, though striving after a Christian ideal, do not in all the little matters of life seek to know God's will. They trust to their own sense of right to lead them along the smoother ways without looking for the clue, visible to those only who seek it, but distinct to eyes made clear by a constant and loving search for truth. So, when the labyrinth of life becomes more tortuous and tangled, and many paths branch out, it seems increasingly difficult to know which is the right way, and eyes unaccustomed to look beyond self for help, find it hard to distinguish the signs by which God points out the way to His children. The answer to prayer comes to them by many silent indications, but they cannot perceive them, and instead of attributing this to their own blindness, they say bitterly that God does not reveal His will to them. As a loving child needs no word of command, but reads the father's wish in his face, or in the motion of his hand, so those who live in constant communion with God, see in every little event of their lives a revelation of His will concerning them.

We are frequently impatient of what seem to us delays in receiving the succour for which we pray, forgetting that God gives strength

and help *when* needed, not beforehand. He promises that "as our day our strength shall be," thus teaching us daily lessons of trustful dependence.

God sometimes does not give us the desire of our hearts, but He takes the desire itself from us, and thus satisfies our soul, even though He does not bestow what we implored. He shows us the injury that the fulfilment of our wishes would have done us, so that we gladly resign them, feeling that if God were literally to answer many of our hasty prayers our lives would be full of pain and misery. Do we not find, on the other hand, that temporal blessings which we desire are denied, while in their place richer and spiritual gifts are bestowed! that the cup of water is changed for one after drinking of which we shall never thirst again?—

"Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer—not that you longed for,
But diviner—will come one day:
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

But occasionally, God does give us what we ask. We wish our own will, not His, and He fulfils our demand. We obtain what we have passionately, wilfully implored, and we find that, instead of the joy and gratification we expected, we have that saddest experience of finding that our own way is full of pain, not pleasure; the golden apples, which we childishly grasped, have turned to bitter ashes in our mouths.

There are indeed some prayers for others, uttered fervently, tearfully for long years, which never receive any answer, and we see the soul for which we have prayed pass away, our longings for it, apparently, unfulfilled. Such must be left with sorrowful faith in the hand of Him who loves His creatures better than the most loving human heart can do, and who may reveal to us, when we look back on this life as a whole, the way in which, unseen by us, He worked. But let us take care that while we pray we also work, and that we do not tax God with failure in fulfilling His promises, while the fault lies in our own indolence and incapacity. Let us beware too of working against our prayers.

God sometimes answers our prayers for holiness in ways that seem strange and unaccountable to us. For years we have to bear bitter trial and temptation, and it seems as if our desire for purity and perfection is disregarded, till God reveals to us that the discipline through which we have been passing has itself been His answer to our request, that He has been using these means for the refining of our souls and the strengthening of our wills. We look too much for great things to affect our lives and to work out our desires, forgetting that God often slays the giant of sin by the hand of a child, and with a few small stones. Thus, as Archbishop Trench beautifully answers one complaining that his prayer had been unheard:—

“Oh, dull of heart!—enclosed doth lie
In each ‘Come, Lord!’ a ‘Here am I’;
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine—
Reflections of a love divine!
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.”

The earnest desire for a Christian life may carry us some steps in the way.

But to know God’s will, and thereby to pray aright, and to be able to discern His answer, we must make prayer, not an occasional thing, a weapon so seldom used that when hastily assumed in time of danger it is of little avail, but the habit of our lives, so that by daily, hourly communion with God, we learn His will and hear the slightest whisper of His Spirit, and see revelations of His grace to us in all around, in the great affairs of life, which are observed by others, and in the little events, unheeded but by the loving child who seeks to read his Father’s wish in everything. S. A. W.

Tombs, and their Lessons.

MEMORIAL TOMBS.

In the vicinity of Rome there exists a peculiar kind of cemetery, in the form of a deep quadrangular pit surrounded on all sides with small niches resembling pigeon-cotes, or *columbaria* as they are now called, in which were placed the urns that contained the ashes of departed Romans. The inscriptions on some of these are deeply interesting. Perhaps a mother’s on her child; a son’s deep grief

over a brave father ; or the tribute of some kind old Roman to the nurse who had watched over his infancy. Little infants : one a girl, of seven months and three days ; another, a boy, two years and eleven months, whom his mother styled her "sweetest son," have thus for 1700 years been waiting for at least a recognition in the pages of the archæologist, who might be hunting for minute varieties in the shape of a tablet or the phraseology of an epitaph.

That mysterious network of catacombs, which underlies the city of Rome, and stretches far into the Campagna, has recently received much attention from the authorities of the Pontifical government. Many elaborate works have been written on the subject ; and I refer to it here because, when in the course of their excavations for this purpose, the Christians came on one of the deep vaults, or *columbaria* which had been prepared for the reception of the heathen urns, they suddenly stopped in their work, and walled up the access that would thus have been afforded to their heathen persecutors. It is a mystery when, or how, these interminable excavations were effected, or what could have been done with the loads of earth, which must have been removed from beneath the surface. It is calculated by some of the Catholic antiquarians that there are nearly 900 miles of these tortuous windings threading the foundations of the seven-hilled city, and no fewer than seven millions of Christian graves, hollowing the rocks on which are now reared vast and splendid basilicas. It is difficult accurately to refer these to their proper date, and thus to draw any reliable conclusions as to the ecclesiastical forms, or theological dogmas, which were held by the persecuted Church of the Catacombs, but we know that here, in the heart of the earth holy men and women must have often been sheltered from the cruel massacres which took place. More than one bishop was hunted to this last retreat and while celebrating the holy Eucharist was inhumanly beheaded. The inscriptions over these buried Christians contrast grandly with the pompous yet dreary sentiments often inscribed over the Roman urns. Peace—Peace—Peace was written ever and anon over these graves of the noble army of martyrs, and light and joy still gleam out of these hidden sanctuaries of holy feeling and Christian hope.

In the Lateran Museum there is a large collection of these inscriptions, and of memorial tablets, which have been brought from the

catacombs, with the rude sculptured bas-reliefs in which these fathers and founders of the Christian Church of Europe expressed their faith and fear. Glorious memorials these, of the faith, the zeal, and fortitude, of holy men and women, whose spiritual life in its vigorous and noble growth rent the foundations of Paganism, and spread its healing and beauty over the desolate ruins. Thus, on one we read, "*Felicitas lived thirty-two years—she died in peace.*" On the one side there is a dove, and on the other a heart, transfixed by a spear. I observed one which seemed to me very beautiful; a little dove, with an olive branch in its mouth, and beside it the words, "*Basileia, in peace, lived eight years, two days.*"

Strange to say—no: it is not strange to us, but it is a grave difficulty for the Romanist to explain, that the representations on the sides of these sarcophagi pourtray many scenes from Scripture history, but the majority of them are representations of the Fall; the Flood; the dove bearing an olive branch; the story of Jonah, or the raising of Lazarus; and whereas in *one* of them, Saint Peter is presented receiving the keys, in at least *twenty*, he is either *denying his Master*, or is signalized by the presence of the warning cock. Moses often appears smiting the rock; the Good Shepherd watching over His sheep; the Magdalen anointing the feet of Jesus, or bathing them with her tears; but I saw no similitude of the Virgin Mary, no nimbus of glory traced around the heads of the Apostles, and scarcely a symbol, or a hint which could justify the innovations, and man-worship of the Papal Church.

It seems that between the fourth and the eighth centuries these catacombs were the resort of innumerable visitors, who have added their memorials to those of the martyrs; but in the ninth century from fear of the Lombards, the Popes encouraged the removal of the relics to more costly shrines, and the tombs were ransacked, and their occupants distributed as consecrating elements among the various churches of Italy. A passion for tomb-worship swept over the whole Roman Church. Gilded shrines were erected wherever this superstition was likely to increase the sanctity of particular spots. Holy places and holy things have, there is reason to fear, often been substituted for holy lives and eternal truths.

The church of St. Peter itself professes to be a tomb erected over the supposed remains of the most distinguished of the Apostles. The

mighty dome blazing with gold and precious marbles appears suspended over the crypt in which, surrounded by 120 ever burning golden lamps, the Apostolic martyr is said to sleep ; and the sentence, "Thou art Peter ; on this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," wrought in blue mosaic on a golden ground, in letters each six feet in length, forms the apparent basement of the dome. From every part of the church, some portion of that sentence can be read.

Almost all the principal churches in Rome derive their subordinate sanctity from the presence of a consecrated relic, the mouldering fragment of some precious bone. A curious discourse might be delivered on these relics of the past, many of them deriving their interest, not from their genuineness, or authenticity, but from their age-long history. Thus, though no possible reliance can be placed in the story of the "invention of the Cross," there is no doubt that a considerable portion of that piece of decayed wood, which in the days of Constantine was believed to be the true cross, is treasured in the Basilica of St. Peter ; that the iron crown of Monza, and the shrine of the three kings at Cologne ; the tomb of St. Mark at Venice ; of St. John at Ephesus ; of St. Irenæus at Lyons ; of Aaron on Mount Hor ; and the shrine of the tooth of Buddha in the temple of Candy, have each a long and interesting history of their own, altogether distinct from the question of their identity with that which they profess to be.

Before quitting the subject of the memorial tombs of individuals, I cannot refrain from briefly alluding to two other modes of interment, each having its own peculiarities, both of which I happen to have visited. One is the grave of St. Carlo Borromeo beneath the marble temple of Milan. This venerated and popular archbishop of the sixteenth century, to whom Milan owes, among other things, the completion of its grand cathedral, was virtually mummied ; he was then clothed with sumptuous archiepiscopal attire ; the mitre was placed on his skinny scalp ; the crosier in his withered hand ; a splendid ring upon his shrivelled fingers, and the whole was enclosed in a coffin of transparent crystal ; whosoever will now pay a few francs for the sight, may have an opportunity of inspecting at leisure this disgusting lesson on the vanity of human greatness. In contrast to this we may mention the curious practice of the Capuchin friars, who boil their dead in some strong antiseptic, bake them in an oven, then

clothe them in their long serge gown, confined with a girdle of rope, and having hung their well-thumbed rosary on the withered fingers, arrange them in the open niches of a subterranean chapel. In one of the Capuchin monasteries in Malta, there is a fine collection of these semi-cooked individuals. After a year or two they become unable to stand as they were at first placed, then they are for a time suspended, and finally in ghastly submission they are doubled together and laid in heaps in their rags to moulder into dust. Their brethren and successors perambulate these avenues, show the visitor the niches which they in turn expect to fill, and ask one another "how father so-and-so is going on," as though this prolonged and visible corruption were a species of life and work. This practice is strangely characteristic of a faith which has clung with such morbid tenacity to dead men's bones, and deserted living men's souls; which often makes more of the ceremonies under which a man dies, than of the faith and holiness in which he has lived.

We will now press further up the stream of time to those tombs which throw much light on the age in which they were constructed, and the people of whom they are memorials. Of this class, few perhaps are more interesting than those of the Etruscans, a people who had reached the climax of their grandeur at the era of the foundation of Rome in the eighth century before Christ. I regret that I am unable to speak from personal inspection of these treasure-houses of antiquity, and I will therefore refer those who desire such information to the fascinating volumes of Mrs. Hamilton Gray and Mr. G. Dennis on "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," and will proceed to a description of the tombs of Egypt, many of which I have visited and observed.

The tombs of Egypt, though they fail to give us much definite information concerning the individuals who were deposited within them, are replete with memorials of the age in which they were excavated and adorned. Their general characteristics are by no means difficult to describe, although exceptions must be made with respect to the Pyramids and some of the tombs in their immediate vicinity. Generally speaking, the Egyptian tombs were excavated in the rock; some of them were caves, having stones rolled to the door; many were mere shapeless chambers, a few feet square, with a low rude roof and with niches cut for the reception of sarcophagi, while others consisted

of long galleries and numerous compartments, one within another, varied in extent and grandeur, conducting at length to the palace-cavern that had been adorned through a long reign by the ambition, the foreboding, the faith, or the superstition of a Rameses or an Amunoph.

Along the whole course of the Nile, from the quarries of Massarah to the rock temple of Abou-simbal, dark spots are seen at intervals in the sides of the precipitous cliffs or shelving rocks, which rise in greater or less proximity to the river's side. As a general rule, those which are the most conspicuous from the river, contain nothing of great interest, and many of the most richly decorated caves present in the distance no token of their treasures. The celebrated tombs of Beni-Hassan are of the latter class; they consist of eighteen excavations on the ledge of rock. Some of them were never completed, but they all exhibit more finish and ornament than the generality of tombs in their neighbourhood. The roofs of several are supported by fluted columns of considerable beauty, and the entrance divided by others of a different form. They are of very great age, having been constructed in the time of the twelfth dynasty of Theban kings. Their interior walls are covered with beautiful pictures ranged in parallel lines, descriptive of the manners and customs of their builders and occupants. We see here how they sowed and reaped and gathered into barns, what kind of houses they occupied, the number of their children, servants, and cattle, the food they ate, the battles they fought, the game they killed, the music, the dancing, and other diversions which beguiled their leisure. As we gaze, we feel as if we knew much about these people, and we realize that they were our brethren. From their entrance we can look down on the grand old river and see its fertile shores of emerald green, still unchanged perhaps, from what they were when the first occupant of these tombs lived and laboured and died upon them. Many of the Egyptian tombs consist of a series of chambers opening one into another, and it often happens that the name of the king, in whose reign their first occupant was conveyed with solemn pomp to his final abode, has been fortunately preserved. In others we find the record of some event of national or local interest, which must have been enacted at the time. Thus they do something towards revealing the history of the nation, as well as the life of the individuals whose remains they enclosed.

Prodigious care was taken by the Egyptians to preserve the corpses of their friends from dissolution, their notion being that so long as the body retained its apparent individuality, the spirit was also kept distinct from all other spirits. Should the conservation outlast the cycle of changes and transmigrations, the once favoured relics would receive again the same informing spirit and a blessed immortality. Into the mouths and under the armpits, and in every practicable space of the resinous limbs, they inserted images of the gods, charms, or representations of the dead man in the form of a divinity. Pots of wheat, barley, dhoura, and other grain have also been found in the tombs, as well as papyri full of information concerning the ritual for the dead, or some fulsome enumeration of the virtues of the deceased. It is strange that these elaborate attempts to fight against death, and to keep profane hands from even touching their sacred clay, have created the fascination which has induced the explorers of later ages to rifle and to scatter them.

A great deal may be learned from the storied walls of these tombs as to the way in which those generations passed their lives, and perhaps I may present some of this information most pleasantly by stringing it together around the supposed history of an old Egyptian gentleman of 3,500 years ago, premising that all the particulars came under my own observation in one or other of the tombs. We will suppose him to have been born with a fair inheritance and estates, which were sometimes very fruitful in those years, when a high inundation of the Nile brought nothing but wealth and prosperity to the agriculturist. He was affluent and at liberty to amuse himself in various ways and to distribute gifts lavishly around him. From some scenes, it may be conjectured that he was fond of his farm, and may, like Boaz, have gone into the fields of the reapers, and spoken friendly words to them, while they possibly returned the salutation.

But he had a variety of other diversions; he would frequently go down to the river, and, attended by his servants, would amuse himself with fishing, either in the river or in ponds or sluices for fish on his own estates. It is evident that he sometimes preferred the river for this sport, as we infer from the representations we see of the hippopotamus and crocodile in uncomfortable proximity. In these aquatic excursions he was often accompanied by the ladies of his family, and one of the sculptures exhibits a lady steadying the boat.

by grasping the high stalk of a lotus plant. Occasionally he amused himself with fowling; the decoy bird, the net, the thrown stick, the sling appear frequently among the representations of his amusements, and the abundance of ducks, geese, pigeons, and other birds no doubt rendered this a favourite sport. There were seasons, however, when our old friend preferred more quiescent pastime, and now and then we find him sitting quietly at the door of his summer-house, or indulging in a nap on a comfortable drawing-room couch. The forms of these couches were varied, and the materials often costly and elegant, such as ebony, inlaid with ivory or other valuable materials.

In process of time the memorable day arrived, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," when he took to himself a wife. In celebration of this event a great feast was given, and a large party of friends gathered to offer their congratulations. The bride and bridegroom are represented as sitting on one chair to receive guests, each of whom on arriving was presented with a lotus flower and a change of raiment. It is curious that then, as now, some of the guests used to arrive late, and chariots are represented as being driven up evidently at the last moment. They amused themselves, not as we often do in the present day by dancing or performing on musical instruments themselves, but by having these things done for them by hired performers. We perceive from the sculptures in the tombs that these musical instruments were the tambourine, double pipe, cymbals, harp, and darabooka—a kind of drum still used in Egypt. These were often played in chorus, showing us that they knew something of the combination of sounds, if not of harmony. A variety of other amusements prevailed among these assemblies. The throwing of balls, fencing with the double-stick, and every variety of wrestling were common. The games of draughts and chess were resorted to in the retirement of the palace and the harem, and we may infer that the pleasure of reading must have been known (at least, by the higher classes), for we read of endowed schools and extensive libraries. From the inscriptions we learn much of the assumptions of the priesthood, and certainly, if the art of reading the hieroglyphics had not been understood and the symbolism generally read, it would have been impossible to have found skilled labour enough to have produced them. Immense numbers in every generation must have been employed in this colossal effort. The tombs give us also other aspects of the life of

the old Egyptian. He sometimes starts on a voyage of pleasure, and his boat sticks in the mud (just as boats do now), and vigorous are the efforts, and sometimes tedious is the process of dislodging and floating it again; or during the inundation his cattle are swept away, and possibly his servants or children overwhelmed by the might of the waters, and only brought home to be mummified and interred in his tomb. Then, perhaps, the rats invade his granaries and devour his corn; or the years of famine come; or stranger princes sweep across the desert and crowd with hostile navies the life-giving river; his crops are trampled down by the enemy; his servants prove deceptive, rendering him false accounts of his hoards of grain or gold; he is obliged to have them bastinadoed with a thong made of the hippopotamus hide. The priests tell him in his time of prosperity to render his thank-offerings to the gods, and he is constantly represented as coming into their presence, with offerings of gold, or incense, or costly gifts.

But the time comes at length when this good old man must die, and amid the tears of his children and friends he passes away into the unseen world. They make lamentation for him seventy days. His body is embalmed during these seventy days, and an additional forty days were occupied with this process, and when the examination into his character is completed, he is received into *Amenti*, and his body is carried amid a long procession illumined by aromatic torches, and laid in the splendid tomb which he spent his life in preparing.

Many of the tombs have long since been rifled of their tenants and despoiled of their ornaments, and are now inhabited by Arab families. In order to visit one of the most interesting tombs of Thebes, one is obliged to harry off birds, dogs, and naked children, and under the influence of such companions, the charcoal smoke, and all the appliances of an Egyptian fellah's abode, the pictures and hieroglyphics in some of the rarest tombs are rapidly becoming, in these last years, illegible.

The various purposes to which these tombs have been turned since the passing away of the idolatrous and superstitious rites of which they preserve the memory, is extraordinary. In some of them the hermits of the early Christian Church took up their abode, and in many places we may still see the memorials of a period when the true God was reverently worshipped even in these chambers of

imagery. Crosses rudely traced by Christian hands may often be seen, obscuring the idolatrous ceremonies that were originally traced upon the walls, and in one chamber I saw written in the Coptic language the words, "God is Love," and other similar inscriptions mingled among the ancient hieroglyphics of the tomb. I copied the following from a tomb in Thebes :—

" God the true is Love.

Jesus is the Christ.

Jesus the Christ and the Deliverer is the true God."

H. R. R.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Cumbered about much Serving.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labour
As leaves no time for *resting at His feet* ;
The waiting attitude of expectation,
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart ;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence,
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

At times we wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call *work* can find an entrance ;
There's only room to suffer—to endure !

Well, God loves patience ! Souls that dwell in *stillness*,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see !
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet, He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to *such* He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatsoe'er He bids thee,
Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He leads us,
If in it all we seek to do His will!

Literary Notices.

History of the Rise of the Huguenots. By HENRY M. BAIRD, Professor in the University of the City of New York. In Two Volumes. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This portion of the history of the great struggle between fanatic intolerance and the inalienable rights of conscience has been very frequently investigated. Its main incidents and contending forces were strangely blended with the general history, not only of France, but of Spain and England, of Geneva and the Low Countries; and therefore the historians of Philip and Elizabeth, of the Papacy and the Reformation, of the Venetian State and of the Dutch Republic, have threshed the subject for every grain of historical verity. Moreover, the biographers of Francis and Charles, of Calvin and Beza, of Jeanne D'Albret and Henry of Navarre, of Marot and de Coligny, and a score of others, have gone over the same ground. Professor Baird nevertheless justly claims to have made an independent examination, not only of the literature in many languages, but of the enormous mass of state papers, and of edited and inedited correspondence between the courts of Europe during the sixteenth century, and he has produced a work of permanent value and great importance, which will take honourable place by the side, not only of the labours of his distinguished fellow-countryman, Mr. Motley, but by those of the most brilliant of Frenchmen, or the most ponderous or comprehensive of the German historians of the period.

The author has brought to his task a dispassionate and impartial mind,

and is not afraid to rebuke those with whom his sympathies obviously lie, nor does he exaggerate faults in the objects of his moral loathing, where temptation or difficulties of an insurmountable kind would seem to justify a more lenient judgment. It is, moreover, refreshing to read the work of a great scholar, and master of the historical period, who can see the difference between the bloodthirsty furies who were hounded on to deeds of unutterable brutality, insufferable meanness, and reiterated massacre, by the chiefs and leaders of Catholic Christendom, and the occasional reprisals of the trampled sufferers when their enemies came into their power. He does not scruple to record the excesses of iconoclastic zeal, nor the murders which sometimes disgraced and sullied the Huguenot arms; but he knows better than with Froude to make the Protestant preachers and the maddened peasants, with Calvin, Beza, and Coligny, equally responsible with the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Guises, and the wretched brood of Catherine de Medici, for the infernal spirit which seemed to have taken possession of the French people during that drama of treachery and blood.

It is difficult to write or even think with equanimity of that dark and troublous time, or even to put oneself into a position in which to understand the diabolical passions which seethed in the breasts of those assassins and poisoners of religious and political opponents, when they found a power among them and around which they could not compel to yield to their tyranny. The persecutions of Valerian, of Decius Trajan and Galerius, seem positively gentle and straightforward in their incidence, by the side of the ruthless massacre of innocent children and unoffending villagers, the orgies of torture, assassination and lust, the perfidy and crime which culminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Professor Baird brings the story down to the awful death of Charles IX., and leaves the reader longing for a continuation of the history, at least to the Edict of Nantes, by the same able, conscientious, and vigorous writer.

The first of these volumes, after a very instructive preliminary sketch, opens the tragedy with a succinct account of the relations of Francis I. and his sister, Margaret of Angoulême, it explains the origin of the Reformed Church in Navarre under the latter's influence, and the kindly feeling cherished by Francis,—notwithstanding his desire to deserve the title of "Very Christian King,"—towards some of the early French Reformers. More than once he saved Louis de

Berquin from the clutches of the Sorbonne, but the bravery of the man was too much for the monarch, and he fell an early victim to his own courage in denouncing the idolatry of the mass.

A very interesting and concise account is given of Calvin, his early training, his sacred and secular learning, and of the almost superhuman power involved in a youth of twenty-seven years composing the "Institutes," in a style which makes him not only a master, but almost the father of French prose; of his government, and of the wisdom and graciousness of his counsels. The curious intercourse between Melancthon and Du Bellay is introduced, in which Melancthon endeavoured to draw up articles of agreement between the two churches, which, if they had seen the open day, would have been rejected with contumely alike by German or French Reformers, and by the authorities of the Vatican. Nevertheless, they show the spirit of conciliation of which on many occasions Philip Melancthon gave such signal illustration. Professor Baird recites in fact the history of the reigns of Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX.; the career of Catherine de Medici as queen and queen-mother, acting the part of virtual sovereign during the reigns successively of her sons Francis II. and Charles IX. Our author sketches the rise of the Huguenot party, and the great princes and statesmen who either abetted, openly favoured, or bravely adopted the faith of the Reformers. The great conflict for influence between the Guises and the Chatillons, between the House of Bourbon and that of Valois, brings the great princes of the blood, the High Constable Montmorency, the Chancellor d'Hospital, and the High Admiral de Coligny, into the tableau.

The hero of the two volumes is of course the Admiral, the modern Cato, whose vast abilities, lofty integrity, simple faith, Roman courage, Christian trust and purity, make him to the French Reformation what William the Silent was to the Northern revolt against the organised hypocrisy of the Vatican and of the Catholic king.

In one respect Catherine does not appear to be so inexcusably depraved as those representations of her suggest, which imply extraordinary mental powers, deeply-laid plots, and long-premeditated catastrophes. Professor Baird reveals her vacillation, her undisciplined mind, her inability to foresee consequences, her utter lack of high education, or of any principle, religious or political, her habit of allowing events and complications to drift on, and her unscrupulousness in

adopting any measures day by day which might aggrandize her family, fulfil an astrological prophecy, or promote the whim or the scheme of the hour. Her mode of deliberately debauching, by the aid of her maids of honour, the princes whom she wished to twirl round her finger, her curious obstinacy or political scheming in promoting a colloquy between the Reformed divines and the cardinals at Poissy, her deplorable inconsistencies in the offer of two of her sons in marriage to the heretic Elizabeth of England; her inability to match Philip in diplomacy, and her infinite obtuseness, to say nothing of her malicious villainy in the final catastrophe of August, 1572, take from her any claim to the clear-seeing but fell purpose of Jezebel, or that blending of cruel ambition with conscience and natural affection which inspires some reverence even for Lady Macbeth. Our author takes some pains to show that the plot of the massacre of all Protestants by lulling them into false security, which has often been attributed to Catherine, cannot be proved. Indeed, he thinks that the supposition of such a plot being hatched at Bayonne, where Philip and Alva, Henry of Navarre, and Charles and others, were present, is positively disproved by numerous documents now brought to light; nor does he think that any proof exists of the long treasuring of the design as a distinct intention. Still, the Pope and cardinals and Catholic king had never ceased to speak of such extirpation as a glorious virtue and great necessity. The three civil wars which preceded the Peace of St. Germain, and the marriage of Henry of Navarre to the sister of Charles, with their pauses of so-called peace and perfidy, and the outbreak of devilish malice which led to the attempted murder of Coligny by the Guises and Catherine, and then to the inhuman barbarousness of the actual murder of the Protestant nobles and the Parisian massacres, and those in the provinces, are all told with great and startling effect. Finally, we have the execration of England and Germany, the jubilation of the Pope and of Philip over the most criminal and atrocious series of crimes ever committed, and the momentous fact, that in spite of the thousands of murders in cold blood in all parts of France, by direct order of the half-maddened king, the Huguenots were not destroyed, and were able to enforce the most extraordinary terms on their would-be murderers.

Let this history be read. We may have outgrown the ghastly in-

cidents of religious persecution, and Rome herself is ashamed of the sins to which she lent her enthusiastic patronage, but it is well to study the melancholy demonstration of the spirit which would call down fire from heaven on those who cannot see with our eyes, or worship at our altars; it is well to read what conscience can do, how bravely it can resist, and how calmly it can suffer; it is well to ponder the providence of God, and see how such sins recoil on the power which commits them. It is well to remember the story of the Huguenots and the extinction of the house of Valois, when Rome boasts of herself as the Holy Mother of all charity, and the perennial fountain of infallible truth. It is well to do so under the guidance of a writer who knows and loves the truth, who sets down naught in malice, and who has, with commendable industry and great power of condensation and expression, crowded into these volumes the labours of a lifetime.

The Religions of China. Confucianism and Taoism Described and Compared with Christianity. By JAMES LEGGE, Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature in the University of Oxford. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This volume consists of Four Lectures delivered in the Presbyterian College, London, by one of the most learned students of Chinese Literature which this or any other European country has produced. Professor Legge has not here essayed the task of estimating Chinese Buddhism, or comparing it with Christianity. He has confined his attention to the two State religions which have a much greater antiquity in China than Buddhism can claim, and which, moreover, are of home growth. Over them and intertwined with them, making a more direct appeal than they to the common religious instinct, Buddhism, though of foreign origin, has extensively prevailed as a vast fungoid or parasite; but it has neither extinguished nor superseded the essentially Chinese conceptions of life and duty, of propriety and etiquette which are embodied in the older national faith. Dr. Legge has made important contributions to our knowledge of the religious character of the earliest Chinese speculations of which Confucius was but the collector, editor, and sponsor. In a careful examination of the primitive written characters, and of their significance and application, Dr. Legge sees primeval witness to a true monotheism among

these fathers of the race. He thinks that when a dualistic quasi-panththeistic reverence for "Heaven and Earth" took the place of terms which meant the "Supreme Ruler" and the "God over all," that still the sense of subordination to the Supreme Being was preserved; and that in the solstitial services and sacrifices—which are not expiatory, but eucharistic—offered by the Emperor, not as a Priest, but as a representative of the whole people, there is witness borne to these sublime and deeply-laid principles of all philosophy, ethic, and religion. Our author's teachings on this point are of immense significance in view of numerous modern speculations on the science of comparative religion, and will untwist many finely-spun and perilous theories. The lectures on the moral teaching of Confucius and his place in the history of Chinese thought, on his virtual agnosticism on the subject of the future life, and on the ground and true basis either of moral or religious observance are highly important.

Professor Legge has thrown fresh and startling light on the strange phenomenon of Tàoism. This method of thought existed, according to him, as a polytheistic religion long before the time when Láo-tse, its reputed founder, and the creator of the celebrated *Táo-king* either lived or wrote. It is difficult to trace any connection whatever between the superstitious ideas, magical rites, idolatrous services, wild and foolish fears of the Táo religion, and the philosophic breadth, the mystic grandeur, and cold, dry sublimity of the sacred book of the community. At all events, according to Dr. Legge, that book contains no inculcation of religious thought or observance. History rather than Philosophy may explain the positive relation between them.

The comparison of Confucianism and Tàoism with Christianity is impressive and suggestive; as is also the writer's estimate of the enormous blank left by Chinese sages in their treatment of themes which have transcendent interest to every human being.

This volume would have been far more useful, or at least comprehensible, if the illustrious translator of the *Histories of China* and their earliest Chinese commentators, had given in an introductory lecture a brief sketch of the historical platform on which this vast problem of life has been propounded. To ordinary English students the dynasties, their chronological order, their seats, their leading

characteristics, are all unknown elements: yet the pith and force of the book involves these facts. Even such a table as Dean Milman prefixed to the Books of his History of Latin Christianity would be of great utility.

Congregational History, 1850-1880. Fifth volume, completing the work. By JOHN WADDINGTON, D.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

Dr. Waddington has in this volume brought down his chronicles of Congregational churches and ministers, his record of their enterprises and missions, their unions and their occasional conflicts, from the year 1850 to the present day. We have biographical or *in memoriam* notices both of the living and the dead. Speeches and addresses on every topic that interests Congregationalists are drawn from forgotten newspapers or pamphlets. Great principles dear to us all are illustrated, and names are gracefully canonized. We have been specially struck with the way in which Angell James, Alfred Vaughan, and David Livingstone are made to live again and die again for our profit. We cannot praise the arrangement of the material, and we lament the absence of an index to the volume, which from its agreeable, chatty character, and the multitude of fragrant memories which it conserves, will nevertheless be read with much interest.

A History of Christian Doctrines. By the late Dr. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor of Theology, Basel. Translated from the fifth and last German Edition, with additions from other sources, and with an introduction by E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

Students have long been familiar with this work in its numerous editions and translations. The classified information packed into these pages, and the abundant literary suggestions supplied by the original writer and his translators, render this history a *vade mecum* to those who would trace the progress of Christian ideas from the Apostolic times to our own. The references to European and American literature give a special value to this early volume of the new series of the Foreign Theological Library. "The true criticism of dogma," said Strauss, "is its history." This is both smartly put, and partially true. In such history we learn to discriminate the

fundamental from the ephemeral, the realities from the shadows, the perilous tendencies of thought from the passing winds of doctrine, and moreover to discern with clear eye and calm conviction the truth common to contending doctors and opposing communities.

The Biblical Museum. A Collection of Notes Explanatory and Homiletic, Illustrative of Holy Scriptures, especially designed for the Use of Ministers, Bible Students, and Sunday-school Teachers. By James Comper Gray. Volumes VII. and VIII. (Elliot Stock.) The volumes of this original series of Biblical illustrations which are before us contain the Solomonic literature and the Book of Isaiah. As a companion to practical and to exegetic commentaries, they will be useful in the hands of those who want varied illustrations of Biblical ideas: but when it comes to the putting the whole of Campbell's lines on the Battle of Hohenlinden as an illustration of Isaiah xxxvii. 36, and a page descriptive of Cortez and his doings with Montezuma as some presumable help in dealing with verses 37, 38 of the same chapter, and when the 'best part of another page is filled by a description of the fashion of covering and unveiling the arm as illustrative of Isaiah liii. 1, we have some question whereunto this kind of thing may grow. The notes require caution and common sense, taste, ingenuity, and fine tact properly to utilize. These faculties are not universal.—*History of Judah and Israel from the Birth of Solomon to the Death of Ahab.* By Alfred Edersheim, D.D. (Religious Tract Society.) This is the fifth volume of a series of very great interest. Large space is devoted to the career of Solomon, the features of the temple, and the tendencies at work which led to the disruption of the monarchy; so, also, a portion of the mission of Elijah is set in fine contrast to the weakness and treachery of Ahab.—*The Human Body and its Functions. A Second Course of Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association.* By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) A marvellously clear and well-arranged handbook to the study of physiology, with admirable hints here and there which may lead readers to estimate at its proper worth, much of the popular materialism of the day. We should rejoice to hear of its wide circulation.—*Robert Raikes and his Scholars.* By Mrs. H. B. Paull. (Sunday School Union.) The story of this devoted, sensible, God-sent man cannot be told too often in the year of the centenary of Sunday-schools.

and Mrs. Paull has done it admirably. The volume is well illustrated.—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have recently published, *Discourses on the Book of Revelation*. By Rev. Alex. Gregory, M.A. The truths symbolically presented in the Apocalypse are admirably brought out and enforced in these discourses. Instead of perplexing the mind with fanciful theories, they refresh and strengthen it for the service of God.—*The Winthrop Family: a Story of New England Life Fifty Years Ago*. By Clara A. Willard. This tale of home-life contains some beautiful pictures of family religion. The phases of Grace's experience show that true social refinement is in harmony with spiritual excellence.—*Sunday Readings for a Year*. By James Large. These meditations upon different aspects of our Lord's character, relations, and work, are particularly suitable for cottage readings—the house of many a peasant and artisan will be the better for them.—*The Difficulties of the Soul*. By W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. In his Church of England Mission services, the author has often found the awakened beset with spiritual difficulties. The discernment with which he states and meets them, renders his work useful for other evangelists.—*Better than Gold; or, the Precious Blood of Christ*. By H. D. Brown. An earnest plea for the sinner's trustful surrender of himself to the Redeemer.

The Late Rev. Samuel B. Bergne.

NOTHING was more distasteful to the subject of this brief notice than to hear himself praised. When at the height of his influence in the Bible Society, he would shake his head if any spoke in commendation of his work, and deprecate all such references with an earnestness that showed they gave him pain, as contradicting his conviction often expressed—"I am nothing, nothing." So far did this modesty extend, that in his last illness it was of little avail to tell him he was serving God by his patient suffering; for he could not be brought to think that his example could count for much with others.

It would, therefore, be very inappropriate to allude to Mr. Bergne in exaggerated terms. Yet equally wrong would it be to pass by in silence, a life that abounded in the fruits of the Spirit, and in works of usefulness. In these pages he deserves the more grateful mention,

as having for thirty-five years been one of the Managers of the Evangelical Magazine Fund, and for twenty years its Treasurer.

Samuel Brodribb Bergne entered the Congregational ministry from Highbury College, in the year 1831, at the age of twenty-five. His first pastorate at Newland Chapel, Lincoln, was happy and successful; and he is still remembered by many in that city with warm attachment. A portrait of him taken in those early days shows the same grave and commanding, yet genial, aspect that his face wore to the close of life. In 1846 he accepted the pastorate of the Poultry Chapel, London, where he was immediate predecessor of the late Dr. Spence; and there the same high tone marked his ministry, every sermon being carefully prepared and written out, while his reputation was steadily growing as an able preacher and thorough worker in all he undertook.

These characteristics recommended him to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and in its jubilee year, 1853, he was invited to become joint Secretary, as representing the Nonconformist part of its constituency. The choice was amply vindicated by the progress made by the Society during his tenure of office. Its work, as represented by income and expenditure, was doubled, the number of versions of the Scriptures upon its list more than doubled, its fields of labour multiplied in the twenty-six years in which he was its faithful and indefatigable leader. In the earlier part of his secretarial life he used to preach and speak in various parts of the country with great effect; but as the work at the Bible House increased, he could spare less time for outdoor labour; and it was this devotion to what had now become the one object of his life, that withdrew his active help from those denominational interests to which his sympathies always remained loyal.

The sudden death of two of his brothers eight years ago gave the first blow to his strength, and aroused the fears of a finely-strung and sensitive nature. He had long been accustomed to repeat as he went to the Bible House in the morning—

“Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go;”

and he now added another hymn that betokened the attitude of his soul—

“When I can read my title clear.”

He began to shrink from the foreign journeys which had been the

means of incalculable good to the Bible Society's work on the Continent, and with unselfish care for its interests he sought a younger man who might be associated with him in the work, and trained to become his successor. When such a helper was found, nothing could be more generous than the way in which he aimed to make him sharer in the confidence of the Committee which he had won for himself in an absolute degree. Relieved by the assistance thus secured, he was enabled to continue at his post until last autumn, when the Committee, reluctant to part with one who possessed such a mastery of their work, and was so universally beloved, requested him to accept the position of Consulting Secretary.

Early in December, however, the rupture of a blood-vessel brought on an illness to which he gradually succumbed, though the strength of his constitution prolonged the struggle until he yearned to be taken, "weary pilgrim" as he called himself, to rest. Throughout his illness his patience and submission were beautiful to witness. "I must wait God's time," he would say, "He knows best"; or, "Christ is my all in all; may He be so to the very end!"

On Monday, the 19th of July, he was unable to articulate, and it became evident that his almost daily prayer—"Oh, that my God would take me to-night," was about to be granted. He had more than once said when the blinds were drawn up in his room—"Not too much light; there will be plenty of that soon;" and that evening he passed into the eternal light. The funeral at Norwood Cemetery on the following Saturday was, in accordance with his wish, of the simplest kind. The services were conducted by his two oldest ministerial friends, Dr. Stoughton and the Rev. Joshua C. Harrison; and the mourners included all his colleagues at the Bible House, and many others who had known his public or private life.

C. E. B. R.

Senatus Academicus of the Associated Congregational Colleges of England and Wales.

THE first examination, conducted by examiners appointed by this distinguished and important Board, was held in the month of June at the several colleges where students were prepared to submit themselves to these high-class tests of theological ability. The ex-

amination covered an extensive range of reading in theology—biblical, systematic, and historical—in introduction to important books of the Old and New Testament, and exegesis of the original Scriptures; in philosophy and ethics, in ecclesiastical history, and in the theory of homiletics and the composition of a homily or an essay

Four colleges have competed, sending among them twenty-four students. The number of the colleges and students taking part in the effort will, in course of time, be considerably augmented. The practical effect of the movement will, as we confidently anticipate, be the formation of a theological university of the Free Churches of England, a course which will greatly stimulate the pursuit of biblical and theological knowledge, and prevent the Queen of the Sciences from being concealed behind the imposing array of her rivals and friends. Whatever contributes to this result will be of service to the Kingdom of Christ. Our young ministers must pursue to ever greater lengths their serious studies, if they would hold their ground in days when science and poetry, literature and art, boldly challenge the place which religion has hitherto held in the heart of man. We consider the first active work done by the *Senatus Academicus* to be the beginning of an extremely important movement, and believe it to be the first step towards what may prove a national recognition of indubitable abilities in these high themes. It therefore gives us pleasure to publish the first examination list.

EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1880.

I. DIVISION (Arranged in Order of Merit).

Hooker, Joseph N., *Cheshunt*, prize of £20. Holder, H. W., *Lancashire*, and Tarbolton, Alfred Capes, *New*, equal, prizes of £10 each. Wolstencroft, James Samuel, *New*, prize of £10. Webedal, W. J., *Lancashire*; Bennett, Alfred W., *Cheshunt*; Pearson, S., *Lancashire*; Moore, F., *Lancashire*; Jenkins, William, *Brecon*; Davies, Timothy E., *Brecon*; Duthie, D. W., *Lancashire*; Adams, Benjamin W., *Cheshunt*; Evans, Robert, *Brecon*; Johnston, J., *Lancashire*; Hockett, Arthur Samuel, *New*.

II. DIVISION (Arranged Alphabetically).

Adams, Joseph, *New*; Fraser, J., *Lancashire*; Haigh, J., *Lancashire*; Hughes, Thomas, *Brecon*; Jones, Stephen, *Brecon*; Jones, William, *Brecon*; Whitly, Henry, *Brecon*.

J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A., *Registrar*.

It is obvious that these measures cannot be taken without involving the *Senatus* in certain definite expenses, which the thoughtful members of our churches and friends of our colleges will, we have no doubt, be willing to provide.

[SEPTEMBER, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—A Ten Days' Trip in the Hupé Province.

BY THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN, OF HANKOW, CHINA.

IN my last report, the conversion of a scholar named Tung Tsing-Kwan was mentioned, and some particulars were given as to the way whereby he was brought to a knowledge of the truth. It was stated that, nearly four years since, Tung spent some weeks in the hospital, became interested in the Gospel, and provided himself with copies of all the religious and scientific books which he could purchase at Hankow. Being a B.A., he had to attend the Triennial Examinations held at Wu-Chang in the autumn of last year. On his arrival at this place he made himself known to me as a believer in Christ, and whilst the examinations were going on he attended the Sunday services regularly. Before his departure he was admitted into our communion by baptism in the presence of a very large congregation. About two months ago he sent me a very encouraging letter respecting the work as carried on by himself in his native district, and begged me to send one of the native brethren to inspect it and render him the needful aid for a few days. In response to this welcome request our evangelist, Chang, was sent, and when he returned he brought with him news which greatly cheered all our hearts. My object in leaving home on this occasion was to visit this young Christian, and to encourage him in his work.

Tung's home is in the district of King-Shan, about one hundred miles to the north-west of Hankow. To get there I had to pass through portions of six populous districts, and thus had sovereign opportunities of scattering widely the Divine seed. I left Hankow on the 13th of April, accompanied by my friend Mr. Foster as far as the Kie-King River. We talked on all imaginable subjects, and the walk of ten miles across the plain seemed to

me shorter than I had ever found it before. The boats at this place are, at their best, but sorry crafts, and more than once has it been my lot to have to put up with strange accommodations on this river. The less said about my experiences in this respect on this occasion the better. The boat was narrow, low, and open at both ends. Even to sit in it without stooping was impossible. In the circumstances, what was to be done but go to bed? I ordered some boiling water, made myself a cup of tea, got my bedding spread out, hung up my great-coat behind my head as a protection from the wind, and turned in for the night. Fortunately, the boatmen worked all night, and the breezes were propitious. On the following day we arrived betimes at the city of Hiau-Kan, where I found a quiet resting-place in the home of Siau, our native evangelist. The rain, which began to descend during the night, continued all day, and compelled me to keep within doors till the following morning.

HIAU-KAN—A CONTRAST.

The third day was spent by Siau and myself in preaching and selling books in the streets of the city. Multitudes heard the Gospel, not a few books were purchased, and the work was carried on with as much quietness and safety as it is in the streets of Hankow. A great change has come over the inhabitants of this city since my first appearance among them. On that occasion the excitement was tremendous. I was followed through the narrow streets by an immense crowd of curious, noisy people, among whom not a few appeared to regard the foreigner with strong suspicion and aversion. Repeated visits to the city, accompanied by an open proclamation of the truth in the principal thoroughfares, have wrought a wonderful transformation. The following extract of a letter sent me by Mr. Archibald, one of the agents of the Scotch Bible Society in these parts, will give you an idea of what I mean. "I am now," writes Mr. A., "in the city of Hiau-Kan. As Siau is about to leave for Hankow I take the opportunity of sending you a note, congratulating you on the work in this region. When I contrast my first visit to this city with the present, though it is not yet two years since, I cannot but be struck with the change. The progress made is more than I expected to see in my day. Instead of being hunted from corner to corner, and treated with all sorts of insolence, until I was glad to get to my boat again, I this time found a house ready to accommodate me, and lots of Christians waiting to welcome me. I have spent the forenoon in the streets, and have made a larger sale than I expected. A number of converts, chiefly from the Wei village, accompanied me, and we had a pleasant time of it. It did one good to hear them talk so boldly.

The people were all that could be desired. This would be a first-class field for a stationed missionary." Please take this case as an illustration of the real tendency of missionary work when carried on wisely and openly among the people. Its tendency is not to engender bitterness and strife, but to remove prejudices, and bring in mutual good-will and courteousness.

A PLEASING SURPRISE.

On the fourth day Siau, my coolie, and myself started on our overland journey to King-Shan. The rain had passed off, and everything looked propitious. At the distance of thirteen miles from Hiau-Kan we arrived at the little town of Ke-poo-tan. It was our intention to take our afternoon meal at this place, but the people were so boisterous and insolent that we were glad to get out of it as soon as possible, and content ourselves with procuring a few cakes, which we took in our hands and ate on the way. I was determined, however, not to leave without declaring my message in their hearing. I managed to preach once to a large crowd, and sell a few tracts; and for this little success I felt thankful. On my way back I would have passed Ke-poo-tan without calling if it had been possible; but fortunately it was impossible. We were compelled to call, and breakfast too. Contrary to my expectations, I found the people completely changed in their bearing towards us. I was entreated to go and preach to them; my words were listened to with the greatest attention, and not a youngster dare wag his little tongue whilst I spoke. It would appear as if my first visit had prepared the way for the second, and that the work attempted, though in the midst of insults and interruptions, had made a favourable impression. The night was spent in a small market town about four miles beyond Ke-poo-tan. The mud hut in which we lodged might in case of emergency be used as a stable at home, but certainly not for any higher purpose. Still I felt truly thankful for this quiet resting-place, and my sleep would have been profound indeed if the rats had been under better discipline.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

We were up and off very early on the fifth morning, walked six miles, and breakfasted in the city of Ying-Cheng. Our breakfast consisted of fine white rice, three kinds of vegetables, and abundance of indifferent tea. We all three did full justice to the good things before us, our appetites being finely whetted by our morning walk, and as for the coolie, he ate enormously. Still the entire cost of the repast did not exceed fourpence. This will give you some idea of the cheapness of native living in these parts in prosperous times. The last was a good year in every respect, all

the crops having turned out well, and some having yielded an abundant harvest. This year promises to be equally crowned with goodness. The immense plain through which we have been journeying these two days is covered with barley and wheat. "The valleys are covered with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." After breakfast we preached, and sold books in the streets. I was struck with the good behaviour of the people, especially when I considered that the Gospel had never been proclaimed before within the walls of Ying-Cheng. This may be accounted for in a measure by the fact that the name of the Roman Catholic priest is well known to the people of these parts, and that some among them have been made to feel his power. On our way to Ying-Cheng we were asked if we were going thither to settle some law-suits. The question is significant as indicating the notion entertained by the people as to one of the priestly functions of the emissaries of Rome in this empire. Yesterday I had a long conversation with a Roman Catholic native evangelist, in which he confessed that most of the converts made in this region in recent years have been brought in in connection with law-suits of various kinds, that for the most part they were very unsatisfactory Christians, and that the defections among them were exceedingly numerous. He told me also that the policy of assisting converts in this way was being abandoned by them as inexpedient. This man gave me some interesting details of his work and mode of carrying it on. His main occupation consists in going about the country baptizing dying children. He appears among the heathen as a native doctor, and, whilst offering his pills and powders gratis, he avails himself of the opportunity to sprinkle the child with a few drops of holy water in the sacred name, and thus rescues the soul of the child from the "Infants' Hell." When asked if he seriously believed that a few drops of water could make such a momentous difference between one child and another, and that the good and just Lord whom both he and I worshipped carried on His government on principles so unrighteous and absurd, his only reply was that such are the teachings of his Church, and that it is for him simply to believe and obey. I advised him to read the New Testament, and to take his creed direct from it. I was told, subsequently, that one of our native assistants had offered him a copy of the New Testament, but, knowing that it was to him a forbidden book, he declined to accept it. While conversing with this man, I could not but contrast his ignorance with the superior knowledge of our native assistants, and thank God that our propagandism in this empire is based on the Word of God, and inseparably associated with its open and widespread circulation.

THE TRADE IN GYPSUM.

But I must proceed with my journey. No sooner did we leave the city than we were reminded of the proximity of the celebrated gypsum and salt wells of Ying-Cheng, which are about ten miles to the west of the city. We passed hundreds of horses, mules, asses, men, and children carrying the gypsum from the mines to the city, there to be shipped to different parts of this and other provinces. The physical aspect of the new red sandstone districts is everywhere, I believe, flat and gentle, and such is the appearance of the country in this region. There are no mountain ranges picturesque crags, or deep ravines to diversify the scenery. The gypsum is obtained from the marls of the series, and the brine which issues from the deposit is probably derived from the solution of the solid masses of salt which occur amid the shales of the system. The salt is never procured here in the solid crystalline state, but as a natural brine. To get at both gypsum and brine, shafts are sunk to the depth of between 200 and 700 feet. When the former is reached it is worked out by galleries driven horizontally. These shafts, called wells by the Chinese, are between two and three feet in diameter, and, in order to insure ventilation, are always constructed in pairs. No pump is used, and the brine as well as the gypsum is brought to the surface by means of the windlass, the buckets being filled by men sent down for the purpose. The brine always contains impurities, and is therefore allowed to settle in large vats till the insoluble matters mixed with it are deposited at the bottom; it is then evaporated by artificial heat in large iron pans. Gypsum is used by the Chinese for various purposes, such as medicine under the impression that it is cooling, a cement for paying the seams of boats, a dentrifice, and a cosmetic. They are not wholly unacquainted with its use as a manure; but it is principally employed in the composition of their omnipresent Pau-foo, a sort of curd made of pulse, and greatly relished by them. Rice and pulse-curd means to the Chinese what bread-and-cheese or bread-and-butter means to us. They have it every day, and to every meal; and thus a large quantity of sulphate of lime is actually consumed by the Chinese as an article of food. There is a small town attached to the gypsum and salt works. Here we preached and sold books with considerable success. Though a foreigner had never been seen in the place before, we found the people exceedingly civil. Having given this little town as much time as we could spare, we continued our journey and reached our destination late in the evening. We had walked nearly thirty miles, and were fairly done up; but our friend Tung gave us such a hearty and kind reception that we soon forgot our fatigue.

TUNG AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

Tung is a man of means, and we were entertained by him in a most sumptuous manner. Having taken some refreshment, several of the villagers came to welcome us, and among them some of those who had been taught the truth by Tung. They were all very friendly, and, so far as I could judge, sincere believers in what they had learned. Two or three of them had made excellent progress, whilst not a few had acquired a fair knowledge of the fundamental facts of Christianity. They seemed, however, somewhat timid in regard to the matter of making a public profession of their faith by baptism. They feared opposition from their friends, and the whole thing, they remarked, was so new to themselves that they hardly knew what to make of it. Moreover, portentous rumours of an impending war with Russia had reached the district, and this had also had its intimidating effects upon them; for to the minds of the Chinese generally war with one foreign Power means war with all the Powers, and there is a widespread impression that the next conflict will end in the final expulsion of the foreign barbarian, and the utter suppression of Christianity in the empire. I had no difficulty in comprehending the situation. The light of life had penetrated this dark corner; most of the men before me knew something of the truth; some were really illumined, and all believed in the Gospel with more or less earnestness; but as yet their hearts were but feebly moved, and they were not prepared to sacrifice much. But though not in the Kingdom, I felt that they were not far off. In Tung himself, I found more than my somewhat sanguine hopes had led me to expect. He is a truly enlightened Christian, and uncompromising in the profession of his faith, whilst as a man he is universally respected. He is everywhere known as a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is ever active in his efforts to propagate the faith. "Teacher, Tung reminds me," remarked Siau, on the following day, "of Nathanael. He is an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." I went to rest lame and tired out, but with a thankful heart to God for all I had seen and heard since my arrival at the place.

A SCENE TO BE REMEMBERED.

Our sixth day was Sunday, and in some respects it was the most remarkable Sunday I have spent in China. I was up betimes, and had a good survey of my surroundings before breakfast. I found Tung busily engaged in superintending the erection of a platform in front of his house, and making arrangements for the services of the day. Scores of benches were placed around the platform, and an immense awning was spread over the whole. Messengers had already been sent to the

surrounding villages to announce the services and invite the people to attend. I was much interested in the general appearance of Tung's house. The Chinese are much given to the custom of pasting up on their doors ominous words and felicitous sentences. The language abounds in such words and phrases, and they are universally used as symbols of good or charms against evil. Tung's house is also adorned in this fashion, but the words, sentences, and sentiments are entirely Christian. Over the outer door is a sign-board, bearing four large characters, which, translated into English, mean, "The Gospel is published afar." On the left leaf of the door we have, "Ye must be born again," and on the right, "Repent." On the leaves of the inner door is inscribed the golden rule, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Over the shrine, where the family gods and ancestral tablets used to be, there is now a beautiful disquisition on God, written in a bold, clear hand, and on the doors of the chest are the Ten Commandments. Besides the house in which the family lives, Tung has a suite of private rooms, consisting of a study, a guest-room, a bedroom, and another room which he has turned into a chapel. On the leaves of the outer door the beatitudes are written in full; over the study door we have "Thy Kingdom come;" over the bedroom, "Thy will be done;" and over the guest chamber, "Hallowed be Thy name." Thus it is impossible to look in any direction in this man's house without being reminded of some Scripture truth, doctrine, or precept. His library, though well supplied with native works, is remarkable for the number of Christian books it contains, and the conspicuous place which they occupy in it.

After breakfast we had Divine service in the little chapel, when we were joined by several of the villagers. This service was conducted with the utmost propriety. No sooner was this over than we commenced our open-air work. The congregation began to assemble about eleven a.m., it grew larger and larger till about ten p.m., and it was midnight before our work was done. Whilst we were preaching, Tung himself attended to the audience, leading them to their seats and serving them with tea. In the midst of the service a number of scholars made their appearance, and they were led to their seats in front of the platform, where they sat for about an hour, listening with attention to the Gospel as preached by us. At the close of the service I was introduced to them by Tung, and was told that they were some of his literary friends, whom he had invited to come and meet me, and to hear the Gospel from my lips. We dined together, and had a long and interesting conversation on religious and other matters. I found that one of them, named Fan, had received a copy of my book whilst attending the examination at Wu Chang last autumn, and that he

had not only read it himself, but was lending it to his literary friends to read. Whilst we were dining the crowd had greatly increased, and many were becoming impatient to see and hear us. We ascended the platform again and gave them two hours more, and then they were told that our strength was exhausted. Hoping they would disperse I retired into my bedroom. By-and-by, however, messengers came to entreat me to go out once more and speak to the multitude. "Some of us have only just arrived," said one, "and surely you will not send us away without a word." "Some of us have been listening all day," said another, "but we have not got hold of the clue of this doctrine yet. Won't you tell us a little more?" There was no resisting an appeal such as this. So I went out again, and we talked to them till about ten p.m. I tried then to get them to leave, but it was useless. They wanted to hear more. I suggested to Siau the advisability of our taking a walk in the fields, hoping that the people would disperse during our absence. In this also I was mistaken.

OPPOSITION.

When we returned we found a large congregation there still, and Tung himself holding forth. I listened awhile, but, finding that he was doing very well, I passed on and retired into my bedroom. I was not there long before I heard some one speak in a loud angry tone, and, wondering what might be the matter, I went out to see. As I approached the platform I could only hear Tung declaring in very emphatic tones that preach he would, and preach he must, and that no one should stop him. I learnt afterwards that the cause of the disturbance was the appearance of Tung's uncle on the scene whilst he was preaching. The old man was wroth because his nephew had turned Christian, and fairly scandalised at his conduct in standing up there as a preacher of this foreign creed. He protested against his doings as unfilial and disreputable, and bade him stop. Tung, however, went on with his discourse, and the uncle retired in high dudgeon. About eleven o'clock we assembled in the little chapel for worship, and at midnight I had the joy of baptizing Tung's mother, wife, and two children, together with a young man from a village hard by. Such was the happy close of this hard day's work—one of the hardest I have ever had in my life. The Gospel had never before been preached, nor a baptism administered, by a Protestant missionary in this region, and hence the interest manifested in us and our work was very considerable. Not the least disturbance, however, took place; the people seemed unusually well disposed, and many listened to our message with marked attention. This is greatly to be ascribed to the esteem in which Tung is held by all his neighbours.

SCENES RE-VISITED.

On the morning of the seventh day we started on our homeward journey, returning by the way we went. We were sorry to part with our friend Tung. I have never met a scholar in China like him—so sincere, so straightforward, so fearless, and withal so humble. I left glorifying God in him. On our homeward journey every one seemed to know where I had been and what I had been doing, and everywhere the people wanted me to address them. In one of the market towns they brought out a table with a chair placed on it, and compelled me to ascend and preach to them. Passing along from town to town and village to village we were glad to find that the tracts we had left behind us had been read and understood by some at least. The day was terribly hot ; still, by the help of a donkey which we hired for the day at Tung's village, we managed to make about thirty miles. Our resting-place was a mere barn, and our faithful donkey shared the bedroom with us.

The eighth day was wet and boisterous. The mud paths had become soft and slippery, and I had more than one fall before reaching our destination. In spite of the inclemency of the weather we had many opportunities of doing good, of which we availed ourselves to the utmost extent of our ability.

The ninth day was a delightful one in many respects. The weather was charming, and a goodly number of converts assembled in the city of Hiau-Kan. Having done some street preaching, we met together at Siau's house for worship. I preached, and Siau gave an interesting account of our visit to King-Shan. At the close of the service I baptized an old man of seventy-four, a young man of twenty-nine, and a child of five. This was a memorable service, and I feel sure that it will never be forgotten by the converts of Hiau-Kan. The congregation was large, a beautiful spirit pervaded our worship, and, to crown all, the rite of baptism was administered for the first time within the walls of the city. Early in the afternoon I left Hiau-Kan for Hankow. Having sung "Blest be the tie that binds," the converts escorted me to the boat, when we took an affectionate farewell of each other.

Early on the morning of the tenth day I arrived in peace at Hankow. In conclusion I can only say that this has been one of the most satisfactory journeys I have ever made in this land : my heart was greatly cheered and strengthened by what I saw and heard. Everywhere I found that the truth was in the air, and that the Word of the Lord is sounding out from Hankow as a grand centre, and gradually filling with its clear echo all the surrounding region.

II.—Hervey Islands—Death of a Native Pastor.

ON Sabbath morning, January 25th, passed away to his rest and reward MARETU, the senior native pastor of this group. He had publicly expressed the wish that the Lord's-day might be the time of his dismissal. The church was formed in May, 1833. Maretu was admitted in the following August. In November of the same year he preached his first sermon. He was trained by the Rev. C. PITMAN, whose assistant he became. In 1839 he was appointed to MANGAIA, and did excellent service there. Not a few were savingly converted to God through his preaching.

In 1852 Maretu performed a similar good work on the low coral islands of MANIHIKI and RAKAANGA. He was sent by the brethren here to form a Christian church, to watch over its infant growth, and to establish social order on a Christian basis.

In 1854, upon the retirement of the Rev. Charles Pitman, Maretu was appointed his successor, and continued to labour on to the end with much acceptance. Twice or thrice during his long illness (six months) he was borne by the deacons to church on a couch, and in this way was enabled to plead with the people about eternal things, as in sight of the judgment seat he besought them to give their hearts to Christ.

At the time of his death, Maretu must have been about seventy-eight years of age. He was distinguished by power of intellect, combined with true humility and utter guilelessness. He was of quick perception and ready sympathy. He had a beautiful expression of countenance; he gave me an impression of saintliness beyond any other native. He was eminently a man of prayer and faith. He truly adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. His removal is mourned by all. During his sickness I often visited him, and never left him without being impressed by his piety and good sense. On one occasion he remarked to me with great emphasis, "I want to live on until each member of our tribe has given his (or her) heart to Jesus; *then* I can go in peace." His last words were, "May God dwell in your midst!" He passed away without a sigh or a struggle to that land the inhabitants of which say not they are sick.

In early life Maretu was a cannibal. Not long since he gave me an account of his share in a cannibal feast, just before the landing of the first teachers. On that occasion he greatly offended his senior relatives by hiding away the head of a victim as a secret morsel. It was difficult to believe that the cannibal-thief was the gentle, worthy preacher sitting before me. What cannot God's grace accomplish!—*W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., Rarotonga.*

III.—South India—The Telooگو Mission.

THE northern portion of the TELOOگو district occupied by the Society is composed of three mission stations, isolated from the other portions in which the same language is spoken. VIZAGAPATAM, one of these stations, is situated on the sea-coast, midway between Calcutta and Madras. It is a large town, of 50,000 people, and has considerable trade. Twenty-two miles to the north-west of it is the town of VIZIANAGRAM, with 14,000 people, and seventy miles up the coast is the town of CHICACOLE, with 12,800 people. The mission was commenced in the year 1805. Present missionaries—Revs. JOHN HAY, M.A., J. SIBREE, H. J. GOFFIN, and MORRIS THOMAS. Native ordained missionary—Rev. P. JAGANNADHAM.

For some years past the pressing claims of the head station, VIZAGAPATAM, with its Educational Institution and other departments of labour, have prevented the carrying out of so thorough a system of evangelistic effort in the surrounding country as its opportunities and necessities demand. The mission staff having been reinforced, it was hoped that some of their number would be able to devote a stated portion of time to the work of itinerating among the thousands of villages whose inhabitants, although within reach of the Gospel, are never likely to become savingly acquainted with its truths unless the message be brought to their own door. Although subsequent events have postponed the full carrying out of this plan, the Directors are glad to hear that, in the spring of the present year, the Rev. MORRIS THOMAS, in company with the Rev. H. J. GOFFIN, started on such a journey. As this was his first missionary tour since his arrival in India, Mr. Thomas was desirous of learning as much as possible of the people—their customs and their language. It was therefore arranged that the tent should be pitched for two days only at each stage, when morning and evening visits were paid to villages in the vicinity. The singing of a Telooگو hymn in some central position seldom failed to attract an audience of attentive and inquisitive listeners. We select a few characteristic incidents from the missionary's journal :—

“No sooner was the tent pitched at Ramabhudrapuram than it was known strangers were about. Our first visitor here was an old man, some Government official or other ; he said he came to pay us his respects, thinking we were his superior Government officials ; and he was about prostrating himself at our feet when Mr. Goffin stopped him and began to tell him better things, and asked him what was his highest idea of God as an object of worship, and what was his idea of peace of mind, and of life after death. Still hoping we were Government officials, in a prostrating posture he said we were to him as gods, and he would worship us. His idea of peace of mind was plenty to eat and rupees laid by. As to his hereafter he knew nothing at all about it. And we found his confession to be just the experience of most of his fellow-villagers. There is no school in this village, and we found that comparatively few of the people can read ; but they heard the reading and preaching pleasantly.

"BOBILI.—The first evening we visited a little school, and soon Mr. Goffin began telling the little boys about Jesus Christ; but, strange to say, as if they had been well prepared to reject Him at once, with a contemptuous shout they declared they did not want that Jesus Christ at all. From the school we went and took our stand in the bazaar, and singing a hymn soon gathered a congregation. But Mr. Goffin was not allowed to speak long ere a stately looking Hindoo came up to dispute the possibility of Jesus Christ being the Son of God. If God is a Spirit, he said, how could He have a Son who appeared as man? This led to the question of Christ's mysterious birth. He discussed fairly, and seemed pleased with the answers given; but it was strange, yet pleasant, to see the ignorant crowd so divided, some as if ready to applaud the missionary's replies, and other, of course, siding with the Hindoo.

"The next morning we went to see the Hindoo high school, and we were kindly received, and, as the Bible is not read in the school, we were at once offered permission to speak to the boys about the Bible and Christ, which was gladly accepted and done. Then we had a talk with the teachers, and we soon found that the head-master and one other teacher knew something about the Bible and that they were well disposed towards Christianity. The head-master, who seemed to be a steady and a thoughtful man, at once admitted its superiority and special adaptability to the need of man. But still, he said, there is just one difficulty. Why do we need Jesus Christ at all as a Mediator? Why not let man commune directly with God irrespective of Christ? This was answered and explained to him, and we heard after leaving the school that he was about getting his wife under Christian instruction. If appearance and words are trustworthy we could say of this man, 'Almost a Christian.'"

Here and there are to be found oases in the desert of heathenism—little communities of the faithful by whom, in the absence of oral instruction, the teachings of the written Word have been accepted as the rule of life and conduct. These remarks apply to some residents in the town of PARVATIPOOR:—

"Here our hearts were cheered at meeting a few Christian friends, scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Soon after daybreak on Sunday morning we went to see some of them in their houses, and to arrange to have them together to a little service in the evening. This to them was a very rare opportunity; the nearest mission station where they may find a regular Sunday service is just fifty-two miles from their home, about two days' journey by bullock-cart, and it may be they won't see a European missionary that way again for two years; from this how easy it is to imagine how glad and cheerful they felt! We met, though few in number, encouraged by the good promise:—'For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.'

"We tried to get them to promise to meet every Lord's-day to read and pray together. Circumstances were such that they could not promise at once, but we were glad to hear afterwards that they did, and since do meet for that purpose. This we hope is but the beginning of good things in that place; it is the first meeting of the kind ever held there—now apparently but a mustard seed, but a mustard seed which, under the life-giving rays of the Sun of Righteousness, must develop to a mighty tree."

As another instance in point, we quote an entry from Mr. Thomas's journal referring to his visit to RAJAM :—

"Here we met with a solitary Christian family—I say solitary, because the nearest Christian family lives no less than twenty miles away. We may say that they live in a perfectly moral jungle. How hard it must be to live a true Christian life under such circumstances. Sympathy and communication from those around them ends with the bare limits of duty.

"Most of the inhabitants are weavers—a simple-minded people ; this we saw when distributing tracts—they were glad to have one with a picture on.

"We went into the streets on Saturday morning, and were soon encompassed by a large company who heard with pleasure the simple truths of the Gospel. On Sunday we arranged to have communion of the Lord's Supper with our friends. Through our friend, who is acting Monsiff, we made it known in the village that a meeting would be held in the Monsiff's house, and to our great surprise, long before the time, and while we were at dinner, the people crowded about the doors, and as soon as dinner was over and the doors thrown open they rushed in and filled every corner. Before service began an aged man called out, 'This is something new to us ; we never saw anything of this kind here before.' After the sermon, when about to commence with the Lord's Supper, and after saying that we were now going to commemorate the death of Jesus Christ, who died to deliver us, and them also if they only believed in Him, from the doom and dominion of sin, they were asked if looking at us partaking would interfere with caste regulations. They answered, No. Then they all sat quiet to witness the commemoration, and seemed very interested to the last. What is still more cheerful news is that a number of them since meet every Sunday in our friend's house to read the Bible and to hear it expounded by our friend, who, we believe, is a thorough Christian. We pray that his efforts may be abundantly blessed, and the dark veil may be removed from off their eyes that they may see and admire and believe the love of God revealed on the Cross."

We group together a few cases which may be regarded as of a typical character. They reveal the workings of the Hindoo mind and the difficulties which meet an inquirer on the borderland of Christianity :—

"The inhabitants of VIZAGOTTAM are mostly merchants and cultivators. The first evening we met with a respectable congregation of merchants, who listened well and discussed fairly and respectfully several questions about Christ. They founded their hope of heaven on the ground of *punium* personal merit, and an acquired merit. Once deprived of their *punium* they were done for, as they had no other hope. Here we got another secret proof that the Gospel works its way. As we were returning to our tent about dusk three people were seen stealthily following from town. Mr. Goffin turned round to ask what they wanted ; when one of them, a vakeel in the court, said he knew something about the Bible and Jesus Christ, and that he believed in Him, having heard the Gospel in Vizianagram years ago.

"PALKONDA.—One morning after we were driven home by the heat, our catechist remained a little longer in the street, and suddenly, while he was preaching, a man came up to him to ask him to go with him to his house to pray,

which he rejoicingly did. This we thought a very good sign indeed, and we went to see him the next morning, when the way of life was explained to him further, and we once thought he was almost a Christian ; but when it came to a point, Mr. Goffin asked him, as a proof that he had already abandoned idolatry, to let him have a trident, Vishnu's motto, which was prominent on the top of a monument in front of his door ; he retraced his steps, and was soon lost in the mysteries of his mysterious philosophy. He was a goldsmith, and apparently a great philosopher, and we supposed him to be one of those often met with here, who believe in being on good terms with all sorts of gods, to see if they can get anything out of them in the shape of a blessing. He took a New Testament and promised to read it ; and we pray that in the light of a simple gospel he may find that which a mysterious and subtle philosophy cannot point out.

"In another street we met a wealthy old Amiu ; his difficulty was he could not distinguish between Christ and Kristna. He said he would like to have a New Testament, but could not afford to give six annas for one. Then Mr. Goffin said, 'You are a rich man and I a poor man, but I'll give you a New Testament.' Now he felt rather ashamed, and said, 'No, I won't take it as a gift, but I'll pay for it.'"

With a brief visit to CHIOACOLE, a stronghold of Mohammedanism as well as of Hindooism, the present tour was brought to a close. Mr. Thomas received a hearty welcome from the inhabitants of the surrounding villages.

"One evening," he writes, "as I stood in the street with the catechist, a man in the crowd attracted our attention ; the pleasant smile and the natural swing of the head, which is generally a pleasing omen, suggested to us that he was interested, and that he approved and somewhat appreciated the glad news. Presently he gave a sign that he was leaving ; we asked him where he was going, when he told us that he was on his way from Berhampore to the Simachalum temple to pay his respects to the god living there. We told him how vain and foolish it was of him to travel some hundreds of miles to see and pray to simply a mass of helpless and lifeless material. 'True,' he said, 'but I must go now ; if I return home from here my friends will treat me as unfaithful, and a great coward.' Just then some woman came up and dragged him away. Another evening, as I was talking to a crowd in the bazaar, when I was quite hard up for a Teloo word to express myself, a man among the crowd, with a bright trident mark on his forehead, understood my difficulty, and helped me out by giving the very word I wanted, and the same afterwards told me that he had long known and believed the truths of the Bible, and that he believed he could not be saved by Hindooism. When asked why he was not a Christian, his reply was simply a woful repetition of caste difficulties. Another came to see me at the house, and told me the same thing. He possessed a small piece of land, but if he became a Christian his brothers and wife would drive him away and deprive him of the land ; then how was he to live ! And another said if he could only get rid of his children he would be a Christian ; he wished to get rid of them because they would not go with him. 'Caste ! caste ! caste !' is the constant cry of those who have known the truth. On my way home I had the very pleasant task of receiving three new members to the church at one of our out-stations, Chittivalsah, and we hope their names are found in the Lamb's Book of Life."

IV.—South Africa—Shoshong.

WHEN after the Bamangwato revolution, which took place some eight years ago, the sole chieftainship of KHAMÉ at SHOSHONG was inaugurated by a declaration of his adhesion to Christianity and his desire that it should be the religion of his subjects, strong hopes were entertained that these events were but the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the mission. This will, doubtless, prove to have been the case; but that the intervening years should have been disappointing and troublous is certainly not due to lack of effort on the part of the missionary, or want of consistency in the character of the chief; nor is it even accounted for by unpreparedness of the native mind to receive the truth. Sad to relate, that which has proved the bane of so many colonial missions—the introduction of strong drink by white traders—has more than anything else tended to retard the progress of the Gospel among the Bamangwato. With mixed feelings of shame and gratification, as we regard it in a national or a missionary point of view, we now see a native chief taking a firm and uncompromising stand against those drinking habits which are the curse of the nation from whom he and his people have received the Word of God. To the Rev. J. D. HEPBURN the mission seems to have been passing through the stages described in the latter half of the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy; he feels, also, that it is passing on to a new and brighter stage, and that this has been brought about by the consistent, quiet, and persevering character of the chief.

"When I was still a lad," said Khamé to the missionary, "I used to think how I would govern my town, and what kind of a kingdom it should be." One thing," adds Mr. Hepburn, "he determined, among others, not to have in his town, and that was drink. He would not rule over a drunken town and people—he made up his mind to that. Now, we have our European way of doing things, but there is a Bechuana way of doing things also, and a good many other ways I fancy, for there are Chinamen, Japanese, Indians, and Americans and Australasians to be taken into the account, so that the world is a pretty mixed one, and has a good many curves and angles, and very few straight lines in it.

"Khamé neither drinks, smokes, nor uses snuff, nor has he ever consented to become a possessor of a plurality of wives, although that is the great Bechuana idea of big chieftism, as it is of all the South African races. Khamé has never had anything to do with native charms, medicines, customs such as witchcraft, &c. He was circumcised as a lad by the command of his father; but he refused afterwards to go and perform the same ceremony for his younger brothers, even at the risk of being disinherited. But if any one wishes to learn more of Khamé's early career, it is to be found in Mr. McKenzie's book.*

* "Ten Years North of the Orange River." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas; London: Hamilton & Co.

"Khame would have no drink sold in his town. He had seen the evils of that, and he wished to rule over a nice town, as he said. He called the white men together and told them his desire. They pleaded to be allowed to bring in the cases, for it was medicine, and the large casks they promised to leave untouched. Khame consented, but he must see no drunkenness. Most certainly not. The cases came, and drunkenness was the result. When at the river, Khame refused to send the boats for one man's goods because he had brought a cask of brandy. When Khame came back from the river, he called the white men together again, and declared his determination to have no drink brought into the town. 'But you will allow us to bring in a case for private use at our own table?' 'Bring none,' said Khame; 'I will allow none. You made me a promise that if I allowed the cases only you would bring no casks, and there should be no drunkenness.' One man ventured to press his point, and got effectually put down. He was an old hotel-keeper, and he liked the trade. 'What,' said Khame, 'will you venture to speak? You made me such-and-such a promise, and then brought in a huge cask to the river; so I refuse even the cases, and there's an end of it.' That was enough for that day.

"One colonial gentleman heard of Khame's doings, and got a number of slips printed, and sent them to Mr. McKenzie for Khame's use. Khame heard the letter of his friend read, probably never answered it, and certainly never made the slightest use of the slips. He had his own way, and kept to it. He tried fines and threats, and, finally, the Bechuana chief's last resort, banishment from the country. It appears a summary process, but it is really less hurtful to the European than our own mode of confiscation, fine, and imprisonment for smuggling the drink through the country without a licence.

"The hotel-keeper above referred to brought in a wagon-load of corn for our poor famishing natives. But what trouble he had had to get it! What expense! A Zambesi trader left the town for the Zambesi. On the way out of the town one of his drivers fell drunk under the wagon wheel, and was killed on the spot. But where did he get the drink? The Zambesi trader got away into the veldt. He began to rave and shoot his oxen as they trecked in the yoke. He shot some of his people, and at last the report came that he was killed by the bushmen among whom he had run wild and mad with bad brandy. Who sold it to him? Our superfine hotel-keeper, who left the station immediately. The bags of corn contained casks of brandy, and the whole thing was a smart thing to do in some men's estimation."

These events and others that followed in quick succession hastened the crisis which was approaching, and it was felt that ere long summary action would be taken by the chief. With regard to one trader who had been warned and fined like the others, the missionary writes:—

"Morning after morning the chief got up long before daybreak, and went to his place to try and catch him sober. But he was locked inside, naked and raving, and drinking as long as he had any drink left. No one of the Europeans dared go near. They feared he might blow his place up as another had done. At last the drink was done, and, the man's strength spent, he almost died from the effects of it. When Khame could speak he did, and informed him that he would not fine him, but one more such act and he should leave the town, and go

back to his own people. He promised amendment, and expressed his sorrow. The final act of this tragic drama came one Saturday. The chief had warned some of them specially, and one man in particular, that very Saturday morning, and, as if in pure defiance, he and several more went and got thoroughly drunk. The house where they got drunk at was the house of one of the worst and most noted drunkards of the place. He, drunk as he was, sent off his own boy to call the chief that he might come and see what was going on in his house. The chief went, and found them with their white shirts stained with blood, the goods strewn about the floor, the woman's clothes all torn (the wife of the man who had sent for the chief), the huge cask of water upset, and everything floating. The chief came up to my house on the Saturday night to tell me about it, and that he must have a meeting on Monday morning as soon as they were sober, and send every man out of the station. I was ill of fever at the time, and I was greatly shocked and humbled to hear such an account of my fellow-countrymen. In my innocence, I imagined they had turned over a new leaf, and were living sober lives. What shocked me more was the mention of some men's names whom I had never heard even mentioned as drinking at all. 'But you must be mistaken about such-and-such men, chief.' 'No, there is not any mistake; I saw them.' 'Yes, but did you speak to them?' 'No, because they made off as soon as they knew I had come.' 'Well, chief, I can't believe it about some of them.' 'It's too true.' 'Let us go and see again, chief.' We went, ill as I was, on a cold bleak night, and to my sorrow, ill as it sounded in my ears, it was worse when I saw the men whom I hoped to find innocent. One poor fellow was silly, sarcastic, sentimental, self-complacent, and everything else by turns, and held me, would not let me go, and with the greatest difficulty I got away, after pleading, arguing, telling him how ill he knew I was, how much my wife would be wondering what had become of me. The chief was a witness to it all. 'Well,' I said, 'chief, I don't think we need go anywhere else; however, there is one man who, seeing I am here, it is perhaps only fair I should go and see.' We went back home that way, and, as we came to his yard door, he threw open the half-door of his house, and, throwing himself half out, yelled out a drunken oath. 'That's enough,' I said, and hastened past, and home."

The Monday morning that followed is described as "cold, dreary, dark"—the chief "in the sternest mood he ever assumes, but which, it is said, always means a fixed purpose." After reminding the traders of their disregard alike of his warnings and of the laws of his country, which conduct on their part he attributed, and, perhaps, not unjustly, to his nationality and colour, Khame continued:—

"Well, I am black, but if I am black, I am chief of my own country at present. When you white men rule in the country, then you will do as you like; at present I rule, and I shall maintain my laws which you insult and despise. You have insulted and despised me because I am a black man in my own town; you do so because you despise black men in your hearts. If you despise us, what do you want here in the country that God has given to us? Go back to your own country; and he mentioned them by name. 'Take everything you have got; strip the iron roof of the houses; the wood of the country and the clay that made the bricks you can leave to be thrown down—take all that is yours, and go.'

"More than that," he said, "if there is a single white man here who does not

like my laws, let him go. I want nothing but friends in my town. If you are not my friends, go back to your own friends, and leave me and my people to ourselves. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I am trying to lead my people to act according to that Word of God which we have got from you white people, and you show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You the people of the Word of God! You know that some of my own brothers have got to like drink, and you know I do not want them to see it even, that they may forget the habit; and you not only bring it and offer it to them, but you try to tempt me with it. I make an end of it to-day. Go, take your cattle, and leave my town, and never come back again.

"The utmost silence followed Khame's words. Shame and utter bewilderment fell upon most of them. They had expected nothing like this, and they lost the very power to reply. After sitting some time in silence, not so much as a move on the part of any one, I thought I had better get up and go home. 'Do not go,' said one man, who I am happy to say never has had anything to do with the drink; 'everybody is stunned. It has come like a thunder-clap. Surely some of you have got something to say in reply?' 'What can we say? he has simply told us to go. But you, Mr. —, you must have a word to say for yourself, and if not for yourself for your absent partners, at any rate.' 'Well,' I said, 'if you wish me to say anything I'll stay, certainly.' I then asked Khame if he would kindly take us into the house, because I was afraid of the cold and the rain. He took us into the house, but the answers he gave were terribly severe. He was not angry, but spoke like a man deeply wounded and highly indignant—calm, but with a sense that the very men who asked for pity despised him in their secret heart.

"One man especially pleaded that he had grown up from being quite a lad in the country, and Khame and he were old friends; surely for old friendship's sake he would pity him. 'Friendship!' said Khame; 'do you call yourself my friend? You are the ringleader among those who insult and despise my laws. If you have grown up in the country, then you know better than any one how much I hate this drink. Don't talk to me about friendship. I give you more blame than any of them. You are my worst enemy. I had a right to expect that you would uphold my laws, and you bring in the stuff for others to break them. Then he pleaded for his partners. 'It's all one,' said Khame, 'and if they are not here to-day they are equally guilty. I told your brother, and he also brought it and sold it.'

"Then he pleaded for pity for his wife, whose brother had died by accident on the station. 'Yes,' said Khame, 'I pity your wife; my heart is sore for her; but don't you talk of pitying her. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for your treatment of her after what has happened to her brother in your employ. But you do not know what pity is, and yet you ask for pity. You ask for pity, and you show me no pity. You despise my laws and defy me in the presence of all my people. My people and I are not worthy of pity, because God has made our faces black and yours white. No; I have no pity. I have shown you pity again and again, and then you tell me that because I did so you thought I had rescinded my own law. When did I ever tell you that I had rescinded it? Did I ever cease to warn you? You pray for pity, and if I show pity I have rescinded my laws. No; I have had enough of such pity. It is my duty to have pity on my people over whom God has placed me, and I am going to show

them pity to-day, and that is my duty to them and to God.' How much more of such burning language the chief spoke I shall not attempt further to say, but he held to his word, and purified his town of white man's drink that day."

Steps were then taken by the chief with reference to the native beer. First its sale was disallowed, then his young men were forbidden to drink it, and finally a great meeting of the whole town was called, and its manufacture was prohibited.

"'You take the corn that God has given us in answer to prayer,' said the chief, 'and destroy it. You not only destroy it, but you make stuff with it that causes mischief among you.' He had a hard struggle, but he has succeeded so far. He told me about it after my return from Klerksdorp. 'At one time,' he said, 'I thought there was nothing but death in front of me; but I told them they could kill me, but they could not conquer me.' Then," continues Mr. Hepburn, "he said, in answer to my remark that I thought it was regarded by them as food in some respects, 'No, Monare, that is the lie that you missionaries are told about it; but it is all lies, and only lies. The drink our people like is as bad among us as yours among you. If a man desires to concoct any wickedness he uses beer for his purpose. If he wishes to steal away another man's wife he does it by beer. Every possible mischief that men can work is done among us by means of the beer—things that you missionaries have never thought or heard of. No; we may deceive you, our missionaries, but we do not deceive one another. Why, even our own heathen father Sekhome would never allow any of his sons to drink it; and I heard him tell the people publicly that they knew that he had learnt to let the beer alone, not by the teaching of the missionaries, not by the Word of God, but first of all by the teaching of his own father Sekhome, and not himself alone, but all Sekhome's sons had been taught the same thing as lads. And they assented.'

"Long may God uphold Khame in his earnest endeavours to raise and purify the people over whom He has placed him!

"He has had many a hard battle to fight against those who are arrayed on the side of unrighteousness, and no doubt there is many a day of difficulty yet before him; but, with a continued trust in God, he may safely leave the result in God's hands, and the issue will not be on the side of evil if he does that."

V.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Mr. ARTHUR SAMUEL HUCKETT, having been appointed by the Directors to reinforce the MADAGASCAR Mission, was ordained at Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, on the evening of Wednesday, July 21st. The Rev. Matthew Smith read the Scriptures and prayed; the Rev. James Richardson (from Madagascar) described the field of labour. The questions were asked by the Rev. Edward H. Jones, the Society's Deputation Secretary, and the ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. W. M. Statham. The Rev. Professor Newth, M.A., D.D., delivered the charge, and the service was closed with prayer by the Rev. T. C. Udall.

2. DEPARTURE.

The Rev. T. H. CLARK, returning to JAMAICA, embarked, with Mrs. Clark, at Southampton, per steamer *Nile*, August 2nd.

3. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

Mrs. JOHN, wife of the Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN, from HANKOW, China, per steamer *Hankow*, August 8th.

The Rev. J. SIBREE, Mrs. Sibree, and two children, from VIZAGAPATAM, South India, per steamer *Nepaul*, August 8th.

4. DEATH OF THE REV. M. A. SHERRING, M.A., LL.B., OF BENARES.

The sad intelligence of the death of this highly esteemed missionary of the Society has been received by telegram. As no details whatever have been at present communicated, further information is unavoidably deferred.

5. CALCUTTA—ENCOURAGEMENTS.

In a letter dated June 30th, the Rev. W. J. WILKINS furnishes the following record of a baptism which had just taken place :—

"I had the pleasure to baptize a young man named Hari Pada Mookerjee on Sunday last. He was in the preparatory class of our school at Baduriah. He has been reading the Scriptures for some months past privately with our evangelist there, Jogesh Babu. I was exceedingly pleased with the whole character and manner of this young man. His views of truth are very clear, and his mind was fully made up ere he came to me for baptism. All our brethren here conversed with him, and seemed to be equally pleased with him. On his arrival in Calcutta, he wrote to his father telling him that he was about to become a Christian, but his father did not come down to see him. I think it has been no secret for months past that the boy wished to become a follower of Jesus. In fact his father withdrew him from school some time ago because the young man spoke so favourably of Christianity. God has blessed our work at Baduriah; we have baptized three young men and one family of eight persons from that station."

6. CENTRAL AFRICA—CURE OF A MEDICINE MAN.

Under date Urambo, February 19th, Dr. SOUTHOON writes as follows :—"I have made personal friends of many of the chiefs of the neighbouring villages, and, chiefly by my medical skill, gained an influence for good among all ranks that is pleasing to behold, as well as gratifying to myself.

"One case is especially interesting, as it illustrates the faith the people have in the judgment of their king. A powerful and influential *mganga* or *mfumu*, the former being the Kiswahili the latter the Kinyamwezi term for medicine man, who was very ill and expecting to die, acted upon the advice given him by King Mirambo, and sent for me. I immediately went to see him, and found him suffering from a throat disease which did not permit of his swallowing anything but fluids. I lanced the enlarged tonsils and applied local remedies. As soon as he could speak, he said, '*Bwana*, do you think I shall die?' I told him I could not possibly say for certain, but I hoped not. 'All matters of life and death,' I said, 'are in the hands of God.' And I then went on to explain to him and his people that God was Creator and Ruler of all, and that to trust and believe in Him is the duty of all. After more conversation of a like kind, the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the soul, and Christ the Saviour of mankind, the poor fellow thanked me as well as he could and I took my departure. I sent beef-tea and medicine as soon as I arrived home, for the patient had eaten nothing

for six days and was terribly emaciated. After several visits he began to mend, and now, I am glad to say, is nearly well. As may be supposed, this man is very grateful, and will, no doubt, prove a valuable friend instead of, as most medicine men are, a doubtful enemy.

"Another chief, named *Walango*, sent for me last week. His village is a collection of about fifty huts enclosed in a square *tembe*. I found him and his wife troubled with a disease which seems to baffle the efforts of the native doctors. *Walango* took the medicines as directed, and in a short time was quite well. His wife also has now quite recovered, and is very thankful for the means used."

7. SOUTH INDIA—GROWTH OF NATIVE OPINION.

That a change, gradual but decided, is taking place in Hindoo society on the question of female education is an undoubted fact; and to those who are on the watch for indications of this change, events which might otherwise be unnoticed reveal the direction of thought and feeling. The following few words of the Rev. G. O. NEWPORT are suggestive:—"We had a nice sangam (public meeting) at TRIPATOOR on Monday, the 1st of March, the first ever held here, and a capital gathering on the following day at the prize-giving to the Hindoo girls' school. Several Hindoo gentlemen made speeches in favour of female education."

8. MADAGASCAR—AMBOSITRA.

The Rev. T. BROCKWAY, who is labouring in the south of Madagascar, thus refers to the position and prospects of his work:—"Our schools are improving. I have recently been out for ten days to the south-west of my district, and had very large gatherings, and this week at Ambositra there are, including the infant school, nearly two hundred scholars learning. We have now the best schools in the Betsileo. This universal conscription (that is, universal for Imerina, for it does not extend to Fianarantsoa) is trying us. In my district our great need is the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. Numbers have Bibles, bought with their own money, and can read them; large numbers attend our services. Things look brighter than they did; and, with that blessing from on high, the wilderness may yet be as a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted as a forest. God has been with us; it is His presence more fully we seek, and we know none shall be ashamed who wait for Him."

9. TRAVANCORE—MEDICAL MISSION.

Dr. T. S. THOMSON, Medical Missionary at NEROOR, furnishes the following brief summary of his operations during 1879:—"The year gone by has been one of the most successful as regards the work and results of the Medical Mission. We have had more conversions to God, returning to church fellowship, and opportunity to visit and carry the Gospel to all castes in connection with the Dispensaries and Hospital than in former years. And although the maintenance of the poor patients in hospital has caused a decided influx of the most needy, yet those in position and able to help them have been more ready to take advantage of English treatment and to help the poor than in former years. We need a great outpouring of God's Holy Spirit to make these dry bones live. Often we see a shaking, but soon they are at rest again; yet every wave of the advancing tide brings nearer the time when 'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

VI.—Contributions.

From 16th July to 14th August, 1880.

LONDON.		Bristol—		SCOTLAND.	
A Friend, by the Treasurer, for Training Institution, Calcutta	1000 0 0	Auxiliary	60 16 6	Edinburgh. Augustine Ch., Miss E. Harvey's Bible Class, for Female Missions	0 15 0
R. B.	100 0 0	Mrs. Field	1 1 0	Glasgow. B. G.	100 0 0
Miss Shepherd (2 yrs.)	10 0 0	Craftfield	0 15 8	Helensburgh. For Madagas- car	2 0 0
G. F. White, Esq., for Rev. T. Brockway	5 0 0	Dunmow. A Friend	0 6 0	Inch. Cong. Ch.	1 11 0
B. Hutt, Esq.	2 0 0	Essex. Auxiliary	200 0 0	St. Bonwells— T. E. Fairfax, Esq., for Africa	50 0 0
Rev. T. Kubler	1 1 0	Folkestone. Share of Residue under Will of the late Mr. Thomas Hall	1600 0 0	Do., for India	80 0 0
R. B. Williams, Esq.	1 0 0	Godalming. Auxiliary	31 3 6	Selkirk. Philiphaugh R.U. Church	0 7 0
H. H., for Rev. I. H. Hacker's Schools, Neyoor ..	0 10 6	Gravesend. Princes Street ..	24 3 8	For Rev. E. A. Wareham. Archibston	0 10 6
J. W. Y. H. N.	0 10 0	Liverpool. Rev. R. F. Brown ..	0 5 0	Blairgowrie	10 16 9
Bethesda Ch., Watney Street. For China and Africa	2 0 0	Manchester & Salford. Aux.	100 0 0	Broughty Ferry	4 15 6
Burdett Road	4 5 8	Margate— Mrs Tanner	1 0 0	Buchan	13 0 0
Daldon. Middleton Road, May Collection	6 3 6	Legacy of late Mrs. Dove ..	19 19 0	Cullen	2 7 0
Edmonton and Tottenham ..	6 12 4	Moreton, nr. Ongar	0 15 4	Ellon	1 6 3
Forest Gate	12 18 0	Sheerness. Alma Road, for Widows' Fund	1 10 0	Forres	5 15 9
Richmond. Vineyard Cong. Ch.	1 14 8	Tynes Dock. For Widows' Fund	0 7 6	Fyvie	1 2 6
Legacy of the late R. Needham, Esq.	225 0 0	Weston-super-Mare. Messrs. Perry & Phillips, for Native Teacher, Salem, India	16 0 0	Grantown	4 11 3
Do., of the late Miss Sarah Madgwick	100 0 0	Wickford	0 16 8	Inverkeithen	7 3 10
COUNTRY.		Wimslow. Auxiliary	13 14 11	New Deer	1 10 1
Bath. Auxiliary	20 13 11	WALSLEY.		Portobello	5 5 0
Beaminster	1 16 6	Cwmdu. Elm Indepen- dent Ch.	3 8 0	Stirling	7 2 10
Beverley	5 16 0	Garth, Maesteg	0 12 8	Stuartfield	3 19 6
Birmingham. Auxiliary ..	6 10 10			Turiff	2 3 8
				IRELAND.	
				Cork. Trinity Ch., for Central Africa	1 0 0
				Londonderry— T. W.	1 1 0
				Do., for Central Africa ..	4 0 0
				COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SOCIETIES.	
				Switzerland. Miss North- more	0 19 0

For Deficiency in the Year 1879-80.

Albert Spicer, Esq.	50 0 0	Misses Viney	10 0 0
W. R. Spicer, Esq.	50 0 0	"S." Berkhamstead	1 5 0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a specific object, full particulars of the place and purpose be given.



Yours faithfully
G. Deane

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

OCTOBER, 1880.

The Influence of England on India.

THE question is often put in England as well as in India, What has been the real result on the Hindoo mind of all the influences derived from English education, English rule and laws, material improvements, railways, telegraphs, liberty, and above all, Christianity, which have been playing upon it with more or less potency within the scope of the present century? Has the Hindoo been greatly affected by them? Or has he yielded to his natural impassiveness, and not allowed himself to be moved by these Western novelties? Or has he submitted to them, to be re-cast in their mould? Have they, to any perceptible extent, taken the place of the bad influences which confessedly wrought his ruin in the past? Or has he felt their quickening impulse, and yet has continued resolute in his determination not in reality, but only nominally, and in words merely, to alter his habits and ways? I shall not attempt to answer these questions fully, but shall content myself with exhibiting some of the intellectual, religious, and social changes which are more or less visible among the various grades of the Hindoo community, and shall endeavour to show how far they indicate satisfactory and encouraging national progress, or the contrary.

The first effect produced on the Hindoos by the several elements of modern civilization introduced into their country was that of amazement and bewilderment. Each one gave a shock to their apathy; and as they came in rapid succession, their power of forming any judgment on what so astonished and confounded them, was for a time suspended. Inheriting the intellectual coldness and indifference of his forefathers,

the Hindoo presented to the world a mind trained to extraordinary self-restraint and to a singular unsusceptibility of excitement; and yet nothing could exceed his enthusiasm and wonder when the first railroad was opened in India. The telegraph filled him with awe, and he was led to regard the trained men who manipulated the instruments, as acquainted with mysteries and secrets only known to the gods. The magnificent bridges, from half a mile to a mile in length, some of stone, others of iron, which span the great rivers of the land; the subjugation of the mountains and the deep valleys, over which lines of railway run, the well-metalled roads threading the country from east to west, and from north to south, uniting all the provinces together, and affording easy and safe communication between distant cities, so that one may travel from Calcutta to Lahore, fourteen hundred miles in a direct westerly course, without molestation and in perfect comfort,—have produced in his breast an undefinable sense of fear and apprehension, mingled with satisfaction at the efforts of human skill and power. Having heard from his predecessors of the lawlessness and anarchy formerly prevailing everywhere, and of the great wars that used to desolate his fatherland, he has been greatly perplexed at the thought that this miserable state of insecurity has been completely transformed by a handful of foreigners, unlike himself in manners, customs, religion, and race, with a marvellous force of character, to which he had the consciousness of being an utter stranger. He has seen good laws administered by a vigorous and masterly hand, he has beheld a general decrease of crime, and he has felt that although he had no special sympathy for the conqueror, yet that he was safe in the conqueror's hands, who, he perceived, sought his special welfare and that of all the subjugated races, in a manner which he could not comprehend. He has watched the spread of Western knowledge, the gradual awakening of his countrymen under its influence, and their excitement at the sense of its immense and overwhelming superiority to the meagre and uncertain information acquired from the Brahmans; and he has marked the extreme rapidity with which schools on a new system, imparting the new knowledge, have sprung up as by magic, until all India may be said to be covered by a network of them. He has observed the introduction of numerous institutions aiding the revolutionizing process at work in every grade of native society—institutions which have suddenly become highly

popular among the better classes. And though slow at first to acknowledge the divine wisdom and winning charm of the Christian religion, yet he has been at last driven to do so, through the power by which it has captivated his intellect, and has held him spellbound. For long, however, he was in a condition of suspense, uncertainty, and wonder.

But this condition has passed away. The Hindoo has become accustomed to the innovations which once so perplexed him. Prone to callous indifference, he has at length ceased to be profoundly astonished at any fresh miracle performed in his presence by scientific and learned men, from England and the Continent, or of which he may hear, for the reason that he has been led to expect a constant succession of such performances. Were it not that his intellect has been really excited, and that an eager desire for self-improvement has been generated in his breast, there would still be the fear that he would sink down into the unimpassioned state in which he was found when the English entered the country, and in which he had for the most part existed for more than a couple of thousand years. This *vis inertia* of the native mind, and its perpetual tendency to fall back again into lifelessness, especially after strong stimulants have been applied to it, must always be remembered in any comparative estimate which may be formed of the progressive enlightenment of the inhabitants of India.

No strong revulsion can suddenly take place in the habits and life of a nation without being followed by a reaction. The bewilderment of the national mind in India has given place to a very different sentiment. It has been followed by scepticism and doubt on a multitude of subjects. The utility of the numerous projects which have been of late years set on foot in this country, and which English people hold to be sources of happiness and comfort, so that in their own land they imagine life would be a burden without them, is gravely questioned by not a few of the best-educated and most-advanced members of native society. With the utmost seriousness they discuss with themselves and with British residents, whether, all things considered, the railroad, the telegraph, good roads, superb bridges, strict government, and a blameless administration are real advantages. They look back with longing eyes to the patriarchal simplicity, rudeness, and freedom from luxurious habits, which they have never them-

selves experienced, but which they read of as having existed in former times. Although in those days there was general insecurity and much crime, yet the people were unsophisticated, had few wants, and were contented with their lot. Such is their reasoning. A smile of incredulity, not unmixed with scorn, will greet the account of some new improvement (as an Englishman regards it) which has been introduced into the country.

But not merely in relation to material progress is the Hindoo's mind filled with doubts and suspicions, but also, and especially, is it in great anxiety and concern in respect of the moral and religious views, so opposed to his own way of thinking, which are shaking the foundations of native society everywhere. While it is quite true that Hindoos generally do not accept Christianity, yet have nevertheless been mightily stirred by its divine claims and pretensions, it is also equally true that they have become just as apprehensive on the subject of their own religion. Educated men, who now may be reckoned by tens of thousands, and who are found in numbers in every city and town of the land, begin to perceive, and even to acknowledge, the untenableness of idolatry and of the superstitions connected with Hindooism. They are also being impressed with a right sense of the low standard of morality which their religion fosters, and of the much higher standard enforced by Christianity. For the time being, however, they are a prey to doubt as to the course it is incumbent on them to pursue. It goes against the grain to abandon utterly the old faith, and to embrace a foreign creed; and multitudes are endeavouring to carve out a new religion for themselves, by adhering to certain primitive forms of Hindoo belief, and expanding them so as to meet the necessities of modern Hindoo thought. Some become eclectics, and selecting prominent tenets from several creeds, especially from Christianity, gather up the whole into one, so constituting a new religion.

Were mere doubt, combined with nothing else, the only aspect of the Hindoo mind at the present time, it might be open to question, whether anything had really been gained by its production, and whether it would not have been better to leave the Hindoo in the enjoyment of a fixed though erroneous belief; but the Hindoo, in regard to all intellectual problems, is courageous and daring. His systems of philosophy are full of the most startling propositions; and in them he

has reached conclusions as transcendental as any at which the most rationalistic Germans and freethinkers of England have arrived. The Hindoo dares to think. Nothing in the wide range of human speculation frightens or even astonishes him. Herein is ground for hope. He will investigate the foundations of Christianity, because it has been brought to his country, is the religion of his conquerors, and possesses features of sublimity and excellence peculiarly attractive to him. He will also investigate the foundations of his own religion of Hindooism, if they are assailed by an intellectual foe who pronounces them to be unsound. And this is the condition which he has now reached. If he were as honest as he is courageous, hope regarding him would give place to confidence. If, moreover, he were as practical as he is theoretical, and were as ready to act up to his convictions as he is to cherish them, all doubt respecting the brightness of the future before him would be removed.

Nevertheless, the Hindoo has been greatly agitated. Education has done him good thus far, in that it has enlarged his mind and stimulated his critical faculty, so that he is compelled, often much against his sluggish will, to contemplate his condition morally and religiously, as well as intellectually, in relation to the new views he has gained of Hindooism, and of its formidable and powerful rival, Christianity. He is proudly conscious, too, of the meaning of the word civilisation, as applied to himself, and to all Hindoos like him, who have been brought under special enlightening influences, which never reached his forefathers, and of which they were in profoundest ignorance. He glories in the idea of human progress, which, in his judgment, is the consummation of the noblest labours of English educationalists and philanthropists among his fellow-countrymen.

We may regard the Hindoos as affected by English influences in various aspects. First, as to the material or physical changes and improvements introduced into India. This subject has been already alluded to, and needs no further exposition. Yet it is necessary to note how far the people generally have been benefited by the vast and magnificent enterprises which have been of late years prosecuted in their country by their busy and restless conquerors. With freedom of communication between all parts of the peninsula, safety of travelling, and general security, they also enjoy an immense increase in what are termed the comforts of life. All kinds of merchandise, to

many of which most persons were formerly utter strangers, find their way to every corner of the land. Food is more varied, clothing is finer and cheaper, money is more plentiful, houses are better built and better stored ; trade, especially among small merchants, has greatly increased, and, to crown all, peace prevails everywhere, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. In spite of famines, which were never grappled with in former times as they are in these, there is less poverty, less misery, and more wealth in India than there ever was ; while the labourer is better paid, and receives greater consideration from those above him than he ever did. As a consequence, there is more real happiness among the people than at any period of their previous history. But for political reasons, and the spread of a spirit of captiousness and censoriousness among the educated classes, they would be, as surely they ought to be, a contented people.

Secondly, in his social habits. The customs of domestic life in any country are the last to change. Naturally, those prevailing in a hot climate differ in many respects from those existing in a temperate zone. The conditions of social life in India are of a very peculiar character, unlike anything beheld in other warm countries. First and foremost among them is the system of caste, instituted by Brahmanical pride and exclusiveness, and fostered by climatic and geographical influences. People living side by side, and seeing each other every hour of the day, are nevertheless alienated from one another in a very remarkable manner, by the operation of stringent regulations preventing mutual intercourse as well as intermarriages. Friendships are broken. Young men at school and college can never be close friends, because of the impassable barriers of caste.

Nevertheless, caste is now exposed in every direction to such a multitude of powerful adverse influences, that it needs no prophet to predict its eventual downfall. Railway travelling, the free intercourse necessitated by English institutions of every kind, education, with the general spread of knowledge and increase of enlightenment, and in short, all the numerous improvements introduced of late into India, are affecting Hindoos on all sides, and are pertinaciously assailing their ancient and much-honoured social system. The result already achieved is to loosen its rigidity, and to engender among educated men an earnest desire for closer intercourse. Hindoos of the old school, who are conscientious idolaters without excep-

tion, strenuously maintain its most rigorous and exclusive claims, and will never cease to do so. But Hindoos who have been brought within the reach of the new influences are beginning to feel their social bondage, and in most places are more or less releasing themselves therefrom. In Calcutta, and in many other cities and towns of Bengal, the most advanced among the educated classes have entirely thrown off caste, and associate freely with one another, and even with Europeans. Moreover, ominous signs of dissatisfaction are manifest among members of some of the inferior castes who have hitherto been held in subjection by the higher. Well educated—having, it may be, obtained the highest university honours and degrees—shrewd, and intelligent, they are entering the Government offices, and solely by their great ability and superior training are ousting high-caste men, who have always considered such positions their peculiar and special right. If they are equal in intellect and in all other respects to men of an assumed superior order, they will not be contented long to occupy a degraded status in native society. The Writer caste has, during the last fifty years, made itself very conspicuous in Northern India, and although much inferior to the Brahmanical caste socially, is fully abreast of it in point of intelligence and education. A struggle of the castes is imminent, unless the Brahmans and other high castes will drop their pride, and consent to fraternize with those of humbler rank. English rule in its many-sidedness is strongly democratic in its influence in India. The fittest men, no matter their origin, are coming to the front, and caste, though time-honoured, and still very powerful, is destined to inevitable discomfiture and ruin.

Thirdly, the development of a spirit of free inquiry, and of a love of liberty in its highest signification is the most widely spread and deeply felt of all the beneficent influences working in native society as a result of England's contact with India. This land is free, as Britain is free, and the people know it. But it has taken many years for them to shake off the sense of slavish bondage which they inherited from past ages, and to gain even an imperfect consciousness of real freedom. To be practically unrestricted and unfettered in speech, and in intercourse with one another, was a condition so utterly foreign to their experience, that it is not surprising they have been slow fully to understand its bearings in relation

to themselves. Moreover, inasmuch as English institutions introduced into India, especially the system of education now at work in all three Presidencies, have all had an enlightening and elevating tendency, the Hindoo has been powerfully affected by a twofold agency, by a sweet sense of national liberty combined with stimulating instruction of various kinds continually imparted to his moral and intellectual nature. Thus he has become a new being. Even those who have awakened to the danger besetting their ancient institutions, and are resolutely bent on preserving them at all cost, are nevertheless unwittingly yielding to the healthy excitement which prevails in every direction. They are occasionally startled with the conviction that they have deviated from old traditions, and are mortified at the thought that it is impossible to retrace their steps. As to the young men belonging to the middle and higher ranks of native society throughout the whole of India, together with a large number of men of mature age who have long ago finished their education and entered on the business of life, they have abandoned the old landmarks, and are full of inquisitiveness. The desire to know is strong upon them. Possessing by nature a great power of receptiveness, which they have fostered by habit, they are eager to acquire information on every subject throughout the wide range of human knowledge; but as they are singularly devoid of the faculty of putting it to practical use, it is apt to remain in their minds in a very crude and confused state. Hence it comes to pass, that so many of this class, while instructed, are not educated. They have obtained by dint of study sufficient knowledge of various kinds to take university degrees, and yet they strangely lack that development of the understanding, and that higher form of civilisation, which in Western nations are usually the concomitants of extensive knowledge. They become critics, however, on every imaginable subject, and are not seldom censorious likewise on topics which they imperfectly comprehend. Thus our English policy has made a nation of critics, who, it must be confessed, are prone to be dissatisfied with everything. Yet this result is only a necessary reaction from the stagnation of former times, produced by the quickening influences of such policy. Nor is it unhealthy in character. It may be, and doubtless often is, a trial to the patience of foreign residents in India, to find that the efforts they are so persis-

tently making to advance the enlightenment and happiness of the people, are not only unappreciated, but also misconstrued. Nevertheless, it is a far better condition to be in than that of total apathy and unconcern. It is a condition of hopefulness, especially as indicating the unrest of a mind newly awakened, and beginning to be observant. Moreover, we may safely predicate of it, that it is transitory. As that mind gains true convictions, solid and clear thoughts, robustness, and independence, it will cease from censure and captiousness, will be thoroughly honest in the expression of its opinions, and will value, and weigh in an even balance, the merits of all those projects which have been set on foot in India with the object of promoting its welfare.

Fourthly, we discover the generation of truer and nobler conceptions of religion. It is a sheer impossibility for gross superstition and idolatry to live in the clear light of Christianity and civilisation, the rays of which are penetrating into every corner of India. All educated men here are feeling that they know too much to do as their fathers did. Ashamed of the national creed, they strive, as already stated, to alter its original and popular meaning, so as to make it somewhat conformable to the high morality of Christian truth ; and endeavour to extenuate the idolatrous practices of their friends and neighbours. Yet they are profoundly conscious that no apology will justify the coarseness, licentiousness, and absurdity of modern Hindooism. Nothing, however, can be more painful than the position in which such men are placed. Convinced of the unsoundness of the Hindoo faith, but without sufficient character or moral courage to avow their sentiments, and by no means ready to offer themselves as sacrifices to their principles, and to be abandoned by relatives and associates because of their adherence to them, they are acting a deceitful part, and their daily life is a lie. Leaving this class, and directing our attention to the masses of the people, of every grade and caste, it is interesting to observe the changes and improvements which they have of late years undergone, and to trace their extent at intervals of ten or twenty years. The most marked sign of progress among Hindoos as a class is their growth in intelligence. The stolid, senseless look which many once bore on their countenances is now chiefly visible among the most degraded castes. The spread of knowledge has been followed by an expansion of the intellect, and a general quickening of all the faculties.

But this is not the whole result which has been achieved among the Hindoos, for not only has their understanding received a new impulse, but their moral and religious sense likewise, so long dormant, has acquired fresh vigour. So that there is more honesty, more truth, more virtue, and more right religious feeling in India than there ever was. Not that the change in all these respects is very distinctly manifest, inasmuch as deceit and vice of many forms are still distressingly prevalent. Nevertheless, a change for the better is everywhere perceptible, especially when we compare the present condition of Hindoos with what it was a quarter of a century ago.

Much more might be said on the subject of this essay. Enough, however, has been stated to prove satisfactorily and triumphantly, that India under British rule, under the civilising processes at work throughout the length and breadth of the land, and above all, under the stimulating and purifying influences of Christianity which are powerfully stirring the very heart of the people, has made a fresh start, and has entered on a new career. Great drawbacks to this statement no doubt might be mentioned, arising from the suspiciousness of the Hindoo mind, from the mistakes of Englishmen, from the unadaptability of many English laws to the wants and circumstances of the native community, from the stiffness of Englishmen themselves, from the inelasticity of British institutions when first introduced into India, and from not a few other causes—which is as much as to say, that for the West to engraft its advanced civilisation on the life and habits of the East, is a gigantic and intensely difficult enterprise. At the same time, the glorious and astonishing fact is patent, from one end of this vast country to the other, that the enterprise has succeeded, and that England is revolutionising India, and is gradually raising it to its own platform of enlightenment and virtue.

Benares, June, 1880.

M. A. SHERRING.

Moors and Methodists; or, Sundays with Cornish "Locals."

It happened some time since that a certain member of a certain church thought that his minister was overworked and needed recreation. He proposed, therefore, that the minister should go with him, for a week or two, to recruit in Cornwall. Having five miles' right of

shooting, and on his own ground two miles of trout stream, could any weary man resist such an invitation?

Accordingly, we started by rail for Launceston—or as the Cornish people call it, Launson—where "Old Will," the gamekeeper, awaited us. Looking on his thin, keen face I could see that he was, as my friend had told me, "quite a character." It was strange to hear him chattering in a language almost unintelligible, for his Cornish was Greek to me.

We had to drive seven miles beyond Launceston, and much of it was done by walking. The hills were so high that it was necessary to be considerate for the horse, and the dips so deep that as we descended into the valley the carriage threatened to tumble over the horse's head. However, before midnight we found ourselves seated beside a blazing wood-fire in a spacious room, where an ample supper was spread for our refreshment.

When I awoke on the following morning I was eager for a peep at the landscape. The sun was just rising over the Dartmoor hills, summoning the white mists to leave the valleys, and every larch top, every branch of oak and beech, every dew-laden spike of grass, was aglow with the golden light. I found myself in a charming district, quite out of the tourist track, and every day I stayed revealed fresh beauty. Perhaps the excursion to Hawkstor afforded the best effects and views. We started for Lanoy on foot. Three miles brought us to a glen, through which rushed a foaming torrent. Enormous oaks and beeches were growing amid the granite boulders, every trunk and branch clothed with moss and draped with ferns. Through this romantic glen we came out upon a breezy moor, where golden gorse and purple heather mingled in broad masses with the bracken, green in the freshness of new unfoldings, or brighter still in the sienna softness of decay: scattered masses of granite alone made; whitish patches in the rich colouring that spread on every hand, up mountain-side, and far away in the distance.

As we trudged through the brambles and gorse we came upon a deep and dangerous gap, where it is said the Phœnicians "streamed" for tin, and having managed to cross it we then struck up Hawkstor.

We kept along a ridge until we reached Trewartha, where the boulders are piled as if by the hands of a giant for his castle. Here the views were wild and grand, in the midst of Cornish Tors, out of

sight of field or homestead. Amid scenes like these, and in the enjoyment of Cornish hospitality, the days passed rapidly, and Sunday soon came.

We could see by looking at the Wesleyan preachers' plan where the resident ministers were to preach, but we wished to hear the local preachers. The first we came upon was a gatekeeper. He preached in a good-sized Gothic chapel, and conducted the service with appropriateness and good feeling. The way in which he gave out one hymn made a lump rise in my throat. His prayer was devout, tender, and importunate. He seemed to talk to the Saviour. When he preached, it was with power. The text was a familiar one: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." He said, "If I had ten pounds to offer to you, some of you would say it is worthy of acceptance, and you would be sure to find it come in handy; but I have something far better to commend—the salvation which is in Christ. Don't believe, like thousands do, that Christ just died, but get the experience of a true believer. All need salvation, and it is as free as the air we breathe. Where you sit you can receive it. Come just as you are.....Salvation is offered, but man is blind and dead until the divine power acts upon him." This sounded very much like Calvinism. The preacher saw at once that his assertion was open to some question, so he qualified it by saying, "Man is blind and dead in the eye of the law....It is one thing to have a new notion in the head, another to have a new state in the heart....We old ones have to look only a little space ahead; but what about you young people—have you accepted salvation? God forgives all the past. You may live every moment forgiven, and you are sure in that case to die forgiven. Christ will be with you in death. He doesn't pay visits like we do. We go and see our friends a short time, and then leave them, perhaps not to see them again for a year or more. Christ is always with the believer. As I said a few minutes ago, seek Him now. You have your reasonable faculties, use them. Be thankful for your intellectual powers, and use them. Didn't we ought to praise the Lord for His goodness in urging us to accept salvation? You backslider, look back to the days when you had peace, and come again to Christ. The adversary will strive stronger and greater. If he can, he will keep you back and make you die like one I visited, and who, when I asked him whether I should pray with him, said—'It's no use, my heart is as hard

as a stone—as hard as a millstone ;' and this one died with those words on his lips. Don't believe those who, without accepting Christ, speak of lamb-like dying, for it is often only hell-like dying." So in simple, earnest words spake this pious gatekeeper. Sometimes there were expressions which grated on the ear, but on the whole it was far less so than one would have expected. His neighbours called him *Father Wykeham*, and his manner and appearance warranted the appellation. In his old-fashioned coat, and with his hair brushed over his forehead down to his eyebrows, he looked like one of the veritable founders of Methodism come back to life.

In the evening of that day we went to another chapel. The walk in the twilight along the high-hedged and fern-decked lanes was soothing. Arrived at the chapel, we were pleased to see it standing back among shrubs and trees. It was cruciform in shape, large enough to hold about 500 people, and was fairly filled. The preacher—a woollen draper from some neighbouring town—was not so successful as the gatekeeper in holding the attention of the people. He spoke of Jonah going to Nineveh, of the state of the city, its sins, and its impending destruction. He said Nineveh is no exceptional case of sinfulness, and Nineveh was not an exceptional instance of God's willingness to pardon. The duty of the Church is to see to the Ninevites everywhere. The responsibility of preaching the Gospel to Ninevites is great, and like the delivery of the message of Jonah, always attended with difficulties.....The sinfulness of a people is aggravated by their resistance to the preached word, but the Ninevites did not resist. They believed. Jonah's success illustrated the good results attending the preaching of the gospel. We have a gospel of salvation, and not destruction, to preach. The preacher had evidently prepared his sermon, but it lacked force. The parts I have quoted he seemed to read from notes, and then he tried to illustrate and enforce, but it was a failure, and altogether lacked the power of *Father Wykeham*.

Another Sunday I heard a blacksmith, a man who had been a very depraved character, but who, having been brought to repentance and to Christ, now preached the faith that once he despised. Rough in appearance and coarse in voice, he yet laid hold of the attention of his hearers. Preaching on the text, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," he said—"Adam had trouble ; he was soon drawn into sin, and tried to put the blame on another. Abel was born to trouble,

and because he was faithful was slain. And Cain got into trouble too. That was through his envy. He did wrong, and the Lord had to put a mark upon him. You would like to know, brethren, what that mark was. Well, it don't tell us here in the good book, and as it don't concern us much, we will leave that and pass on." He then went on mentioning Job and others who had great troubles, and said—"It is when we don't do our duty that we often get into the biggest trouble. There was Jonah, for instance ; he didn't do his duty. God said to him, ' Arise, go to Nineveh, and cry against it.' Jonah said, ' I can't.' God said again, ' Go.' Jonah said that which amounted to ' I won't,' and took a ship to go in another direction ; but God met him. Through the storm God said, ' Go to Nineveh ;' but Jonah would not hear. Overboard with him, then ! And overboard Jonah went. The great fish swallowed him. Now Jonah was brought to his senses. Out of the belly of hell he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord saved him out of his trouble. Yes, my brethren, affliction taught him his duty. God has often to whip us up to our duty. Trouble is a capital thing to rub the rust off us."

After some further illustrations he said, " Ah ! my friends, I am no scholar, never was, and never shall be ; but I know I have faith in Christ Jesus, and that He will save me, and I wouldn't part with that knowledge for all the world can give." Here was the testimony that had power. The man's voice was harsh, and so loud at times that I could not hear his words, yet he spoke from the heart, and he reached the hearts of others. Living faith was in the soul of that Bible-loving blacksmith, and it was evident, as he said, " I have only come to do my best to save some of your souls, and God help me to do it." The style of this man was certainly pithy. In listening to him I thought of another local preacher of whom I had been hearing that week. He was an old man, named Smitheram. Speaking of the love of Christ, he said, " Let us ask Abel up yonder. He was the first to go to heaven, and he must be able to tell us something of that love. ' Abel ! Abel !' "

" ' Well, what is it you are a-wantin' ?' "

" ' Abel, you have been a long time in heaven ; we want to know if you can tell us something about the greatness of the love of Christ. Have you got any measure up there to measure it with ?' "

" ' Oh yes, but we have not a measure any bigger than yours. The

longest rope for measuring it is already down on the earth ; you'll find it in John third and sixteenth—" God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." ' ' ' "

I heard a clerk from one of the mines preach a very creditable sermon, on the return of the Prodigal. His power was shown in setting forth the infinite love of God to the soul of the penitent. This young man, whose week-days were given to accounts and mines, on Sundays wrought so well for his Master that one could only wish that "all the Lord's people were prophets."

I have not spoken of the regular ministers among Cornish Methodists. One whom I heard was certainly inferior in power to some of the locals I have mentioned ; but another to whom I listened would take a prominent place in any denomination, I mean Mark Guy Pearse, the author of "Daniel Quorm." When I chanced to hear him at a quiet week-evening service, his text was, " A gluttonous man and a winebibber." He said, " These words were said of Christ ; I shouldn't like them to be said of me. People said of Christ, ' Only keep a good table and ask Him, and He will be sure to come.' There were those who wished to blacken His character, and blot Him out of memory. They were not successful. When I was at Bude, looking at the clouds, the dark thunderous masses seemed to conspire to blot out the sun as he was going down ; but the sun revenged himself by just tinting every infolded mass, and flecking every edge of cloud with gold. And this is how Christ did when His enemies said hard things of Him, He even took them and wore them as crowns of triumph." Homely and yet beautiful were many of the remarks and illustrations of Mr. Pearse, and the people listened to him with their souls in their eyes.

Methodism is a great power in Cornwall. The " old body " has the larger number of chapels and members, but the other branches of Methodism and the Bible Christians all seem to flourish there. And great is the spiritual good effected by their labours. There were in the neighbourhood in which I was staying fewer public-houses than chapels. This is not to be traced to the influence of the Established Church, but to the religious bias of the people. In the two districts in which I spent most time I learned that the following are the relative numbers :—Linkinghorne—public-houses, six ; chapels, twelve ; Established Church, one. North Hill—public-houses, two ; chapels, four ; Established Church, one. And it must not be thought that the chapels are only

small places. They are edifices such as would be no discredit to large towns, and are generally well filled. I went one morning to one of the handsomest Episcopalian churches in the neighbourhood (North Hill), and although the weather was fine, and the morning congregation is considered the largest, the number of people present did not exceed sixty; but at the Methodist chapel at Revel Mills on Sunday evening to listen to a local preacher, and one known to be "not much of a favourite," there were about four hundred present.

Many of the chapels have comfortable mansees attached to them. The minister knows nothing of house-hunting, and if the furniture wears out he knows nothing of expenditure for repairs. In this respect Methodism is far in advance of Congregationalism.

One great power of Methodism is found in the self-denying efforts of its local preachers. There is a great advantage in having a number of men who are engaged in business during the week, but who go out to make direct effort for Christ in the pulpit on Sundays. They are committed to strive for consistency in daily life by that very fact. They speak also more in the every-day language of the people. The hearers learn to be less critical, and to make allowance for any slip or stammering. Moreover, these preachers learn by their own failures to make allowance for those of the regular ministers. But the self-denial involved in their leaving home on the Sabbath is much to be praised. They are not allowed to be losers by travelling, as expenses are paid out of a special fund. This is only right, though it seemed strange to hear the announcement from the pulpit, on one Sunday evening, that the collection would be in aid of the "Horse-hire Fund." Another great power in Methodism, and especially in Cornish Methodism, is the class-meeting. There it is that each member learns to take an interest in his fellow-members. Of course the class-meeting does not always work well, but when it does not it is generally the fault of the Leader. A gentleman who knew well their working, told me that "the class-meeting with a good leader was one of the highest of spiritual privileges, but with a weak man it might become the driest and most formal affair under the sun."

Walking through Coates Green one morning, my friend pointed out the cottage built of "cob" in which Wesleyanism first found a foothold in this district. Thither also my friend's father was taken by a servant, and there he was converted. His conversion was only

the precursor of many good efforts and much holy influence. But for that parent's holy life and consistency of conduct, several families would never have known, in all probability, the Saviour of the world nor have wrought so many deeds for the benefit of their fellows or the advancement of God's kingdom. I looked on that cottage where the seed was sown, with an amount of reverence I have seldom felt even for the cathedral with its rich sculpture, clustered columns, and long-drawn aisles. How many humble places like this are looked upon by the angels even with something akin to affection, because in them, souls have been brought into fellowship with God through Christ the crucified !

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

Weston-super-Mare.

The Young Men's Institute at Michaelstone.

APOLLOS HOWARD and his wife thought benevolently that they would invite the "Young Men's Institute" to take tea in the glen. The event was the theme of much consideration. The library and drawing-room opened into each other with folding doors, and the bay window of the latter communicated with a verandah which was prettily decorated with Virginian creeper and tree-fuchsias. Between the arches were hung Chinese lanterns, and refreshment was provided on the terrace which overlooked the picturesque cascade. The rooms were set out with rare books and curiosities lent by the Colmans. Some microscopes and other scientific apparatus were arranged, and fortunately the visit of Sir Frederick Esdaile to his brother-in-law, Zachary Bates, coincided with the date of the entertainment, and that highly distinguished F.R.S. was good enough to take a special interest in the movement. Much conversation was afloat, and after refreshment had been served, it assumed a more serious cast, and approached the dignity of a debate. A few of the young men ventured on airing their speculative doubts, and teased Mr. Howard with such inquiries as these: "Are not the modern discoveries in science rendering the idea of a supernatural fact inconceivable?" "Does not the reflex action of the nerves show that intelligence does not even require a brain for its manifestation?" "Would it not be absurd to pray that a thunderstorm might not

break over the Valley?" "Ought prayer to be anything more than submission to the inevitable?" "Is not answer to prayer a devout imagination rather than a fact?" To some of these questions Zachary Bates returned strong, high-handed answers in good Yorkshire Doric, with a touch of his strange poetic enthusiasm. "The haile world throbs with the pulses of God, and yere throbbing with them yeresen." "Christ was the great miracle, and made all others possible." The presence of Esdaile rather shut up Mr. Howard. He was nervous about the success of the evening, afraid to open out before his learned friend. He dexterously turned the conversation, until he made all his guests feel that they were in the presence of One above and around and within them, who entirely sympathised with them and would in His own way answer the questions. He then offered a very heart-moving prayer, at the close of which not one rose from his knees. Mrs. Howard was close to the little organ, and played gently and sang sweetly, "*But the Lord is mindful of His own*,"—and so the party separated. A few days later Apollos Howard received the following letter from Sir Frederick Esdaile:—

MY DEAR MR. HOWARD,

During my last visit to my relative and our common friend, Zachary Bates, it was very clear that you were vicariously suffering from the unrest and mind-torture of some of your flock. I am no theologian, but I cannot affect to disregard the peevishness of a generation which fancies it has patented a new scientific reason for unbelief that was unknown to our innocent, simple-minded grandfathers. Zachary was quite right when he exclaimed to us, in his emphatic style, "Hoots, mon, these younker sciences are better friends to t' old Book than t' likes o' them were lang syne." It is a mistake to think that any new facts, or new methods, or new instruments of inquiry have so augmented the compass of the natural as to diminish the area of the supernatural, or to render the idea of it superfluous or impossible. On the contrary, the correlation of the physical forces, the doctrine of evolution, the discovery of the complicated system of nerve-action, show the elasticity, the enormous variety of nature's ways. It is true that every atom in the cosmos is behaving at every moment in harmony with the nexus of forces which are acting upon it. But modern science has only carried into greater detail what

was expressed by the poets of the eighteenth century, by schoolmen, by Greek and Latin scientists and by Hebrew prophets: all these have recognized to the full the supremacy of the Divine order in Nature, the constancy of her ways.

I quite sympathise with what you said about the immensity of the machine, and the impossibility of escaping from it. True, we cannot outsoar the atmosphere which supports us, but why should we wish to do so? Every atom of matter, every vibration of light, every thrill of force is the manifestation of the Divine Will and Presence; and may we not come into direct contact with Him in whom all have their being, whensoever under the teaching of modern science we discern the manner in which He works?

It has occurred to me, that there is a way out of the Pantheistic net, wherewith an incautious statement of the immanence of God in nature may entangle unwary feet.

Your young friends tell you that since *will* is an exception to the universal law of force and phenomena, therefore *it* must not be regarded as the image of the Supreme Force which rolls through all things. Why not? Surely they have not sufficiently pondered the fact, that it is from the inward consciousness on our part of a power of resistance to every known form of force, that we have acquired the idea of force at all. It is *will* which has supplied us with the notion of a connection between cause and effect. All the science and inductive processes in the world will fail to persuade us that there is nothing in universal order but sequence of phenomena. The very constitution of our own minds and bodies becomes a perpetual analogy and revelation to us of the Presence of the Divine Will in nature and in humanity. But I am disposed to go further than this, and say that the phenomena of nerve-force, and of *will*, may be held to throw light on some of the more complicated experiences, to illustrate God's way of responding to our separate needs, of answering our prayers, and of revealing His will concerning us and His love to us.

I am disposed to think that human beings, like physical things, may go through their various changes—those, *e.g.*, of growth and decay, of love and fear and hate, of life and death—without any conscious recognition of the Power which has been at work in all such graceless life. But may not any portion of our own bodies perform all *its* functions without any appeal to *our own* consciousness, without any

demand upon our own will? Certainly it may: large portions of our animal economy are continually sustained without any such appeal. The minute blood-vessels and various tissues and organs are busily at work without disturbing the central line of the nervous energy, yet it must not be forgotten, that there is always vibrating from the cerebral centre the power which enables the tiniest cell, or duct, or fibre to do its proper work. If the link of connection with the centre be broken, every minute organ ceases to act. In the same way, though the human soul may discharge numerous functions without a consciousness of personal relation with the Supreme, yet all its power, all its individuality, comes to an end whenever a real connection with the central one should be destroyed.

The ganglionic centres are sufficient in myriads of cases to preserve the vitality and activity of the parts of any organism. It would even seem as if the mind itself were distributed over the nervous system with a view to accomplish specific ends which might seem to demand the special activity of the whole mind. So it is conceivable that God has given to His Forces of Gravitation, and Heat, and Light, and Life, a subordinate control within their own department. They work along the lines assigned to them, like angels of His presence—all absolutely submissive to His will, but not necessarily or needfully awakening the universal consciousness of the centre from which they take their starting-place. To return to the illustration, while these silent automatic processes are going on in a human body, it is well known that the prick of a pin, the sting of an insect, the block of a minute blood-vessel, the formation of an abnormal cell, the spread of a tiny parasite, will often not merely communicate with the neighbouring tissues and blood-vessels and nervous centres, but also send *instant* communication to the principal centre of all the force in the form of conscious discomfort or pain. The message is sent along the predetermined lines of communication and sets other nerves of sympathy and motion into operation, to soothe the pain, or re-organise the tissue, or work out some fresh conclusion. Does not this furnish an analogy for the possible communication between the humblest member of the human race with God, with the creative and formative Spirit of the whole? True, I am only a fragment of the universal framework. My life is dependent upon my actual communication with the Source of all life, and though for a large proportion of my circum-

stances, affairs, and destinies I am dependent on ganglionic centres of energy which may correspond with laws of gravitation, heat, life, and the like, yet I have a direct means of communication with Him who commands the whole cycle of causes and events. My pain and my pleasure go right to the centre of all energy, and I *am* in conscious communication with Him. In other words, my physical and nervous energy gives me a perpetual parable of the possibility of prayer and answer to prayer.

"Prayer and answer to prayer" are not mere imaginations. Such a relation to God so *subverted* is the conviction of innumerable millions of the human race who have lived and died in the belief of its possibility. One form of modern speculation has hastily proclaimed against it on scientific grounds; but the great instrument of modern science, "analogy," furnishes this analogy to the idea of prayer, and this analogy appears within its own province.

The system of nervous co-ordination suggests further an analogue of both prayer and Providence. A human being directs the whole force of his intelligence to the consolation, protection, defence, of one of his own members. All his resources are laid under contribution to accomplish this end, to soothe the wound, to save the strain upon the injured organ and the like. The ordinary streams of nervous energy are in continuous flow and never cease for a moment; and the fresh application of force directed to special care of the one member breaks no laws, violates no principles, is in complete harmony with the universal activity of nerve-tissues. In like manner the Central Power, the Lord who knows and feels and lives in all the members, may, can, does, without interrupting the ordinary laws of nature (*i.e.*, without violating His constant method of operation in nature), deal graciously, protectively, remedially, with the erring, peccant, injured imperilled portion of His own handiwork.

"Verily," you exclaim, "this illustration proves too much! Does it not suggest a way in which the Supreme God (if He be powerful and good) could and ought to remedy all the sorrows and evils of a humanity so closely united to Him, as your illustration suggests?" I am not concerned to minimize this deduction, and am prepared to discuss it on the larger ground, if necessary. Other reasons than those which are here offered convince us that God is both powerful and good. My present contention is, that science shows in this as

well as other ways, that the automatism of nature is no bar to the direct activity of its Author upon it, without the violation of a single law or principle of causation.

This same illustration is not thus exhausted. Are there not certain movements of immense significance and importance to the animal economy—such, *e.g.*, as breathing, walking, speaking, working with eye and hand in a thousand ways—which may be and are performed for the most part automatically, from certain great nervous centres, rather than from the centre of our conscious being, but which *nevertheless can be and are also performed by direct voluntary purpose?* In other words, I can elect to walk, talk, or breathe or play upon an instrument by a distinct conscious act of volition, modifying results of mere automatism in these directions, and so proving that my whole being is not a mere machine, but one ruled from a self-poised centre. Now even if we look at the activities of the human race as the mighty evolution of a most complicated organism, and proceed to sum up the particulars in which—given certain circumstances and stimuli—there will issue certain results—yet there is nothing in the often-used illustration to prevent my saying, Verily, along these very same lines of human activity, such as *thought, word, sorrow, pain, death*, there may come such potency, such intrinsic energy, such special significance, that the whole of humanity may know that the heart and mind of the Author of the whole universe has thought through certain human thoughts, spoken through certain human words, breathed in certain re-animations and revivals of the human life. Certain great events have happened in human history under the guidance and working of the great laws of nature, but they have been so timed to produce vast and fruitful results affecting the whole destiny of the race. Through gravitation, light, life, and human energy they have been wrought, but nevertheless their immediate cause, their true source, was the express purpose of the Supreme Will presiding over all. Since much of our speech is little other than a reflex activity, and scarcely, if at all, appeals to the central force of Brain and Will, and since in a moment, notwithstanding, without violating any law of our physical nature, our words can and do become the immediate expression of our inmost soul, so human words and human thoughts may often continue merely human and have no extra-human, or superhuman significance in them, and yet in

a moment they may, without the annihilation or infringement of any law of human mind, become the *voice of God*, and be so uttered as to thrill the world, and call the earth from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

Now, Howard, tell me honestly what you think of this illustration? Zachary Bates says that the truth illustrated is far better without any piled analogies. "The mighty God has spoken," "The Lord has given the word," "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you," "The word is nigh you, in your heart and mind"—is not this enough? "Why fash yeresen wi' ganglionic fiddle-faddle?" said he; and I say, if it is useless, throw it aside. . . . Yours sincerely,

FRED. ESDAILE.

Note by Apollos Howard.

"The illustration is ingenious and beautiful, though long drawn out. I am afraid that those whom it most concerns will not take the patience to follow it through, and if they do, will destroy for their own minds its force, by trying to carry it into detail and consequence, where of course it will not apply. As far as it goes, in showing the possible *modus operandi* of direct communion with God in prayer, providence, and revelation, it seems to me a novel and startling appendix to the positive argument of Butler. The grave difficulty that so many pleaders overlook is, how can the infinite commune with the Finite? It may be conceivable that the finite can speak with the Infinite, the dewdrop can reflect the beams of ten thousand star-beams, but how is the Infinite One to commune at all with, to come near to, the infinitesimal child of earth? Oh, the depth! An answer which in some wonderful way soothes, and to a degree satisfies me, is this, the Infinite One, because He *is* infinite, *can* become all that the human creature needs of personality and grace. The *indefinitely great God*, which the logical understanding suggests, puzzles and crushes me. The Infinite One, the Jehovah of the earliest Revelation and of the religious conscience, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is, because the idea passes my logical limits and snaps its fetters, the most real of all realities, the only One who fulfils the idea of personality. He can, will, must do all that Infinite Love demands: but I shall read this paper of Esdaile's to the Young Men's Institute."

THE EDITOR.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

VII.—THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

It is a widely-accepted theory, which cannot be set aside *a priori*, that the closing chapter of John's Gospel is a postscript, written after the book was completed and in the hands of at least the inner circle of disciples. Various reasons have been assigned why John made the addition; as, for example, to correct the saying which had gone abroad respecting him that he should not die, or to comply with the request of disciples who had often listened delightedly to the narrative, and desired that the Church might be enriched with it forever. That it is a postscript is held by many accomplished critics to be so plain, and so generally acknowledged, as to need no proof. Notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of the view, and tempting though it be, I do not think that it is sufficiently sustained. The two closing verses of the twentieth chapter doubtless gather into a focus the teaching of the signs given by Jesus after His resurrection from the dead; and had the book ended there, we should have had no sense of incompleteness. No more needed to be said in evidence that Jesus is the Son of God; and the twenty-first chapter is no addition to this evidence, but has rather a symbolic and prophetic character. I regard it as a unique whole, organically connected with all that precedes and not merely appended thereto, forming the profoundly significant Epilogue to this Gospel and corresponding to the Prologue ch. i. 1-18.

We pass in thought from Jerusalem to Galilee, to the shore of that beautiful sea "where everything reminded them immediately of Jesus; the smiling bank of which, and even its dark waves, had borne His holy footsteps." The time is summer, between Easter and Pentecost. Seven of the disciples are met together—Simon Peter, Thomas, Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee, and two others whose names are not mentioned. Peter announces his intention to go a-fishing. The rest of them say, "We also go with thee." So they enter into the ship, as night falls, and set forth on their adventure upon the sunset waters.

At the first blush we are surprised. It is not what we expected beforehand. For these men have been the companions of the Son of God; they have been with Him in His journeyings through the land;

they have heard His words of eternal life ; they have been witnesses of His mighty works ; they saw Him on the cross ; they have seen Him risen from the dead ; they have been appointed by Him to go as His messengers into all the world ; they have felt His breathing on them as He said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" : is it not strange that they should return to the old fisher-life from which He had called them ? Yet obviously they themselves are not conscious of anything out of keeping with their great destiny as apostles, or any desecration of their sacred calling—any more than was Paul when he wrought with his own hands as a tentmaker, or gathered sticks for the fire in Melita. It would have been another thing if, for the sake of worldly gain, they had deserted the service : but it is no withdrawing of their hand from the plough, no abandonment, or first step toward the abandonment, of their apostolic mission ; it is simply the experiment of a night in a familiar enterprise, and indicates that they do not regard themselves, though apostles, as above the lowliest useful work.

After toiling all night in vain, the disciples return wearily to shore as the east is reddening into dawn. Nearing the beach, they become aware of a solitary figure watching them. It is Jesus, but they do not recognize Him. When they come within hail, He asks them, "Children" (or as we might say, Lads), "have ye any meat?"* The question means, Do you bring anything with you to land ? Have ye caught anything ? They answer across the waves with an abrupt and bare "No." He bids them "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." It is only a stranger's word : nevertheless they let down the net into the sea, "the power of the Lord bending their minds ;" and immediately they enclose such a multitude of fishes that the net cannot be drawn up, but must be dragged to the beach, about a hundred yards off. John, "whom Jesus loved," now recognizes the Stranger, ear and eye and memory and instinct of love all contributing to the recognition, and he whispers Peter, "*It is the Lord !*" Without the delay of a moment Peter girds his fisher's tunic about him, plunges into the sea, and hastens to throw himself

* We have no English equivalent to the word translated "meat." It is, strictly speaking, something that is added to the substantial part of the meal—answering somewhat to the term "*relish*."

at Jesus' feet. He has lost the feeling that made him once cry, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord:" there is no place where he would rather be than in the Lord's presence; there is none upon earth whom he so desires; and his action now says what his words do an hour after, "Thou knowest that I love Thee." The rest of the disciples come to land more slowly, dragging the laden net after them. On the shore they find a fire of coals, and fish lying thereon, and bread; their "table" already "prepared" for them by the Lord's tender care. Jesus bids them bring of the fish now caught—which Peter at once proceeds to do. The net is found to be full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty-three in number; and for all they were so many, yet was not the net broken. Jesus invites them to come and dine; and none of them durst ask, "Who art Thou?"—"Is it in very deed Thyself?"—knowing that it was the Lord. When they have gathered round and seated themselves on the shore, Jesus distributes the bread and fish among them; and the meal proceeds apparently in solemn silence, none venturing to hazard a word. They are drawn close to Him; yet more profoundly than ever they feel, with an awful joy which holds them mute, that He belongs to a higher world.

This is the third manifestation which the Lord made of Himself to any assembly of His disciples after His resurrection from the dead. In its whole circumstances and manner it differs from any that preceded or that followed. No room is left for the supposition of mental delusion. Psychologists tell us how, under certain conditions, the emotions and images of the mind will overpower the senses and compel them to give substantiality to that which is purely ideal; and how the conscience, dominated by passionate love, will become the accomplice of its own dreams: but this is not a case in point. The fresh dawn, the cool morning breeze blowing over the lake, the familiar Galilean hills, the waves that kissed the pebbly beach with gentle murmur, the kindled fire, the meal prepared on the shore, all negative the theory that heated and disordered imaginations conjured up a phantom-scene. They "know" that it is the Lord.

In common with not a few other parts of Scripture, this narrative has suffered from the habit of "spiritualizing"—which too often means handling the Word of God deceitfully, and thereby sowing the seeds of scepticism. If, instead of filling it with fanciful conceits of

our own, we are content to take the narrative in its plain and obvious sense, we shall find it full enough of rich and heavenly truth. Looking broadly over it, we observe such things as the following :—

There is no necessary inconsistency between the secular and the sacred—between the spirit that works and the spirit that worships. If we are in a healthy state, we shall not talk of “going down from the mount” when we pass from the place of prayer to that of active labour, and shall experience no sentimental regret as if we were farther off from heaven. The fact that the disciples went a-fishing did not hinder the visitation of Christ. He had lately countenanced their meeting on the first day of the week by coming into their midst with His heavenly salutation, “Peace be unto you”; and now He countenances common work by coming to them again. There is a meaning in it for all time. We are not shut out from the presence of our Divine Lord by being engaged in manual or mental toil; we are as open to visitations from Him in the workshop or factory, in the counting-house, in the fields or woods, in the fisherman’s boat that rises and falls with the sea-swell, as if we knelt on a cathedral-floor while the organ-peal resounds among the arches. To realize this will sweeten toil, and will turn the very workshop into what Jacob found Bethel to be, “none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.”

It was the Lord who gave the disciples this great draught of fishes. Their own skill and toil had come to nothing; and just when they had failed, He comes in with His blessing. He is the Giver of our food; it is from Him that we derive all that pertains to the present life as well as that which is to come. What He wrought on this occasion is just a sign and utterance of this truth. It is because we have not learned this truth by heart that we eat our meat without gratitude, without gladness, without singleness of heart, without sense of dependence on Divine loving-kindness. When we learn the truth, then, where we discerned only law before, we shall discern the touch and the heart of Love, and shall be enabled to render a fuller and more beautiful obedience to the charge, “Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”

Then, how like the risen Lord is to His former self! There is indeed a certain mystery surrounding Him now, and something that inspires awe in the disciples’ minds,—as witnessed by that word “*durst*,”

—"Neither durst any of them ask, Who art Thou?" but they know that it is He; they see that He is still what they knew Him for when He "dwelt among them"; and their hearts feel all the old attraction, and respond to it. There is something very touching in the notice respecting Peter that "he girt his fisher's coat unto him." It shows the reverence with which he regarded the Lord; while his haste to reach the spot where the Lord stood shows his consciousness of love. It is hard to see why all the details of this visitation should have been given, down to the minutest, with such a delighted dwelling upon them, if not to make us feel that the Son of Man is really unchanged—His circumstances and environments different, but *Himself* the same yesterday and to-day and forever.

Finally, we cannot help recognizing a symbolic and prophetic element in this manifestation. On a former occasion when Peter and his companions let down their net at Jesus' bidding and enclosed such a multitude of fishes that it began to break, Jesus took occasion to declare by symbol his future service: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." Now here we have not a mere repetition of the former occurrence; but a repetition with something additional both in fact and significance. Here is no breaking of net, nor sinking of ship, nor danger of labour coming to nothing; here is no bringing of the captured fish into the ship, but they bring it to the shore; here is no cry from Peter's lips, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord"—but, on the contrary, the consciousness and joy of love. Many a "night" may these "fishers of men" toil in vain; but joy shall come in the morning. Their success depends not on experience, skill, and labour, but on following the Lord's directions—whose word shall not return void. Though their own experience, skill, and toil count for nothing, yet "travail" on their part is not superseded by the Lord's blessing: at His direction they must still, with pains and labour, let down the net, and draw it; and not for nought and in vain. Awaiting them in the morning is the joyful meeting with the Lord, at whose feet they lay their spoils, and with whom they shall sit down to sup in the feast of the coming kingdom—when His soul "SHALL BE SATISFIED."

JAMES CULROSS.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

WHEN the actual day of Martin's departure arrived, it was, I think, felt to be a relief. The approaching separation had for the last few days cast on us an ever-gathering gloom which rendered very trying the semblance of good spirits which we all felt ourselves bound to assume. Martin's hopeful nature was, I believe, buoyed up by the expectation of a speedy return. But I was filled with a vague apprehensiveness to which nervous natures like mine are liable before change of any kind—a dread, I suppose, of the unknown which lies on the other side. Martin's good-bye to my mother was not given in my presence ; I never knew what passed between them. As for me, he did not say good-bye to me at all. When the cab was at the door, he asked me to fetch him something from the drawing-room, looking at me the while very hard, and when I came back he was gone. He had evaded the pain of an actual farewell. Doubtless, like all natures which are not passionate, he dreaded what is generally called a "scene." A passionate nature is not afraid or ashamed of emotion, it trusts itself to its own impulses, and feels too much to think of what it feels. That Martin had gone away thus as much to spare me as himself, I was sure, yet that he had done so gave me a keen pang as I ran to the window, and from thence beheld the cab swiftly bearing him away. Why did he not understand that a last look into his face, and a last shake of his hand would have softened for me the pain of parting ?

But pain was destined that day to be swallowed up in joy. It was not long before I began to perceive by the way my mother's eyes rested on me, and by the tones of her voice, that there was a change in her. What did it mean ? Now that Martin was gone away, was she going to forgive me ? to forget that I had disappointed her ? Parting with him would be indeed a small price to pay for so great a happiness. It appeared a thing hardly possible ; yet as the evening passed, my hope, at first so doubtful, so hesitating, grew stronger. When night came, instead of sending for Ann, she said to me—

"I do not feel well to-night, Catherine. I hope the old enemy may not be attacking me again. Let me have your arm to bed."

I thrilled as she touched me. I helped her to undress, kissed her, and said good-night, and left her. I could scarcely go to sleep for joy. Now happy days were in store for us again. Martin's visit and the misery it had brought had all passed away like a dream. My mother had forgiven me, and life would flow on again smoothly and joyfully as of old.

At last I did go to sleep, but it did not seem to me for long. I suddenly found myself broad awake, sitting up in bed, staring into the darkness. The fire was out, there was no light anywhere. What had awakened me? Why was I shivering with dread? why was I straining my ears for a sound, when there was dead silence through the house? I told myself that I must have wakened from a bad dream. Suddenly a sound did break the stillness—unmistakably the shutting of a door. I was about to spring out of bed, when it occurred to me that it might, nay, must be quite early yet, and that this was one of the servants going to bed. I lay down and set myself to go to sleep again. But a nervous horror had taken possession of me, and I lay trembling. Presently I heard the clock strike. One, two, three, it struck; I expected twelve, but at three it stopped. It was, then, the middle of the night. In another moment I was up, and had thrown on my dressing-gown and slippers. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, I knew not why. My brain was possessed by one idea—my mother, I must go to her that instant. When I opened my door I saw there was a light on the landing. My mother's door was opposite to mine; it was opened at the same time, and I saw Ann come out. She was white, and she shook visibly. I tried to ask what was the matter, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. When Ann saw me she gave a scream, and cried in a kind of choked voice, "Oh, miss, miss, don't go in!" But I rushed past her and she made no attempt to stop me.

And then I saw what seemed to freeze me, so that I could not speak, nor feel, nor think. The impressions made upon my brain of those moments that changed life for me are vivid as though burnt in with a hot iron, yet of ordered recollection I have little. I know that I saw the servants gathered about the bed, that I saw my mother lying back upon her pillows quite still, with closed eyes, and pallid face. What happened next I do not know. Did I or not shriek out the words that were surging in my brain?—"Cruel, heart-

less wretches, how dare you keep me from her?" I don't think the words came out aloud. I remember sitting on the bed, gazing, gazing into her face, with as little life, I think, in mine as in hers. I remember Ann crying and telling me how it was—that my mother had called her up only half an hour before; that the pain was very bad; that she would not let her fetch me, and that soon she had said the pain was better; and then all at once she lay back on the pillows and breathed the last breath gently.

I don't think I felt at all. I only looked and looked, and all that I heard around me came to my ears as if from a great distance. I heard the door-bell ring, heard steps upon the stairs, and I knew it was Dr. Brough. I knew he came in, and stood for a moment silent. Ann whispered to him, and the cook on the other side the bed said, "And we can't get the poor dear away." I did not know they had tried. Then Dr. Brough came up and grasped both my hands, and I felt his strength. That was the first thing I had felt since I first caught sight of my mother's face. He could have done anything with me; I was in his hands as one mesmerised.

He took me out of the room; then he said, "Can you go back to bed?" I shook my head and looked at him imploringly. He appeared to understand, for he told Ann, who had followed us, to light a fire in the little sitting-room on that floor, which I used as a study, and to bring some shawls. I imagine he chose that room because it had least association with my mother. He took me to the sofa, and we sat down, he still holding my hands with a firm grasp. I never took my eyes off his face. I was not conscious of any associations with him in the past. He might have been an utter stranger to me for any feeling of like or dislike I had towards him then. I was simply conscious of something strong, something to hold on to, to save myself from going down, down, into a gulf of deepest horror. When Ann brought shawls, he put them round me, and told me to lie down. When he let go my hands I turned quite faint, and now, as he was going away, I said feebly, "Don't go." Those were, I think, the first words I had spoken. He said, "I must, for a time; but if you want me, I will come back."

I don't know how long he was gone; not long, I think. It did not seem long before he was sitting by the side of the sofa, and I putting out my hand to be held. Presently some one came with

medicine. I drank it, and soon after knew nothing more. When I awoke, Dr. Brough was gone. It was daylight; Ann sat by the fire. I rose and sat up. I had no headache, I did not feel ill. I felt with a strange kind of horror that my brain was no longer benumbed. I began to know, to remember, to realise. Ghastly as had been the night, it was but like a fearful dream from which one would be sure to wake. And now day dragged the horrible impossibility out into the cruel light to make it a fact, a thing to be believed in, to be acted upon. I must escape it, or go mad; yet where? how? Oh! for death to put an end to me, or for pain, pain even to torture, that might deaden my spirit, that might, if it were but for half an hour, give me respite from the crushing consciousness that was slowly and surely, moment by moment, gaining upon me! But alas! I was well, quite myself—free from pain.

Ann brought me some coffee. I sat on the sofa as still as a stone, and I dare say looked like one. Doubtless she wondered at my quietness. She would not guess that underneath the apparent calm were eddyings of passionate thought too rapid and too wild to find relief in action or in tears. My mind was in that tense condition when an hour's ordinary thought may be compressed into a few moments. No aspect escaped me of the calamity which had fallen upon me. My mind reviewed swiftly the life I had lived, the life I should have to live. I was so young, and life so long; helplessness, loneliness must be for ever my portion. I was as one torn from a rock in mid-ocean, and flung into the waves. An idea all at once seized me—an image began to haunt me. I knew it was impossible, absurd—yet for all that I could not get from before my eyes the laudanum in the medicine chest. I saw the little phial with its red label, marked poison. I took a kind of pleasure in humouring myself with the idea. Why should I live? Indeed, how could I live? Life was gone for me with my mother. All this while the emotional part of me was stunned. A craven terror of the existence I could not face possessed me; which, had my soul entered into that grief which springs from love, would have been overborne, engulfed in its deep waters.

Ann suggested that I should go to my room, have my bath, and dress. I did not demur, but I went with a terrible sinking of heart. There was underlying everything else in my soul a conviction of the

utter impossibility of my mother's death. To enter upon a new day thus was like the setting of a seal to the horrible unreality.

Soon after this the housemaid came, and said Dr. Brough had arrived, and would I see him?

"Certainly," I answered; but I had no desire to do so. My mind had reverted to its ordinary attitude towards him. In my hard mood I felt no gratitude, I could even find room in my thoughts to be ashamed of the way I had behaved. When he entered he observed the change in me, for it appeared to me that he checked himself in something he was going to say, and said instead—

"You are better."

"I am perfectly well, thank you," I answered.

He regarded me with very close attention; I am sure he wanted to discover my mental as well as bodily condition. One thing he was keen enough to see—and for this I was thankful—that he could do no good by offering me consolation of any kind. There was no suggestion in his manner of the relation he had borne to me but a few hours before. Notwithstanding his bluntness, I always noticed that he was sensitive to one's changes of manner and mood, and responded to them. On this occasion I should have resented it had he done otherwise, and especially had he suggested religious consolation; but he met me on my own ground, and it was with a manner as matter-of-fact as mine that he spoke.

"You have had a severe shock, Miss Ambrose; and though you assure me you are well, I am not deceived by appearances, as an unskilled observer might be. I dare say it appears to you that a plunge into activity would be the best thing for you. It might be of benefit for a time, but the after-results would be disastrous. You would, in that case, probably require weeks instead of days for recovery. And so I, as your doctor, prescribe absolute quiet and rest, however irksome they may be to you. You will, therefore, kindly remain perfectly quiet for a day or two, and will sleep as much as possible—with chloral, if you cannot without; you will keep, if you please, to this room and your bedroom, or a fresh bedroom, which would be better. When I consider you well enough I have many things to talk over with you. In the meantime you will trouble yourself about nothing, but leave all arrangements and business matters with me. Your mother has made me her executor,

so you need feel yourself under no obligation. And now one point more, and a very essential one—you must have some one with you. Whom shall I send for?"

I shook my head. "There is no one," I answered drearily.

For a moment his aspect changed. He looked quite pitifully at me. Then he said with hesitation—

"Your cousin—he is gone—but only yesterday, the servant tells me. A telegram might recall him."

I blushed violently and did not speak. The idea came as a positive shock to me. Was it possible to get Martin back? Would I have it if I could? Here was I, absolutely uncared for, alone in England, and the chance was offered me of finding love and care and protection with Martin and his friends, with my mother's brother. The thought put me into a strange confusion. For some moments I knew not what to decide. My future destiny, I suppose, was trembling in the balance. But in that moment of weakness a strong thought was sent to me, and saved me from a fatal mistake. It occurred to me to question, in a bewildered fashion, why I had refused Martin's love, and I bethought me that my decision had not been the easy nor the pleasant one, but the right and the wise, and that if it had been to me right in a bright hour, it could be none the less in a dark. Nothing but harm could come of a faith pledged in weakness that had been refused in strength. And all the while Dr. Brough looked at me, and waited for my answer. How simple, how feeble may be the outcome in words of a great mental struggle. I looked at the doctor in a helpless kind of way, and said faintly—

"Oh, no! don't, please."

Dr. Brough seemed surprised by my answer. He looked at me harder than ever.

"Well," he said, knitting his brows, "I am puzzled. I must have some one with you—a woman it should be."

At that moment I remembered Mary.

"I should like Mary," I said.

"Mary Deane? Yes, just the thing, if you will have her."

I rose from the sofa in my eagerness.

"Oh, fetch her at once," I said. "I don't want any one but her; she would help me, she would do me good."

The suspicion came into my mind that Dr. Brough was hurt by

my saying this; but the idea was so absurd that I dismissed it immediately. He went away at once, and I awaited Mary's arrival with extraordinary impatience.

It might have been supposed that I should resent the authority which the doctor took upon himself to exercise over me, and I believe I made a little pretence of doing so on the surface of my mind, but in reality I accepted it with the greatest thankfulness and relief and sense of reliance. It was salvation to me to be thus dictated to and taken in charge.

Dr. Brough did not return with Mary. She entered the room alone. She had taken off her hat, and looked as much at home in my study as in the garret. There was serene strength in her aspect, and directly I saw her I began to cry. She sat down beside me on the sofa, and without a word said between us, I put my head on her shoulder, and sobbed for a long time. With her coming, the horror had gone, and sorrow had taken its place.

ELLIE BEIGHTON.

Tombs, and their Lessons.

A *third* class of tombs to which reference was made I have ventured to call THE BATTLE-GROUND WHERE SUPERSTITION HAS FOUGHT WITH OUR LAST FOE. These are not so much memorials of the race, or age, or individuals to which they refer, as deliberate and defiant contests with death: the vain but resolute attempt to bind death and destruction over to do the behests of the spirit.

All the Egyptian tombs, or at least every Egyptian mummy, was a declaration of the faith that the soul had become absorbed into the Deity, and that the corpse was even the special residence of the great god Osiris, and worthy of the honour due to himself. Thus homage was perpetually paid to the manes, and at the grave of departed ancestors, who were often reckoned among the gods. The mode and place of burial were among the most carefully defined and deeply significant portions of their religious creed. Every great man must have been busy all his life in the excavation and garniture of his tomb. He thought it well not only to carve and paint with extraordinary finish on the walls of these vast sepulchres the record

of his life, and the social and industrial condition of the age in which he lived, but also to take the most elaborate means to conceal the sarcophagus from discovery.

The number of hands that must have been employed in strictly funeral work, from the gravedigger to the Royal Academician of the Pharaohs, must have been inconceivably great. Still it is very curious, that with the exception of *the tombs of the kings*, there were no records on the walls of these tombs of any mystic or funeral rites, or of any deep religious faith. There were the houses and gardens, the pleasures and professions, the fancies and fortunes of these old Egyptian gentlemen, but there was no hint of the feeling with which they drew near to the house appointed for all living. Our main information on this subject is derived from the papyri, from the various accompaniments of the mummied corpse itself, and from the tombs of the kings.

The minds of Orientals were afflicted for ages with the crushing superstition, that a special manifestation of the Deity was granted to them in the person of their kings. The divine right of kings, was a tremendous fact in the kingdoms of Babylon and Persia and Egypt. During their lives the sovereigns of these countries received idolatrous homage. Every word that fell from their lips was supposed to be a divine utterance, and worthy of most scrupulous attention. Forty secretaries waited round the person of the Persian monarch to catch his lightest word, and record it on tablets of brass or of marble. His wishes were inviolable edicts, his service was considered to be a religious worship; and when he died, he was laid in gorgeous pomp amid the solemn streets of Persepolis, and was supposed thence to rule over the whole Persian people.

What Persepolis became for ages to the Persians, the tombs of the kings at Thebes, and the Pyramids of the fourth dynasty, must have been to the Egyptian people.

It is utterly impossible to convey to one who has had little experience in such things, any conception of those tombs of the kings in the valley of Sheikh-el-Gournou. Oh, the awful silence, the solemn grandeur of this strange necropolis! It never could have appeared very different from what it does now; not even when the great kings themselves came hither to view the progress of their tombs. We thought the guide must have been cheating us the first time we

ascended this gorge, when he suddenly came to a pause and declared that we had reached the tomb of Rameses VII. There was a narrow opening in the rocks, which we soon proceeded to enter with lighted candles. The first thing that struck us was a portrait of the king, possessing considerable individuality in its mode of representation. He was surrounded by none of the signs of royal pleasure and diversion, but by groups of gods with many inexplicable symbols of worship or reverence. The descent was rapid into successive chambers, all hollowed out of the solid rock, and every square inch of the face of the walls covered with symbolical or hieroglyphical signs. There was represented in rich colouring a long procession of sacred boats or arks, carrying different symbols. In one of them I saw a *crocodile* with a human head cropping out of his back. There were boats which terminated both at bow and stern in serpents' heads. In the chamber where the sarcophagus of this prince was laid, there is a representation of Harpocrates, sitting on a winged globe, in a position in which it was implied that the spirit of the departed king having become a little child, the child of the god was now triumphing over death. It was most impressive to find here in the heart of the earth, amid many grotesque conceits and dire superstitions, such proofs of the belief of man in immortality ; of the faith of men some thirty centuries ago in life *out of*, and life *after* death.

Diodorus Siculus declares that in his day there were forty-seven of these royal tombs known to the Egyptian priests, only seventeen of which were discoverable in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus. Of these, ten or twelve only are now to be found. The most celebrated is that which goes by the name of Belzoni's tomb, and is the resting-place of Seti-Menesphthah, the father of Rameses II. The staircase which appears at the very mouth of the cavern, is quite as uninviting as travellers describe, but we did not hesitate, and it seemed like going down into some veritable Hades. All the Pantheism of Egypt gleams ghastly in our taper's light on the sides of the pit. The first large chamber at which we arrived was desolate, and had an unfinished appearance, and in some smaller rooms or subterranean chapelries which open out of it, and which give the appearance of being the continuation of the line of the tomb, there were some curious unfinished paintings ; many heads were left as mere disks to be filled

in on a subsequent occasion. It would seem that the draughtsmen must have been followed by pupils or conventional colourists whose duty it was to fill in these disks; because in one place, if not in more, there are indications that the head draughtsman had come a second time and corrected the work of the subordinates. The whole tomb is 309 feet in length and contains fourteen different chambers.

There is much fearful conflict with the spirit of evil and all the drear mysteries of that strange complicated theology reveal themselves. We came to chamber after chamber where were represented all the abominable things of Egyptian worship—all the stumbling-blocks of iniquity. What the interminable processions, the endless coils of writhing serpent, the inconceivable conjunctions of animal and human forms could mean, we were utterly at a loss adequately to conjecture. We knew the names and general attributes of these divisions of their Pantheistic worship, a little of the law by which their deities appear under different names and symbolism, but we soon paused in our interpretation baffled and confounded.

It is difficult to imagine what could have been intended by all this superfluous pomp, lavished on a single tomb, and when once thus prepared wrapped up in impenetrable secrecy. It is most probable that after Menephthah had been carried thither by all the priests of all the gods of Egypt, he lay for untold ages undisturbed.

The only other parallel to this profuse expenditure of treasure and of feeling on a corpse, is to be found in Lower Egypt, where the great Pyramids of Ghizeh, Sakhara, and Abousir, the man-made mountains of world-wide notoriety were piled, as is most probable over the sarcophagi of the earliest Memphite kings.

The sculptures of the Pyramids refer to a far earlier period than the tombs of the Theban kings, and are free from the mythological and abominable superstitions of later times. Yet how amazing, that out of the heart of this oppressive idolatry, out of the midst of this besetting superstition, a race of down-trodden slaves should have gone forth, with the deep conviction burned into their hearts, that there was one God; that He was self-existent, and eternal; that He would suffer no rival and endure no image of His glory; that He was yet the most lovable of all Beings and the most personal of all Personalities; that He was self-existent and above nature, yet that "like as a Father pitieth his children so Jehovah pitieth them that fear Him."

It may be easy to point to the learning and civilization of Egypt as the precursor of the religion of Moses, but it is a huge mistake and infinite delusion. One might as well come away from a little glitter of rockets and Catherine-wheels, which have gone out in smoking wicks and smell of sulphur, and gazing up into the heaven above us—when Orion blazes in the sky or the Pleiads weave their mystic dance—say, “I know where the stars came from—the fire-works made them.”

This long battle with death, which has only left us the memorials of human fear and weakness, should lead us on with humble faith and earnest love to Him who hath indeed abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. All that the forms and accompaniments of human tombs can really tell us, is the sentiment with which dying and bereaved men contemplate this deep and pathetic mystery of human life. No articulate voice breaks the silence. We go near, very near to the veil and listen, but all is still. If it be an eternal silence, if the portals of the grave open on no active life, no higher phase of existence, then the noblest of the sons of men have been the most deceived by the analogies of nature, and by their intuitions of the unseen. Moreover, those who have seen the farthest into the ways of God on earth and taken the measure of men, and done the most to bless mankind have been hopelessly in the wrong, and have formed the least true estimate of that which is within the veil. In the resurrection of our Lord there is the one great answer to our passionate pleading, and in the faith of it we cry—“O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?”

H. R. R.

In Memoriam.—Matthew Attmore Sherring.

It is with a sense of acute pain and loss that I endeavour to recall some of the relations into which I was brought with the beloved friend whose name occupies much space in the present number of this Magazine.

Thirty-five years ago we met for the first time as fellow-students at Coward College, and during the year 1846 I became in a certain sense his pastor. Mr. Sherring's father was one of the deacons of the “old Independent Meeting” at Halstead, and was

highly esteemed for his religious experience and goodness. His sons were named after the four Evangelists, and it became my melancholy duty to visit the father and two sons in their last illnesses, and to bury the father and one son in the same grave. The awful solemnity of that event, brightened as it was by "the blessed hope," and a common straining and feeling after the outstretched hand of God in that deep darkness, gave us much interest in one another's work. Matthew Sherring highly distinguished himself at University College, and in the University of London, obtaining in succession the degrees of B.A., LL.B., and M.A. His tastes were scientific and literary, and if he had followed his original intention of pursuing the medical profession, he would probably have won in it distinguished success. His powers of observation and sympathy, his capacity of grasping details, his hopeful and calm spirit, would have served him well; but God had other work of the highest importance for him to undertake. Accepted by the London Missionary Society, he was ordained at "the Weigh House," and entered on his duties at Benares in the year 1852. In that sacred and high place of Hinduism, with an interval of a few years, during his temporary occupancy of the position of Dr. Cotton Mather at Mirzapore, and with the exception of certain furloughs taken among the mountains, and in the Old and New Worlds, he has laboured with extraordinary vigour and usefulness until the present summer. Mr. Sherring married the daughter of Dr. Mather, and thus secured a most devoted, gifted, and peculiarly qualified helpmeet. They suffered together the horror and alarm of the Mutiny, and were in the very centre of the movement. Few narratives are of more romantic and thrilling interest than the record Mr. Sherring made of the experiences through which he and his wife passed in 1857. The history of the conduct of the "Indian Church during the Rebellion," revealed the extraordinary hold which Christianity had obtained in the hearts of these Christians, who then proved themselves loyal to Christ, to His servants, and to the British rule. Mr. Sherring's account of "the Sacred City of the Hindus" is full of historical research, of topographical and archæological detail. It is a history of the forms of religious faith conspicuous in Benares, and also an invaluable guide-book to the city. His "History of Protestant Missions in India" is a book of immense value. In it the author carries his reader through every part of Hindustan, and has

arranged his matter both geographically and ohronologically, giving due credit to the claims of every Christian community that has grappled with the errors, and endeavoured to convert to the faith of Christ the millions of India. His *magnum opus* was only in part completed. It consists of two quarto volumes, in which the author gives a succinct classification and sketch of the various tribes and castes of India. These volumes involved prodigious research, both in India and in the archives of Indian lore accumulated in England, and they were abundantly appreciated by the executive of the Indian Government. He has left this great work unfinished. Meanwhile, he solaced his hours of relaxation with versifying the legends of the North-Western tribes, and after the fashion of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," or the "Canterbury Tales," he playfully put them into the lips of those who could have uttered them *con amore*. Great as his literary labours were, his correspondence always revealed to the very last how intent he was on missionary work, on furthering the great educational revolution in India, on converting souls to Christ. During his last residence in England, he carried through the press for the Bible Society a new edition of the Hindustani Bible. He was always profoundly interested and absorbed in the progress of every department of Indian Missions.

The Rev. Edward Storrow thus writes of him :—

"I first met Mr. Sherring when he arrived in India in 1852, and from that time our friendship was close and our intercourse frequent. He was a most pleasant friend and companion. Thorough amiability, great intelligence, broad sympathies, a cultivated taste and a pleasant wit and humour, made him so.

"I never heard him speak ungenerously or bitterly of any one. He was quick to approve ; when he could not do so he was reticent. Two things characterised him as a missionary—thoroughness and varied capacity. I have never known any one who had more zeal and love for this work. It filled his heart, it was the subject on which he ever delighted to talk. As an itinerant preacher, a Christian pastor, the superintendent and teacher in a school containing some 400 boys, a man having much intercourse with influential Hindus, and an author of numerous articles and several books, he exhibited wide sympathies and great power. Some might think that his literary projects—of which he was very full—absorbed too much of

his time, but no missionary has exhibited more varied power as a poet, an antiquarian, a statist, an historian, an essayist, and an editor.

"The very general esteem in which he was held by missionaries of various societies; by Europeans, by Hindus, and by the native Christian community is a fine tribute to his worth."

It is not without especial interest that we now recall the terms in which Mr. Routledge spoke of him two years since, when discussing English rule in India :—

"In one case in Benares I think I saw the fact below the surface of missionary work. I found the Principal of the College of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. M. A. Sherring, in the midst of his everyday duties, and Mrs. Sherring in the midst of her everyday duties—mother and father of a race of young men and women who may yet have a great influence on India. . . . Mr. Sherring's position as a teacher and writer, as a great missionary, is too well known to need further mention here. . . . The truth is, that the missionary in India, is often the one man in a district who is independent of all control, and who can stand for the poor in their need: and when, as sometimes occurs, he is not merely like a hero, but also is one, he has in his hands a power which the heads of armies cannot in a just cause withstand. A man like Mr. Sherring, a loyal and ardent supporter of good government, is a safeguard against bad government, go where he may, and is a positive gain, not merely to the work of missions, but to English rule in India and to the cause of the poor and helpless in far more than the district in which his work for the time more directly lies." *

This view was not a solitary one. He would not have been pressed—as he was—to undertake the highest literary work in India if the leaders of the Liberal press had not adequately appreciated his great powers. But as a husband, father, and friend, as a devoted and heroic worker for the cause of humanity, and for the glory of Christ, we rejoice to think that so noble a life has been lived, so fine an example set. The interesting essay found in the present number of this Magazine, which did not reach the editor until after its writer had "finished the work given him to do," must have been almost

* "English Rule and Native Opinion in India," by James Routledge. See pp. 168, 184.

the last effort of his pen, and it reveals the strength of his hope and the greatness of his confidence. The experience of nearly thirty years spent in Indian travel and research, entitles him to speak, and demands a hearing. Corresponding enthusiasm and fine spirit characterised the final utterance he made on a similar theme in the Mildmay Missionary Conference. We can ill spare such an accomplished, right-minded, lovable and trustworthy missionary. He was so modest and so wise, so gentle and so strong, so loyal and so hopeful. May the great space created by his removal be filled up by an army of zealous and devoted men who will not rest until India be won for Christ.

The details of Mr. Sherring's brief but fatal illness will be found in the *Missionary Chronicle*, but we subjoin the record of a remarkable dream, written only a day or two before his departure, and found among his manuscripts by Mrs. Sherring, to whom he had spoken on the subject, promising to relate it to her :—

“I dreamed I was in heaven—I was conscious that I was the same in body and in soul, but greatly changed. While retaining the same form and the same physical and mental powers, I felt that I had developed into a new being. My senses and perceptions had become very acute and strong, so that I was able to weigh and understand the scenes that broke upon my sight, and to take part without constraint in the fellowship of its inhabitants, and in their occupations as though both were natural to me. I had none of the feelings of a stranger in a strange country, but, on the contrary, my mind was filled with unbounded satisfaction and with an exquisite sweetness arising from the thought that I was once more at home. But what a home ! So like and yet so unlike the home I had lately left with the same kind of associations and relationships, but of fresh and hitherto unknown types. Parents, brothers, sisters, and many friends who had been separated from me at intervals, from my childhood to the close of my mortal life, were within the reach of my voice and the range of my sight. They welcomed me audibly and with a peculiar charm of manner, which at once expressed the tender love they cherished towards me, and secured my entire confidence in them, as though no separation between us had ever taken place. Some were near to me, among them was my mother and my wife's mother, who came and kissed me as they used to do in former years, but for

the most part, they were at remote distances from me. Nevertheless we saw one another and our looks of greeting were mutual, for I soon learnt that in heaven vision is so keen that I could see clearly throughout its whole extent, even to distant regions, as far removed from where I was as the sun from the earth. Each one, whether near or far, spake words of loving recognition, sounding in my ears like soft music, and thus I perceived that the sense of hearing was as much quickened as the sense of sight.

"These were not the only persons who welcomed me. I was welcomed by all the inhabitants of heaven, who were all conscious of my arrival, although they were immensely numerous. I perceived that each one had the faculty of knowing everything as it occurred, and of taking part to some extent, according to his wishes in every event that happened. Nor was this a cause of confusion, for while they might be individually occupied with matters of personal interest, they could direct their thoughts at the same time to whatever was occurring elsewhere; and the power of speech was such, that the thought of the mind if they chose, became audible to every one."

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"Here," Mrs. Sherring adds, "the manuscript ends, as though he had intended writing more; but when we were out together one evening last week, and he was asking me what I thought would be the occupations of heaven, I replied in the words, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what God hath prepared for them that love Him,' and so I feel it was better left as he left it, and now he has seen the glorious Lord God, and knows the blessed mystery of that heavenly home."

THE EDITOR.

Literary Notices.

The Foundations of Faith, considered in Eight Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in 1879, at the Lectures founded by John Bampton. By HENRY WACE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, London. (Pickering and Co.)

Mr. Wace has done noble service in this suggestive volume. Without elaborating a system of theology or a group of definitions, he has vindicated with great force the office and place of faith in the

religious constitution of man, and the immense service it is rendering to humanity as a whole, to every species and order of civilization. He has shown with success that the modern challenge of its main principle would undermine the entire fabric of human affairs, that science as well as religious dogma really rest on the wide acceptance of positions which can never be verified, and that the raid made upon Christian dogma is very irrational in view of the fact that, if a man minimizes his religious creed to the simplest *position*, such as the grandeur and omnipotence of God, he has virtually adopted a principle and taken a step which justifies further and subsequent advance. Our author has shown along the lines of his admirable treatise of Christianity and morality that the bare activity of conscience recognises something far more than immutable principles of righteousness, and has to do with the supreme nature and will. A morality evolved out of antecedent conditions has no standard towards which it is moving, and is in flat contradiction with the principal facts of consciousness. The lectures on "Faith in Divine Revelation," "The Faith of the Old Covenant," and "The Faith demanded by Our Lord," contain much admirable matter, but are not so impressive or original as that which describes "The Faith of the Reformation" and "The Faith of the Church of England." The lecturer appears to us to be singularly happy in dealing with the assumption which Rome makes of its right to take supreme command of all the details of faith, after it has been compelled to admit that the conscience and religious sense and reason have previously, by the nature of the case, been entrusted with the responsibility of supplying to mankind the immensely preponderant element of the true faith. Thus he argues:—

"A man must believe that the Son of God was really incarnate before he has any reason at all to believe in the authority of a society founded by Him. . . . If the Roman Church is to have any valid claim upon us, we must already, on grounds prior to her authority, have accepted belief in God, belief in (revelation), belief in the incarnation. These immense acts of faith must have been made before the Roman Catholic claims have so much as an intelligible foundation. . . . Does it not then seem a very improbable supposition that their application and development in detail, whether in point of truth or practice, should imperatively need a miraculous interposition in the form of visible authority, which was not necessary in order to enable us

to reach them? Such an utter annihilation of our independence at the very moment when it has carried us to so lofty a height, may be conceivable, but it is certainly in the highest degree improbable."

The appendices to the volume are singularly rich in translations of valuable documents and literature bearing on some part of the vast controversy. Professor Wace is an intelligent and enthusiastic admirer of Luther, and gives the original Latin and a nervous translation into English of the greatest part of Luther's "Liberty of a Christian Man." We cordially commend this volume of the Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, to the attention of our readers.

The Gospels: their Age and Authorship. Traced from the Fourth Century into the First. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. (Sunday School Union.)

The nucleus of this admirable treatise appeared in the pages of this Magazine. The learned author has presented, in a very comprehensible and rememberable form, the lines of evidence on which we may now safely hold that the four Gospels were written in the apostolic age, by those whose names they bear. He has made good use of the labours and opinions of the most distinguished apologetic writers, but his plan differs somewhat from that which is commonly followed. Instead of beginning with the first indistinct traces of the existence of these documents, he commences his work at a time when MSS. and translations and commentaries are admitted by all to have existed, and presses backward, step by step, to the apostolic fathers and early heretics, and thus shows beyond question that no interval is possible during which the supposititious earlier documents could have been displaced and the canonical gospels palmed upon the world in their place. In passing over this ground, our author gives such information on matters of Church history as is sufficient to make his statements intelligible and interesting. No better book could possibly be put into the hands of Sunday-school teachers for the purpose which it is intended to subserve.

The Life of Thomas Wills, F.C.S., Demonstrator of Chemistry, Royal Naval College, Greenwich. By his mother, MARY WILLIS PHILLIPS, and her friend J. LUKE. (Nisbet and Co.)

We will not tell the story of this beautiful life, but strongly advise our readers to acquaint themselves with it. The volume recount^s

numerous events of an almost romantic interest. Though a mother writes the affecting story, no straining of natural love heightens the colouring with which a right manly, noble career was pursued. We see here how the scientific adept and ingenious speculator in the higher departments of research retains the fervency of his early faith, and how the faith of a Christian ennobles and enriches the pursuit of science. We see how much the world of science has lost by the early death of one who disclosed some of the highest faculties of the experimenter and explorer. We once had an opportunity of judging of Mr. Wills' remarkable faculty of scientific exposition, and strongly commend this volume. This biography is enriched by the skill and grace of a gifted authoress, by letters of admiration and sympathy from distinguished men, such as Dr. Debus, Professor Tyndall, Dr. Gladstone, and others, and also by the reprint of three important lectures on "Explosions in Coal Mines," delivered before the Society of Arts.

The Apostles of Our Lord: Practical Studies. By Alexander Macleod Symington, B.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Critical and theological questions are not discussed in this volume. The author has confined himself to the practical lessons to be deduced from the career of the Apostles, with whom James, "the brother of our Lord," is included. Four discourses are devoted to the chief phases of the life of Peter, and two to those of St. Paul. The remarks and hints are sensible and useful.—*The Innocents.* A Poem in three books. By the Rev. Samuel Wray. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This post octavo volume, bound in pale grey, with gilt edges and decoration, appears externally attractive, but within it is feeble unto dreariness. The worthy author, who in his pastoral work may probably have comforted many of his flock, says in conclusion:—

"Far have I crept, with anxious heed,
And twanged my little horn,
To warn and cheer the godly seed,
For thereto was I born."

Doubtless he was sincere in his efforts to "cheer," but if his "horn" had been "twanged" in solitude, few would have regretted the loss of its melody.—*Through the Eye to the Heart; or, Plain Uses of the Blackboard, etc.* By the Rev. W. F. Crafts, A.M. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Contains some useful suggestions to teachers for obtain-

ing and fixing the attention of their pupils. It is almost impossible to read these pages without gaining many hints as to the best methods of making lessons attractive to little folks. At the same time the illustrations given, and the manner in which they are proposed to be used, are frequently grotesque and to some minds would appear irreverent.—*Joan Carisbroke*. By Emma Jane Worboise. (James Clarke and Co., and Hodder and Stoughton.) This story contains some bright and clever delineation of character. The heroine is a noble woman, and the whole purpose of the book is to inculcate high principle and simple Christian faith. It is, however, to be regretted that the only official teacher of the Christian religion described in the story is a clergyman of the Church of England, who, though a gentleman and a scholar, is wholly unfitted for his office, and who exerts no influence except by setting an example of worldliness and extravagance, and bringing all his family to ruin.—*A Red Rose Chain*. By Maggie Symington. (James Clarke and Co.) We can scarcely commend this as a satisfactory story. Portions of it, no doubt, form pleasant reading, but the work as a whole, is marred by the introduction of highly artificial scenes and situations, and by the suggestion of ideas which would not, as we think, leave a wholesome impression on the mind of a young reader.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Islington, Union Chapel, by Mr. J. Duthoit, £21 7s. 7d.; Kensington, by Mr. A. J. Shephard, £10; Headingley Hill, Leeds, by R. Shapley, Esq., £7; Croydon, Trinity Chapel, by M. J. Weightman, £5; Liverpool, by Mr. A. J. Stephenson, £4 14s. 3d.; Caterham, by Mr. T. Redgate, £4 7s. 1d.; Hull, by Mr. J. Archibald, £2 15s. 4d.; Newton Abbott, by Mr. J. Alsop, £2 12s.; Andover, by Mr. F. Beale, £2 3s. 6d.; Woolwich, by Rev. T. Sissons, £2 2s.; Leeds, Carlton Hill, by Rev. G. Hinds, £2 2s.; Winchester, by Rev. W. Joyce, £1 12s.; Shipley, by Mr. R. L. Armstrong, £1 10s.; Jersey, by Rev. P. Binet, £1 8s. 6d.; Foulmere, by Rev. A. W. Johnson, £1 5s.; Ossett, by Mr. W. Saberton, £1 4s.; Ware, Old Independent Chapel, by Rev. J. S. Darley, £1 3s. 6d.; Elland, by Mr. Mallinson, £1 2s. 6d.; West Hartlepool, Belle Vue, by Mr. G. Spark, 10s.; Byfield, by Rev. C. Brown, 3s. 6d.



THE PALACE CHURCH, MADAGASCAR. (From a Photograph.)

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—Madagascar—The Palace Church.

AN architectural description of the church recently opened in the palace enclosure at ANTANANARIVO, as shown in the accompanying engraving, is given in the *MISSIONARY CHRONICLE* for August. It is also stated that, in connection with the religious services of the day, a paper was read by the *PRIME MINISTER* of Madagascar reviewing the history of the movement from its commencement. A translation of his Excellency's address, which has since come to hand, will, we feel sure, be read with interest by the Society's constituents and friends. It is to the following effect:—

"I have been requested by the members of this church to give some account of the origin of the 'praying' here in the palace, and of the erection of this house of prayer, which we are this day dedicating to the worship of God. And though I at first declined, thinking it would be better for some one else to undertake the duty, yet being still urged to do so I afterwards consented. My heart is now truly rejoiced because, by the blessing of God, the purpose which has been long entertained is now fulfilled, and the Queen and all of us are now met together to unite in opening this house, which has been erected for a house of prayer to God and for the praise of His name through Jesus Christ our Lord. Thanks be to God who has blessed us and caused to come to pass this day of joy and gladness. Man proposes, but the accomplishment is of God, and God has fulfilled to the Queen and to all of us our purpose. Blessed, therefore, be Jehovah, the Lord God Almighty, who is both Lord of all and also merciful and gracious through Jesus Christ His Son.

"And because of this, my heart inclines me in accordance with your request to put in order a few words showing the history of the origin of

the 'praying' here in the palace, and the way in which God has inclined the heart of the Queen to build this house here in the midst of her palaces for the worship of God. If we consider what led the Queen to pray, it can be truly said she was not influenced by man, but that it was God alone who disposed her heart towards the 'praying.' There is one thing, however, which I think it well you should be made acquainted with.

"During the reign of Queen Rasoherina, there was a Bible (this which I now show to you) which I placed in the house where she dwelt; and which was regarded as common property, for it was freely handled by every one who was able to read; and this Bible was always lying about as a thing of no importance. On the 3rd of April, 1868, when Queen Ranavalona came to the throne, this Bible was still there, and was still freely handled by the people as before. During the days of mourning for Rasoherina, the Queen often read in this Bible to pass away the time, and even the officers about the Court and the 'twelve youths' [under-secretaries in the palace] took it up when they were at leisure. And I believe that the reading of this Bible by the Queen was the means by which God disposed her heart to pray to Him, and that it did not come from man. On Sunday morning, the 25th of October, 1868, the Queen, myself, and a few of the Queen's personal attendants met for prayer in the centre room of the palace called Mahatsara, and when the service was ended and we came away, the Queen sent for Rainigory, sixteen honours, and Rainibesa, fifteen honours, and Rainilambo, fifteen honours [senior officers in constant attendance on the Queen], and said to them: 'I inform you, my fathers and mothers, that I shall pray to God; and my reason for doing so is this: I look to the heavens, and they did not come of themselves, for some one made them; and I consider the earth and it did not come of itself, for some one made it. It is God who made these things, and therefore I shall pray to God; and I inform you because you are as my fathers and mothers.' And when they heard that, they said: 'That is good, your Majesty, and we thank you.' But, although they said this, their countenances seemed to show that they were sorry. And in the evening we met again for worship as we had done in the morning. And on the following Sunday, the 1st of November, 1868, Rainigory, Rainibesa, and Rainilambo met together with us for worship; and from that Sunday the Sunday markets were gradually put a stop to.

"We see from this the power of the Bible, for though the reading of it had been regarded as a thing of no importance, and done simply to pass away the time, yet its effect was not lost and it was not read in vain, for it was as good seed sown which only waited for the proper time to spring up,

and that time was the day on which the Queen met for Christian worship for the first time in the palace, and also this day, which is one of great joy. How great is the power of the Word of God! Let us therefore not think lightly of the reading and of the hearing of that Word, for it has indeed power to change the hearts of men according to that which is written in Isa. lv. 11, saying: 'My word that goeth forth out of My mouth shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.'

"On the Wednesday evening, the day previous to the coronation, the Queen said to me: 'My kingdom I will rest upon God; send therefore for Andriambelo and Ratsilainga and Andrianaiavoravelona and Rainimanga and Rainitavy [pastors of the city churches], that they may ask God's blessing on me and my subjects, for God only has made me what I am.' These five men were accordingly sent for at once, and they read portions of Scripture and offered prayers that night, and at cock-crowing next morning they prayed and read the Scriptures again. And when the time drew near for the ceremonies of the coronation, and the Queen was about to appear in the presence of her subjects, these pastors were again sent for that they might join together once more in seeking the Divine blessing on the events of the day.

"A little before the coronation I and my friend Mr. James Cameron talked together, saying: 'Let us put some words of Holy Scripture round the canopy over the Queen's seat.' This was mentioned to her Majesty, and she consented, and the words in Luke ii. 14 were agreed upon, viz., 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' A Bible was also placed on a table by the side of the Queen.

"After we had held service in the palace for a short time the Queen and myself asked to be baptized, and after having been taught three months by Andriambelo and Rainimanga, according to the previous custom of the churches, we were baptized by Andriambelo in the room where we had been accustomed to meet for worship, and after four months' further instruction we were received as communicants at the Lord's Supper. On the 25th of December, ten months after the baptism of the Queen, Rainigory and Rainibesa and Rainilambo were also baptized.

"The number of those who were united with us in Christian fellowship from October 25th, 1868, to October 1st, 1870, was twenty-seven, of whom nine were adults, viz., the Queen and myself, Rainigory and Rainibesa and Rainilambo, Ralaivivony and Ranjavao, and Rafaralahy and Ravelondrano; the remaining eighteen being young people and their attendants. But though the communicants were at that time so few, yet

we expected that, by God's blessing, the number would increase, and the Queen took into consideration the erection of a stone house of prayer within the palace enclosure. She then communicated her intention to the people, and God fulfilled to her her desire, in that on the 20th of July, 1869, she was enabled to commence the erection of this house. The chief motive, however, which led to the building of this house was the Queen's desire that her subjects should know the true God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and that the 'praying' should never depart from her kingdom.

"A little less than two months after this house of prayer had been commenced, an event took place which could scarcely have been expected by any one. On the 8th of September, 1869, the keepers of the idol, called Ikelimalaza, came up to the palace to inform the Queen of their intention to change horns (*hanova tandroka*) [an idolatrous ceremony formerly performed whenever a new sovereign came to the throne]. When this message was given to the Queen, she unexpectedly sent out word, saying, 'I will burn all the idols belonging to my ancestors; but as to yours, that is your business.' And according to these words the Queen sent immediately to all the towns where the idols of her ancestors were kept, and had all the idols burned.

"These two events took place here at that time, viz., the commencement of this house within the palace enclosure for the worship of God, and the burning of the idols of the Queen's ancestors. And my reason for calling these *great* events is that one—viz., the erection of a house of prayer within the courtyard of the palace—was an event which it was intended should never take place, and the other was bringing to naught of the idols which had been trusted in and served, and which it was believed could never be taken away. And it can be truly said that no one led the Queen to do these things except the Spirit of God alone. Thanks be to God for the gift of His Holy Spirit, and for thus disposing the heart of the Queen who has given us liberty to pray in peace and in joy as we do at present.

"According to the custom of the ancestors, every sovereign in Madagascar has at the beginning of his or her reign either built a new house within the palace enclosure, or altered and improved one already in existence; but when Queen Ranavalona came to the throne the words of Christ in Matt. vi. 33 entered into her heart:—'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' And this stone house of prayer to God is the first building the Queen has erected within the precincts of the palace.

"From the 21st of February, 1871, to the 16th of July, 1873, thirty-eight children were baptized, nine adults (poor people) received pecuniary support from the church, and Rabodosoa from Ambatonakanga was the first to join us from another church. On the 27th of July, 1873, Ramatoa Rasocaray also joined us with thirteen others; and from that time until now many others have associated themselves with the church in the palace, and have been our fellow-workers in spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Such then is the history of the Palace Church, and of the erection of this house of prayer; and though the members of the church have not been many, but comparatively few, yet I think we have ample cause for thankfulness to God. The money collected by the church since its commencement for the extension of the Kingdom of God is £6,238 11s. 6d. With regard to the work of the evangelists and school teachers sent out by the church, whether those at a distance or those near at hand, and in respect also to the raising of funds for the support of teachers sent out immediately after the burning of the idols, the Palace Church has done what it could, and we sincerely rejoice in the work which has been accomplished. But even though I should not mention these things, the fruits that have been realised are, I think, known to all of us.

"Taking into consideration the things which have now been mentioned, it becomes us to join together in giving thanks to God. Oh! that our thankfulness to God for all He has done for us may be like the joy we feel in thus setting apart this house of prayer! Amen. Oh! that God may ever dwell with us in this house! for the times when God visits us are the most joyful seasons of our life. Amen.

"I have now to inform you, at the request of the church, of the great kindness of our friend Mr. W. Pool, shown in the erection of this house. He has been indefatigable in his efforts to make it the success which we now see it to be, and it is proper that we should thank him. [Then looking towards Mr. Pool the Prime Minister said:] We thank you, Mr. Pool. May you live and be blessed of God, for your work in the building of this house is successful. It is done well, and you have not spared yourself in the doing of it.

"I have also to mention the work done by the labourers and the people generally, for they have worked with joy and with diligence; and though the Queen has thanked them personally, and has given them clothing and money and food, yet, as the house is finished, it is well that we should thank them here in the presence of the multitude. May God prosper them!"

II.—Peking—A Mongolian Book Stall.

WHEN it was first determined to re-open the Mongolian Mission from the Peking side, it was hoped that the hospital here would form a powerful and increasing attraction to the numerous Mongols who visit Peking in winter. Of late years the numbers who have sought us out here have been steadily decreasing, and, I think, during no winter have they been fewer than the winter just now past. The reason for this falling off in the numbers of those who avail themselves of the hospital is partly that, of many who have in years past come, only a small proportion of them have asked medical help for diseases which were curable. The majority came with diseases for which nothing in the shape of a complete or permanent cure could be done. They were treated and, in some cases, alleviated at the time; but, finding the old complaint resume its former condition, it is to be feared that the patients thus were led to think lightly of the foreigner's skill, and perhaps we would have, in a medical point of view, made a greater impression on the Mongols if we had resolutely refused to doctor hopeless cases, and confined our attention to such diseases as admitted of cure.

Seeing that few of the Mongols resort to us in winter, I employed a man to set up a table and sell books at the *Wai Kuan*, the great resort and lodging-place of the Mongols who visit Peking. It is about one and a half English miles north of Peking. Some years ago I spent some time there one winter, living in apartments rented from a lama. There I had not great success in meeting Mongols; few, comparatively speaking, sought me out, and I was in hopes that setting up a little book-stall on the public street, among the other traders, would bring the books and myself under the notice of the Mongol visitors who, with skins of sheep and legs of mutton under their arms, wander up and down trying to barter these raw materials for manufactured products. The man was, weather permitting, there daily, except Sabbath, from December 16th, 1879, to February 26th, 1880 (the height of the Mongol season), and I, as a rule, went every second day. There were sold in all 185 Mongol books and 267 Chinese books. So far the experiment may be considered a limited success. But bookselling was not my only object in sending out the man with his stand. I had hoped that friends from Mongolia, seeing the books and me there, would have been induced to come and visit us in Peking. This latter part of the scheme was quite a failure. I hardly remember any one who thus visited us.

JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

III.—The Central African Mission.

IN the last general review of the mission in the interior of Africa, which was given in our March number, the three centres from which it had been determined that the Society's operations should be carried on were described; and subsequent notices have indicated how, by means of the reinforcements despatched in April, each station will, in due time, have its full complement of missionaries. Our readers will be interested to learn that the Revs. A. J. WOOKEY and D. WILLIAMS, with Dr. PALMER, left ZANZIBAR on the 14th of June, and, having crossed to SAADANI, marched inland to NDUMI. Here, six miles from the coast, they halted for a few days pending the arrival of additional pagazi, and made a fair start for the interior on the following Monday, the 21st. Accomplishing from twelve to fifteen miles daily, at the date of the last advices—MAMBOYAH, 8th July—they were hoping to reach MPWAPWA by the middle of that month. The caravan numbered 309 men, the chief of whom was ULIA, an experienced leader who accompanied the Rev. ROGER PRICE, while several of the pagazi have been in the employ of the Society's previous expeditions. Neither Mr. Wookey nor Dr. Palmer had been free from attacks of fever and ague incident to the coast region, but the health generally of the members of the party left little to be desired. Our brethren write in good spirits, and one and all entertain bright hopes for the future.

The position of URAMBO is important, as it forms the first of the Society's stations reached by travellers on the way to the Lake. In this town and neighbourhood Dr. SOUTHWORTH continues his earnest and useful work, and, despite reports to his prejudice conveyed by the Arabs to Mirambo, he maintains friendly relations with that powerful chief. Where self-interest is not at stake, Mirambo's professions and promises with regard to the Mission may be relied on; but, naturally of a procrastinating disposition, and surrounded by evil councillors, it can scarcely be wondered at if his attitude towards it, in its religious and social bearings, should be of a passive rather than of a practical character. To Dr. Southworth personally, however, he is courteous and generous, and his example is followed by neighbouring chiefs and the natives generally. In his last letter the missionary furnishes a case in point:—

"Mirambo, I am sorry to say," writes Dr. Southworth, "has gone to fight a large place called Takuma, south-west of Ugala. He has cannon, and about seven thousand men, so that he will probably be successful. Before he left, he gave me sixteen cows, four calves, twenty-one sheep and goats, and about forty acres of matama, now nearly ripe. Since then he sent word to say a field of rice would be considered mine, and when ripe the villagers near by were to clean and bring

it me. I felt it right to make some return for these presents, and more especially as I felt that it was a token on his part of the good-will he bears towards me. I therefore made him a present of one of the three nine-foot tents brought from England. In this country, where all fabrics of a cloth nature quickly rot and wear out, tents in about two years become useless. The gift was not intrinsically worth very much, but, as Mirambo had frequently expressed a desire for a good tent, I thought nothing could be more appropriate. He was very pleased, and shortly after sent me a boy to tend the goats and sheep which he had given me. After Mirambo's departure, a message came from him to the effect that he had appointed me chief of the Kwikuru and of Urambo. I immediately sent a message firmly declining the honour he would do me, and emphatically declaring that, while I was ever ready to serve individuals by helping them in any way I could, I would never have anything to do with the government of the people. To this I have not yet received a reply."

Again writing in a cheerful strain on the position which he occupies in the Mission, and referring to the many encouraging aspects of his work, Dr. Southon observes :—

"My wants have in many respects been supplied, without the need of asking, by natives who are grateful for kindness shown them. In fact, often when an unexpected but needed supply of food has come, the words of the Master have occurred to me, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of them.' To mention instances, I would say that the chief of Kirira—Misukia by name—has several times sent me provisions of various kinds; the chief of Makabacha voluntarily sends vegetables; the chief of Managuruguru gave eighty banana trees when he heard I wished to buy some; last, but not least, Mirambo sends an ox or a sheep occasionally, and often says that, as he invited the missionary to settle here, he feels bound to support him. Of course, all this is very pleasing; but, until I can talk freely to the people in their own language, little can be done in the way of the work we all have so much at heart—the teaching of the Gospel by preaching to the masses the glad news of salvation through Jesus Christ."

The plan proposed by Dr. Southon of devoting three hours daily to the study of the language will, however, soon remedy any deficiency of which he may be conscious in this respect. Medical work claims a large portion of his time and attention. Besides which, his skill in handicrafts is turned to excellent account.

"The work on the premises," he writes, on June 1st, "still takes the form of timber cutting, carpentering, and gardening. Most of the men are at work, constructing a fence near the perennial spring, which issues forth near the Kwikuru. When finished it will enclose a plot of ground, 60 by 40 feet, which, I think, will be large enough to supply two brethren with vegetables during the dry season. By simply cutting a trench, about 20 feet long, the whole plot can be irrigated at pleasure. If not found large enough, there is abundance of unoccupied land adjoining, which can be appropriated and fenced in. Mirambo gave me permission to take as much land as I desired.

"In carpentering I am busy fitting a large lathe, part of the ironwork of

which the late Mr. Dodgshun carried to Ujiji, and which Mr. Hore sent me. I have nearly completed a large wheel, 12 feet in circumference, which one man can turn, the strap of which will pass over the small wheel of the lathe. In this way I hope to be able to turn out chair and table legs without the immense labour which a 'treadle lathe' involves."

Every mail conveys a professional report from Dr. Southon, and from the following paragraph it will be seen that his medical practice is far from being restricted within the limits of Urambo:—

"Many patients come from long distances, and now that it is known that I have treated ulcerated legs—a very common disease—successfully, I get great numbers of this class of patients, many of whom have suffered for years. Cases of fever—low remittent—have been frequent lately, I myself having had an attack, as also have several of the Wangwana. The practice of sending medicine to a distance without seeing the patient I have refrained from until recently, when some very clear cases of fever were reported, and relatives sent for medicine. After investigating the cases, I sent medicine, and, I am pleased to report, with the happiest results. I have taken a case of gun-shot wound into the house, and am treating it successfully."

Interesting details are given in a recent letter from Dr. Southon with reference to a visit paid by King RUHAGA to Urambo, and its probable issues:—

"This Uha potentate did me the honour to call upon me, in order, as he said, 'to feast his eyes upon a man with a white skin.'

"He has been on a visit to Mirambo, and brought as presents, sheep, oxen, ivory, and slaves, in great abundance; for, though a thorough niggard and an avaricious man, Ruhaga thought it politic to come to Mirambo with, as he said, 'a present worthy of so great a monarch as he came to see.'

"Never before have I seen a chief of note who impressed me so unfavourably as Ruhaga has done. His face is a true index of his mind and character, and is a sad spectacle of low cunning, base intrigue, open rascality, and unblushing effrontery. I consider him a most degraded specimen of a treacherous and unscrupulous race. His men were, in great measure, like him in appearance, and would not scruple to help themselves to anything they took a fancy to, but for the fact that all thieving, no matter how trifling, is punished with instant death in Urambo; and, as the sharp eyes of all my men were on the watch to detect thieves, they did not get a chance to rob me. Compared with the Wanyamwezi, the Waha are a hundred degrees below them in intelligence and uprightness.

"Ruhaga told me a great deal about his country, which I entered in my notebook. He says his object in coming here is to get Mirambo to help him against his brother, Khanza, who, he says, has usurped his authority. The real facts of the case are, that Khanza is the eldest son of the late king who ruled all the large country now known as Khanza and Ruhaga's Uha. Khanza succeeded his father, and ruled alone for some time; at length he gave Ruhaga a portion of his kingdom to govern as a chief under him. Ruhaga, however, soon became powerful, and now seeks Mirambo's aid to help him to turn out Khanza. But Mirambo, recognising the injustice of such a plan, which would make him

deservedly unpopular, wisely refused to do anything in the matter, and firmly told Ruhaga that Khanza had not quarrelled with him—Mirambo—and that he should not feel justified in declaring war against him. He also told Ruhaga that, if the quarrel could not be settled amicably, they had better fight it out between themselves, and he would support the victor. This is quite a diplomatic stroke on the part of Mirambo, as, from all I can gather, Khanza is much the stronger of the two brothers, and Ruhaga is never likely to attack him unaided. It will also cement a friendship between Khanza and Mirambo, which cannot fail to be profitable to the latter."

Two matters of considerable importance in connection with the Lake Mission have recently been brought under the notice of the Directors by Mr. HORE. The first has reference to the selection of a permanent site for a mission station at the UJJI end of the Lake, the position hitherto occupied being only tentative, and in many respects unsuitable. From the outset, appearances pointed in the direction of KIGOMA BAY, whither early in February of the present year Mr. Hore proceeded, and, after a friendly interview with MUNIYI AKIDA and the native chief MBOGA, selected, on the Society's behalf, a plot of ground at GUNGU some eight acres in extent. The situation of the land appears to combine the requirements of health and convenience; it slopes from a good elevation down to the shore of the Lake, at a spot where an excellent anchorage for a mission vessel could be found, while in the village and within easy reach a daily native provision market is carried on. A native council having been held to discuss Mr. Hore's proposal, on the 17th of February the transaction was completed by his paying over, as an equivalent for the land, brass, wire, and beads to the value of £16 sterling. It soon, however, became apparent that these proceedings had awakened alarm and discontent among the Arab residents of Ujiji, a number of whom a few days afterwards proceeded to Gungu. As the result of their complaints and threats, the chiefs were induced to withdraw permission to reside or build on the land until distinct authority from the SULTAN of Zanzibar should be received. Remonstrance was fruitless, and Mr. Hore decided on making application to Dr. KIRK to obtain the required permission from the Sultan. In the meantime a telegram was despatched to London suggesting that, as a final resort, a site near the MALAGARASI River or elsewhere should be obtained. To this the Directors returned an affirmative reply.

The arrival of Mr. THOMSON, of the Royal Geographical Society, in the spring of the present year, on his way to the south end of the Lake, afforded to Mr. Hore an excellent opportunity for undertaking his long-projected voyage in that direction in accordance with the instructions of the Directors. Placing the *Calabash* at the service of Mr. Thomson, with his

men and goods, Mr. Hore joined the expedition, and, having landed Mr. Thomson and his goods at KAPURI's village on the Lofu River, proceeded alone on his mission of inquiry. From Mr. Hore's report, which is given below, it will be seen that there is at least a choice of three eligible localities should the establishment of an intermediate station be determined on.

"I found," writes Mr. Hore, "the country of Ulungu (extending from Zinga River to Lofu River) to be inhabited by a distinct and peaceable tribe of people, with their own peculiar customs, dress, ornaments, &c. ; not, as I had feared, a scattered and mixed population of nomads, in constant fear of the Watuta. In answer to my inquiries all along the coast, I was told that the Watuta used to trouble them, but that now they had gone away. The Walungu are a cheerful and peaceful people ; they are poor, because (like so many in Africa) they are afraid to become rich. They are necessarily industrious, because to subsist they must clear the thickly wooded forest land for their gardens. They are by no means behind the other Lake tribes in civilisation ; excellent pottery is made here, and baskets, and their millstones are built into a sort of solid table in one piece, with a pit or receptacle for the meal—an advance upon the mat or cloth and stone of the northern tribes. Cotton cloth is made in almost every village. I found no Arab or Mrima settlers, or news of visitors, till I got to Liendwe on the Lofu ; the people, however (especially at South end), have some acquaintance with such from passing caravans ; and at Zombe's and other places guns and powder may be seen, the price, most likely, of human flesh. Though the caravan route from Katanga, Moero, and Liendwe thus passes right through the country, the Arabs have no power or influence of importance. The few traders of Liendwe do not go on the Lake, and Ujiji to them is a far-off country of which they hear but little except through Unyanyembe.

"Although the uplands of Ulungu are from 1,000 to 4,000 feet above the Lake, there is almost always a space of a few miles between the heights and the shore, either of gently rising hills or grassy platforms between the deep ravines which drain the rain from the uplands. Forest-clothed everywhere, a rich soil repays amply the work of clearance, while timber is unlimited : the *Mininga* or African teak, the most valuable, perhaps, for all purposes, was observed at Liemba Harbour. All the ordinary native foods flourish ; fowls are cheap, sheep and goats are procurable, but scarce. The only cattle seen were at Sombe's, some ten miles from the Lake shore. *I found the tsetse fly everywhere*, even to within half a mile of Zombe's village, where the cattle are strictly kept within safe limits.

"Nearly all the people of Ulungu mentioned one Tafuna, a neighbour of Zombe's, as the head chief of Ulungu. Sombe and others in that neighbourhood, however, said that Tafuna was only a similar person to Sombe ; and the truth probably is, that Tafuna is one of the most important and rich of the Ulungu chiefs, perhaps *the* most important and rich. Sombe, with whom I had some talk, claims nothing beyond his own district, but still says that he is the same as Tafuna. I did not visit Tafuna ; his district is inside Ukituta, at the south end. On the coast-line of Ulungu the villages are in clusters or districts, with intervals of forest-clothed hills, 'pori.' Each chief is probably quite independent in his

little district. Each cluster of villages would seem to have its outlying farms, each with its little house, raised on poles ten to fifteen feet high, in which a family resides, and watches the crop; this, and the fortification of many of the villages, are the remains of the state of things brought about by the Watuta raids.

"Three of these districts I would bring before your consideration as localities suitable for a station, viz., LIEMBA HARBOUR [marked on Dr. Mullen's 'Stanley's Map' as Ma-Zombe], SOMBE'S COUNTRY, and the LOFU RIVER; the first and the last, because they are comparatively populous districts, with many villages within easy distance, and Sombe's because it is the S.E. corner of the Lake.

"LIEMBA HARBOUR I call by that name out of respect to Dr. Livingstone, who calls it so. 'Liemba' is simply the Kilungu for 'Lake;' and a beautiful little harbour it surely is—a certain little smoothly rounded rise at its head I mentally settled as the site for a mission-house. The district chief is a woman, the Sultana Mwana, who visited me on board the *Calabash* and expressed herself as desiring to make friends with the white people, and offered to give them a place to build. There can scarcely be said to be any poro between the Liemba Harbour, Amales, and Micangorlo districts; it is rather one large district.

"SOMBE is a chief of some considerable importance, and has a very large village: he is very friendly and ready to receive white men. So far as regards position, he and his country are important, but on the adjacent Lake shore there are hardly any people at all; they are all on the uplands in Sombe's immediate neighbourhood.

"There are many villages on the RIVER LOFU which are inhabited by a very pleasant and peaceable people. As regards food, the district is luxuriant, and it affords a large choice for position of house, &c. (See Stanley's description.) The chief, Kapufi, is prepared to receive us. His place is five ordinary marches from Sombe's village at the extreme S.E. corner of the Lake, and there is a regular highway from here to Unyanyembe and Ujiji. Since coming here my mind has been much relieved as to the 'temporary isolation' I feared for those at this southern station. They would be little more isolated than at Ujiji; mails, &c., would pass through the Belgian station at Karema until the opening of the direct Kilwa route."

Reviewing his experiences at Ujiji, and contrasting the attitude of the natives towards the mission at the present time with what it was on his first settlement among them, Mr. Hore writes:—

"A residence of eighteen months here, although no teaching or preaching has been undertaken, has made its mark upon the Wajiji. The first strangeness has worn off; our uprightness is recognised, our medicine sought for and gratefully received, our Sunday respected, and our habits and customs no longer regarded with suspicion; a cheerful and friendly greeting is afforded in every village and house. The Wajiji admit that there is 'no evil in us,' and that we are their 'friends.' We are, in fact, established as respected sojourners if not citizens in the land. A considerable outlay of money, some work, and quiet persistence have, with God's blessing, overcome very great difficulties here—such, indeed, as will most probably be equalled in the establishment of no other station on the Lake.

"Ujiji is a stronghold of the enemy, but we have secured a little field therein;

we meet them face to face ; here we are a thorn in their side and a restraint upon them. It is here, side by side with the Arabs, that the natives are able to draw their comparisons (very favourable to us), and they (the Arabs) themselves testify to our integrity by their implicit faith in our word. More valuable to any Arab than *ivory, cloth, or gold* is a bill with an Englishman's signature !

"I doubt if any *more* healthy place will be found than Ujiji ; and food, and all supplies, will be peculiarly abundant as long as its markets are permitted to continue in peace.

"As to the teachableness of the Wajiji, I have no reason for saying anything better or worse of them than of any other Lake tribe ; but this I have faith to believe, that the Gospel will find an entrance, for its proclamation will be the proclamation of the *secret* of conduct and character which they have already closely observed, and favourably compared with what else of civilisation and superiority (?) they have seen."

The Rev. W. GRIFFITH and Mr. HUTLEY continue to occupy UGUHA, where they will ere long be joined by Dr. PALMER. The station is described as "the Ujiji of the western shore ;" but, apart from its position, the friendliness of the chief KASANGA and the absence of the Arabs' influence over the natives combine to render it a suitable sphere for missionary action.

"All the people are inclined to be friendly, and rejoice that the missionaries are living among them. They bring food and other articles to sell at a reasonable price, while others make long journeys to visit us. One day ivory was brought to the masola (camp) for sale, and another day slaves. These opportunities are laid hold of to explain our work and the object of our mission. And although the people find it difficult to comprehend, yet they have the idea that we seek their good. At every village I have visited the people have shown respect and kindly feeling, and generally repay the visits by coming to see our camp, many of them bringing their little presents of food, for which a small return is made. Seeing these favourable opportunities, I regret that I cannot talk with the people in their own native tongue. My knowledge of Kiswahili, in which I can now converse with ease, helps me greatly, although the Rigu Uha is a totally different language. The knowledge of the coast language is the ground-work I have to build upon, and most of the languages of the interior follow it in their modifications and changes. The Rigu Uha, I believe, is very nearly allied to the Kirua, just as we find the same manners and customs prevailing in the two countries. Some Warua have visited us, bringing their fancy baskets (for they are very clever at this work) for sale.

"I have been obliged to put the little medical knowledge I possess in practice. Kasanga, senior, has applied for medicines several times, and the result has always been satisfactory."

There is, however, a dark side to the picture. The missionary adds :—

"We have difficulties to contend with. There is a system of slavery among the people which has existed for generations. There is also the blind belief in magic and witchcraft. Some system of idolatry prevails, and the people have their idols, their spirit houses, and modes of divine homage. Besides this there is the

unsettled state of the country, the danger of invasion from neighbouring tribes, the warlike character of the people themselves, and the petty quarrels that originate among them."

We regret to state that for nearly three months Mr. Griffith's correspondence had been interrupted by successive attacks of fever. It was with unusual satisfaction, therefore, that the Directors received a letter from his pen dated March 22nd. The following extracts are selected:—

"We are here progressing steadily with our work, with no wonderful results yet, and no great opposition to our efforts. We become more acquainted with the ways and customs of the natives, our gardens are extended, and we are preparing materials for the construction of a spacious permanent building.

"After traversing the country with a view to the permanent station, I have found no spot like the site of our present temporary mission-house both for health and for convenience to the natives and to boats to and from Ujiji. The chief of Ruanda expressed his wish at first that we should come and live nearer him, but he was satisfied with the explanation of the unhealthiness of the place, and he has not ceased his friendship in the least degree. Besides, at this place the Arab boats have not failed us, every month giving us opportunities to send our letters and other things to Ujiji. Also we have the advantage in this place of being the free possessors of the soil, having permission to add as much as we like to our premises.

"The interest which the natives take in the workshop evidently shows with what readiness they would adopt such improvements as might be introduced among them. Articles of household furniture they greatly value and admire—*e.g.*, tables, chairs, stools, &c."

Mr. HUTLEY, upon whom the industrial department of the mission specially devolves, furnishes the following details:—

"When the last mail left us we were busy with what few men we have in preparing a saw-pit, and in getting some wood here to commence operations on. Our first log was a very hard one, and the men whom I put to the task at first became tired very quickly, and of course the sawing, and the planks they cut, were not of the best description; but by dint of patiently explaining, both practically and theoretically, the men have now become passable sawyers remembering they are Africans and Waswahili porters.

"With these first boards I put an end and a rudder on to the little canoe we had bought, making some oars for it as well, in place of the small native paddles, the blades of which are but the size of a man's hand, and require much practice before a novice can use them efficiently. This piece of work found great favour in the eyes of the natives, so much so that, when the chief of this village saw it, he wanted me to make his boat the same. This I could not promise him, but told him, if he would send me any of his boys, I would endeavour to teach them how to do work like that and many other things. Up to the present time, however, I have had no application from him to take an apprentice. In passing, I may say that here no native has a canoe with a steering apparatus, although some of them are very large. In Ujiji they have both rudders and sails to their canoes.

"We are getting on very slowly, but surely. I have had several large logs cut up into boards, and have several others ready for the saw. A workshop, 2)

by 12 feet, has been erected, and a bench is being made in it, which I hope to finish in a day or two. At present we have but seven men, and of these but four are available for any work I may require in building and sawing. Nearly all our wood comes from the island of Kirindi, which, in a former letter, I said was but ten minutes' pull. Now, from experience, I find it to be a half-hour's. There are some very fine trees growing close to its shore, which, when cut up, resemble the deal wood which is used at home. Our Wangwana give it the name of *sunobari*—i.e., deal. I have been able to get some of this over in from 10 to 20 feet lengths, which, when squared, are from 10 to 14 inches each way. To get them from the shore to the saw-pit is the hardest work now. At first, while the Manyema caravan was here, we were able to obtain almost as many men as we liked by giving them a few maize cobs or a little flour each, to bring the logs up for us. After they were gone we tried to obtain some Waguha, and many came to us; but they wanted more than the log was worth, until, after a long time, I got some eight fine-looking men to accede to my terms. With these I hoped to be able to bring the logs up with comparative ease; but when I reached the shore, and arranged the log for them to carry, they seemed to treat the matter as a joke, and, after vainly trying to move it, they were compelled to give up. Another one, much lighter than the first, was then tried, and this they managed to bring up, but rested every fifty yards or so; and when they reached here they were completely done up, and refused to do more. Now, when I have a log, I get it up by means of rollers and levers; but it takes very long, as there is a steep bank to be overcome. When we first came here many of the natives came offering their services; but now no one comes to work, except as in the case just mentioned. One reason may be that then they had not commenced planting, and they were influenced in the matter by the chief and their natural desire for cloth. Another reason, perhaps, is, we have not wanted them except to come and live with us entirely, and, naturally enough, they, like all other natives who have never been used to work for a stranger, do not care to do that, having nothing to induce them. When these natives learn to appreciate and desire European articles, such as knives, better cloth, crockery, &c., for themselves, then they will in all probability be willing to work in order to obtain them; all this I hope will be but a work of time. With these desires will come also the desire, in the most intelligent, to know more of the white man who makes these things—first his language, then how to read and write, and, if instructors be near at hand, his religion."

On the 16th September, and while the foregoing pages were being passed through the press, the mail, which left Zanzibar on the 25th August, was delivered in London. It includes letters and journals from most of the brethren in the interior, the dates of which are UGUHA, May 24th, UJJI, June 26th, and URAMBO, July 6th. Communications also have been received from Mr. WOOLKEY and party, reporting their safe arrival at MPWAPWA on Wednesday, the 14th of July. Here they were welcomed with the utmost kindness and hospitality by Dr. BAXTER, of the Church Mission, and his two colleagues, with whom they contemplated staying until Monday, the 19th, when they would proceed westward.

IV.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. DEPARTURES.

The Rev. EBENEZER V. COOPER, on his appointment to the SOCIETY ISLANDS, South Pacific, with Mrs. Copper, embarked at Bordeaux, for TAHITI, en route for those islands, per *St. Pierre*, September 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. SHAW, returning to MADAGASCAR, and the Revs. JAMES TAYLOR and A. S. HUCKETT, appointed to reinforce the mission in that island, with their respective wives, embarked for MAURITIUS, per steamer *Balmoral Castle*, September 3rd.

2. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. JAMES WILLS, Mrs. Wills, and family, from MADAGASCAR, per French packet, September 10th.

The Rev. P. G. PEAKE, Mrs. Peake, and family, from MADAGASCAR, per French packet, September 15th.

3. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

On the evening of Wednesday, September 8th, in the Congregational church, Market Street, FARNWORTH, Mr. J. E. NEWELL was ordained as a missionary of the Society to SAVAI, Samoan Islands, South Seas. The Rev. J. M. Hodgson M.A., of Lancashire Independent College, presided. The introductory services were conducted by the Rev. J. F. Munro, of Farnworth. The field of labour was described by the Rev. George A. Turner, M.D., medical missionary from Samoa. The Rev. Robert Best, of Bolton, offered the ordination prayer, and the Rev. W. Hewgill, M.A., of Farnworth, delivered the charge.

4. IN MEMORIAM.

REV. M. A. SHERRING, M.A., LL.B., OF BENARES.

A brief paragraph in our last number announced the receipt by telegram of tidings of Mr. Sherring's death. The particulars of that event which have since come to hand will, we feel sure, possess a painful interest for a large circle of the Society's friends. Our lamented brother died of cholera at five o'clock a.m. on Tuesday, the 10th of August. "On Sunday, the 8th," writes one of his colleagues, "he seemed to be in his usual health. He attended the Sunday-school in the morning, and, after conducting his senior Bible-class, gave an address to the whole school assembled in the hall. It seems that every one in the school, both Christian and non-Christian, was struck with the unusual earnestness and fervour with which he spoke both in the Bible-class and school." He was present at the Hindostani service in the afternoon, and afterwards conducted family worship at home, heartily joining in the singing of some of his favourite hymns. About two o'clock on Monday morning the first indications of illness appeared; the attack was, however, of so mild a type that throughout the day and until far into the night no serious alarm was entertained on his behalf. Long-standing heart disease, however, militated against his recovery, and, after a sharp but brief paroxysm of pain, he passed away, as one writes, "so quietly that we scarcely knew when he was gone. We watched him; his eyes moved and looked at us all, but we could not feel sure he saw us." On the same evening native Christians carried

his body to the grave, among them his first convert, baptized twenty-four years ago, a Brahmin of high caste, and now vernacular head-master in the Institution at Benares. Thus, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, has our brother completed an arduous career of missionary service. Few men probably are better acquainted with "The History of Protestant Missions in India," her "Sacred City" Benares, in which it was his privilege to labour, and her "Tribes and Castes," than was Mr. Sherring, as his published works on these subjects abundantly testify. Combining high culture and strong common-sense with a gentleness of disposition almost womanly, he endeared himself to all with whom he came into contact. "I make it my rule," he would say, "to try and please every one, if possible." In the twofold work of high-class education and of preaching in the vernacular which devolved on him in connection with the BENARES and MIRZAPORE Missions, he found ample scope for the exercise of his talents, which were of no mean order; while he possessed the capacity of infusing into others the enthusiasm which he himself felt for the missionary enterprise, from which no temptations of literary position or worldly advantage were sufficient to withdraw him. The following is an outline of Mr. Sherring's missionary career. Ordained in December, 1852, he at once proceeded to his appointed sphere at Benares, North India. A missionary tour which he undertook in company with some of his brethren served early to introduce him to varied forms of Indian life. In 1856 he was united in marriage with a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. MATHER, and in the same year removed to MIRZAPORE, where Mrs. Sherring carried on efforts for native female improvement. In 1861 Mr. and Mrs. Sherring returned to Benares and resumed their united labours. With the exception of a sojourn of nine months at Mirzapore, in the year 1869, Mr. Sherring continued resident missionary at Benares until his removal by death. He paid two visits to England—the first in 1867, the latter in 1876—and his form and voice will be fresh in the memory of numerous friends of the Society throughout the kingdom. The Directors have adopted a special resolution of sympathy with the widow and family of our late brother, and with the members of the mission with which he was associated.

REV. GEORGE GILL.

For nearly twenty years past Mr. GILL had been known as the pastor of a flourishing church at BURNLEY in Lancashire. Only a few months since, failure of health compelling him to relinquish pastoral work, he retired to LEWISHAM, and on the 19th of August, while in the act of conducting some friends over his new residence, he was suddenly called away to the Father's house above. Mr. Gill's missionary career in the South Seas extended from 1844 to 1860. He was appointed to MANGAIA in the Hervey Group, where he became the first resident missionary. In 1857 he removed to the neighbouring island of RAROTONGA, and took charge of the Institution for training native agents. In 1858, accompanied by the late Rev. G. STALLWORTHY, of Samoa, he visited the NEW HEBRIDES and NIUE. Two years afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Gill returned to England. A great change has passed over the Society's South Sea Missions since Mr. Gill landed at Mangaia nearly thirty-six years ago. He with others shared the honour of inculcating those moral, social, and religious principles which, under God's blessing, have made the little communities what they now are. The islands have also grown in material prosperity, of which good roads, the appliances of civilised life, chapels and schools afford ample evidence. But above all a strong and

healthy native church, composed of Christian men and women, is the best witness to the earnest labours of such men as our late friend. Notwithstanding his long absence from the field Mr. Gill's heart never lost its missionary fire, and his hand was always ready to serve the cause. In 1870 he was associated with the Rev. E. R. W. KRAUSE in revising the Rarotongan version of the Bible, and at the time of his death he was arranging to carry through the press a new edition of the native hymn-book.

5. CENTRAL AFRICA—THE BELGIAN EXPEDITION.

The following extract is taken from the *Times* of Friday, September 17th:—“On the 4th of August the news reached Zanzibar of the death of Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead, which threw a gloom over the whole resident European community, with whom Carter was a great favourite. He was, moreover, just the man for the work which he had undertaken, and his death will be an irreparable loss to the King of the Belgians. The sad event happened in the course of a native war which, it seems, Mirambo, joined by Sumbo and others, has commenced in the interior, and which is likely to prove a long and very troublesome one. Its object on Mirambo's part is to force all trade and caravans into his country, and to close all roads to the Lakes which do not traverse his dominions. One story is that he was bound for Karema, saying that he must have that elephant, as he would not have people opening up the interior who did not pass through his country. The two natives who escaped and brought the sad tidings to Zanzibar give the following account of the occurrence:—It appears that on the approach of the war party to the village where Carter and Cadenhead were, the natives all fled, leaving the two Englishmen with 150 men armed with good guns. Mirambo himself was not present, but a day's journey off. Had he been there it is judged improbable that he would have allowed white men, with whom he had no quarrel, to be killed. Carter went out to meet the natives with his people and baggage, and, while attempting to talk to them and to explain that there was no cause for quarrel between them, a shot was fired, which unfortunately killed Cadenhead on the spot, whereupon the wretched 150 men threw down their arms and fled, leaving Carter with only a handful of men, among them his old servant Mahomed, who had been with him for years in the Persian Gulf, and who had come to join him on this expedition, and one of Dr. Kirk's servants, who had volunteered to go with him—fine fellows both of them, and both fell by the side of their master. On seeing Cadenhead fall and the men bolt, Captain Carter, it would seem, judging that the case was desperate, took up his repeating rifle and exclaimed, ‘I had no quarrel with you, but now that you have killed my friend, I will avenge him.’ He fired, and killed fifteen. Then, seizing Cadenhead's rifle, he killed fifteen more. The last that the two fugitives saw was Carter struck from behind. This is a very serious business, and makes the situation of the Belgians, and especially of the missionaries, now at Mirambo's very critical.”

[Notwithstanding the painful facts detailed above, the Directors do not share the fears of the writer with regard to the Society's missionaries. Their letters are re-assuring; and, although the outrage was committed by some of Mirambo's people, the chief himself, as is elsewhere stated, is on the most friendly terms with Dr. SOUTHON, the resident missionary at URAMBO.—EDITOR, MISSOURIAN CHRONICLE.]

6. ANNEXATION OF TAHITI TO FRANCE.

Under date TAHITI, July 5th, the Rev. J. L. GREEN writes to the Directors as follows:—"A French steamer leaves this morning for San Francisco, bearing Government despatches on the subject of the surrender of the Island of Tahiti and of its dependencies to the French. So that, henceforth, we are living in a French colony. I send you a copy of the last '*Messager de Tahiti*,' in which is published a report of the Act. I think it will be for the benefit of all, and will certainly facilitate the administration of law, &c. The native officials derive a direct pecuniary benefit; the pastors get a large increase of salary. I may be able to send you a report of that increase by our mail next Monday, when I hope to be able to write more fully to you. I have no doubt you will be surprised to hear of the change which has taken place here. It surprised us also. The King gets a retiring pension of twelve thousand dollars a year, the Queen Consort three thousand dollars, and the Princes Royal one thousand dollars each. It appears to have been quite a voluntary act on the part of the King."

7. SOUTH INDIA—BELGAUM.

Respecting the educational department of the work at Belgaum; which is mainly under the charge of the Rev. James Smith, the following gratifying incident is related by his colleague, the Rev. J. G. HAWKER, under date February 19th:—"At present I am spending two hours a day in the English school. We feel it important to teach all the higher classes in Scripture and English ourselves. This morning I was much cheered by a question put by one of the boys in the school. We have plenty of hard and apparently fruitless work, that even such little hope as was conveyed by that question was very cheering. When talking about the Good Shepherd, a boy interrupted me to ask if a man could not go into the water and baptize himself. There have also been other indications that God's Spirit is working with His truth in these boys' minds. Our ardent and painful longing is to see the Lord's hand working with us. 'Pray for us' is the language of our heart."

8. NORTH CHINA—ITINERANCY.

Under date Hankow, February 20th, the Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN thus announces his return from a missionary journey in the surrounding districts:—

"My trip in KIANG-SI and HUNAN was a deeply interesting one in many respects. I was away from home more than six weeks, and travelled over 1,000 miles. Some seven or eight departments and twenty district cities were visited, and most of them for the first time. Thousands of books were sold, and the Gospel was preached freely to tens of thousands of people who had never heard anything about it before."

V.—Contributions.

From 16th August to 15th September, 1880.

LONDON.					
C.	30 0 0	Dunmore. Mrs. Maxwell, for Medical Work in Madagascar	1 1 0	South Ockendon—	
S. Hills, Esq.	19 0 0	Frome. J. G.	20 0 0	H. T. Bruce, Esq.	0 10 0
S. M., in memory of a departed friend	2 2 0	Guernsey. Auxiliary	20 0 0	Do., for Native Teacher, South Seas	5 0 0
W. S. C.	2 0 0	Halifax. John Oakes, Esq., for Central Africa	100 0 0	Southport. J. R.	50 0 0
For Rev. W. M. Blake, for Mrs. Lambert, Benares ..	1 10 0	Huddersfield District. Aux.	69 13 4	Stebbing	6 12 0
Mrs. D. Bax & Mr. A. B. Bax	1 0 0	Hungerford	2 3 0	Taunton. Mrs. H. Haydon ..	2 0 0
Mrs. J. Stone, for Zanana Training Home, Calcutta.	1 0 0	Ipworth. Mr. A. W. Hazell ..	0 14 0	Venar. A Friend, by Mrs. Edmonson, for Female Missions	0 10 0
Miss Stone, for do.	0 5 0	Jersey. Auxiliary	35 9 0	Wallingborough. Mrs. T. S. Curtis, for Chinese Native Evangelist, half year	20 0 0
A Friend	1 0 0	Leek. Auxiliary	28 19 2	Woburn	5 0 0
Bethnal Green Meeting. Mr. Stallebrass	1 1 0	Loughborough	2 19 0	WALES.	
Garbison Park Ch.	2 14 2	Lower Gornal. Rinton Ch.	2 0 0	Coity, near Bridgend	1 10 0
Victoria Park Ch. May coll. (on account)	24 15 9	Lytchett Minster. Union Ch.	1 0 0	Mumbles. C. P.	29 0 0
Woodford. Mrs. Dykes	25 0 0	Malvern. Holly Mount Ch.	5 15 5	Steeple Hill	2 0 0
Legacy of the late Miss C. A. C. Mann	5 0 0	Margate. T. F. Cobb, Esq.	1 1 0	SCOTLAND.	
COUNTRY.		Marples Bridge	5 17 2	Aberdeen. Female Auxiliary.	
Ashley	1 0 0	North Taunton	2 2 6	Ladies' Working Society, Free South Ch., for Rev. T. T. Matthews, Madagascar	5 0 0
Aylesbury. For Widows' Fund	1 0 0	Nottingham. Auxiliary ..	100 0 0	Dundee. Willison Free Ch. Mission	0 4 4
Bath. Mrs. W. Martin	1 1 0	Roosmont, nr. Havant. Mr. G. Cannings	0 10 6	Glasgow. Auxiliary	9 18 9
Birmingham. Spring Hill College, Professors and Students	7 0 0	Rothwell. For Native Boy, Paul Rothwell, care of Mr. Shaw, Madagascar ..	5 0 0	For Rev. T. T. Matthews, for Madagascar	
Burslem. Queen Street	4 2 1	St. Brides. Newport, Mon.	1 5 8	Aberdeen	4 15 8
Chesham	12 10 0	St. Leonard's. Coll. in Miss Newberry's Boarding Ho. for Bible Woman at Amoy	12 11 0	Aboyne	6 17 0
Chisleigh	2 2 5	Sale	12 0 0	Ballacliar	3 0 0
Cuckfield	1 7 10	Do., for Widows' Fund	6 11 11	Banchory	9 14 7
		Scarborough. Auxiliary ..	120 17 0	Per Rev. E. A. Warham.	
		Sedgley	4 2 2	Blairgowrie	5 11 0
				Burghhead	1 12 6
				Hamilton	0 10 0
				Inverness	5 10 4
				Inverurie	2 14 6
				Nairn	25 2 1
				Reston	2 14 4

For deficiency in the year 1879-80 (continued).

T. S. Child, Esq., Wotton-under-Edge	100 0 0	H. E. R., Dundee	10 0 0
		S. C. T.	5 0 0

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Ever
Thomas Green.

Engraved by J. Cochran from a Photograph

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

With us Still.

WE say of the loved ones whose lives we no longer remember by days and years as once we did, that *they are gone*. We speak of their absence, and their vacant places, and of their dwelling now as being far away. Yet, in a true and beautiful sense, they are still with us, perhaps closer than ever. We do not mean by this, that the spirits of the dead, in any literal sense, haunt the earth—that actually the disembodied remain in this world, and have no home in regions invisible to us. We accept with unwavering faith the wonderful revelation of the apostle Paul, that those who “sleep in Jesus,” whilst “absent from the body,” are “present with the Lord.” Nor do we speculate on the condition of what is called “the separate state of souls,” or their mode of existence; as to how they commune with each other and with Christ, and what may be the personal relationship of their consciousness and activity to us, with whom a while ago they walked through pilgrim-paths close to our side. Into none of the mysteries of their mode of being do we dare, or wish to pry. The secrets of thought, affection, will, pertaining to their developed existence we leave amongst the “things unspeakable,” and can calmly and contentedly wait until the Hand which covers them from mortal vision shall have placed us where they are—where the problem of immortality will be solved, and we shall know as we are known. But there are facts at hand as clear as day, which justify us in thinking of the holy dead as *still with us*, sitting in the house, walking by the way, open to our view, addressing us in words we can understand, and carrying on ministries of helpful love, for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful to our Father in heaven.

The remembrance of them is itself a presence. The power of that faculty we call memory is great beyond our common acknowledgment. There are moments when it recalls the past with all the vividness which can mark the perception of the present. We can see, and almost touch the forms which we thought had vanished for ever. Their surroundings are all as clear and distinct as when we stood and talked with them months and years ago. "We were in the dining-room," says a pupil of Dr. Arnold, when writing to his widow, "and I well remember the autumnal dawn—it was calm and overcast, and so impressed itself on my memory, because it agreed with more than the usual quietness: the few words of counsel which still serve me from time to time; the manner in which the commonest kindnesses were offered to one soon to be out of their reach for ever; the promise of support through evil fortune or good, in few words once repeated, exceeded my largest deserts; and then the earnest blessing and farewell from lips never again to open in my hearing. His countenance and manner and dress—his hand and every movement are all before me now more clearly than any picture." We can thoroughly understand these touching words, they recall to us similar lifelike reminiscences. The countenance, the smile, the tone of voice, the loving hand, are all as real as ever. Some memories have more than an ordinary capability of realizing the past and the distant, the incident that occurred years and years ago, and all the scenery and circumstances down to the minutest particulars, the exact form of the tree which overhung the path, the distinct shade of colour in the flowers growing hard by; and memories of this far-reaching and quick-sighted order are pre-eminently blessed with the lifelike presence of those they have followed to the grave. In a letter from an honoured and beloved friend* received in a season of bereavement, it is written:—"Twelve years are to me as forty-three," alluding to years of wedded life in the case of the writer and him to whom the note is addressed—"forty-three are to you as twelve, so soon passeth it away, and they are gone. Yet also whether long or short they are years that cannot be taken from us, they have become part of ourselves, they will live as long as we live, until we pass into that state where we count neither by years, nor months, nor days." How very true! The life we think vanished still lives with us—indeed, lives in us.

* The Dean of Westminster.

And these living spiritual presences, in their various degrees of vivid realization, have advantages over the material and bodily ones, for we can enjoy them *everywhere*. When we leave our homes to go on a journey or a voyage we cannot always take with us wife or daughter, brother or friend; they must needs dwell where we parted from them. And as we travel through mountain-passes, or walk to and fro on the vessel's deck as it crosses the Atlantic, the living members of the dear old home are seen to be far, far away; we irresistibly think of them as absent, as separated from us by a distance we cannot cross. But those who have become spirits are in our minds raised above the laws of space, and wherever we go they go with us. The feeling of distance, once so strong, is now destroyed. They are no longer *localized* as they were. They are no more fastened to *one spot*, which we are unable to reach; but are, as it were, free of the universe; they travel with us over land, and sail with us over sea, and when we look for them we never miss beholding their faces, and when we listen we never more fail to catch the music of their voices. We can enjoy their spiritual, memory-presence *always* as well as *everywhere*. It is a simple, beautiful fact, which only bereavement teaches us, that, whereas when we have left our families at home all well, we are free to think of other objects, and our minds become occupied with novel sights, and with the conversation of interesting strangers, and there is a lapse of conscious fellowship. It is far otherwise when some loved one has been touched by the hand of death, for then the presence we speak of *remains*, at least for a long while—sometimes for all the after-hours of life—more *permanently*, more *incessantly* present, than when only local distance parted us now and then from one another. Short are the intervals in the conscious communion of our spirits and theirs now they are saints in heaven, compared with intervals in that conscious communion we held with them when they were pilgrims on earth. And another peculiarity in the presence we are thinking of is, that it never grows older than it was. Life in the body is a process of waste. As the past lengthens, the future shortens. Every one more day we spend there is one day less to follow; and the shortening of our days is accompanied by the decay of nature—the hair becomes grey, the skin wrinkles, the early bloom gets rubbed off, and we strangely change; so that after the lapse of a quarter of a century, they who

knew us well at the beginning do not recognize us at the end. In memory's land, however, the young never grow old. There lies at this moment in our desk a letter written long ago by a dear deceased friend, who, speaking of his young wife, says, "I lost her when she was but twenty-two, and yet did not lose her, for she has been with me all through these long years, ever in her youth and beauty, always twenty-two."

The holy dead are present with us ever as *examples*. Whatever else may fade from our memory, their virtues never do; they have in them that which is immortal. Their faith, their hope, their purity, their love, their spiritual-mindedness, their self-sacrifice, their devotion, their likeness to Christ, their humble, consistent, constant discipleship to Him are identical with themselves; and the mention of their name, the relics they have bequeathed, the spots they oft frequented, kindle anew in our hearts, from day to day, lights in which we see them shining with a divine beauty which makes us long to be like them. Death makes the pattern which they set us more luminous than ever—more attractive, more winning. We read in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "And we desire that every one of you do shew the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Yes! When through faith and patience they have come to inherit the promises, to enter on the Sabbatism which remaineth for the people of God—to rest from their labours, where their works follow them—we are drawn to the loving contemplation of all that was involved in their faith and patience: faith fighting against unbelief, patience manifested under manifold afflictions, and those lines of light which track their ascent to the world of perfection, draw after them our poor affections, so prone to grovel in the dust. We long to soar upwards after them. They beckon us not to remain at a distance. Whatever truth and beauty there may be in Goldsmith's lines, as applied to holy influence exerted by examples of excellence and teachers of wisdom whilst remaining on earth, they still more strikingly apply to influence afterwards, when earth has been changed for heaven:—

"And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

A mother with her children round her in boyhood and girlhood may be well painted by such a comparison ; but better still comes out the likeness when they, as men and women fondly cherishing the memory of her manifold graces, look steadfastly towards heaven and see her there in the presence of the Saviour. Without attributing to such an one any divine ubiquity, yet believing the Word of revelation, and feeling the force of her example, they consistently regard the sainted matron as being still on earth, though caught up to heaven. And in ways beyond the operation of the imitative power of human nature, these patterns on earth of holy things in heaven tell upon our present life and destiny, inasmuch as they declare to us a memorable lesson on the power of divine grace to stamp its own likeness on the souls and character of Christ's disciples ; and furthermore, they encourage us, amidst our depressing infirmities, to hope that God's strength shall be made perfect in our weakness also.

And how true it is that, looked at in the light of their holy example, and with the echoes of their admonitory words still lingering in our ears, they chide "*each dull delay*" on our part in the heavenly race—in striving after spiritual excellence, in the vanquishment of temptation, and in the doing of the whole will of God ! As we call to mind their beautiful and lovely characters they reprove us for not being more like them, because what they were they became through the cherished indwelling of the Spirit of God, and the same Spirit which wrought effectually in them is waiting to bestow like grace on us. When we are tempted to be petulant, what loving rebukes come from the remembrance of their patience and gentleness ! When we, in our afflictions and sorrow, are disposed to murmur, what admonitions do we catch in holy whispers proceeding from their exemplary submission under sufferings greater than ours ! When worldliness creeps over us, and we busily build nests on the treetops of this world's prosperity, how do we stand condemned before the image of their spirituality and heavenly-mindedness ! When we, in our folly, lay up for ourselves treasures where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal, those holy watchers draw near to remind us of the incorruptible treasure which they sought and found, and now realize with "*a joy unspeakable and full of glory.*" When our faith in what is spiritual, divine, and eternal wavers and falters, and we sink into the arms of sense, their bright, undimmed shields

held steadily through all their earthly fight, reprove us for our deadening unbelief and wake us up afresh to the consciousness of things unseen. When our love to God and Christ and souls grows cold, and the lower affections of our nature gain ascendancy, the memory of their devotion, their zeal, and their charity reaches us in tones of pitying lamentation over our degeneracy and backsliding. And when we are slow to fulfil the Master's work—when we fold our hands in sloth, or waste our energies in doing the opposite of God's will—how those ministering spirits, which are as flames of fire, cross our path, speaking in strains of exhortation, which we must be deaf indeed if we do not hear, and dead indeed if we do not feel.

What a solemn eloquence of condemnation for us who are sadly unlike the illustrious lady,* to whom one who knew her well could bear witness, do we find in the words, "None ever heard from those lips a passionate, unguarded, or silly speech. None ever heard that calm voice raised, or saw that stately figure hurried, or knew that kindly greeting intermitted, or needed apology for curt answer or courtesy forgotten, or felt himself charged with intrusion, or reminded of preoccupation, though 'there were many coming and going,' each one having a better right than he to hearing and answer."

And how, when we need comfort and are fit to receive it, do these witnesses by whom we are compassed round about cheer us in our sorrows. Long afterwards, when we have been to the grave to weep there, they meet us on our return and bid us dry our tears. "Would you know," says each one of them, "where I am? I am at home in my Father's house. My working time is done, and I am resting; my joy is as the joy of harvest. I see God; I see Him as He is. I am with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. Would you know how long all this is to continue? It is a garland that 'never withers, a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' After millions and millions of ages, it will be as fresh as it is now, and therefore weep not for me."†

We vainly imagine that by overmuch sorrow we honour those whose loss we lament; that thereby we do homage to their superior worth; that to be calm and cheerful under our bereavements is to betray indifference to their memory—but we cannot make a greater

* Lady Augusta Stanley. Funeral Sermon, by Dr. Vaughan.

† Matthew Henry, abridged.

mistake. They would have us be joyful even in tribulation, and the tone of the wonderful Wesleyan hymn is in accord with the sentiments of the spirits of just men made perfect—

“ Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain,
A soul out of prison released
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.”

And amidst all our sorrows these departed, and at the same time present, spirits tell of God's love and faithfulness ; how He succoured them and will help us ; how in all our afflictions He is afflicted ; how He makes all things work together for good ; and how, when He has tried us, we shall come forth like gold. Their concurrent testimony is, “ knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed ; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us.”

In short, the ministries of these ever-present ones are manifold, and let us strive to verify, by our spiritual faith and experience, the blessedness of having them so near, so constant, so unailing, so helpful. “ When I am gone, think of me in the next room,” said one already mentioned. It was said to her, “ It will be only another mansion in the many mansions of the Father's house.” “ Yes ; it will be the same house, only one is to the back and the other is to the front.”

JOHN STOUGHTON.

On Coming to Christ.

At the very outset of these brief meditations on familiar Christian terms, it may be well to state that they are not specially intended for those who are rejoicing in Christ, and in the hope which He awakens in the human breast ; but for those who are sincerely and painfully in doubt as to what Christian people really mean when they use, in their hymns, in their prayers, and in their conversation, a phraseology which has nothing substantial corresponding to it in the ordinary experiences of men.

It is more than probable that those who are in perplexity about these things are more numerous to-day than at any previous time, and that their number is ever increasing. With all the unreality which belongs to life in this age, as in every other age, there is perceptibly a growing desire for what is real. Many who, in less inquiring times, would have been satisfied to live in a mere cloud-land of words, are now asking for something that shall be very definite in religious teaching, and for that which shall submit to be handled and tested and seen in Christian experience. No doubt, the increasing intellectual activity of the present time, out of which very largely this spirit of inquiry has sprung, has in no small degree tended to produce the difficulties which baffle so many. This it has done by developing the intellectual faculties, without, at the same time, bringing up with them the child-like, which is the spiritual; there is, consequently, in not a few a disproportion between the intellectual and the spiritual. They are strong in argument, but weak in the intuitive and receptive part of their nature. They are, further, prone to imagine that the intellectual covers the whole region of ascertainable truth. What does not address itself first of all and last of all to their thinking powers, is either positively rejected, or else it is put in the category of the "unknown and unknowable." Like "Thomas who is called Didymus," in spite of great nobleness, and the power of ardent attachment, they stand in doubt, and this doubt does not simply darken their sky and blanch the fairest products of their nature, but sometimes makes midnight in the soul.

It is to be feared that this form of mental, and more than mental, affliction has met with little sympathy and less justice from many whose way to the kingdom of heaven seemed as plain as any turnpike road, and who have never known what it is to be hedged in with difficulty. The honest doubt which has been followed with such dire consequences has been treated as if it were mental obstinacy, or at least spiritual nervousness, which sympathetic treatment would only aggravate. It was not so that the Master treated His doubting disciple. He would even lay bare His wounded side if only doubt might give place to simple faith; and with infinite tenderness He said, "Be not faithless but believing."

As a preliminary step towards the apprehension of the meaning of some of the phrases which are in common use among Christian

people, there should be a very clear recognition of the fact that the intellect is not everything, but simply a most important factor in the acquisition of the knowledge which is eternal life; that in its own special sphere it is limited in its range; that it cannot even *prove* that a thing is white or black; that it has quietly to accept truths which are called axiomatic, and that it has to fall back again and again on the sense-impression of things. There should also be a distinct understanding that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The evidence by which their reality is to be proved is essentially spiritual. Hence any intellectual expression of these things must be exceedingly inadequate. The experience of those who know Christ and rejoice in Him would abundantly justify the statement that in most cases He comes in upon men, not first of all on the intellectual, but on the necessitous side of their nature, as a mother comes in upon her infant, overshadowing the life with holy ministries, thereby awakening a knowledge too deep for reason, and a confidence which is sublime in its very simplicity.

It is to be hoped that the ground is now somewhat cleared for the consideration of the meaning of the phrase which stands at the head of this paper.

Coming to Christ, or the having come to Christ, expresses the great difference between men of the world, however noble and moral, and truly Christian men. It is a difference, moreover, which applies especially to the spirit or genius of their lives—so much so, that when a man becomes a Christian, he is represented as coming out of darkness into light; out of bondage into glorious liberty, and even as being born again into a new world of thought and experience. It expresses, too, the secret of the Christian hope and joy and strength. His calmness in sorrow, his joy in tribulation, his contentment in adversity, the spirit of triumph which characterises him even amid persecutions, his glad acceptance—more, his thankful acquiescence in the will of God, are all to be traced to the fact that he has come to Christ. To the often-asked question, What is life? he has but one answer—Christ. The Lord Jesus is his all and in all, the spring of his life and the life's deepest satisfaction; the crown and glory of his manhood, the goal of existence, and for the knowledge of whom he counts all things but loss.

To make clear, or even less hazy, the way to the Fountain of such

blessedness, must ever be amongst the holiest ambitions of those who have drunk of the living waters.

It might naturally be supposed that, in the olden time, when the Master stood in the midst of the people and invited them to come to Him and He would give them rest, or as when, on the great day of the feast, He lifted up His voice and said, "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink"; the way was then plain, and nothing was easier than for the "weary and heavy-laden" to cast themselves at His feet and be at rest. But now the way is hidden; He is no longer visibly present; a mysterious haze has settled on the whole landscape: to many it seems as if an impenetrable darkness were brooding over everything, and that men in quest of the source of life and rest were simply groping as the blind. "The Spirit and the Bride say Come," and the clear sound echoes on every side; but the question occurs, "Where is He that we might come?" and a voice says, "He is, although invisible, everywhere." A thousand anxious spirits cry out, "How can we approach an invisible presence?" "How can we come to the Christ?" "What does coming to Christ really mean?" The attempt to answer such questions in written words, which seem to lose their power of expression when used in connection with the deep things of the Spirit, must be very broken and fragmentary; still, answers occur. Coming to Christ, the invisible Christ, really resolves itself into a realisation that He has come to us. He is ever by our side, with His holy ministries, ready to bless, and mighty to save! He is waiting, even watching, to enter the spirit of man, to make it His home, and to create a heaven of blessedness within the soul. To become conscious of that fact, to open the eye to it, to believe it with all the heart, is to come to Christ. But the realisation that Christ has come to the soul does not exhaust the meaning of the phrase. It seems to resolve itself, further, into a loving confiding attitude of the soul towards the Christ, as when the eye turns instinctively, under the influence of a holy passion, to the object which is loved. It is the going out of the soul, the life, towards Christ, and the Christ, in turn, coming in upon the soul, with ever-increasing force and beauty. "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord."

But how is the realisation that the Christ has come to men to be

attained? Not, most assuredly, by any speculative reasonings about Him, by no philosophical analysis of His character, by no carping criticism of His life-work. To the so-called "wise and prudent" He wraps Himself in impenetrable mystery; He no longer submits Himself to the gaze of the rude or irreverent. Such men might thus search through long centuries for Him, but they will never find Him.

The truth is that the realisation of the fact that Christ has come to any man comes by way of revelation. The Apostle Paul, than whom none ever had more splendid visions of the Christ, confesses as much—"When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me." No man can call Christ Lord but by the Holy Ghost. It is when the Divine Spirit becomes an inner power of vision that men see the unseen, and apprehend, however dimly, "the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." Still there are human conditions which make the revelation possible, and human helps which make it more clear.

The condition of all others to be coveted if any one would find the Christ, is one in which the sense of abject need, utter helplessness, is deep and strong. "He has come, not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "He is gone out to seek and to save the lost." He used to address, He still addresses Himself to those who labour and are heavy-laden. What the Father has said of Himself, the Son might say of Himself—To that man will I look, and with him will I dwell, who is of a humble and contrite heart and who trembles at My word. He sets Himself in battle array against the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

There are many who, after they have yielded themselves to the Christ, have suffered much from vagueness in their realisation of His presence. Some have grown out of this condition by prolonged communion with His life and character, and especially with His atoning death as recorded in the gospels. In His words they have heard His voice, and felt more deeply the strivings of His Spirit within them; and there has grown up to their imagination a mental picture of the Christ, which, as they have looked upon it, has, while filling their eyes with tears, melted into the heaven of glory which surrounds Him, and which makes all pictures of the Christ look poor and mean. In common worship many have caught glimmerings of

the Christ. It is with all saints that we are to know what is the breadth, length, and depth, and height, of the love of God. No habitual neglecter of public worship can know much of the Christ—if, indeed, he can know Him at all. To men of meditation and heroic mould visions of the Christ have been vouchsafed. Stephen saw heaven opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.

But the way of all others by which a man grows into nearness to the Christ, and the Christ comes nearer to the man, filling all the recesses of the soul with His gracious influences, is by bearing the yoke and carrying the burden of Christ. Those who enter into divine servitude find in it a door to divine sonship. They become, not in name simply, but in reality and in conscious experience, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. They sit with Christ in the heavenlies, and in their best moments they rejoice in Christ with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, and like the Apostle Paul, are "persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

HENRY SIMON.

The Tower of London: its Associations and Lessons.

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

THIS portion of the venerable fortress derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who in the reign of Richard II. suffered imprisonment herein. The building consists of two stories. There is a large apartment on the first floor, and some small cells, where, probably, prisoners were immured by night. The walls of the large room bear numerous inscriptions, the productions of the unhappy men who during their confinement relieved the monotony of their daily life by these records. Some of their work is very ingenious and skilful. Three wheatsheaves, a crucifix, a horseshoe, a lion and bear grasping the ragged staff, and surrounded by a border of oak leaves and acorns, are admirably executed. Some of these

inscriptions are playful, proving that "stone walls do not a prison make." There once existed the following lines engraven on the wall:—

"EPITAPH ON A GOLDFINCH.

"Where Raleigh pin'd within a prison's gloom,
I cheerful sung, nor murmured at my doom;
Where heroes bold, and patriots firm could dwell,
A goldfinch is content his note might swell;
But death, more gentle than the law's decree,
Hath paid my ransom from captivity."

"Buried June 23, 1794, by a fellow-prisoner."

There was also the following, entitled an "Epitaph on a Cat named 'Citizen,' buried in the Tower Wall":—

"If led by fancy o'er this seat of woe
In search of relics hid within these walls,
Thy eye, kind reader, thou should'st chance to throw
On the small spot where my poor dwelling falls,—

Think not, within this cell there is compest
Ought which the world could envy or could fear;
Nor stars, nor ribbands deck'd my honest breast,
A humble citizen lies buried here.

A friend that could my lowly talents prize
(At his fond kindness, reader, do not laugh)
Sooth'd my last moments, closed my dying eyes,
Dug here my grave, and wrote my epitaph.

But lest these lines thy fancy should deceive,
And thou should'st think some patriot claims a tear,
Thy rising anguish let me now relieve,
'Tis only puss—the 'Citizen,'—lies here."

"I. A. B., August 22, 1794."

But some of the inscriptions are truly affecting. They are the utterances of hearts that were struggling with depression, fear, and impatience. One specially deserves notice. It is from the hand of Charles Bailly, an adherent of Mary Queen of Scots, who suffered the torture of the rack: "The most unhappy man in this world is he that is not patient in adversity. Men are not killed by the adversities they have, but by the impatience with which they suffer."

It is very clear that the Beauchamp Tower was one of the most important English prisons in the sixteenth century. Into it were introduced the more illustrious of the unfortunate condemned. The list of victims saddens us. We can only point to one or two, whose careers command attention.

Sir Thomas More was confined in the Beauchamp Tower. Sir

James Mackintosh says of him, "He was the first Englishman who signalised himself as an orator, the first writer of a prose which is still intelligible, and probably the first layman, since the beginning of authentic history, who was Chancellor of England." Erasmus, who was a close friend and frequent visitor at More's house, gives a further description of his high qualities. He says, "With him you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion: it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no idle word, was heard in it; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." More refused to take the new oath of allegiance, and consequently was sent to the Tower. He was tried at Westminster, and condemned to die. His son-in-law, Roper, has left us a touching description of the conduct of his children on hearing the news of their father's condemnation. His eldest and best-beloved daughter, Margaret, who was a most accomplished woman, passed through the guards in spite of their halberds, threw her arms around her parent's neck, and kissed him with the utmost fervour. Her father gave her his blessing, and they parted; but she returned again, and the second time saluted him with the fondest affection. More was one week in prison. He spent that time in devotion and in writing letters *with a coal*, for no pens were provided. The tidings concerning his execution he received with great composure. When on the scaffold, observing some indications of temerity on the part of the executioner, he said, "Pluck up thy spirits, man; my neck is very short: take heed therefore of a stroke awry, by which you will lose your credit." Then kneeling, he drew aside his beard, saying, "*This* hath never committed treason." One blow with the fatal axe, and his spirit had departed. His head was set up on London Bridge. It hung there for the period of one month. Then his daughter bought it, for which act of affection she was seized and imprisoned.

Whilst the populace was still discussing the treatment and execution of Sir Thomas More, the dungeon doors of the Beauchamp Tower were opened to admit the beautiful and ill-treated Anne

Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. Her beauty, which was her curse as well as her dower, ceased after a short season to charm the fickle and foul mind of Henry VIII., and hence he preferred a false charge against her, with a view to set himself free to marry Jane Seymour. In a letter dated "From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May," she says to her husband, "Let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And, to speak the truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy or bad council of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges: yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I pray God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strict account of your unprincely and cruel usage of me at His general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear." Such a letter one might have hoped would have touched the heart of Henry. If he ever read it, he possibly felt a momentary pang of self-reproach, but it was evanescent and fruitless. The poor Queen's doom was fixed. She was brought out to the green before the Tower, and beheaded with the axe which is still shown among the many curiosities in the White Tower.

Up the spiral staircase, leading to the chief prison of this Beauchamp Tower, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was conducted on June 10th, 1540. He was a remarkable illustration of the possibility of a humble man rising to the dignities of state by the exercise of his own talents under the control of fidelity and truth. He was

the son of a blacksmith, and was born at Putney. In early life he travelled much on the continent of Europe, often, however, in circumstances of great poverty. Returning to England, he entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey, who, becoming his attached patron, secured for him a seat in Parliament. From that time his rise was rapid. He became successively "Privy Councillor," "Master of the Jewel House," "Chancellor of the Exchequer," "Master of the Rolls," "Keeper of the Privy Seal," "Baron of the Realm by the title of Lord Cromwell of Okeham," "Vicar-general and Vicegerent in Ecclesiastical Matters," and lastly, "Earl of Essex," "Knight of the Garter," and "Lord High Chamberlain." All this greatness he bore with a steady hand. Though elevated to such a social altitude, he did not forget the days of his plebeianship, and the kindness shown him in his hours of extremity. One instance will suffice. When, in his early days, he was in Florence, he was compelled to beg for his subsistence. On one occasion, an eminent merchant, feeling interested in the destitute Englishman, took him into his house, entertained him generously, and at his departure presented the poor wanderer with a horse and sixteen ducats. A few years witnessed a strange revolution of the wheel of fortune. Cromwell was elevated to a position of honour and affluence, whilst the merchant of Florence was reduced to want. In search of money due to him, Frescobald, the merchant, came to London. Passing along the streets one day, he was met by Cromwell, who was driving towards Court. Recognising the reduced merchant, Cromwell stopped and embraced the foreigner in the streets, and invited him that day to his house to dinner. At the appointed hour the best place at the table was given to Frescobald, though the Lord Admiral and other dignitaries were present. During the repast Cromwell narrated to his guests the circumstances which had made him acquainted with his foreign friend. When the other guests had departed, and Frescobald was taking farewell, Cromwell repaid the merchant the sixteen ducats so generously given him years before, and also presented him with sixteen hundred more. Hume says of Cromwell, "He was a man of prudence, industry, and abilities worthy of a better master and a better fate."

Cromwell had recommended the marriage of Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves, and when she proved obnoxious to him, he wreaked his vengeance upon his adviser. Whilst sitting in the Council Chamber

at Westminster he was suddenly arrested upon the charge of high treason and heresy, and conveyed to the Tower. He wrote to Henry from his place of confinement, saying—"I am a most woful prisoner, ready to submit to death when it shall please God and your Majesty; and yet the frail flesh incites me to call to your Grace for mercy and pardon of mine offences. Written at the Tower with the heavy heart and trembling hand of your Highness's most miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell." He did not occupy Beauchamp Tower very long. Seven weeks after his committal he was brought to the scaffold, and beheaded on July 28th, 1540.

Over the fireplace in the chief room is the following inscription:—

"Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc Sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro. . . . Arundell, June 22, 1587."

These words were the production of Philip Howard, afterwards Earl of Arundel, and designated by the Roman Catholics "Philip the Confessor." Marrying when only twelve years of age, his career was one of weakness and wretchedness. He became a pervert to the Romish Church, and associated closely with the Jesuit party. The teachings of the Papists, and conjoined circumstances, led him to take a violent dislike to the reigning monarch, and to sympathise deeply with Spain. He resolved to leave England secretly, but his intention became known. He was followed by a Captain Keloway. Arundel hired a boat to convey him to France, and set sail; but he had not proceeded far before Keloway, under the pretence of the vessel being a pirate, seized upon it and secured him as prisoner. He was conveyed to the Tower, April 25th, 1585. Soon afterwards he was summoned before the Star Chamber, and charged with (1) Attempting to leave England without royal license; (2) with becoming a Romanist; and (3) with having proposed that a foreign prince should create him Duke of Norfolk. The court decided that he was guilty, and ordered that he should be imprisoned during the royal pleasure, and pay a fine of £10,000. Nothing daunted, Arundel resolved upon secretly having mass in the Beauchamp Tower. Father Bennett consented to officiate, and Philip acted as acolyte. He further evinced his opposition to Elizabeth by praying daily for the success of the Spanish Armada. These things became known, and he was indicted for high treason, and sentenced

to death. He thereupon wrote to Elizabeth, and begged her mercy, and she in reply decided to spare his life, but to leave him in the solitude of his confinement. Arundel then commenced a plan of religious living. He arranged to fast three days in each week, and devote three-hours-and-a-half each day to prayers. Thus he passed ten years, when death released him from the limits of the Beauchamp Tower.

J. HILES HITCHENS.

St. John's Memoir of the Great Forty Days.

LOVEST THOU ME?

THE meal on the shore seems to have proceeded in silence—at least, if any word was spoken, it is unrecorded; joy and awe, and a strange, solemn sense of expectancy, held the disciples mute in the presence of the Lord. At the close, when they had dined, Jesus turned to Peter and said, with a startling unexpectedness, which must have sent a thrill to his heart, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?” Up to this time Jesus had made no reference to the betrayal-night, unless in the charge left for the women, “Go, tell His disciples—and Peter,” as if the sense of his faithlessness might make him fear that he was not included; but now in a way of wonderful wisdom and tenderness He proceeds to make all clear between Himself and His sinning disciple, and that, not as a secret transaction between themselves, but in the presence of witnesses.

“Simon, son of Jonas”—the Lord does not revoke the name *Peter*, man of rock, as if it had been forfeited by the thrice-uttered denial; but He goes back to his name of birth: it was the “Simon” in him and not the “Peter” that had been shown in the hall of the high priest’s house. “Simon, son of Jonas,” He asks, “lovest thou Me more than these?” More than what, or whom? Does He sweep His eye around, over that fair lake as it lies gleaming in the morning light, with the green hills that encircle it, the villages and hamlets that nestle in the valleys and lie scattered along the shore, with their bright and peaceful home-life and simple joys, and ask, “Lovest thou Me more than thou lovest these?” Canst thou leave all for Me? Or does He look upon the silent disciple group, with a tremulous joy in their

hearts, and ask, "Lovest thou Me more than these who sit around thee do?" I think this latter is, beyond doubt, the question He asks. Peter, in self-ignorance, had once set himself above the rest, when he said, "Though all should forsake Thee, yet will I never;" adding, "though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee." The question now put gives him the opportunity of taking up other ground. And his answer shows that he has learned the right lesson from his fall: he does not now set himself above his brethren; his boastful self-confidence is gone; he is content to declare his own love without drawing any comparison—"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus—accepting and endorsing that *Yea, Lord*, as true—saith to him, "Feed My lambs." He is Himself the Good Shepherd; the lambs have a special place in His heart; and He will have Peter, as a good under-shepherd, take special interest in them.

A pause follows, solemn and full of meaning. By-and-bye Jesus breaks the silence by repeating His question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" There is a noticeable difference in the question now; Jesus omits the words "*more than these*," and simply asks about His disciple's love. With a clear voice Peter answers, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus saith to him, "Feed My sheep."

There is yet another pause, solemn and full of meaning like the former, and Jesus says the third time, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" *The third time*: does Jesus, then, suspect him? Does the Heart-Searcher see something in him that the man did not see in himself? Is He about to foretell another fall? Certainly this third asking of the question would vividly bring up the memory of the hall of the high priest's house, and the threesfold denial, the last with oaths and curses. Peter is "grieved"—pained, distressed in heart—that Jesus should ask him the third time, "Lovest thou Me?" so he answers, with intense and pathetic earnestness, revealing what the Lord is to him (in words as remarkable as those of his great confession), "Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus saith to him, "Feed My sheep."*

* The vivid and delicate shadings that appear in the original narrative cannot be shown in an English translation. Thus, in His first question, "*Lovest thou Me?*" Jesus employs one word, while Peter replies with a different one. Both words indicate love; but in the former the idea of esteem is more prominent,

Another pause, and Jesus adds, still addressing Peter, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thine hands and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." And when He had spoken this, rising and walking away from the silent and wondering group on the shore, He saith to Peter, "*Follow Me.*" Peter rose and followed Him. John also followed, silently and unbidden, as once before, when the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God." Peter, turning round and seeing John, inquired, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Jesus answers, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me." In consequence of this answer, the saying went abroad that John was not to die—in other words, was to survive till the glorious appearing; and a legend afterwards sprang up that he was not dead, but only slumbering in the grave, with the turf tremulous above him. But Jesus said not, "*He shall not die,*" but simply, "*If I will . . . what is that to thee?*"

It is impossible, within the range of this paper, to do more than indicate in outline some of the great ideas that come into view in this scene. The starting-point is the question, as vital to-day as it ever was, probing and proving the inmost heart, "*Lovest thou Me?*" The Lord Jesus *deserves* our love. To see this, just look upon the immortal beauty of His face, the glory of His character, in which all excellencies blend, the sacrifice He endured on our behalf, the love He bears us still, and the blessings which that love is bringing. Says the Apostle John, speaking for the whole brotherhood, "We love Him because He first loved us;" and from this we learn to love Him because of what He is. Beyond this, He *desires* our love. It is part of the "reward" of His sorrows; part of "the joy that was

and warm, personal affection in the latter. It is not till the third asking that Jesus takes up Peter's word, and says, "Dost thou indeed personally love Me?" Again, the diminutives are to be noted—"My lambs," "*My sheep,*" *ἀγνία, προβάτια*. Just as, e.g., the Scotch diminutive "*lammie*" for "*lamb*" marks affection, so here, "Feed My lambs," "Feed My darling sheep." Once more, where we have the one English word "*feed*," there are two in the original, the one bringing the supply of nourishment into prominence, the other the general care of the flock; the two when taken together marking out the whole functions of a good shepherd.

set before Him," for which He "endured the cross, despising the shame." Crowned and enthroned and anointed with the oil of gladness, it is very wonderful that He should accept love like ours, so poor and feeble; that He should value it, and desire it, and go about seeking it, is more wonderful still; and most wonderful of all that it should ever be withheld from Him.

Christian discipleship implies love to Jesus Christ personally. Not simply a true creed, or a blameless character, or knowledge of Christian doctrine, or earnest "working," but personal love, kindled by His own. This love is not a mere ornament of Christian discipleship; it is essential to its very existence; and it is meant not merely to exist, but to reign within the heart, so as to dominate the life, to be the paramount and sovereign affection, to which every other must give way. His own word is, "He that loveth father or mother—son or daughter—more than Me, is not worthy of Me"; and in another place (Luke xiv. 26) He tells us that all other love must be but as hatred in comparison with the love that we bear to Him. Even here, in its imperfectness, this love is the best, the noblest and divinest thing we know, and, wherever it is found, it gives greatness and beauty to a human life, however commonplace it may otherwise be.

True, we have never seen Him. We do not know what He is like. We could not bear to look with these mortal eyes on the skirts of His glory. Yet love is not made hereby impossible, as might be imagined by those who want a Christ for "the senses. Rather will the fact that He is unseen give a character of loftiness and reverence and divine spiritual beauty to the love with which we regard Him, together with an ardent longing for "that Blessed Hope," even His "Glorious Appearing."

"Lovest thou Me?" Some one makes answer, "*No, I do not.*" Then, *why* do you not? Will you try to state the reason honestly and definitely to yourself, or write it down in plain terms?

Another makes answer, "*Yes, I do love Him—not, indeed, as He deserves, not even as I desire and long to do, but yet in sincerity and truth.*"

Well, if we love Him, He wishes us to avow it. When He put the question, "Lovest thou Me?" to Peter—though He already knew how it was—He expected an answer, and an answer not whispered

back into His ear, but spoken in the hearing of the other disciples. In like manner, when He wins a human heart, the experience is not to be kept as a happy secret within the bosom, but is to have natural and adequate expression : not in a way of self-consciousness and show, but with meekness and lowliness and simple truth, as the star shines, or the rose emits fragrance. Let there be no "guilty silence." Tell it to Himself, to dear ones at home, to His Church, to old companions, and in daily life. This is due to the Lord, and is for the good of love itself. Men like Joseph and Nicodemus, who are disciples but hold their discipleship a secret for fear of the Jews, are greater losers than they know ; while the simple and true-hearted shall go from strength to strength.

Again, if we love Jesus Christ, He will give us something to do for Him. When Peter avowed his love, Jesus said to him, "*Feed My lambs ; feed My sheep*"—in other words, He gave him something to do, something answerable to his love, something that love (and *only* love) would know how to do, and would have pleasure in doing. Jesus loved His lambs and His sheep ; He had died for them ; He was about to ascend to heaven for them ; and He bids Peter be a shepherd to them. If we trace Peter's life, and study his Epistles, we shall see how this charge abode in his mind ; the memory of his fall and of the love that restored him, no doubt, making him more watchful, and tender, and faithful, and patient, in his shepherd-service.

Now when Christ wins a heart, He gives love something to do for Him—answerable to love's nature and fit for love's hands. He does not bid us maintain the glow of feeling within the breast ; He appoints us holy service, and says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments"—do My bidding. To each one He appoints special service, just suited to his capacity and circumstances, and lying ready to love's hand ; and the part of wisdom is to recognise the Lord's will and set about doing it for His name's sake. We may not self-choose our service. We may not say of anything the Lord appoints that it is too little, and not worth doing. There are Christian men who would do great things, to bring them glory—who would gird themselves for heroic service—who are always waiting for great opportunities—who would march, if need were, to a Christian Thermopylæ, or burn at a modern Smithfield ; but they neglect the little opportunities daily offered, and life slips past, while they accomplish nothing. On the other hand, we may not say

of anything to which Christ summons us, that it is too great and difficult. What need we shrink from when we have the resources of Omnipotence to draw upon? "Verily, I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, *Remove hence, and be thou cast into the sea*, and it shall be done, and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Our very calling as Christian men is to do impossibilities.

Again, if we love Jesus Christ, He will call us to suffer for Him. "When thou wast young," Jesus says to Peter, "thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." It was an intimation, clothed in symbolic language, of the manner of his death. He should stretch forth his hands unresistingly to the power of strangers; another would gird him, with fetters for a girdle, and would convey him whither he would not—namely, to the place of execution. The early Christian writers agree that he was crucified, and according to Origen, it was with his head downwards.

Whosoever loves Jesus Christ will be called to suffer for Him. There is nothing more certain than this, and the Lord makes no secret of it; He tells beforehand, in the plainest terms, that suffering awaits love. The suffering may take many various forms—physical pain, loss of property, the forsaking of friends, shame, the enduring of hardness, the surrender of worldly position and prospects, the pangs of martyrdom; but in one form or other it is certain, by the very law of the kingdom of heaven; but suffering will do love no harm, any more than the refiner's fire injures the gold—nay, it only makes love the more heroic, and patient, and mighty, and beautiful, and glad. It carries in it spiritual grace for onlookers; perhaps it may teach lessons to God's angels; and it is no unimportant part of that holy discipline by which God's children are prepared for royal service hereafter. "*Made perfect through sufferings*" is the story of perfected love told in brief.

Once more, if we love Jesus Christ, He bids us follow Him. Rising and walking away from the spot where the interview had taken place, Jesus says to Peter, "*Follow Me.*" Peter rises and follows, and so, too, does John, unbidden. The whole thing is symbolical. Peter is to follow his Lord, walking in His holy footsteps along "the path of life" that leads into that "Presence" where is "fulness of joy" and

"pleasures for evermore." And this is the last glimpse we have of Jesus in the Gospel of John. John *alludes* to the Ascension, as in his report of Christ's words, "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God;" but he does not give any account of it; he leaves it to be taken for granted. With simple and lofty significance, worthy of his wonderful book, he closes by showing us the Lord walking away from the shore, and the two disciples "following after." They are following still.

"Dim tracts of time" divide us from those "golden days;" His voice "comes faint and far" from Galilee; the vision of His form "fades in ancient shades;" and nature, bound by changeless law, "is all we see." Oh happy band, our hearts sometimes sigh, who saw His face, and listened to His voice, and shared His friendship, as they accompanied Him in His wanderings through Immanuel's land! But there are marks by which we may know the way He went; He has left us an example that we should follow His steps, planting *our* feet where we see the print of His. We think at times of confessors and martyrs in the heroic ages, men of whom the world was not worthy, who for the love they bore Him freely spilt their blood, and we say within ourselves, *We* cannot expect to be like them; *we* must be content with something humbler. But this Gospel says to us, Nay; not "something humbler," but something unspeakably grander; in our dim and narrow sphere we are to be like the Lord Himself. And this is love's joy. Just as these two disciples tread in His footsteps now, so love, pressing forward, with eyes intent on the shining-robed Christ before, delights to say, "I FOLLOW AFTER."

JAMES CULROSS.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER VII.

CATHERINE STARTS AFRESH.

I KNOW not whether it be the living through again in imagination that most painful part of my life, or whether it be that so much loneliness is not, after all, good for me; but I have of late confessed to myself that I do not appear to be gaining from my holiday the buoyancy of health and elasticity of spirits for which I had hoped. It

is impossible but that these sea-breezes should be breathing vigour into my frame ; it must be the mind that is at fault. I trust I am not growing morbid, but I find myself watching the groups on the beach and the terrace, the merry children and happy mothers, and chatting friends, with a wistfulness which I am ashamed to own sometimes deepens into an ache. " Oh, that I had some one to belong to me," is the cry that will rise up in my heart. But no good can come of giving way to such vain and weak longings. On such occasions I come home, and straightway set myself to write in these pages. Yet, but for the feeling that any occupation is better than none, I scarcely think I should continue to do it, for the task is becoming an irksome one.

I do not intend to detail minutely here the processes, mental and spiritual, through which I passed when the first stunning effects of my mother's death had worn off. It appears to me, on looking back at the events which I have described in this history, that I had been, in my intense egotism, like one buried in a dark tunnel and knowing nothing of the daylight ; and that, on the day with whose record I began my story, I had been, as it were, taken by the hand, and led unwaveringly onwards in a straight path towards the speck of light in the distance. I am not out of the tunnel yet—indeed, who dare say that he is ?—but, thank God, I at least keep my face set towards the daylight, and I have good hopes of one day emerging into it. How strange it is that God should have taken the trouble to insist upon my learning His lessons ! How I strove to deafen my ears to the teaching that sought for admittance ! For I considered myself great, and I would not be forced to admit myself small. I considered myself good, and I would not be forced to admit myself base. And though the lesson was driven in upon me from all sides—by the starving girl in the streets, by the revival meeting, by Mary and the dying child, by the involuntary influence of the doctor—yet how I strove to elude it ! I sheltered myself in my mother's proud affection, in Martin's tender admiration, and my own consciousness of a right to it all. And from Dr. Brough I sheltered myself by a dislike which was more than half constructed as a self-defence. But I was not to be allowed to bury myself in ignobleness like an ostrich in the sand. I had to yield to the good which assailed me, and in the first step which yielding necessitated, that of refusing Martin's offer, I

brought upon myself a new lesson, which is often the Divine reward for obedience to that already learned. With my mother's alienation, grief came upon me, and humiliation, and a sense of undeserved rebuke, and these, if they did not teach me humility, yet brought me low, where humility is not so hard to learn. And then fell upon me that great and crushing blow, and what was meant in that I did not know then, nor for many days afterwards, for all my strength was needed for the mere struggle of endurance, and all my soul for the finding of the face of God, which, since the great shock, had been hidden from me by thick darkness.

Mary had little to say to me in those days. I did not want her to talk, but I constantly craved her presence. She seldom left me, and she waited on me unceasingly. Her patient, devout quiet made an atmosphere in which I breathed calmer breath. The undefined attraction with which she had at first drawn me had passed with fuller knowledge into a longing to share her serenity of spirit, for had not she also suffered a wrench of soul like mine? was not she also left lonely by the tearing asunder of the ties of life-long, daily, dear companionship?

The days of my enforced imprisonment were over. I was at liberty to resume every-day habits. I gradually awoke to the fact that the life of the house was going on as though nothing had happened. The blinds were drawn up, the sunlight streamed in; voices were no longer hushed, faces no longer saddened, and the domestic arrangements were carried on as usual. I looked and listened, but I went through the day mechanically, without impulse or sense of responsibility. I was like a maimed and broken thing in the midst of this healthy, ordinary activity. I had been accustomed to obedience, dependence; day after day passed and I made no attempt to take up the threads of the new life of independence, of authority, which had been thrust upon me. The wheels of existence went on somehow, I cared not to inquire how. Mary, I supposed, was managing for me, and her quiet effectiveness caused a minimum of trouble to devolve upon me. Of Dr. Brough I had seen nothing, except for a few minutes now and then; when he had occasion to refer to me it was generally done through Mary. Through her also I learned something concerning my mother which moved me deeply. Dr. Brough had told her that she must expect sudden death. She

had made all her arrangements with this in view. He had sought to induce her to make me also aware of it, but this she had persistently refused to do or allow to be done. Had she but given way! Then, what had seemed like want of love in her, I should have seen to arise from tender solicitude, and that cruel misunderstanding would never have arisen. I had thought she held it a light thing to part with me, little guessing what was in her mind, and that, knowing what must inevitably come, soon or late, she had set her whole heart upon leaving me under assured protection and care, for that Martin had been taken fully into her confidence I was, on looking back, assured.

One morning Mary came to me with a message from Dr. Brough, to the effect that if I were well enough he would be glad to see me on some matters of business. I said I would join him in the dining-room. I could not avoid this inevitable first step towards realising my position, yet I went downstairs with as dreary a feeling as I have ever experienced. I think I must have looked rather piteous when I met him, for he greeted me with much kindness, and gave me a chair with an air of considerate courteousness which was at variance with his ordinary manner. And yet I believe that what in early days I had considered bearishness, was not really such, but arose from an entire concentration of thought and purpose on the person or thing he was considering, which rendered him for the moment absolutely indifferent to everybody and everything else. It was not absence of mind, but rather intense presence of mind absorbed in one direction; and thus arose the peculiar feature of intercourse with him—that at one time he would take absolutely no notice of one, and at another, if by some means his attention were attracted, one would feel thoroughly uncomfortable under his close scrutiny. He had a bundle of papers in his hand, and he proceeded at once to business, explaining to me account-books and bank-books, and the amount and sources of my income. He read to me my mother's will. With what clearness, care, and consideration all her arrangements had been made. As I realised that here was her last, my mother's very last message to me, the last communication I should get from her hand, my heart was compressed painfully, the papers swam before my eyes, and Dr. Brough's words became mere sound in my ears. At length the explanations were all given.

"Is there anything left that you do not understand?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," I answered.

"Do not hesitate to let me know directly you find yourself in any perplexity."

"You are very good."

Then he rose to go. I rose also, and I might never have felt lonely or helpless before, so fresh a sense of my loneliness and helplessness came over me then. I could scarcely see him for the tears that were brimming my eyes.

"I cannot take my leave," he said, "without earnestly wishing you Godspeed in the new life that awaits you. I trust you feel your responsibilities with regard to it."

Then my pent-up feeling burst out in spite of myself. "Responsibilities!" I cried, "that is a cruel word. Oh, you do not know what you say. You do not know that every breath I draw brings its burden, and I am helpless and alone."

"You are too vehement," he answered, and though the words were harsh, his tone was not. "I did not mean to hurt you. And if you are helpless, you know well where to look for help." He turned to go, while I remained standing by the table. But before he reached the door he turned back again suddenly, and paused. From the midst of my own emotion, I could not but observe that his aspect had altered; he seemed strangely disturbed. To my utter amazement he asked, in a low suppressed tone, "Will you tell me whether you are engaged to marry your cousin?"

"No," I answered.

A new light seemed to spring into his eyes, a new energy to his air. He came towards me, and said impetuously, "Then will you marry me?" The words were a shock that set my brain reeling. I trembled from head to foot. I took hold of the chair to save myself, as it seemed, from falling. Before I was steady enough to answer, he continued in a calmer tone, "I have startled you. I have been rough. I had not intended to say this to you to-day, but I was forced to do it by your look. But forgive me"—here he broke off, and then added hurriedly, "and answer me at once."

I could not conquer my agitation. What did it mean? Where was the calmness with which I had listened to Martin? To what a pitiable state must my nerves have become reduced! But I faced

him proudly, and words came without any conscious will. I had wondered what I was going to say till I began.

"Marry you!" I said. "Why, you do not love me, you despise me—you have always despised me, and I—I have hated you. Though I am weak, I have not come so low as that. No, a thousand times, no!"

Another moment and he was gone. I heard his firm tread down the street. And now what was the meaning of it? Why had he done this? That he loved me, was a supposition too absurd to be held for a moment. It had always been clear that he despised me. The idea that he wanted me for my money, it would have been degrading to me to entertain with regard to such a man. It was out of pity—yes, he had pitied my condition of loneliness and misery. It would be a likely sacrifice for a man of his calibre to make. "Let me be thankful," I cried, "that I had at least enough self-respect left to me in my weakness to answer him with pride, with firmness."

With every nerve still unstrung, I acted as we often do after a sudden shock. I tried to prevent its getting hold of me. I stirred the fire; I went to the window; I walked about arranging the room—anything to keep a hold on the ordinary common-places of existence. Finally, however, I gave it all up; I came to the fire, I threw myself into a chair, and I broke into frantic weeping.

I was now more listless and dispirited than ever. Once or twice I caught Mary's eyes looking at me with more intent observation than usual. One day, a week or two after this event, as we sat at work, she said suddenly—

"Miss Ambrose, I think it is time I left you."

"Left me! Why, Mary, what can you mean? Why should you leave me?" As Mary did not reply, I continued—"I am distressed. I did not think you would wish to leave me. Haven't I been good to you?"

I expected an enthusiastic protest. But instead I received the calm rejoinder—

"Dear Miss Ambrose, I do not think you have been good to any one lately, and worst of all to yourself."

I could scarcely believe my ears. Mary, whom I had trusted in and depended on, and who had served me with so much sympathy and devotion, had, it appeared, been secretly criticising me. And yet I could not be angry. Nothing that came from Mary sounded like

impertinence, because all she said had an earnest meaning in it, and was free from the taint of self-seeking.

"Explain yourself," I said, "for you both surprise and grieve me. Tell me all you have been thinking about me."

"I am glad you will let me tell you what I mean," said Mary. "Once you asked me to be your friend, and I have many days been thinking of that, and wishing it were possible, so that I might tell you all I have been thinking about you." She had dropped her work, and was looking at me with a wistful confidence which it was impossible to return with reserve or disdain. "I have wanted to tell you that you are thinking too much about yourself, and it is spoiling your life, for though you are so good and so clever, and so beautiful, what is the good of it all? you are nothing in the world—you see nothing, you do nothing. If I had not seen you read in the Testament, I should not think that you did, for you are so different from all that is there. Oh, Miss Ambrose, you, who can do anything you like, what would you be if you would learn from Jesus Christ?"

I listened with very mixed feelings to these words. At first indignation strove with astonishment, but there struggled up a suspicion of their truth, and the girl's earnest manner, unembarrassed, yet free from self-assumption, helped to disarm resentment. I looked at her in silence for some moments, until more generous feelings asserted themselves.

"I thank you very much, Mary, for opening your heart to me. There is no one else, I am sure, in all the world, who would have cared to try to show me the truth about myself." I felt the tears running down my cheeks.

"That is because I love and admire you so much. I longed to tell you what I thought was spoiling your life. And you are so good and generous that I knew you would not be angry with me."

"At one time I should have been very angry with you, but I am not now. I have learned something, though so little, of my own nature. I know I am not unselfish. I have never been used to trying to be. Until lately I have been so selfish that I did not know it, and did not wish to be any better. Mary, you are unselfish, I know well, and you must teach me. All your life has helped you in it. Tell me what you have seen in me." The humility of my speech surprised myself. But my pride had never been in arms against

Mary, and now she was the one being I had to depend on, and whose affection I could trust. In those weeks I had clung to her almost like a child, and she had never disappointed me. "Dear Miss Ambrose," she said, "it is like you to talk so. It is not because I think myself unselfish that I have spoken to you as I have done. But I could not bear to see you day after day shut yourself up in your sorrow, and take no thought or care for anything that was passing round you, or for anybody but yourself. And that was one reason why I thought I ought to go away. You interest yourself in nothing, and leave everything to me, and that does not do. I was glad and happy to be of service to you, but I am only doing harm now. The servants will not obey me. They try to thwart me in everything. Your money is being wasted, and the house is going wrong everywhere. And then there is my rent going on, and the hire of the sewing-machine, and the work that I left to come to you is not done."

Mary coloured as she said this, and I was struck with shame. While she had given up her whole self to tend and serve me, I had never had the thoughtfulness to inquire into her affairs. It had always been a habit to take for granted that I should have every consideration and devotion, and my selfish absorption in my grief had exaggerated the tendency. How differently had I behaved under my trouble, from the way in which Mary had behaved under hers!

But Mary's words had done their work; they succeeded in rousing me. They waked me out of my lethargy. The first step I took towards change was to order breakfast the next morning for eight o'clock instead of ten. I must relinquish the invalidish habits into which I had fallen. But when the morning came, and I descended to the dining-room, breakfast was not forthcoming. It seemed the servants had taken very kindly to my late arrangements, and were not disposed to give up a comfortable hour in bed. I learned from Mary that they held the new order to be "one of the poor young lady's whims." When breakfast was over, I rang the bell and summoned the entire household. Then I said—

"I wish to put our relationship on a new footing. You have not been accustomed to regard me as your mistress. But from this time you will be good enough to do so; and if any of you are not disposed to take service under me, they will please let me know at once."

Mary did not leave me after all. I was in despair at the prospect of a life with no one to love me, no one to love, and I besought her to stay with me. At first she refused, but I discovered the reason. She wished to keep a home of some kind for her father; her heart yearned for him, for her mother's sake. I had learned something of her history, and of the gentle, patient mother who had left her happy home for a life of hardship and of cruel wrong with the man she loved. And so we kept the attic-room where I had first seen Mary, and she herself came and lived with me as my maid, but also as my friend.

And of all that she had said to me that day, there was one thing which the most had struck me, and it haunted me afterwards. She had said that I had not learned from Jesus Christ. I had considered myself a Christian; yet what was it to be a Christian, if not to be a pupil of Jesus Christ? It startled me to find that this had sounded to me like a novelty. I began to read the gospels with a new kind of attention; and I soon began to suspect that the individuality and power of Mary's character arose from the fact that she *had* learned from Jesus Christ.

ELLIE BEIGHTON.

Women of the Bible.

EVE.

Of all the women noticed in history, sacred or profane, none more loudly calls for sympathy than "the mother of all living."

"Fairest of her daughters, Eve" stands alone as the perfect type of feminine beauty, innocence, and grace. She came forth from the hand of her Creator the fairest of all His works, the endowments of her mind enhancing the beauty of her person, a fitting helpmeet for him who was made in the image of God.

How long our first parents enjoyed the sinlessness of Paradise we cannot tell; but it was long enough to feel, with agonising keenness, the bitter contrast, when, on a hapless day, they fell from their high estate, and were ignominiously driven out of their garden of delights. Too soon was the bright day overcast; too soon did the flowers of Eden fade.

Who does not feel a thrill of pity for Eve, when, arraigned before the God who was now terrible to her, hearing herself accused by her

husband, and brought to account by her Judge, she faltered in her anguish, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat"? As she heard her dread sentence culminate in the words, "He shall rule over thee," bitterly did she regret that she had yielded to the temptation to act independently of her husband; and that, flattered by the first dawning idea of woman's rights, she had not sought his advice before she took the fatal step; and having taken it, had used her newly-acquired art of subtility to win him over to her side. To this day, many of her daughters in the dark places of the earth are cursed for her sake by cruel bondage and oppression. Little comfort had she yet from the one gracious ray of hope vouchsafed—dim, and scarcely understood by either of them—and as "shade after shade of deepening gloom descends," it is easy to picture her treading her joyless path, bearing her heavy burden of multiplied sorrow; the blessed past a vanished dream, the future dark and terrible, nothing certain but the sorrow and the care.

"Oh, cursèd, cursèd sin! traitor to God,
And ruiner of man!"

Was there any eye to pity, any hand to help, when the pangs of motherhood came upon her? Unknown to her was the promise, "Notwithstanding, she shall be saved in childbearing, if they continue in faith, and charity, and holiness with sobriety." Certain and ever present was the sentence, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." For a passing hour, indeed, the clouds rifted, and when she remembered no more the anguish in her joy that a man-child was born to her, she named him Cain, hastily concluding that she had gotten from the Lord the Deliverer, the promised Seed, who was to bruise the serpent's head. But soon her hopes were blighted, and before a second son was given her, she had seen too plainly in the first, the growth of the noxious weeds of depravity and vice, for she named the younger Abel, Vanity.

There can be no doubt but that Eve sought to train her children in the knowledge of God. Never was parent better fitted for the task. She could not forget the fragrance of Eden, where every stately tree and tiny flower proclaimed the glory of the Creator; where every passing zephyr breathed His name, and where she and her husband enjoyed direct and frequent intercourse with Him. Though she had lost the stamp of His likeness, she could not but retain the memory of His precepts. Having tasted of the tree

of knowledge, she must have been doubly anxious to see her children walking in truth.

It is possible that she and her husband would hardly venture to approach the offended majesty of the Holy One, but they taught their children to perform stated acts of worship ; for in process of time Cain and Abel brought an offering unto the Lord. Cain, unhappily, was of that Wicked One, and his works were evil ; and by the evil deed which followed he pierced his mother's heart with the sharpest pang consequent upon her fall. Unhappy Eve ! the victim of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, herself the murderer of her race !

Yet even in her lowest depths of sorrow, God had pity on her, and sent her comfort. If Cain were evil, Abel was righteous, God Himself testifying of his gifts. If Cain was sent forth a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, Abel was translated into heaven itself. May she not venture to hope that she, too, by the merit of a Sacrifice, may obtain an entrance there, where sorrow and sighing are for ever fled away ? She had seen sin enter into the world, and death by sin ; but she had also seen the sting of death removed, and the first-fruits of the grave reserved for Him who turneth the shadow of death into the morning. She may but dimly have understood the significance in God's sight of the sacrifice of Abel, by which "he being dead yet speaketh" ; but doubtless she cherished many recollections of the piety of her martyr son.

Abel's death and Cain's apostasy would give a fresh earnestness and fervour to her motherly admonitions ; more ardently than ever would she labour to train her children to walk uprightly. What pangs of self-accusation and remorse must she have felt when she saw in them the fruits of disobedience, when they went in the way of Cain, when all too plainly the serpent tempted them in his subtlety ! With what eager solicitation would she watch for the first dawning of right feeling in them towards the Holy One whom she now knew as the God of love ! She had seen the severity of God, she has now to know Him as "merciful and gracious, . . . forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." While she was yet in the meridian of her days, it was granted to her to see a seed arising to serve the God she had so grievously outraged—"then began men to call upon the name of the Lord."

Doubtless Eve would go softly all her days ; but now she would

have less bitterness of soul, now she would no longer bow down her head as a bulrush, and spread sackcloth and ashes under her. The mother of saints may well lift up her head, not in boastful pride, but in grateful praise to her Redeemer and theirs. Now might she comfort herself with the thought that if in Adam all die, One would arise in whom all should be made alive. With a broader faith, she no longer looked for the Deliverer in one of her own children; and the more she saw of the enmity between her seed and the serpent, the more clearly would she understand that the "Second Man" would put all enemies under His feet.

There is, we think, too much inclination often displayed to regard Eve simply as the author of all the misery that followed from her fall. It would be more profitable to seek to learn the lessons of her life, and to follow her in so far as we can see that she lived worthily. "Life's great object, be it long or short, is to live well;" and well will it be for all who will be able at last to stand before the great white throne, and say with Eve, Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me; for it is most unreasonable to suppose that Eve will not have her part with those to whom an entrance shall be ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Will God have all to be saved, except Eve? Did the Lord Jesus give Himself a ransom for all, except her? Let any of her accusers declare that he or she would have been able to withstand in the evil day, yet still from the lips of mercy would be heard the gracious words, "Neither do I condemn thee." The Lord seeth not as man seeth, and there may be many sinners now to whom more will be forgiven than to Eve. "Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Our business is not to sum up the measure of our neighbours' sins, but to see that we ourselves have washed our robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. And when we come before the throne of God, to serve Him day and night in His temple, we shall prostrate ourselves before Him, and say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!"

M. G. N.

Household Love.

WE sometimes wonder whether most families take into account the blessedness and beauty of household love, of that tender, strong, stwee sentiment, which more than anything else binds the members of one family together, and unites them to each other in ties which even death cannot break. There are few people who would not be horrified were they told that they did not love their near kindred, and, really, in the great crises of life, the coldest prove that they have some affection. But there is far too little demonstration in most homes. We are afraid or ashamed to show how *much* we care for our brothers and sisters, and often there are cross, snappish words, bitter thoughts and unkind looks, where there should be only peace and mutual helpfulness. Many a wife drags wearily through a long day, performing her duties in a hopeless way, when a few loving words from her husband, a few words of appreciation and *praise*, would have given her courage and cheer.

“It isn’t the things you do, Charlie ;
It’s the things you leave undone,”

says Phœbe Cary, in one of those homely strains of hers which go straight to the heart. Another little newspaper waif, which has kept afloat because of its buoyant truthfulness, tells how the good wife arose in the morning, how she had the milk, and the butter, and the bread, the dishes, the breakfast, the children, the dinner, and the mending on her hands, and how tired and spiritless she felt till her husband came in, and called her “the best and dearest wife in the world,” and then how light the labour seemed, and how easy were the tasks ! Wives, too, sometimes need to be reminded that their husbands are overborne by troubles and vicissitudes, that they are struggling with temptations and trials every day, and that they require to be strengthened, stimulated, and encouraged by gentleness and kind attention. There are women in the world whose only idea is that *they* shall be considered, *their* convenience consulted, and *their* indolence ministered to. A selfish, sordid, narrow-natured woman, can make it almost impossible for her husband and sons to succeed in life’s conflicts. We know one home which was wrecked, so far as earthly happiness was concerned, because the wife, instead of being helpful, was devoted to luxury and ease, spending the money her

husband toiled to earn, on laces and gems, and extravagances of various kinds, till he grew discouraged, and his nobler qualities were choked and stifled. Alas! when woman's hand pulls down her home. "Every wise woman buildeth her house," and is its queen. There cannot be one law in the household for the husband, and another for the wife. Both must live and work together, and if there be true love between them, they will endure the hardness of life very bravely and cheerily.

Children should be *loved* through their little tempers, through their occasional naughtiness, and through the days when they are not sweet, but trying and captious. The dearest children have such days. One is puzzled to know why Lulu, who went to bed a cherub, should be a little fury in the morning; why Harry, usually candid and open as the day, should at times be sullen and disagreeable. There are often physical reasons for these transformations. You may have provided unwholesome food. You have let rich pastry and cakes enter too largely into your bill of fare. You have suffered the delicate child and the strong one to sleep together, or the fresh air has not vitalised the sleeping apartment sufficiently. Perhaps you are not confidential enough with your children, and do not make yourself acquainted as you ought with their companions. But whatever mistake you make, be sure you love them, and show them your love.

It is a beautiful picture which is drawn in the story of Charles Kingsley's life with his children. "I wonder," he would sometimes say, "if there is as much laughing in any other home in England as in ours?" "A child crying over a broken toy is a sight I cannot bear," he said, and never was he too busy with sermons or books to mend the toy and dry the tears, if the little grieved one came to him. He agreed with Richter, that children have their days and hours of rain, when "the child's quicksilver" falls rapidly, and when parents should not take too much notice either "for anxiety or for sermons." When he died, his eldest son, broken-hearted on hearing of his loss, wrote from his home in America a testimony which was most beautiful as to the wisdom, love, and friendliness of the father who had encircled the lives of all the children in the home at Eversley. Reverence for God, veneration for goodness, cordial love for each other, had made that home well-nigh perfect—a vestibule of heaven.

Very beautiful is that tribute which Carlyle inscribed on the tomb of his wife, who left him thirteen years ago: "In her bright existence

she had more sorrows than are common ; but also a soft invincibility or capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."

So it is ;

"The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
But yesterday's smile, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come back again."

Let us watch opportunities. Let us be careful to do right and to be right to-day. We are not sure of to-morrow ! One and another who were with us when the last autumn's glow was bright on the woods and plains, have gone above. Not lost—oh no !—but how we miss them ! How the heart aches in the night, when we lie awake and long for the sweet sister, the precious friend, or the brother who was part of our very being, with us no more here, but has gone to be with Jesus. It were better far for many of us if, instead of grieving so deeply for our lost, we set ourselves resolutely to make those who remain happier, by the constant exercise of forbearance and patience, and the daily benignity of love in the household.

There are fragmentary families, composed, one might say, of the remnants of other families, which are less easily kept in harmony than those which are formed in the natural way of father, mother, and children. Perhaps the cousins, uncles and aunts, the distant relation who has no other home, or the orphaned child, who is sheltered by your fireside, have their own peculiarities. No matter how difficult this problem or any other may be, there is one way to settle it—the way of unselfish love, and faith in God.

Things that Wait.

ONE waiting thing is the nail in a sheltered corner on the side of my door-casing, where the key hospitably hangs when everybody is out. A thousand times my hand has gone up to it with a confidence that has never been abused, although I never saw the waiting nail until

yesterday ; and then felt almost surprised at the unfamiliar look of so familiar a household friend. Little and low, and almost hidden by white paint ; nothing in itself, and never thought of ; opening nothing, taken nowhere, and never touched by anything but the ring of the door-key, there it has held for this many a year, ever ready for its one duty.

How patiently waits the elastic rack or "bunter," always in its place to guide the ferry-boats into their slips. All day long, and through the night-time ; high tide and low ; summer and winter, winter and summer ; in equinoctial and in dog-day weather ; with its feet sunken deep in the soft mud, and its living boards scraped and battered by continual thumps, it is always waiting. Useless out of that one spot and away from that one duty, and never noticed excepting by a knock and a push, yet it keeps fast to its trust, swaying out as the heavy boat strikes it, and then springing back again to be ready for the next, with a sturdy patience that is almost dignified.

The sunshine of a hundred summers and the winds of a hundred winters went to the growth and strength of the forest tree that came at last to no higher use than this. And yet the tree did not grow in vain. The commerce of two cities and the safety of thousands of lives, depend unconsciously every day on the strength of its fibre and the security of its hold.

So I always look at these ferry-racks with an odd feeling of respect and sympathy : thinking also how many just such lots there are to be filled in life by something or somebody.

I think of the multitudes of enduring men and women who go through the world, taken note of only by their loss, and that only within a very limited range. But let them strengthen their hearts.

" Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best."

" There may be heroism over a batch of dough as well as upon Mount Athos ; " and the day is coming when these obscure ones who have been " faithful over a few things," will take their place also among those who have conquered, and become " rulers over many things."

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.—
Rowland Hill.

Literary Notices.

Ecce Veritas; or, Modern Scepticism and Revealed Religion. By the
REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D. (Haughton and Co.)

A volume that may be placed with advantage in the hands of those who are, without predisposition to doubt, yet suffering from vague surmise that if they knew more they might become harassed with sceptical unrest. Dr. Hitchens endeavours at the outset to establish the "inspiration" of Scripture, and then proceeds to the "genuineness and authenticity of the Book." This appears to us to be an inversion of the order of thought. The barest outline of so vast a theme can only be expected, nor does our author attempt more. Nevertheless, he finds space to introduce some of the remarkable attestations which modern discovery has given to the Biblical narratives, and the confirmations of occasional references to historical facts which, before these discoveries were made, had presented curious puzzles to the archæologist. Other chapters are devoted to the scientific and moral objections to the Book, and to the doctrinal difficulties to be found in it. Many wise and shrewd observations are made, numerous quotations are given from the writings of eminent apologists, and clever use is made of the concessions and eulogies of Holy Writ uttered by well-known opponents of the idea of a supernatural revelation. The force is, to our mind, somewhat weakened by the frequent rhetorical interrogative, in stating the enemy's position, followed by "No, no, no." This might be effective in the presence of a sympathising audience, but is scarcely satisfactory in what professes to be an argument for belief in Divine Revelation with those who need more than the author's disclaimer. The volume covers rather too much ground for the author thoroughly to have handled several of the great questions which he discusses, but we can commend it heartily to the class for whom it is designed.

David, King of Israel: his Life and its Lessons. By the Rev.
WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)

This collection of historical discourses on the entire career of David fills a closely-printed volume of more than three hundred pages. Dr. Taylor is remarkably vivid in his portraiture and graphic in his touches. He has profound sympathy with his theme, and never

leaves an opportunity of drawing the appropriate lesson. The treatment is popular and homiletic rather than scholarly or profound, and the various chapters are brightened with apt quotations and sharp appeals to the conscience. The narrative throbs with the great passions and strange experiences of the sweet singer of Israel. Our author does not hesitate to condemn the sins and meannesses of which the hero was guilty, but he bravely vindicates Divine revelation from the shallow and witless sneers which have been levelled at it through the faults of the man after God's own heart.

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical. By MORGAN DIX, S.T.D., New York. New Edition. (R. D. Dickinson.)

There is more intensity than teaching in these brilliant sermons. They fascinate by the impression that a great light is going to break over a difficulty, but the reality or the doctrine is found, after all, to be assumed rather than demonstrated. There is a remarkable force of expression, and a novelty of terminology. Moreover, the author does not lose his opportunity of saying his word in favour of ritual, "vestments, lights, crosses, choral services, and litanies," even in his discourse on "The Mystery of the Holy Incarnation." There is much glitter and fine writing even when contrasting "the Time Spirit and the Holy Ghost;" but the volume may be read with interest as expressive of one of the intellectual forces at work in the Anglican School of American Divinity.

The Age of the Great Patriarchs: from Adam to Jacob; with Notes, Critical and Illustrative. By ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Vol. I. From the Creation to the Offering of Isaac. (London: Sunday School Union.)

These notes on the earliest portion of Genesis are preceded by some general remarks on the authorship of the Pentateuch, the inspiration of Scripture, and the relations of science to revelation, which show that the author is alive to the angry controversy that has prevailed on all these themes. He has a knack of stating briefly the conflicting hypotheses, and then leaving the reader, who cannot by any such concise statements be in an adequate position to form any opinion, to please himself. The illustrations of the "Book of Beginnings," even more than the general introduction, reveal the influence of

Ewald and Dean Stanley, and the critical school generally. The historical element is not repudiated, but the author rather hurries to the truth concerning civilisation, or sacrifice, or religion, or morals involved in the narrative. That truth is undoubtedly the most vital portion of the record for us, and it is well that our young people should be taught the abundance of this truth, and how this truth is enforced, and so be forearmed against a criticism which would not only dissolve the record into myth, but obliterate its lesson.

The Heavenly World: Views of the Future Life by Eminent Writers.

Compiled by G. HOLDEN PIKE. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A catena of delightful extracts on the most attractive of all themes to those who feel they are on the shadow side of the hill, and who are straining their eyes to catch on the horizon some gleamings of their heavenly home. Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Maclaren, John Foster, Robert Hall, Cowper, à Kempis, De Foe, Dr. Watts, Baxter, W. Jay, Chalmers, Matthew Henry, Bunyan, Irving, are all laid under contribution, and the editor has blended the voices of many more of God's saints as they have yearned and panted after the blessed life and the perfect world! The volume will recall to some, and reveal to others, uplifting words of good cheer sorely needed.

Notes for Lessons on the Gospel History for Sunday School Teachers.

By SAMUEL GREEN, D.D. Part I. From the Birth of Christ to the Close of His Ministry in Galilee. (Sunday School Union.)

This book reveals the sententiousness, pregnant wisdom, and admirable force which a thorough scholar can impart to his treatment of varied and abundant material. Suggestions are made for the aid of the teacher of the infant classes, as well as more advanced pupils.

Jesus Christ: His Life and Work. By Rev. T. A. MALLESON. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

Mr. Malleson has produced a practically useful work, which is abundantly illustrated, and well edited. It is not intended to be a substitute for recent attempts to conceive the great biography, but to supply the ordinary reader with an inexpensive, concise, and devout presentation of the surroundings and significance of the chief events in our Lord's life. The author feels no difficulty in the supernatural,

and has no sympathy with those who have attempted to write the life of Christ and virtually to ignore that distinctive peculiarity. He writes as a believer, for believers, and while making no pretence to special erudition, shows considerable acquaintance with the modern literature of the subject. The Sunday-school teacher will find this volume very helpful in his study of the sacred narrative.

Duff Missionary Lectures. First Series. Mediæval Missions. By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. (Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark.)

With much appropriateness Dr. Smith has been selected to deliver the first series of missionary lectures, on which his friend the late Dr. Alexander Duff set so much store, and which carry out the provisions of that great missionary's bequest. Such a series of lectures is to be delivered once in four years at Glasgow and Edinburgh, "on some department of foreign missions or cognate subjects." Dr. Smith has selected as his theme for the first series a sketch of the efforts of the Mediæval Church to spread the knowledge of Christ and the common salvation beyond the then limits of Christendom. To our mind the very choice of theme reflects an interesting growth of the spirit of Christian feeling. The distinguished representative of the churches of Scotland has selected for admiration, sympathy, and thanksgiving the record of missionary zeal often made under conditions and sanctions against which the Presbyterian theology and policy has been an age-long protest. We notice with entire satisfaction that Dr. Smith claims for the historic Patrick and for the Culdees a position independent of the Church of Rome, but he does not hesitate to give his due place to Boniface and many others, for whom there cannot be claimed a similar independence. The work does not furnish the reader with any authority for its various statements, and some very uncritical and chatty observations are introduced into what purports to be historical and biographical work. For instance, Dr. Smith, speaking of Pelagius and his possible missionary enterprise to the East, says, "I have not specially inquired into the matter, but my impression is that he did not undertake missionary work." Neither index nor table of contents assist the reader, but he will find a very pleasant account of the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain and North Germany, a useful sketch of Nestorian missions in the East, and of the Arian missions to the Goths,

and a bright review of the marvellous missionary zeal, not to say sublime bravado, of Francis of Assisi and Raymond Lully. The author discusses the probabilities of the story of the foundation of the South Indian Church by the apostle Thomas, and points out the defects as well as the quenchless enthusiasm of the pre-Reformation Church. The period covered is between the years 500 and 1500 A.D. It is abundantly certain that from the beginning Christian men have aimed to fulfil their Master's last command. Dr. Smith has helped us to appreciate this.

The Gospel Miracles in their relation to Christ and Christianity. By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D. (Hamilton, Adams and Co.)

The argument of this work is tersely put and powerfully presented. Christ is more than man. The miracles are the appropriate accompaniment of such a life as He lived. There is nothing in the nature of law to disprove the possibility of miracles if the evidence be satisfactory. The testimonies which exist are of the most appropriate kind. The mythical hypothesis fails by reason of the narrowness of the period during which the mythos must have arisen, and the unfriendliness of the soil for such a growth. The miracles mean much, and they are, moreover, expressive parables of the sacred truth of the infinite love of the Lord Christ to those whose nature He had assumed. These various themes are handled successively with eloquence and point, and the author throughout reveals his readiness to meet the opponents of the faith fairly on their own ground, without exaggerating or underrating the importance of the theme.

The Boy's Own Annual, The Girl's Own Annual. Illustrated. (Leisure Hour Office, 56, Paternoster Row.) These two splendid volumes comprise all the weekly numbers of the *Boy's* and *Girl's Own Paper* which have been issued during the present year. The letter-press covers an immense range of subjects, combining instruction and amusement, generally conveyed in a style admirably adapted to the two classes of readers for whom the volumes have been especially prepared. The illustrations are profuse; the sketches, many of them highly artistic—some of those in the *Girl's Annual*, particularly, are distinguished by grace of touch. The young people who have already possessed themselves of this periodical will need no advice from us

as to continuing the investment, but others who are unacquainted with these new specimens of the productive power of the *Leisure Hour* Office, we advise unhesitatingly to order at once *The Boy's* or *The Girl's Own Paper* for the present year, which seems to have commenced with the first of October.—The following also are from the Religious Tract Society :—*Shaw's Farm*. By Mrs. Frederick Locker. A simple story of country life, showing the power of a good mother's influence.—*The Little Model, and other Stories*. Eight short, bright tales, chiefly of child-life.—*Aids to the Student of the Holy Bible ; or, The Handy Book for Bible Readers*. New and enlarged edition, printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. A most valuable book, containing, in small compass and at a trifling cost, a great amount of historical and scientific information explanatory of Biblical facts and allusions, all supplied by first-rate authorities. It has also a Concordance and twelve well-indexed maps, for reference.—*My Brother Ben*. A good story of the successful struggles through poverty of a brave, honest boy.—From the Book Society : *The Princess Ilee ; or, The History of a River, and other Stories*. Charming fairy tales, bearing their morals as flowers do their scent, inseparably from their beauty.—From the Sunday School Union :—*The Rescue of Child-soul. A Study of the Possibilities of Childhood. For Parents, Pastors and Teachers, and all Lovers of Childhood*. By Rev. W. F. Crafts, A.M. Contains many useful hints to those for whom it is intended, and some interesting and amusing records of the early life of great men. It is not, however, wholesome reading for children, who by it might be tempted to think far too much of their own sayings and doings, and, becoming self-conscious, lose the charm of childhood ; an evil not unlikely to follow from some of the stories of children now so much in vogue.—“The Family Circle Library.” (James Clarke and Co.) *By the Sad Sea Waves, and Miss Priscilla's Summer Charge*. By Margaret Scott Max Ritchie. The first of these stories is a burlesque account of the supposed delights of a month at the seaside. The disappointments and disasters are described with a grave humour that is clever and amusing. The second depicts, with much exaggeration and little wit, the efforts of a maiden lady to train a clever child according to her notions of “higher education,” and shows the miserable failure of her project.—*Panrooty ; or, The Gospel Winning its Way among the Women of India*.

By Clara M. S. Lowe. (Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Row.) A very interesting record of Miss Reede's work in India, and of the distresses at the time of the famine in 1878, during which Miss Reede and Miss Lowe laboured with incessant energy and wonderful success. It describes a work which women only can do, and is worthy to rouse the sympathy of all who have the power to render any help.—*Songs for Little Singers*. Composed by Henry King Lewis. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This book is nicely got up, and contains some simple hymns arranged to pretty and appropriate tunes, but they are unequal in merit. In some instances the music is rather difficult for infant-schools, for which they are said to be intended, and the verses more simple than beautiful. Still, there is a great proportion of songs that will charm "little singers."—*Assent and Dissent; or, The Prayer Book in the Light of History and Protestant Truth*. By Samuel Pearson, M.A. (London: Elliot Stock.) A concise account of the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer, and a discriminating estimate of its contents, which ought to be widely read.—*Christianity Confirmed by Jewish and Heathen Testimony*. By Thomas Stevenson, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) This is the second edition of a valuable work powerfully attesting the Truth of Christianity.—*Sermons, and Notes for Sermons*. By the late Rev. W. A. Salter, of Leamington. (London: Elliot Stock.) These sermons indicate deep and loving sympathy with Jesus Christ as the Saviour and Lord of men, and are adapted to inspire such a love in the hearts of those who read them.

Obituary.

THE LATE REV. JOHN WADDINGTON, D.D.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that the subject of this brief sketch was spared to witness the issue of the fifth and concluding volume of his "Congregational History," the preface to which is dated so recently as April, 1880. To the preparation of this work he had devoted much labour during many years, and as the successive instalments appeared they attracted considerable notice both in this country and in the United States. Adverse and even severe criticisms have not been lacking so far as regards the literary merits of the History;

but there cannot be two opinions as to its author's diligence, patience, and singleness of purpose. Into this question it is needless here to enter, as it does not come within the design of this short memoir. Joseph Waddington was born at Leeds, on December 10th, 1810, and was the eldest of a family that has given three ministers to the Congregational body. He became a member of Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton's church; and an early aptitude for preaching and public speaking led to his being sent to Airedale College. His first pastorate was at Stockport, where he laboured from June, 1832, to July, 1846. Holy and pleasant memories of him are still cherished by such of the members as survive; and one venerable lady, in her eighty-fourth year, has since the decease of her old minister, written a letter of grateful reminiscences and tender sympathy, very comforting to the surviving relatives.

Those who best knew Dr. Waddington esteemed and loved him for his sterling character; while those who were less intimately acquainted with him did not suspect the existence of a tender, affectionate, and sensitive nature beneath an exterior, that owing to the stress of circumstances, often appeared stern and combative. The late Dr. Binney once gave characteristic expression to this in an unpublished letter, from which it would be improper to quote; and knowing what he did of the spirit and work of Dr. Waddington, stood nobly by him during a prolonged period of anxiety and difficulty in connection with the Pilgrim Fathers' Church in Southwark. Others might be mentioned whose attachment never wavered during many years. A substantial proof of this was furnished only last year, when a successful effort was made by a number of leading ministers and laymen to raise a fund in especial recognition of his services and sacrifices for the cause which he held sacred. His connection with the ancient church that migrated from Union Street, Borough, and that eventually found its present home in the New Kent Road, led to his close study of the history of Congregationalism. He published a life of "John Penry, the Pilgrim Martyr;" a series of historical papers on "Congregational Martyrs;" a prize essay in the Bicentenary year on "Congregational Church History from the Reformation;" the "Track of the Hidden Church; or, the Springs of the Pilgrim Movement;" a "History of Congregationalism in Surrey;" and finally, the larger work to which reference has already been made. To complete this, he, in 1871,

retired from the pastorate, but he continued to preach as opportunity offered, and until about twelve months ago he conducted service twice a month in the village of Cobham. Although not by any means a robust man, he had never been attacked by serious illness, nor had occasion to consult a doctor, until the last decade of his life, when symptoms appeared indicating a weak action of the heart, which eventually induced dropsy. The beginning of the end was so long since as November, 1879, when he suffered from an attack of bronchitis; but after being confined to his room for eight months, he so far rallied as to be able to go into Yorkshire. He returned home enfeebled and prostrate, and during the short remainder of his life suffered greatly, yet with much patience, and always expressed gratitude for the smallest attentions paid to him. His punctual, methodical, and strictly conscientious habits asserted themselves even to the last, and when fully aware that the end was approaching he was asked, "Do you feel as if you would like to live?" He replied, "It is a mixed feeling. I should like to preach again at Cobham, and do a little more writing; but the Lord's will is best." He fell asleep on September 24th, and the funeral took place at Brockley Cemetery, the Rev. Dr. Clemanse and the Rev. P. J. Turquand conducting the service. A funeral sermon, preached at the Pilgrim Fathers' Memorial Church, by the Rev. George Waddington, one of the surviving brothers, has since been published, with a brief biographical sketch. Dr. Waddington received the diploma of D.D. some twenty years ago from the University of Williamstown, in the United States, to which country he paid a visit in connection with his church-building enterprise in Southwark.

W. H. S. AUBREY.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Sacramental Collections in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—United Communion Service of the three Dewsbury and Earlsheaton Churches, by Rev. W. T. Moreton, £7 10s.; Liverpool, by Mr. J. Gillison, £7 7s. 4d.; Norwich, by Mr. J. Boardman, £5; Sheffield, by Rev. T. S. King, £5; Durham, by Rev. S. Goodall, £2 8s. 7d.; Coventry, Vicar's Lane, by Rev. H. E. Bottomley, £2 3s. 5d.; Radcliffe, by Mr. J. C. McCappin, £1 5s.; Pendlebury, by Rev. H. F. Walker, £1 5s.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—Itinerating in North China.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN LEES, OF TIENTSIN.

MY visit to TSAU-CHIANG (our south-west district) was delayed by our building operations in Tientsin. It was thus made, as on several previous occasions, at the most inclement season (February), and involved a good deal of personal discomfort. Yet it would have been every way satisfactory but for a new trial which had befallen our native brethren there a day or two before my arrival. While yet distant a day's journey, I met a messenger with evil tidings. During one of the dark nights in the early part of February, our premises at Hsiao-Chang were attacked by a band of armed men. Their object was simply plunder, there not being any ground for thinking that anti-Christian feeling had anything to do with the matter. That such a daring attack should be made will, however, give a vivid idea of the wretched disorder and lawlessness of the district, which has long been notorious for its robbers, and will also, I trust, deepen sympathy with those who are trying to do the Master's work there. Breaking a hole through the wall of the courtyard, the thieves (there were some twenty or more of them) forced the door of the catechist's house. The poor fellow woke in alarm to see four or five men wearing masks and armed with swords by his bedside. They dragged him out of the room and bound him to a tree in the yard. Having shouted to alarm the neighbours, they wounded him on the head and shoulders and threatened his life. Guards were put round the building to prevent any effort at assistance, which, however, none of the villagers were courageous enough to make. Meanwhile, others of the band went systematically to work, lighting the lamp and deliberately stripping the place of everything of value. Happily,

they did not offer any insult to the man's young wife and child, who, covered by a quilt, cowered in terror upon the bed. But this quilt and the solitary garment Mr. Liu had on were almost the only things left. A supply of money for current expenses which the catechist had just received from me, all their clothing and bedding, the many little bits of jewellery and pretty presents they got on their marriage—in short, everything was carried off except books, and those, of course, had no attraction. One can hardly fancy a heavier blow than this cruel robbery for a young couple whose married life began so brightly only a few months since. It was the more trying as the season was mid-winter, and snow lay thick upon the ground.

But, happily, our brother's wounds, though painful, were not serious, and soon healed. The snow, when morning dawned, enabled friendly volunteers to trace the robbers. A few less valuable garments were picked up on the road they had taken. The footsteps were followed to villages two or three miles away, the resorts of well-known thieves, and information of the robbery, with such facts as might assist the ends of justice, was at once given to the local officials.

CHINESE IDEAS OF JUSTICE.

Beyond coming to make an official inspection and examination of Mr. Liu, the magistrate did not, however, do anything. Just at this juncture I arrived, and of course paid a visit to the Yamen to see whether I could quicken the steps of the guardians of public order. It may be well to say that in all our action we have been studiously careful to act according to Chinese law and official custom. Probably our all but complete failure is due to our inability to do so in *every* respect. One thing we could not do. We could not give bribes. Thus, even supposing the magistrate's expressed good-will to be sincere, the chances of our success were small from the very first. An honest mandarin is necessarily dependent upon the underlings in his office, and these are proverbially, universally, and hopelessly corrupt, being regarded as, with hardly an exception, capable of any villany. As their income depends upon their skill and success in squeezing, this is easy to understand. It is only less costly and dangerous to be a prosecutor in a native court than to be a defendant. I had several interviews with the magistrate, but little has come of his promises. The story would be amusing were it not so provoking. Under the plea that the thieves came from places beyond his jurisdiction he tried to shirk proper efforts to find them. Then he would throw upon us the task of discovering and securing them. Ultimately we secured the joint action of the neighbouring officials,

and, by a *ruse*, brought a person in whose house the theft was planned, and who was known to have the property concealed, within the reach of the officers. On examination the magistrate soon got a confession, with the names of several of the thieves. Then I returned to Tientsin, leaving matters in his hands with some faint hope of justice being to some extent done. But, after a time, the confessedly criminal party was released, and though three men have since been apprehended, all of whom have acknowledged their guilt, there is talk of releasing them also, and the stolen property has been openly sold in the neighbourhood. It might, and ought to, have been all recovered.

Oddly enough, on my arrival in Tientsin, I received a note from the English consul saying that he had been informed by the officials here of the robbery, and that the Viceroy had ordered that the fault of the local official for allowing it should be recorded against him, and had also sent instructions to have the thieves punished. The consul wished to know whether I knew anything about the affair!

It had not been my purpose to speak of it to our own authorities, preferring to see whether *security for the future*, which is the great point to be attained, could not be gained without troubling them; both because it is always desirable to reserve their aid as a last resort in extreme cases, and because it is well to show the mandarins that we are anxious to trust *them* and to submit to native jurisdiction whenever possible. It is, I hear, an unprecedented thing for such information to reach a consul in the first instance from the mandarins themselves, and it was still more remarkable that the information should be accompanied by the assurance given. Probably they had the impression that I should at once complain, and wished to forestall me; or, possibly, there may have been some feeling of shame that we should meet with such treatment in a district where, only a few months back, we were instrumental in saving thousands of lives. If so, it is a pity this most reasonable feeling has not led to better results.

Of course I have had to reply to the inquiries of our consul, but we do not know whether any further action will be taken by him.

TRIBULATION WORKING PATIENCE.

The spirit shown by our young native brother under this serious trial has been such as to deepen our sympathy with him greatly. When I arrived at his station, I found him absent upon duty at a distant village. This was only three or four days after the robbery, and before his wounds were healed. Our meeting was rather an affecting one. Coming into my room quietly, his anxious face and bandaged head startled me, but

hardly prepared me for the burst of feeling so unusual in a Chinese which followed. "Oh!" said he, "why did you not come before?" The sense of loneliness, and the long strain once broken by the presence of one whom he loved and trusted, caused him fairly to break down. But the subsequent talk showed that there was no lack of calm courage. It was delightful to see how really he had sought and found comfort in God. There was no complaining, and no sign of a desire to leave a post so insecure and uncomfortable. It soon appeared that his heaviest anxieties had no selfish reference at all, but arose out of exceptional difficulties and disappointments in his work. After an hour or two spent in earnest consultation, I said to him, "Well, now, suppose you could be set free from all these cares and sorrows, and have a peaceful, prosperous life assured to you, on the condition, however, that you must cease your work as a preacher, would you do it?" "No," was his reply, given with much emphasis; "*I could not give up preaching.*"

It was not in my power to make good our brother's losses, but, with the kind assistance of a friend or two, something has been done to supply the pressing need of clothing for himself and family. It will be long ere he recovers the home comforts he has lost.

Such a case as this illustrates in many ways the character and trials of our native brethren. This would be felt more strongly if space permitted my going into details respecting his work. Labouring almost alone, and often amid special difficulties, at a distance from home sometimes equal to the breadth of half-a-dozen English counties, these good men have the strongest claim upon the sympathy and prayers of God's people.

FAMILY RELIGION.

While most unwelcome demands were made upon my time during this visit by the above-named business, you will rejoice to learn that the great work of our mission was found to be advancing. It is true that not a few once promising applicants for Christian baptism have shown by their conduct that impure and worldly motives had but too much to do with their former apparent earnestness; but that has neither surprised nor discouraged us. Such is ever the case; and we must be prepared for many a seeming temporary recession of the tide of spiritual progress. It was my privilege on this occasion to give baptism to no fewer than twenty-seven candidates, of whom eight were men, eleven women, and eight children. Special interest arose from nearly a dozen of these belonging to one village, and many of them to one family. Three generations of this household were baptized at once. The scene when the old man, surrounded by his sons and daughters, and carrying his infant grandchild, came forward was

as novel as it was pleasant. All but the very little ones had made a clear personal confession of their faith. Only one of the family circle, an elder son, remains without. No wonder the little village congregation was glad and hopeful. The energy thrown into the closing hymn, and the fervour of the prayer in which one of the older Christians commended them to God, told much.

I would much like to get English friends to pray for this infant church. The hamlet is a very small one; there are probably not more than fifty families, but of these about a third are more or less won, and others are hopeful. The people meet for worship in a small mud building which belongs to one of the oldest converts, and which they have lately put in repair themselves. Most of them are field-labourers, though one or two have an acre or two of their own. The women mainly support themselves by spinning and weaving cotton cloth. Yet the *idea* of "giving to the Lord" is beginning to take root, and one poor woman actually brought me 2,000 cash, for which she had worked overtime so as not to encroach upon family claims. One circumstance greatly interested me. During the rather long interval which has passed since my last visit, a difficulty had arisen among them which divided them. Suspicion attached to the conduct of the most intelligent and well-to-do convert, who is indeed the oldest Christian in the district, and from whom many of the rest had first heard the truth. I found this man now practically, and by general consent, excluded from their society, and going to another village to worship. As the people have heard little or nothing about church discipline (and indeed a *church*, properly so called, has not yet been organised there), such a state of things was an illustration of the natural working of spiritual life, which is the more remarkable because there is nothing in any of their old religious systems which would suggest the absolute necessity of purity of communion. Happily, I was able to heal this division. It proved that while, so far as could be seen, the supposed wrongdoer was really innocent of the alleged fault, he had, by his own confession (though from good motives), so acted as to give reasonable cause for doubt, while his pride had prevented him from offering useful explanations.

We have now in this south-western district over a hundred converts. They are greatly scattered, and the great distance from Tientsin (not less than from London to Exeter, or from Manchester to Pembroke) makes anything like effective teaching or oversight very difficult. Our native staff, too, is very small. I often wonder how one of our English churches at home would deal with country brethren so far away.

THE SOUTH-EAST DISTRICT.

Now for a few words about my second trip—that, namely, to the YEN-SAN and CHING-YUN district, from which I have just returned. These stations lie nearly as far to the south-east as those just spoken of to the south-west. Indeed, the first two days' travel is along the same road, due south of Tientsin. On the outward journey I was on this occasion accompanied by the Rev. J. INNOCENT, of the Methodist Mission, having arranged to assist him and his brethren at the ordination services of their faithful old Shantung evangelist, Mr. HU.

The journey to Laoling took six days, five being spent upon the canal. *En route*, we spent the Sunday at a market town where our Methodist brethren have a sub-station, and here a little incident occurred which is worth telling, from the encouragement it suggests to Christian workers everywhere. We had just finished a short religious service in the little chapel when a stranger entered and greeted us courteously. He was a traveller, and, as he laid down the bamboo from either end of which his bundles were slung, he announced himself as a Christian on his way to the capital, and expressed his joy at meeting fellow-believers. He had been in the outer room during our worship, and waited for its close to introduce himself. Further conversation elicited the information that he came from the district of Wei-hien, a part of Shantung far away on the other side of the Yellow River; that he had become a Christian this spring; and that he was now going to seek an uncle in Peking, one object of the journey being a desire to tell him of the Gospel. He added that by-and-by he hoped to see us in Tientsin, for he must go there on his return, having a special commission from his elder brother to greet Mr. Chang, a pastor there. It was a treat to see good old Chang-tsu-lou's face on hearing this. Two or three of us called out, "Why, here he is!" and all were now curious to learn the brother's name. Imagine our pleasure on learning that he was a man baptized by Mr. Chang several years ago, who left us soon afterwards for the distant northern province or district of Manchuria, and from whom we had only heard once. The story was very cheering. The man went north to trade, became connected for a time there with the Irish Presbyterian Mission, and did some preaching even. Last year he became home-sick, and returned to Wei-hien, in Shantung, his native place. Here he at once began to teach his new faith, with the happy result that early this spring the whole of his own family and ten of his neighbours were received into the Christian Church by one of our American brethren who resides at Chefoo. Truly, the seed sown, and for a time lost sight of, had appeared after many days.

The ordination services at Laoling were very successful. They occupied most of the following Sunday, the principal service taking place in the morning, while the main feature of the afternoon meeting was a most effective address to the church on its duty to the pastor from Mr. Chang. Among other capital points he made was one on the claim of their minister to receive from them adequate pecuniary support. Introducing our Lord's words, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," he said he would venture reverently to transpose them and apply them to this subject. "Where your heart is, friends, there will your treasure be. If you truly love and honour your pastor, you will give him your money!" Not bad that!

RECEPTION AND BAPTISM OF CONVERTS.

From Laoling pastor Chang and I went to our own districts of Ching-yün, Yen-san, and Ts'ang-chow, examining the work of the catechists in charge and preaching as opportunity served. We found a good deal to encourage, especially in the village work in Ching-yün. Our converts there are under great disadvantages, having no resident teacher, and being themselves all uneducated. Mr. Shaw's occasional visits there have, however, borne good fruit. I have rarely met better instructed and, in every sense, more promising candidates for baptism than some we talked with. One or two had suffered not a little family persecution on account of their faith. We had the satisfaction of receiving five of these men. Others were deferred until our next visit. In Yen-san there were signs of hopeful reaction after the disastrous experience of last year. We were able to baptize two men, one of whom supplies a good illustration of the value of even the simplest preaching. He heard two addresses delivered by one of our men in the open air. Both were mainly directed against the folly of idolatry. The first aroused his curiosity; after hearing the second he went home, took down the idol-shrine and picture out of his room, and, to the horror of his old mother, burnt them in the court-yard. His neighbours concluded that he was mad, but his answer was that he and they *had all been* mad and that he had now come to his senses. Since then he has never missed a Sabbath service, has been an inquirer for more than a year, and now evinces a glad trust in Christ as his Saviour, which is most pleasing. The old mother, too, has begun to show an interest in the truth. Such simple examples may serve to show how Christianity is little by little finding entrance among this people, and may, I trust, do something to awaken a deeper interest in them.

II.—Samoa—North-West Out-stations.

NUMEROUS small islands connected with the TOKELAU, ELLICE, and GILBERT Groups, and lying to the north-west of Samoa, form an outlet for the Christian zeal and enterprise of the churches which have been planted in the principal islands of the group, and for the efforts of such native young men as, having embraced Christianity and been trained in the Institution at Malua, return home as pastors and teachers to their countrymen. Much of the success which has attended this work is, under God, due to the regular and systematic visitation of the islands by English missionaries. In carrying out such visitation, the *John Williams* has rendered excellent service, and in October and November last our good ship accomplished for the tenth time her annual voyage of mercy in those seas. The deputation on this occasion consisted of the Rev. THOMAS POWELL and a native assistant, KIRISOME. Although these voyages possess many features in common, and the duties devolving on the deputation are necessarily of a routine character, each annual visit usually embraces peculiarities of its own, and serves to develop some new phase of missionary experience. Thus in his journal, which has recently reached the Directors, Mr. Powell takes occasion to contrast the people as they are now with what they were eight years ago ; and so great has been the transformation effected in their moral and social condition within that brief period as to call forth surprise and gratitude. Let it not, however, be supposed that the native churches are yet in a position to stand alone ; the members composing them, together with their pastors, are but babes in knowledge and experience, as the questions submitted to the missionary abundantly prove. Hence the necessity for the oversight maintained by our English brethren, and for their firm but kindly advice and guidance. In this respect Mr. Powell's visit must have proved a season of refreshing. Referring to NANUMAGA, our brother writes :—

"It was delightful to witness the change which the Gospel has wrought here. Eight years ago I placed a native evangelist among this people. At that time the island was full of idols of stone and of wood ; altars were in every house, and temples seemed as numerous as the houses. Now, not an idol was to be found ; not a temple to be seen, except that consecrated to Jehovah. Then we were kept about two hours upon the beach while the priests sought, by their various absurd rites, to placate their gods, whose anger they feared on account of our visit ; now we were welcomed as their best friends. Then the maro was the only show of covering which [the] men would tolerate as becoming the sterner sex ; the women wore only a girdle of leaves or bark, and the children were nude ; now, men, women, and children were decently clothed, and sat listening with delight to the Gospel-message, while some of the girls and boys remembered

that it was on that eventful day that they first heard the name of Jesus in a hymn which I sang to them while waiting the priests' permission to enter the sacred precincts of the Malae and explain the purport of our mission. Out of the population of 234, 77 have become church members; out of the 89 children, 57 are daily taught in the schools. The people have given 95-25 dols. (£19 1s.) to their pastor, and to the London Missionary Society cash and property to the value of £5 8s."

At another island, the captain having offered to purchase 500 cocoa-nuts for use on board, the people willingly supplied the number required as a present, remarking, "We do not *sell* to the mission ship." Again quoting the journal:—

"The first engagement at NANUMEA was the examination of the school children. There were about eighty present. Kirisome and myself were both delighted to find that these children, whose parents and rulers only eight years ago, refused to allow a Christian teacher to land on their island, were making steady progress in the knowledge of Bible truth, and in reading, writing, and arithmetic. They reflected much credit on their former teacher, and on the deacon who had been conducting the school since Tuilonā, the former pastor, left. I selected five for special prizes of a hymn-book each.

"The examination was followed by a service with the adults, and the announcement of a new pastor was made, and addresses were given. The people here, too, were all decently clothed, and they manifested a deep and intelligent interest in what was said.

"I was much surprised to find the people in so hopeful a state as they appeared to be, for, shortly after the visit of Dr. G. A. Turner last year, the pastor had been removed for immorality, and this people, who had but recently given up their idols, were left as sheep without a shepherd, yea, indeed, betrayed by the appointed shepherd; and yet the Great Shepherd had watched over them. Three deacons had maintained the services and schools, and they had of their own accord held a missionary meeting, and contributed 24 dols., i.e., £4 16s., to the funds of the London Missionary Society. It was no small pleasure to be able to leave among them pastor EMOSI, a tried man from Mr. Pratt's district on Savaii.

"The population here is 442, of whom 118 are church members."

On the morning of the 26th of October the vessel was off NUKUNAU, and the two native missionaries came on board. It being Sunday, arrangements were made for the services of the day. Some of the party landed at Lugatu, on the western side of the island; the others proceeded to the eastern end, and landed there.

"The first thing to settle was the location of three additional missionaries who had been brought for this island. One of these was LILO, who was formerly stationed at Nukumanu, but had been back to Samoa since 1874. Having to ordain JOANE, according to instructions of last general meeting of the Samoan District Committee, it was thought advisable to give the people here the option of keeping Joane or of having back Lilo. To this Joane readily consented. The gong was beaten, and the people assembled in the small chapel, which was

in use two years ago ; but I was somewhat disappointed to find it not nearly full. Only those who had embraced Christianity were present. Elisaia interpreted for me a short address on the love of God, which was listened to with great attention. I then informed the audience, through him, that we had three other missionaries for their island, and that, since one of them was Lilo, they might have their choice as to whether Joane should remain with them or Lilo take his place. Soon there was a general buzz of ' Joane ! Joane ! ' and Elisaia informed me that all were for keeping Joane. It was then put to the vote, when every hand was held up for him. Elisaia and I then proceeded with the ordination by prayer and the imposition of hands. After this, a few words of advice were addressed to Joane, and the people were instructed as to their duty to their pastor and to the heathen around.

" Joane's report was of an interesting nature. He said that, since January last, there had been a great improvement among the people. In that month he visited them from house to house, and succeeded in persuading them to give up to him twenty stone idols, which, with their late owners' permission, he destroyed, together with the altars which they had occupied. In the following August a wooden idol, in the shape of a large club, was also given up to him, and which, on my arrival, I found waiting under the bedstead for my acceptance. Its name is *Ikaboeagiina*. The history of it was furnished to Joane by its former owner, whose name is Mumuri. He said : ' This god, with another of similar shape, flew together over the ocean from Samoa, and landed at the south-east point of the island. The people of the village, Tapomatagi, rushed down to the beach to pick them up ; but the gods said, " Let us alone, we are men ; we wish to go to Mumuri. Where does he live ? " " At Nukumanu," was the answer ; " next to the council-house." Off they went, and, having found the desired family, there they remained. The name of *Ikaboeagiina's* companion was *Ikaboeboe*. After awhile a fire occurred, and the village was burnt to the ground. *Ikaboeboe* flew away during the conflagration, and it is not known whether he is still wandering over the ocean or has returned to Samoa. *Ikaboeagiina* took his seat upon the altar of another house at the extremity of the village. This house consequently escaped the flames.' Such was the account given, as a true and faithful narrative, by a man who is now inclined to listen to the truths of the Gospel. How many prayers and offerings were presented to this god it is impossible to say. The piece of wood, in this instance, seems to have been regarded as a god more than is generally the case. Usually the idol is little, if anything, more than the shrine of the unseen and real spirit. This god is now safe in Samoa ; whether it was ever there before is very doubtful. More probably it was a drift from one of the islands to the west of Nukunau. It is possible that he may, some day, pay a visit to England."

The islands of the Pacific are particularly rich in folk-lore, of which illustrations may be found in the correspondence of our missionaries. Mr. Powell reports the death, in September, 1878, of the Chief *Pana*, of Nukunau, and writes thus respecting him :—

" He was one of those who received the first Samoan missionaries in 1871, and to whose influence they were much indebted, under God, for their safety. Although he had been the missionaries' friend, yet he died a man of the world and a heathen. He possessed a remarkable hereditary distinction among his

countrymen, and did not owe his influence, as has been alleged, to fluency of speech. He was the eleventh lineal descendant of a chief named AKOIA, i.e., 'The Beloved,' who was so called because he was the only son of a woman who had three husbands, and he was, therefore, the beloved of them all. To him they gave their united authority. By virtue of their united decision he possessed the following distinctions :—

"1. He was president in the great council-house, and was styled '*The speaker*.' His decision in any matter of debate was final. Hence it was he who, in 1871, decided that the missionaries should be received, and who engaged to protect them.

"2. He had sole command of the inland lake and its rich fish.

"3. His rule extended to the fish on the reef.

"4. He had the sole right to all drift from the sea.

"5. Only his canoe might go a-fishing *the first day* after a storm ; others might go the next day.

"6. He also was distributor of the common property and food of the village, and if he chose to take a large portion for himself no one objected.

"7. The family title was '*Taramarava*,' which means *Warden of the Coast*, or, more literally, ruler of the ocean. His son, the twelfth in succession from Akoia, succeeds to these privileges."

The teachers Josia and Joane presented for the consideration of the missionary a list of fourteen questions, some of which were important, others of a trivial character. They had also, in anticipation of his arrival, prepared a joint report. Its contents are of a mingled character, and should awaken sympathy as well as call forth gratitude.

"In it they state that, while many had turned to the Word of the Lord, very many also continued heathen, bowing down to idols, and zealous in adherence to their former customs. They had recommended legislation to enforce the observance of the Sabbath, but the effort had not been successful. It is to be feared that in most of our Polynesian native missionaries there is too much disposition to force rather than to lead.

"They reported, too, that there is little generosity manifested even by the church members ; that nothing was done or given except for an equivalent. I marked, however, a strong contrast between the bearing of the people, in this respect, on the present occasion and two years ago. Then they would not take a parcel up to the teacher's house without payment ; now everything was readily taken up for nothing. And the contrast between the general state of the people now and eight years ago was most remarkable. Then the place seemed like a pandemonium ; now all was quiet and orderly. I now saw no drunkard staggering about and bawling at the top of his voice, nor did I see any of the fearful knives and spears armed with sharks' teeth which were in everybody's hand on the occasion of our first visit. The kingdom of Satan is certainly doomed here. But the abominable caricature of Popery and its host, in the shape of a feather god, described in my report of 1877, is still carried on here ; its adherents still carry it about, and declare that they will not give it up unless compelled to do so by foreign force. Here, as elsewhere, Satan refuses to yield without a struggle. And when the '*Stronger One*' has bound him, he still tries, by his agents, to mar the work he cannot destroy."

At PERU a native pastor, LETURU, was ordained. The service was held in the large council-house of the village, the new place of worship now in course of erection not being available. At ONOATOA another contrast presents itself :—

“What a wonderful change has taken place here during the eight years which have elapsed since my first visit ! Then there was only one little shanty for a chapel, which the Samoan missionary had put up almost single-handed, and but very few assembled. Then, too, the land was full of idols. Now the idols have been utterly abolished, and every village has its place of Christian worship. As I had been appointed by the Samoan District Committee to ordain Tuiteke, the native of Nui, who was brought hither last voyage from Malua, his ordination formed the principal feature of the service. Simona read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and then interpreted my explanation of the service. All the pastors present joined in the imposition of hands, and I offered the ordination prayer in Samoan. As my address to the people had reference to their duties, alike to Simona, their older pastor, and to Tuiteke, the newly ordained one, I requested Esekielu, of Arorae, to interpret what I said. The congregation was deeply attentive, though not so large as I had expected. Simona and Tuiteke, like their brethren on other islands of the group, had questions to ask. One had reference to an interesting ancient custom. It appears that on this island is a veritable *city of refuge* called Tekaoa—i.e., pre-eminently the village or city. It was called, also, figuratively, *the cage*. On the occurrence of homicide, the manslayer might flee to this city and there be safe from the avenger of blood, who, on hearing of the other's arrival there, would immediately cease the pursuit. Then the land of the culprit's father was immediately confiscated to the family of the deceased as a recompense. In due time, however, the people of the village might buy from the family a small portion of the land for the use of the manslayer, upon which he might erect a house and live in safety. Having reference to this subject, the pastors stated that a man had committed a wilful murder, and, thinking that it would not be discovered that he was the guilty party, had neglected to flee to the city of refuge. He had, however, borrowed a gun, under pretence of wishing to shoot pigeons, with which he committed the murder. This led to his detection, and the avenger of blood was too close upon him to warrant the hope of his reaching ‘the city.’ He therefore fled to the house of Simona and implored admittance. The pastor received him, and his house was treated as sacred. The avenger of blood retired, the land was confiscated, and the murderer lives as securely as though he had reached Tekaoa.

“The question based upon this statement was, Had Simona been right in receiving the murderer ? It was hard to say, No ; but I advised Simona not to make his house a place of refuge for the future, since his doing so might lead to serious complications. It was also unnecessary, since there was already this ‘city of refuge.’”

It was night when the *John Williams* stood off TAMANA ; her blue lights were, however, soon answered by bonfires ashore, and by 2 a.m. SAMUEL, the teacher, came on board. It having been determined that he should be relieved by ELISAIA, much bustle was occasioned by the packing of the

goods of the one pastor and the landing of those of the other. On its becoming known that a supply of New Testaments had been brought, much eagerness was evinced to secure copies.

"The first work of Kirisome and myself," continues Mr. Powell, "was to examine a young couple, espoused to each other, who were candidates for Malua, and who were to be married the next day. Being satisfied with the result of the examination, we agreed to receive them, and it was arranged that they should be married just prior to the farewell service in the afternoon.

"As soon as Samuelu had all packed, he aided Kirisome and myself in an examination of the school-children. We were much pleased with the result. The attainments of the scholars reflected much credit upon Samuelu.

"Without leaving the chapel, I waited for the people to assemble, and then we had an interesting service. First the marriage of the young couple, and then a farewell service, at which Elisaia was introduced, and Samuelu gave a farewell address. I explained the nature of the arrangements made, and Kirisome gave some earnest advice to the people.

"I was much struck with the renewed, yea, unwonted, prosperity on this island. Many of the people who had gone away as labourers to Fiji and Tahiti had returned, and now it had been determined to form one good village instead of scattering about to different parts of the island. Accordingly, two long parallel rows of houses were being erected, with a frontage to each of many feet and a wide road between them.

"Money and food seemed abundant, and there was a very pleasing aspect of quiet prosperity. The people had shown great liberality. To their pastor they had given equal to 350 dols., and for the London Missionary Society 237.45 dols. For books they had paid 97 dols., making a total of 684.95 dols., or equal to nearly £137, from an island which only two years ago was almost depopulated through starvation. The population is about 500."

With this island the work in the Gilbert Group was completed, and the vessel stood south for UPOLU, touching on the way at the Islands of NIUTAO and VAITUPU. Respecting the former, Mr. Powell writes:—

"After a little conversation with their pastor Nito about the state of affairs, which he reported to be very hopeful, the people assembled in their neat, commodious church, which had been recently whitewashed and painted. The congregation included nearly the whole population, the absentees being only two or three remaining heathen and such as were confined by sickness. The attention while I preached from Isaiah liii. 12—'He was numbered with the transgressors'—was remarkably good. At the close of the general service, the Lord's Supper was administered. At this service deep solemnity prevailed.

"After dinner, while I received Nito's report, Samuela addressed the Sunday-school. After he had finished, I gave a short address to the children, and our work here was brought to a close by another general service, at which Kirisome preached from the words: 'We love Him, because He first loved us.'"

The *John Williams* cast anchor at APIA on the morning of the 17th of November, having made the voyage in forty-eight days—a shorter period than any recorded of previous visits to the out-stations.

III.—The Belgian African Expedition.

IN our last number we reproduced a statement which had appeared in the *Times* newspaper, giving details of the murder of CAPTAIN CARTER and Mr. CADENHEAD at UPIMBEWE on the 24th of June. While the evidence tended conclusively to connect MIRAMBO's people with the outrage, the opinion was expressed that the attack was not made at the instigation or with the concurrence of that chief, and that consequently the position of the Society's missionaries at URAMBO would not be compromised thereby. MIRAMBO returned to his town on the 9th of August, and Dr. SOUTHOX at once sought an interview with him respecting the proceedings at KASOGERA. The result of that interview, as shown in the chief's version of the sad affair, attested as it is by the evidence of Captain Carter's trustworthy servant MOHAMED, tends fully to confirm the opinion already expressed, and to allay anxiety as to the safety of the mission. A full record of his conversations with MIRAMBO was taken at the time by Dr. SOUTHOX: this is embodied in the statement given *in extenso* below, and which reached England on the 14th of October.

"Early on the morning of the 11th of August I went down to the KWIKURU to meet Mirambo, as per appointment. I found him in front of his large house transacting some business with a number of Watusi herdsmen, and surrounded by many of his headmen. On seeing me enter the court-yard, he immediately jumped up from the seat he was occupying and stepped forward to greet me, shaking hands most cordially. After a little chit-chat of a jovial nature. Mirambo arose and asked me to accompany him to his house, as he had some important news to communicate. I assented, and followed him to the verandah of his house, under the shade of which seats were placed and a chair set especially for myself. His first and second headmen accompanied us and occasionally joined in the conversation which was chiefly carried on by Mirambo in a narrating kind of style."

ALLIANCE WITH SIMBA.

"He told me that, after leaving here about two months since, he went to the town of SASSAGULA, but all the people had run away. He therefore thought of disbanding his army and returning to Urambo: but just at that time the chief SIMBA sent to him asking help to fight the Sultan KASOGERA, of UPIMBEWE, or, as Stanley calls it, MPIMBEWE. To this proposal Mirambo agreed, and the two joined forces and went south, keeping to the unfrequented forest, in order that their movements might not be known. They made a very long march on the 23rd of June, and also a *terekeza*, which brought them by sunset to a river north of the capital of KASOGERA, and about three hours' march from that place. Here they slept that night, and early next morning crossed the river, and by 9 or 9.30 a.m. were engaged with the WAPIMBEWE, who were waiting in the earthworks outside the town, but who soon evacuated these to fight inside their tall wooden stockade."

ATTACK ON UPIMBEWE.

"Mirambo said he was behind his soldiers, and when they had mastered the earthworks they began to climb the stockade, and in a short time were fighting the inhabitants inside the fence. Just at this juncture a chief rushed up with the news that there were white men inside the town, upon which Mirambo gave orders to save them and their effects at all costs; but when the chief ran back, he found the place sacked, and the bodies of two white men and a number of Wangwana lying near a lot of boxes and other property. The latter consisted of books and papers scattered about on the ground, a tent and several broken cases. Mirambo said he himself then hurried up, but could save nothing except five cases, which he brought here and which I was welcome to see. He said he felt extremely sorry to think that he had unwittingly attacked white men, and had he known that they were in the town he would never have attacked it until they were gone. Sixteen Wangwana and an Arab were made prisoners, but were released by order of Mirambo. The Arab was the servant of one of the Europeans, and received permission from Mirambo to gather the papers of his late master and to convey them to Urambo to be placed in my care. 'Now,' said Mirambo, 'I will send for these men and you can find out from them all about the Wazungu, (white men). He despatched a messenger, and shortly after an Arab and several Wangwana appeared. I at once recognised the Arab as being Captain Carter's servant, who had come from Aden in the same steamer with Carter and myself. I thereupon asked him if he had not been with Carter, and he said yes, he had been his servant for many years. I then asked who were the white men killed, for I hoped Carter had sent his servant with some other white men; but my worst fears were realised when he said, 'My master and Mr. Cadenhead.' I told him to tell me all about it, and entered in my note-book his story, just as I had entered that of Mirambo.

"On the twelfth day after leaving Karema the fight occurred, hence the party left that place on June 13th; this date I first elicited by cross-questioning, as it seemed to me very important to get the correct date of their leaving Karema."

NEGOTIATION BETWEEN KASOGERA AND CAPTAIN CARTER.

"When they left Karema, both Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead were weak from the effects of fevers, so that they did not make long marches until the day they arrived at KASOGERA's Kwikuru, when they were about eight hours on the road. This was on the 22nd of June, and, having had a good reception from the Sultan, Captain Carter determined to rest the following day, and also to settle the Mhongo. This was finished on the morning of the 23rd, and soon after the Sultan sent his headman, saying that Mirambo was coming to fight against the town, and the white men had better come inside the town. This Carter refused to do, as he said he had no wish to fight any one. Then the Sultan said, 'If you do not come into my town, I shall know you will help Mirambo against me, and I shall therefore attack you, as you are my enemy.' Carter then called his headmen for a *shauri*, and all wanted to do what Kasogera wished, more especially as the latter had promised to let them go in the morning if Mirambo did not come that night. Still Carter would not agree to go inside the town, and it was not till the village people made as if they would attack him that he consented to go inside, so that it was several hours after sunset before they moved camp."

DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.

"There was no attack that night, and next morning everything was packed up for a start; but the tent was not struck. Carter then demanded that the chief should let him go according to promise, but Kasogera would not consent; and as they were almost in the middle of the town, and all the people were armed, it was useless to resist. About ten o'clock there was shooting on all sides, and shortly after the soldiers of Mirambo and Simba came running into the place pursuing the Wapimbwe. Carter then ordered Mr. Cadenhead to take a white cloth, and wave it in front of the tent, near which all the men (Wangwana) were congregated, in all about 120 men. Carter gave orders that no one was to fire unless they were attacked. Several parties of Mirambo's men appeared, but did not attack them. At last one party began shooting, and several Wangwana fell. Mr. Cadenhead then fired his rifle at this party, the Wangwanas doing the same with their guns. Shortly after Mr. Cadenhead fell mortally wounded, upon which all the Wangwana, except three, ran away, leaving Captain Carter in the lurch. With these three men he made his way to the outside of the village, where, having expended his ammunition (which consisted of a few cartridges in his Winchester, the servant with spare ammunition having bolted with the others), his headman, Abdullah, was shot, as was also another man, leaving Carter and one man to do the best they could against a host of foes. This man, whose name is Hames Wad Sameri, survived Carter, and was brought here to Urambo, and from him I gathered that, when the two men dropped, as related above, Carter turned round to look through the fence as if to see if he could escape that way, there being lots of men in front. Whilst thus engaged, a bullet struck him between the shoulders from some men in front, whereupon he fell, and Hames immediately ran along the ditch, hoping to escape, but was made prisoner by a Mnyamwezi, and taken to Mirambo, who liberated him at once.

"Such was the sad account I received of poor Carter's death, and it was the more painful because of the fact that Mirambo, who is my friend, was indirectly the cause of his death.

"I know almost nothing of Mr. Cadenhead, but in a letter to me, some time ago, Captain Carter said Mr. Cadenhead was an old friend of his, and was coming from Zanzibar to join him as his subordinate. In a letter to Mr. Hore, dated Karema, June 4th, Carter said Cadenhead had arrived, and they would go to the coast together to bring up some more elephants."

CAPTAIN CARTER'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

"Upon asking Mohamed about his master's papers, he said he had them safe, and at first did not like to part with them; but when I told him of what I wished to do, he immediately said I was right, and he would bring them to me. He then left me with the other men.

"I then took my leave, and on my arrival here found Mohamed with two battered tin boxes containing manuscripts, letters, and books.

"The table was cleared, and the contents of the boxes arranged in good order. To my great delight I found he had saved the journals of both Carter and Cadenhead, and all the most important manuscripts and letters of the former. I did not examine any of the papers more than by a casual glance, which afforded me some idea of what was lost, that being a very small proportion of the property of either.

"Each package I at once took a list of, and in the case of letters and important manuscripts I sealed securely.

"The sealed packages were then packed and sewn up in cloth, leaving only the journal of Carter for me to find out anything fresh which it might be desirable for me to know.

"I should have sealed up the journal at once, but a casual glance showed that the last page was written only about two hours before Carter died, *i.e.*, 8.30, June 24th; hence, I thought there might be things recorded in it respecting Mirambo's action and Carter's opinion about him. I therefore pointed out to Mohamed this, and told him I should like to read farther. To this he immediately assented; and, having completed my lists, I told the men to be ready early on the morning of the 13th, when I would send letters with them and give them cloth for food on the road, &c. They thanked me, and then took their leave.

"After they were gone, I turned over the pages of the journal, and, having found the place where Carter entered the date of his departure from Karema, I read slowly on to the finish, and to my gratification found that there was nothing inconsistent with the story as told by Mirambo and Mohamed. When compared with Carter's account, on the contrary, the main facts were amply corroborated.

"On turning back to the commencement, I found Carter particularly desired that, if this book fell into the hands of any one after his death, it should be immediately sealed up and forwarded to a certain address. Accordingly, I have done this, but it will first go to Dr. Kirk."

SECOND INTERVIEW WITH MIRAMBO.

"On the 12th of August I went down to the Kwikuru to get more information from Mirambo relative to poor Carter's death. Found him busy distributing the slaves lately captured among his men.

"Mirambo soon finished his part of this business, and then, asking me to follow him, he went into his house as he did yesterday. I put many questions to him respecting his journey and the fighting, and though I had not the least doubt that he had no knowledge of Carter's party until his men began fighting, still one thing needed explanation, which was this. Carter says in his journal that the Sultan KASOGERA said Mirambo was camped on the MASIRA River, 'the one we crossed yesterday.' I thought by this Mirambo might have come on their track, and, if so, he could not but know about Carter's party. I therefore asked him which road he took; he said there was no road, he travelled in the *pori* (forest). I asked, 'From which direction did you approach the town?' He replied, 'From the north.' I then asked the name of the river he crossed. He replied, 'The MASIRA.' 'How does it flow?' To answer this he took a twig and traced in the dust a diagram, explaining that he went too far west and had to turn back somewhat; he then crossed the river almost directly north of the town, it flowing, as he said, towards the south, but making a bend before passing Kasogera's town. Hence, from his description, I can readily understand how Carter crossed the Masira south, whilst Mirambo crossed it to the north."

IV.—Evangelical Alliance, 1881.

THE following topics are suggested as suitable for daily exhortation and intercession on the successive days of meeting :—

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2nd.

Sermons:—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd.

Praise and Thanksgiving for all Blessings:—For all the temporal gifts of the year; for health, life, and abundance; for personal and family mercies; for chastisement; for His unchangeable love and faithfulness; for redemption through His blood; for the gift of the Holy Spirit; for the relief of persecuted brethren; for the communion of Saints and the Hope of Glory; for the grace which during the year has rested on Christian efforts to benefit the world, and on the proclamation of the Gospel in divers languages.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4th.

Humiliation and Confession:—For personal sins in disregard of God's claims to devotedness of heart and life; for all national sins, and especially the increase of rationalism, open infidelity, immorality, and superstition.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5th.

Prayer for the Church of Christ:—That the Holy Spirit may fill the hearts of all believers, keeping them abiding in Christ, and making them fruitful in every good work, looking for the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ; that He will heal the divisions of His people, and enrich them with knowledge, love, humility, and zeal, calling forth and qualifying many more faithful ministers and missionaries at home and abroad.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6th.

Prayer for the Young and their Instructors:—For Parents; for Professors and Teachers in Universities, Colleges, and Schools; for a special blessing on Sunday-schools.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7th.

Prayer for all Nations:—For the Sovereigns, Rulers, Legislators, Judges, and Magistrates of all countries; for just laws; for universal liberty to profess and publish the Gospel, and for the removal of all enactments favourable to vice, cruelty, oppression, or slavery.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8th.

Prayer for Christian Missions:—For all engaged in the direction or prosecution of Missions to their own or heathen countries; for native Christians and inquirers after truth; for blessings on the circulation of Holy Scriptures; for God's ancient people Israel; for the promotion of temperance, industry, and godliness, and for labourers among the ignorant, the fallen, and the poor, in our own countries; for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh, convincing men in every nation "of sin, righteousness, and judgment;" re-animating decayed and strengthening infant Churches, and mightily empowering all believers to live wholly for the glory of Christ.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9th.

Sermons:—"Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. iii. 11.

V.—The Foreign Secretariat.

AFTER long and anxious inquiry and earnest supplication for Divine guidance, the Directors are devoutly thankful to be able to announce to the friends of the Society that they have been led to select the Rev. RALPH WARDLAW THOMPSON, the pastor at Norwood Chapel, Liverpool, to fill the vacancy in the Foreign Secretariat caused by the lamented death of Dr. Mullens. The invitation of the Board having been accepted by Mr. Thompson, he will enter on his official duties on January 1st, 1881. In him the Directors believe that the Society has secured one whose qualities of mind and heart, early association with missionary fields, and deep and intelligent interest in the Foreign Missionary enterprise eminently qualify him for the important position which he has been called to occupy; and they earnestly ask their constituents to join with them in seeking the Divine blessing and continued aid for him who will shortly enter upon new and onerous duties, which will bring him into close and vital relation to all the work of the Society.

VI.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Mr. JOSEPH NEWMAN HOOKER, B.A., having been appointed to reinforce the Society's mission at COIMBATOOR, South India, was ordained in Cambridge Heath Congregational Church on Thursday, the 23rd of September. The Rev. William Marshall conducted the devotional portion of the service, offering the ordination prayer. The field of labour was described by the Rev. W. Robinson, missionary from South India. The questions were asked by the Rev. E. H. Jones, Deputation Secretary. The Rev. R. Vaughan Price, M.A., LL.D., delivered the charge.

2. DEPARTURES.

The Rev. W. G. LAWES, Mrs. Lawes, and two children, returning to NEW GUINEA, embarked at Gravesend, for Sydney, per steamer *Lusitanic*, September 30th.

The Rev. J. FOREMAN, Mrs. Foreman, and two daughters, returning to DEMERARA, embarked at Southampton, per packet, October 2nd.

The Rev. T. INSELL, returning to MIRZAPORE, North India, embarked at Venice, for Bombay, per steamer *Ceylon*, October 8th.

The Rev. W. ROBINSON, returning to South India, with Mrs. Robinson; Rev. J. N. HOOKER, B.A., appointed to COIMBATOOR; Miss PHILLIPS, proceeding to SALEM; and Miss JAMES, to VIZAGAPATAM, embarked for MADRAS—the Rev. J. EMLYN, Mrs. Emlyn, and child, returning to TRAVANCORE; Rev. JOSHUA KNOWLES, appointed to that mission, and Mr. A. J. and Miss DUTHIE, embarked for COLACHEL, per steamer *Merkara*, October 5th.

The Rev. JAMES SLEIGH, returning to the LOYALTY ISLANDS, and the Rev. JAMES EDWARD NEWELL, appointed to SAMOA, with Mrs. Newell, embarked for Sydney, per steamer *Liguria*, October 14th.

3. HINDOO TESTIMONY TO A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

The Rev. J. H. BUDDEN, of ALMORA, communicates the following translation of an article which appeared on the occasion of the death of the Rev. M. A. Sherring, M.A., LL.B., of the London Missionary Society, Benares, in a Hindi vernacular newspaper, published in that city by Hindoos. It recently published a lecture vigorously assailing the Divinity of Christ, which has since been printed in a pamphlet form, with the title "Christianity Destroyed," and to which a reply has just issued from the Mirzapore Mission Press. The vernacular paper is called the *Kavi Bachan Sudha*, or "The Ambrosia of Poetical Words." The article was surrounded with a deep mourning border.

"THE PREMATURE DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED PERSON.

"On Tuesday last such a sudden thunderbolt fell upon all helpers of learning, and especially missionaries, as has wounded the heart of every one by its violent shock. On the morning of that day M. A. Sherring, M.A., LL.B., Principal of the London Mission School, a skilful missionary, and foremost among learned men, leaving his fame as his substitute, departed to the other world. The suddenness of his death is indescribable. On Monday he was indisposed, and at 2 a.m. cholera established its sway, and the next day, at 5.30 a.m., it appeared that, leaving the legacy of his character, he had forsaken the world and departed. The grief which his untimely death has caused to all us citizens, as well as to strangers, is more than can be uttered by many lips. If an inventory were to be made of his virtues the writer would prefer to remain silent. In point of fact he possessed such priceless qualities that, even if he had not been a learned man, his renown would have been diffused through the ages. The funeral took place at Chowka Ghat on Tuesday evening, and was attended by the Commissioner, the civil and military servants of Government, Raja Sheo Prasad, C.S.I., and other great men of the city. His learning, affability, solidity, piety, benevolence, popularity, business capacity, and other qualities were to be applauded. He possessed this rare quality that, though a European, he regarded his fellow-countrymen and Indians with an equal eye and with the same affection. It was this that placed in his hand, like a kite-string, the hearts of all persons, and was one chief cause of his popularity. If very learned men should wish to give an account of his well-considered learning, several volumes might be composed in his praise. Owing to our incompetence, we think it right only to say that in his death one of the main pillars of English literature has fallen down, and one of the chief gems of those treasuring-up intellectual jewels has been lost. The deceased was generally one of the examiners for the F.A., B.A., and M.A. degrees in the Calcutta University, and many most excellent works written by him evince his learning. Our own grief at his death is such that, in expressing it, our pen is flooded with tears of affection. Alas! the day must be marked by the stricken glory of the friends of learning and of the mission-school, and as a day of grief in the tablet of the hearts of the learned. His method of instruction was so superior that whoever had learned a single letter from him never thought of learning from any one else. It is a matter of extreme regret to us that but little of his teaching fell to our lot. But the Divine doings are not in our power. Now, our prayer to God is that his two sons may be blessed w long life, and inherit the virtues of their distinguished father."

4.—MISSIONARY CONSECRATION.

The following is taken from a paper on the above subject, read by the REV. W. LANDELS, D.D., at one of the recent sessions of the Baptist Union assembly :—

"In the methods we adopt we should be careful neither to countenance nor to suggest uniformity of giving, but aim at getting all to give *according to their means*. When we are told of the amount that would be raised if all the members of our churches were to give at the rate of a penny a-week and a shilling a-quarter, it is just possible that some may content themselves with that amount who are able to contribute a much larger sum. Of course this is not the purpose for which such an amount is named. It is the minimum, beneath which the average of the members ought not to fall. The proper maximum can be determined only by the means of the giver. This amount from the great majority of the members, if the same proportion were maintained, would mean fifty or a hundred pounds a-year from many hundreds, and even thousands from a few. And while the very poorest should be stimulated to give, because the Lord hath said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' the richest should not be suffered to forget that for them, too, sacrifice is a duty not less incumbent, and a virtue which will yield its own rich reward. We may use methods for the purpose of gathering up the pence and the shillings; but not the less should we seek to ply those mighty motives, and awaken that earnest spirit, which will secure for us those larger sums. Methods become worse than useless when they are adopted as contrivances for raising money without cost to ourselves. The primary want of missions is not money, but the spirit which parts with money freely for Christ's sake."

5.—THE REV. A. J. WOOKEY AND PARTY.

The Directors have unusual pleasure in informing the Society's friends and constituents that on the 12th of October a telegram from Zanzibar reached the Mission House announcing the arrival at URAMBO, on the 11th of September, of Messrs. WOOKEY and WILLIAMS, with Dr. PALMER, all well.

VII.—Contributions.

From 16th September to 15th October, 1880.

LONDON.		Erit. Auxiliary		Norwood, Lower	
R. B.	200 0 0	Finchley Chapel, May Col- lection (2 years)	26 0 0	Poplar, Trinity Ch.	14 9 10
Trustees of the late Thomas Pratt, Esq.	10 0 0	Greenwich Road	5 6 0	Legacy of the late Miss E. E. Humphreys	19 19 0
"452"	9 0 0	Hackney, South. Union Ch.	0 7 0	COUNTRY.	
R. P. C.	5 0 0	Hare Court Ch. For Female Missions—		Barnsley, Regent St. Aux.	34 10 4
John Procter, Esq.	2 2 0	Mr. G. Hall	0 10 0	Bath, Auxiliary	1 ⁰⁹ 5 10
D. B.	2 0 0	Friends	0 11 0	Beverlston	23 0 0
Miss Annie Cox	1 1 0	Jamaica Row	7 15 0	Bingley	11 14 6
Rev. F. Neller	1 0 0	Kensington—		Birmingham, Auxiliary ..	172
T. W.	0 10 6	Miss Carter, for Miss Bud- den's Orphanage, Al- morah	46 0 0	Bishop's Hall, Per Rev. T. Mann	2
Bishopsgate Chapel, May Col- lection	5 6 0	Rev. J. B. Lister	1 1 0		

<i>Bishop's Stortford</i> — James Harvey, Esq., for Native Teacher at Salem 10 10 0	<i>Knottingley</i> 4 9 0	<i>W. L. Sunting, Esq.</i> 5 0 0
<i>Bladford</i> 6 4 8	<i>Leeds, Auxiliary</i> 500 0 0	<i>Topham</i> 3 1 6
<i>Bradford, Auxiliary</i> 251 7 6	<i>Louth, Auxiliary</i> 84 4 8	<i>Torquay</i> — Auxiliary 21 10 0
<i>Bridgenorth, Auxiliary</i> .. 12 0 0	<i>Maiden Newton</i> 0 9 11	<i>W. Laven, Esq.</i> 21 0 0
<i>Brighton</i> — Hephsibah 5 0 0	<i>Manchester, Auxiliary</i> 59 10 10	<i>Tutbury</i> 3 11 0
<i>Miss Mungrove</i> 2 0 0	<i>Menmouth, Cong. Ch.</i> 5 16 1	<i>Walsfield, Zion Ch. Aux.</i> .. 20 8 9
<i>Bristol, Auxiliary</i> 1,282 19 1	<i>New Mills</i> 9 8 4	<i>Walsell</i> — Bridge Street 30 9 2
<i>Broadwinvor</i> 0 3 9	<i>New Quay</i> 2 10 0	<i>Wednesbury Road</i> 22 3 7
<i>Bromsgrove</i> 10 18 6	<i>Newbury</i> 35 2 9	<i>West Bromwich, High Street Chapel</i> 3 12 9
<i>Duckfield, Per Rev. T. Mann</i> 1 0 0	<i>Newport (Mon.), Auxiliary</i> .. 44 7 3	<i>Widshire</i> — <i>Per Rev. F. Mann.</i>
<i>Duckley, near Chester</i> 11 15 6	<i>Newton Abbot</i> 11 10 0	<i>Avebury</i> 0 10 0
<i>Eggsworth</i> 1 11 4	<i>North Shields, Auxiliary</i> .. 18 16 6	<i>Broad Chalks</i> 8 7 0
<i>Carne Abbas</i> 0 15 0	<i>Oswestry</i> — Mrs. Jane F. Rogers, a Thank-offering for Cen- tral Africa 25 0 0	<i>Hulford</i> 6 13 8
<i>Chisleley</i> 11 16 0	<i>Do., for New Guinea</i> 25 0 0	<i>Somerton</i> 6 6 9
<i>Chadleigh and Bosc Tracy</i> .. 3 5 0	<i>Park, near Ramsgate</i> 6 18 0	<i>Tonbridge Tabernacle</i> .. 26 0 0
<i>Coses, West, Auxiliary</i> 9 3 6	<i>Plymouth</i> — Sherwell Ch., Second Sum for Widows' Fund..... 8 0 0	<i>Wilton</i> 9 4 4
<i>Crediton, Auxiliary</i> 0 4 6	<i>Miss Winstcott, for Native Teacher, W. Hooker</i> .. 10 0 0	<i>Wigan, Congregational Ch.</i> 11 14 5
<i>Dorchester</i> 5 16 6	<i>For China</i> 5 0 0	<i>Wolverhampton, Queen St.</i> 100 5 5
<i>Darling, West Street</i> 31 4 6	<i>For India</i> 5 0 0	
<i>Driffield</i> 12 8 11	<i>For Central Africa</i> 5 0 0	
<i>Durham, Auxiliary</i> 31 16 9	<i>Pontypool, &c.</i> 4 4 8	
<i>Elloughton, Mrs. S. Lambert, for Mrs. Bacon, Cuddapah</i> 2 0 0	<i>Portland</i> 2 9 0	
<i>Exeter, Auxiliary</i> 40 0 0	<i>Roehdale, Auxiliary</i> 16 8 0	
<i>Faversham, Collected by Miss Hill</i> 3 6 11	<i>Rooby, Auxiliary for Native Teacher, Cuddapah</i> 6 0 0	
<i>Gloucester, E. Gaze, Esq.</i> .. 5 0 0	<i>Egds. George St. Aux.</i> 66 6 6	
<i>Great Harwood, For Cud- daph.</i> 1 0 0	<i>Eye, Watchbell Street</i> 4 7 4	
<i>Greenhithe, For Almorah</i> .. 1 0 0	<i>St. Leonard's, Auxiliary, Missionary Breakfast</i> 6 10 0	
<i>Halesowen</i> 8 17 6	<i>Shorborne</i> 11 19 1	
<i>Halifax, District Aux.</i> 328 12 6	<i>Staffordshire, North, Aux.</i> 21 11 1	
<i>Halstead, W. S. Wallis, Esq.</i> 1 1 0	<i>Stallbridge</i> 0 9 0	
<i>Hastings</i> — Croft Ch. 8 15 0	<i>Stebbing, Additional</i> 0 2 6	
<i>Robertson Street, Young Ladies at Park Mansions, St. Leonards</i> 5 5 0	<i>Stone, A Thank Offering for answer to prayer</i> 1 0 0	
<i>Hendon-on-Tyne</i> 6 11 6	<i>Sundrieland, Auxiliary</i> 40 14 0	
<i>Huddersfield, Dist. Aux.</i> .. 10 16 11	<i>Swanage</i> 2 12 4	
	<i>Teignmouth, Auxiliary</i> ... 22 18 11	
	<i>Thornton</i> — J. Craven, Esq. 50 0 0	
	<i>Do., Dividend on Bond</i> .. 20 14 6	
		<i>Walsall, Per Rev. F. Mann.</i>
		<i>Avebury</i> 0 10 0
		<i>Broad Chalks</i> 8 7 0
		<i>Hulford</i> 6 13 8
		<i>Somerton</i> 6 6 9
		<i>Tonbridge Tabernacle</i> .. 26 0 0
		<i>Wilton</i> 9 4 4
		<i>Wigan, Congregational Ch.</i> 11 14 5
		<i>Wolverhampton, Queen St.</i> 100 5 5
		SCOTLAND.
		<i>Alles, D. Paton, Esq.</i> 60 0 0
		<i>Dundee, Rev. David Macrae, for China</i> 1 3 6
		<i>Edinburgh, John Melrose, Esq.</i> 100 0 0
		<i>Glasgow, Auxiliary</i> 2 3 0
		<i>Haddington, A. C. Stuart, Esq.</i> 10 0 0
		<i>Hamilton, St. James' Cong. Ch.</i> 9 0 0
		<i>Inch, Legacy of the Late Mr. A. Lodingham</i> 12 10 1
		<i>Stromness, A Debtor, for Madagascar</i> 2 10 0
		<i>Free Churches, Per Rev. T. T. Matheson, for Madagascar.</i>
		<i>Braemar</i> 5 0 0
		<i>Do., J. H.</i> 2 0 0
		<i>Do., Dr. Howden</i> 5 0 0
		<i>Crathie</i> 6 0 0
		<i>Culsemund</i> 0 16 0
		<i>Inch</i> 0 14 0
		<i>Kinethmont</i> 1 15 0
		<i>Premnay</i> 1 2 0
		IRELAND.
		<i>Dublin, Blackrock, J. Ker- shaw, Esq. (Dividend), for Madagascar</i> 9 15 5

For deficiency in the year 1879-80 (continued).

<i>Per Rev. Colin Campbell, Gourcock, near Greenock</i> 21 0 0	<i>Mrs. Wm. Martin, Bath</i> 10 0 0
	<i>Rev. E. H. Stribling, Madagascar</i> 0 10 6

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.



Yrs very sincerely
J. P. Hartland

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND
MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

Fénelon.

PERHAPS there is no member of the Roman Communion whom all other communions would more heartily agree to canonize than François de Salignac de La Mothe Fénelon. His own church, instead of canonizing, condemned him, or at least condemned his book, "The Maxims of the Saints." It is true the condemnation was wrung from the Pope by dint of hard pressure from Louis XIV. It is true that Bossuet, the Gallican, was far more hostile than Innocent and the Jesuits. But still the condemnation was procured; and the fact remains as one of the many blots upon the escutcheon of the would-be *only* Church, which is as intolerant towards offenders within its pale as to heretics without.

But what was the quarrel or controversy all about, and wherefore the severity of the struggle? Like the Trojan War, it arose at first—but only at first—about a woman. A rare and illustrious woman she was, and far better worth fighting over than Helen of Troy. Her lineage, like that of the subject of this sketch, was noble and ancient; her name, like his, recalled the family of the La Mothe. She is known to us, however, not by her maiden, but by her married name. Under this every one has heard of her. It is Madame Guyon.

In early life she had come under the influence of Père la Combe, himself under the influence possibly of Molinos, the condemned Spanish Quietist. For ten years Madame Guyon had seen nothing of this, her spiritual guide, when she was invited by the Bishop of Geneva to join a community at Gex, of which La Combe was the

Superior. Hardly had she joined the sisterhood, when, alarmed at what he chose to deem excitement, the Bishop removed both her and La Combe from its midst. Refused a residence at Grenoble by its Bishop also, she returned to Paris, where she was arrested at the instigation of Archbishop de Harlay, a notoriously immoral man.

La Combe was arrested too, was first thrown into the Bastille, then sent to Lourdes, and at last ended his days in a madhouse.

Madame Guyon, shut up in a convent, won the hearts of the nuns by her simplicity and piety; and they pleaded her cause so well with Madame de Maintenon, that in eight months the prisoner was set free.

"Up to this time," says his biographer,* "Fénélon had never seen Madame Guyon, and was even prejudiced against her. Now, however, thrown into her society at the hotel of the Duke de Beauvilliers, he, too, was completely won, and allowed himself to become one of her intimate friends. How far he was from unqualified partisanship, however, will appear from the fact that when the Bishop of Chartres, Bourdaloue, and others thought Madame Guyon was doing harm at the Convent of St. Cyr, he advised her putting her case into the hands of Bossuet: Bossuet of all the world—Bossuet, who could about as well understand either Fénélon or Madame Guyon as an eagle (and he *was* the eagle of Meaux) could understand a lamb or a dove! When did the logical, historical understanding (and Bossuet was all logic and history) comprehend the intuitional? Fénélon was an angel, but he betrayed his friend, and himself also, on the day when he put her cause into the hands of Bossuet."

Fénélon betrayed himself also, for the storm that had raged around Madame Guyon was soon to burst upon him. This act sent her, by a *lettre de cachet*, to the Bastille, from 1695 to 1701; it sent him, or his book, before the Holy Office and the Court of Rome.

It happened on this wise. Bossuet and Fénélon, who had been friends heretofore, took different views both of the teaching and of the treatment of poor Madame Guyon. Bossuet, having heard of her arrest from Madame de Maintenon, wrote that he was delighted at it; but not content to let the poor sufferer rest in peace in her prison, he prepared a book to show up her heresies, and of this treatise he had the effrontery to ask Fénélon's approval. The latter

* Sidney Lear, to whose sketch of the external history of Fénélon this little paper is largely due.

"edified at what" he had "seen in her," and grieved at what had happened to her, did not think it "even seemly to go out of his way to denounce her writings," particularly as every one knew he was one of the four (Bossuet being another of them) who had drawn up the declaration of Issy, a declaration denouncing Quietism in no measured terms. He drew up an act of submission, which Madame Guyon should sign,—and she did so. What reasonable man could wish for more? But Bossuet was altogether unreasonable. He was the arrogant prelate of an arrogant king, and when soon after, at the suggestion of friends, Fénelon gave the world his thoughts on such subjects in the "*Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Interieure*," the old friendship was all forgotten in the passion of the persecutor and the ambition of the author, and from that day he was resolved that Fénelon's influence at Court should cease.

It is impossible to go into the various underhand practices of which the proud Bishop of Meaux was guilty, or the many indignities to which the poor Archbishop of Cambrai had to submit. The King stripped him, one by one, of his offices about the Court, and at last banished him from it, interning him in his diocese: the case having gone before the Court of Rome, he dishonoured his royal hand by threats and assertions, which at last brought the reluctant Pontiff to condemn the book, though he never could be brought to condemn the *man*, or even to order the volume to be burnt. All this, which took years to enact, carried through in his absence (for the King forbade his going to Rome), was so meekly borne by the good Archbishop, that when the sentence was conveyed to him, he said that he would be too happy if his "present position" taught him "to practise some of the self-abnegation of which the '*Maxims*' treats."

"A little while and the hindrances of life will vanish, and we shall be reunited in the kingdom of truth, where there is no more error, or division, or scandal; when we shall be filled with the love of God, and share in His everlasting peace. Meanwhile let us suffer silently, and be trodden under foot, bearing the reproach of Jesus Christ, too happy if our disgrace tends to promote His glory."

But our readers will want to know more of Fénelon himself. What was his earlier, and what his later life; what was his position what his practice; and what were his opinions? We shall try, as far as space will allow, to give some sort of answer to such questions.

He was born at the Chateau de Fénelon, three miles from Sarlat, in Perigord, on the 6th of August, 1651. His father, Pons de Salignac, came of a barony created two hundred years before. His uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, one of the first men to make a stand against duelling, was described by the great Condé as "equally at home in society, war, and the council-chamber." The child was delicate, and, as his father's idol, had a home-education till he was twelve; then Cahors and Paris opened their colleges to his study. Like Bossuet, he was put forward at fifteen to preach to an admiring audience. Like many earnest men in many churches, he had a great longing to be a missionary, and this desire was rather postponed than abandoned out of compliance with the wishes of an aged uncle, Bishop of Sarlat.

Upon his ordination Fénelon was trained both in parochial work and preaching in St. Sulpice, one of the neediest parishes of the capital, and then as Superior of a community founded a few years before, called *Nouvelles Catholiques*.

At this time he was a special favourite of de Harlay, but an attachment, alas! how ill requited; for Bossuet turned this favour to jealous spite, so that de Harlay said—"It seems, M. l'Abbé, that you wish to be forgotten, and you shall be!" Nor did the anger of this carnal-minded prelate vent itself in mere words; a little later the see of Poitiers was vacant, and but for de Harlay's opposition, would doubtless have been conferred on Fénelon. France and posterity can, however, easily forgive the slight. Fénelon lost Poitiers, but received soon after the preceptorship to the Duke of Burgundy.

The little grandson of Louis XIV.—eldest son of Bossuet's pupil, the Dauphin—was born with a nature which made one tremble. He was so passionate that he would break the clocks when they struck the hour which summoned him to some unwelcome duty, and fly into the wildest rage with the rain which hindered some pleasure. But, on the other hand, as soon as the storm of passion was over, reason would return and get the upper hand. His mind, too, was lively, quick, penetrating, and resolute to meet difficulties. "The marvel is that in so short a time devotion and grace should have made an altogether new being of him, and changed so many redoubtable faults into the entirely opposite virtues." Such is the verdict of a man of the world; the change which this keen observer commends in such startling

language was doubtless due, under God, mainly to the influence of Fénelon.

The *enfant terrible* did not become a lamb at once! We have a picture of him, drawn from the life by his preceptor, and given to him as a wholesome lesson in his happier moments, which bears out St. Simon's description. Fénelon writes a paper in the following style as a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, half to amuse his pupil, half to rebuke him. It is called "Le Fantasque":—"What can have happened to Melanthe? Nothing from without; everything within. He has all to his mind, everybody seeks to please him. What, then, is the matter? He is bilious. When he went to bed last night he was the joy of the whole earth; this morning one is ashamed of him—he must be hidden; or the whole day will be stormy and everybody will suffer," and so on.

The boy was clever, as clever could be; he could write elegant Latin and enter into the beauties of its best authors; he was a clever draughtsman and was passionately fond of music. And it must have been a pleasure to produce for his instruction the various tractates that came from Fénelon's fertile pen. That a boy of such capacity grew into the cultured man under such tuition was no more than was to be expected. But what was almost beyond expectation, was that the wayward and passionate youth should have been so completely won by a teacher, faithful at times even to severity, that to the end of life, when the Abbé had passed into the cold shade of the sovereign's frown, that sovereign's heir should have clung to him with a most tenacious affection. Nothing is more beautiful than the letters—clandestine letters they were obliged to be—from the prince to his banished tutor, unless it be the replies of that banished tutor to his attached prince. "When he heard that the sentence of exile had been passed on Fénelon, the warm-hearted boy threw himself at the King's feet, entreating that he might not be separated from him, and pleading the strict orthodoxy of his own education as a witness to his master's teaching. The King seems to have been pleased at the demonstration of character, but repulsed the boy, with assurances that he was not his own master, it was a question of theology."

And so, indeed, it was. But what theology, those will judge who have read such letters as the following, written years afterwards to the young prince:—"I believe, monseigneur, the true way of loving your neighbour is to love him through God and for God. . . . Men

bargain with God Himself in order to give Him the least they can. O God, if men knew what it really is to love Thee, they would ask no other joy in life save Thy love. This love alters, disturbs, changes nothing in the order of things God has established. It leaves the great to their greatness, only causing them to be lowly in His hand who has made them great. It leaves the lowly in the dust, and makes them rejoice to be nought save in Him. Such content in the lowliest place is altogether free from meanness, and is true greatness. This love which comes of God never looks for perfection in anything created; it knows that perfection is God's only, and imperfection only causes it to cry out: 'This is not my God!' Expecting no perfection, it is never disappointed. What is lacking in any one it knows may yet be made up, if God so wills. . . . We would rather die than love ought better than we love Him." Or this:—"Son of Saint Louis, imitate your ancestor. At your age he was the joy of good men and the terror of evil men. Let the pastimes of your past days drop—show that you feel and think aright. Make good men love you, bad men fear you—all esteem you. Make haste to correct your own faults, that you may labour profitably to improve others." Or this other:—"Fear to fall a thousand times more than death; but if you should unhappily fall, hasten to return to the Father of mercies, who will stretch out His arms to you, and open your wounded heart. . . . I speak to you only concerning God and yourself. It does not matter about me. Thank God, my heart is at rest, my heaviest cross is not seeing you. I would give a thousand lives that you should be such as God would have you." Once or twice, at a still later period, the beloved preceptor and the beloved pupil were permitted to meet. It was on this wise. Cambray lay in the route of the armies to the Low Countries, or sufficiently in the route for many smitten with the beauty of the Archbishop's character to determine to travel that way to the war. Some of them, indeed, had another and more touching sight of this angel of mercy, who lived a charmed life on the fringe of contending armies, to each of whom he was so sacred that our own Marlborough tried first to protect his stores, and when he found that impossible, sent them under a convoy straight home to the palace gates. That palace was itself a hospital the while, and many a wounded officer carried there to be nursed and healed, coveted a long convalescence that he might continue to enjoy the

society of one whose every act seemed steeped in seraphic love. Fénelon was not only the saint, but the seigneur, however; keeping quite a little court at Cambray, and dispensing hospitality with a genial elegance that well became one born in the highest ranks of the *noblesse*. It is almost a surprise to find that he who wanted to be a missionary, and was almost a martyr, could yet be also the true cavalier, uniting the dignity of his birth and of his office to the charm of his gentleness and personal simplicity.

But we have been led away to this description of another phase of the Archbishop's life by the mention of the fact that he was privileged to see his beloved Prince again. He had heard that he was to pass through Cambray, and in order to avoid any possibility of apparent wrong-doing, he prepared to be absent at the time. The King, however, had given permission for them to meet, but to meet only in public. Saint Simon says that the very crowd was touched at the transport of joy which the young Prince could not restrain. When he caught sight of his beloved friend, he embraced Fénelon again and again, and continued to whisper loving words as he did so; but both were too loyal to infringe upon the King's commands. The royal party only remained long enough to change horses leisurely, and the meeting was frozen by form, until just before they parted; when, as the Archbishop was offering a napkin to the Prince as he washed his hands, Louis said in a tone intended to be heard by all present, "I know what I owe to you; and you know what I am to you."

Five years had elapsed since the previous meeting, and five years later another was accorded. The Prince writes in May, 1708:—"I am delighted, dear Archbishop, at the opportunity given me by the campaign I am about to make in Flanders, to embrace you once more, and renew in person my assurances of the tender love I must bear you all my life. If it were possible, I should have greatly liked to sleep at your house; but you know the reasons which oblige me to be cautious, and I do not think you will stand on form. I shall be at Cambray to-morrow about nine o'clock, get a mouthful of food at the post-house, and continue on horseback to Valenciennes. I hope to see you there and talk of many things. If I do not often write to you, you know that it is from no lack of friendship and gratitude." This interview took place, subject to much the same

restrictions as that of 1702. It was the last. Another five years found the Archbishop preparing for his last home. His royal pupil had already gone there. The story of his death is one of the most tragic ever told. On April 14th, 1711, the dull, heavy Dauphin, Bossuet's pupil, died of small-pox at Meudon—the disease which, three days later, carried off the Emperor of Germany. Naturally every one began to look on to the time when the Duc de Bourgogne, now Dauphin, would be a worthier successor to the throne than his father could ever have been. Among other changes which this brought was the possible return of Fénélon to Court. "All Paris," wrote Lallemand to Fénélon, "expects your immediate arrival, Monseigneur. M. le Dauphin asked your return of the King as the one crowning favour, which moved him above all else."

This, however, was more than the cold, jealous monarch—albeit his heart did warm towards his grandson—was disposed to grant at that period, and time was now getting short for each and all of them. At Marly, in the following January, the Dauphine was warned by her physician that there was a design to poison her and her husband; she was suffering from a swelled face, and then it was thought from measles: the symptoms became worse; now the malady was taken to be malignant fever. "Adieu," she said to one of her ladies, "I am Dauphine to-day—to-morrow, nothing." Seven doctors tried all their remedies, but tried them in vain. On February 12th, the patient passed away. The Dauphin was already very ill; he fainted in the carriage on the way to the scene of his sorrow. Saint Simon and also the King were startled by symptoms similar to those that had marked the dying Dauphine. His attendants told him his illness was not dangerous. "I shall be dead," he answered, "before the priests can come." He lingered till February 18th, and then died. On the 22nd, the young husband and wife were buried together at St. Denis. The little Duc de Bretagne, now become Dauphin, remarked that the journey to St. Denis was not a pretty one. "The little fellow was soon to take it himself: the same malady, whatever it was, that carried off his parents had already attacked him and his baby brother. The elder boy was bled, physicked, and died; the younger prince, not yet weaned," escaped the treatment, and lived to be Louis XV.

The loss was terrible to king and people, but probably no one felt it like Fénélon. "God has cut off all our hopes for

our Church and country," he wrote. "He had formed our young prince ; He trained him, and fitted him for the noblest work ; He just let the world see what he was, and now all is over. I am struck down with grief, and while weeping sorely for the dead, I tremble for the living. . . . I fear for the King." The King survived three years longer, Fénelon himself for scarcely so long. On January 17th, 1715, the Archbishop passed gently away, amid words of piety and prayer, his last audible utterance being a response to the words of Christ in the Garden, "Thy will, not mine."

Seldom has a sweeter, clearer commentary been given on those words than had been given by Fénelon all his life long. If his creed was faulty—as in our judgment most assuredly it was—his character was as nearly faultless as that of any man known to history. The only deduction is that of some rumoured harshness to the Huguenots, and this is one of the mysteries, like Sir Matthew Hale ordering Bunyan to prison ; but it was certainly contrary to Fénelon's habitual kindness, indicated by his declining the assistance of dragoons in seeking the conversion of those he believed to be heretics. I suppose his feeling towards them was much the same as that of one of our English bishops towards our Puritan ancestors ; yet no one doubts the devoted piety of Jeremy Taylor ; he, too, was a sufferer for his opinions, and so was Fénelon, protesting within the pale of the Church almost as strongly, and quite as sweetly, as some without. It is blessed to think that there is room in the great heart of God for many who are much divided on earth, if only they be one in Christ Jesus. In Him, with a nearness to God which any of us might envy, lived and died De Lamothe Fénelon.

Brighton.

J. B. FIGGIS.

Demonite.

BEING lately in the Isle of Portland, the writer asked a man whose daily work was in its quarries, if dynamite was much used for blasting and severing masses of stone which were used for building and other useful purposes. He replied with all the seriousness of ignorance, "We use a good deal of *demonite*." His answer created some silent amusement, from its resemblance to the proper name of the material,

and from some fitness of its description for explosive and destructive purposes. It might appear as if it had been a clever transformation of the word to denote the frightful power of the thing, and the man's face was scanned to see if there were any gleam in the eye, or any conscious smile, which might betoken the presence of any design in the remark. His countenance was, however, perfectly serious and impassive, like that of many working men who have to bear with monotonous daily toil, the cares of a family, and feel that they are the sole prop of the household. He illustrated the power of this "demonite" by its effect upon a ship's capstan, which was gnarled and unwedgeable, and had resisted edge of axe and tooth of saw; whose tough and twisted fibres, cross-grain, and hard knots had defied the usual methods to rend it in pieces, until a little of this material being applied, it was torn into splinters and fragments.

These facts opened the way for a few considerations, which we may now introduce.

1. *It reminds us of the restraining power of God over the forces of evil.* A very slight attention to the state of things and beings around us will show that everywhere we find variety and contrast. Many objects are useful, and many are pernicious and deadly. The wheat and nightshade flourish on the same soil. Among animals we have the lamb of the pastures and the wolf of the forest; among birds the innocent dove and the vulture of the crag. The uses of insects are less obvious, whose agency has often been employed as an irresistible plague to punish ungodly populations. This miscellaneous condition of things has its correspondence in the invisible world, in which there are angels whose goodness has heroically survived some fiery trial, and who now help with sympathetic love all who are following "the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." There are others who are fell and malignant spirits, who obey the authority of one who—though in Scripture he has many sinister aliases—is called Apollyon, the Destroyer. Our Lord and His apostles speak of him as a real, recognisable personality, and never as an abstraction, clothed with the passions and powers of a creature, to produce greater vividness of impression. More than a hundred years ago Goethe reviewed the work of a German who, in his speculations on "Eden," denied the existence of Satan, and naturally added many other incredible fancies to this denial. Goethe remarks, upon the subject of the existence of

Satan, "It harmonizes so thoroughly with the teaching of the East respecting the human soul, its idea of morality, natural corruption, etc., and is, through its maxims, allegories, and dogmas of all ages and sects, so established, that if any one will not ascribe more to the Bible than to any other book, it will be impossible to remove it from the volume." That this enemy can, when allowed, wield a tremendous power is proved by some facts in Holy Scripture of singular impressiveness. He appears now as "an angel of light," and as if jealous for the honour of God, accuses Job of mercenary aims and hypocritical worship. To prove the truth that he is the "father of lies," he is permitted to demolish the fair and shining fabric of the patriarch's estate. Property is destroyed by flames of fire, or lost by the rapine of enemies; children are overwhelmed and killed amid the gaiety and profusion of a feast; health is exchanged for a noisome disease, and he who was "clothed in scarlet embraces a dung-hill." This was the work of the demon; but where he hoped to find gloomy despair, or frantic denial of Jehovah, there was the dignity of self-possession, and sublime avowal of the sovereignty of God, amid the desolations of his earthly estate. Nor is the intercession of our Lord less impressive, nor its effect less admirable, when Satan especially aimed at Peter, as one to whom Christ had given special dignity, and whom Satan desired "to sift as wheat." In his example, the restraining power of God was singularly conspicuous; and when he stood, on the day of Pentecost, with lambent flame on his brow, and glowing love in his heart, he must have felt the value and rejoiced in the source of his salvation. If we consider how many millions of minds Satan can approach and affect, what powers of intellect he can influence, and what agencies of evil wait around us, which can be used for mischief, it must be confessed that we owe our peace and safety to Him who can coerce and hold back the malignant activity of our foe.

2. *It reminds us of the destructive power of some forms of unbelief.* In all ages there have been those who have denied the facts of the Gospel, or rejected the right interpretation of them: It was the vain boast of Paine, in his "Age of Reason," to speak on this wise: "We have now gone through the Bible as a man with an axe upon his shoulder goes through a wood to fell trees. There they lie: the priests may pick them up, and stick them again in the ground; but

they will never grow." Since his day there have been some who have gained distinction as scholars and philosophers, who have traced the matchless character of Christ to the influence of Galilean scenery and society ; or who have proceeded to deny the existence of God—which denial would leave us without a Father in this world, or a home in that which is to come. These views, or something like them, appear in popular "monthlies," which remind us of Noah's Ark, where the pure and innocent dove, the ominous and unclean raven enjoy the same shelter and are fed by the same hand. It would seem as if these writers were prompted by a fervent philanthropy to release men from the bonds of an antiquated and inconvenient superstition. It is true that they and others can point to some enormities connected with the history of the Church, and allege the painful fact that those who have assumed to profess almost exclusively the name of Christ, have been guilty of fraud, corruption of life, and cruelty of conduct ; but it should be remembered that there is an intelligible distinction between priestcraft and religion, and that it would be as wise to impute these evils to the Gospel itself, as to charge the innocent and fruitful vine with the revelling and degradation of the drunkard. The danger of propagating error is to be found chiefly in the numbers of minds which are ready to accept, upon any authority, reasons for abandoning the last relics of reverence for the faith in which they have been reared, but which, from love of pleasure and other causes, they are glad to surrender. The effect of such pernicious advocacy is to be seen in the outspoken doubts and denials of working-men, and it is felt in that polite silence which arises, perhaps, from an unwillingness to turn the intercourse of life into an arena of excited disputation. These enemies of the faith, whose hardy and defiant scepticism we deplore, are shattering, like the "demonite," the frail fabrics of traditional belief ; and disturb by occasional doubts the minds of those even who are satisfied with the truth of the Gospel, and although they cannot displace the "Sun of Righteousness" from the heaven of our conviction, may for a time veil His splendour and diminish His glow.

3. *It warns us of the possible evils of unwise speech.* Wherever there is the absence of the charity which "hopeth all things," and "thinketh no evil," there are possibilities of much mischief and distress. It is well to remember that in some with whom we have

to do there are aptitudes to admit prejudice; that there are sometimes unconfessed rivalries, collisions in business, and readiness to take offence where none is intended. In these circumstances words spoken in the expansion of social intercourse, and facts imperfectly apprehended or carelessly heard, may furnish the materials of a trouble which may cast a shadow over the remainder of our career. He who tells the tale knows to whom it will be acceptable; and how to make it impressive—there are in the narration touches, emphases, suggestions, aided by oracular looks and pauses of sinister silence, and so the matter goes on with increase of detail, and acquires a magnitude which may startle and confound the subject of report. He cannot track the sinuous course of the wrong, and disabuse the minds of those who regard him with diminished respect or actual aversion. It is hard to eject the tenants of the mind. It is impossible completely to erase the writing on the memory. He who suffers must turn to the tribunal of infinite righteousness, as the persecuted Psalmist did, and wait until God shall bring forth his “righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noon-day.” The results of unwise speech are noticed in the stern language of James, to whom the air of Sinai seems somewhat natural; and who comes with the dignity and force of an ancient prophet to warn Christians of the fearful danger of the unwise use of the tongue. He remarks, “Behold how great a forest a little fire kindleth.” It is as if he had seen the flame clasping the stems of lofty cedars, tearing off their bark, rioting among their branches, until they fell in ruin, or stood charred and blackened as the examples of the effect of devouring fire. Since such are the possibilities of injuring others, and there exist around us minds and tongues which, like inflammable and explosive material, may shatter friendships and produce enduring alienation, it becomes us to pray that the Guardian of our souls should “set a watch before our mouth, and keep the door of our lips.”

4. *It directs us to rejoice in the sublime and merciful mission of our Lord.* The evangelists inform us that during the personal ministry of the Redeemer there was a large number of men, women, and children afflicted with demoniacal possession. There are glimpses of its shocking effects in morbid and melancholy states of mind; in promptings to suicide; and in an ungovernable violence which defied

the coercion of bands and chains. He who travelled in "the greatness of His strength," and was "mighty to save," changed the wild and fierce demoniac into the calmness and intelligence which enabled him to sit at Christ's feet, "clothed and in his right mind." Many others who were less turbulent, and probably lived amid the lurid shadows of a fixed melancholy, were released by Him who came to give liberty to the captive. It is somewhat remarkable that in these cases, where one might reasonably suppose there had been some consent to the entrance and dominion of Satan, our Lord never administers reproof or caution for future conduct. He gave the blessing liberally and upbraided not. There are diversified workings of the spirit of evil which are followed by the most baleful results. There are divisions in families where the ties of nature only intensify opposition, and "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." There are cases in which commercial honour is shattered and ruined. There are in some parts of the world unjust judges, whose hearts never melt at the shrill and plaintive cry of the widow and the fatherless. There are scenes of fury and demolition, like those which disgraced the Paris Commune, when the frantic and cruel conduct of its leaders seemed to realize the imagination of the poet, who, in describing the atrocities of the First Revolution, represented its actors as having parted with their own souls, whose place was supplied by the demons of the pit. There are unrighteous wars which spring from the jealousy of kings; and the spirit of ambition and revenge which seizes nations as with a paroxysm of blind fury. Then hundreds of thousands of men in the prime of life are sent into the field of battle, where, amidst thunder of cannon, hail of deadly bullets, and thrust of sword, spear, and bayonet, the place becomes an "Aceldama," a field of blood. It has never been our lot to behold the fierce strife of men intent upon destroying each other in actual warfare; but it would seem, if we are to trust the description of a poet of our own, who saw some things more vividly and completely with the eye of the mind than many with the eye of the body, that the placid and radiant form of the "human face divine" becomes distorted by the fierce passion which, in war, obtains the ascendancy over the soul. He represents the English monarch exciting his soldiers with these words:—

"Then imitate the action of the tiger :
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow overwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base."

Against the cruel passions which have desolated the earth and marred the image of God in man, the Gospel lifts its solemn protest. Our Lord appeared to set a-going, by His example, His Spirit, and His reconciling sacrifice, a process which has produced some peace already; and which, with the extension of His benignant reign, will overcome those principles which, like "demonite," have the power only to shatter and destroy.

Dorking.

J. S. BRIGHT.

The Communion Service at Michaelstone.

DURING the Rev. Apollos Howard's ministry at Michaelstone, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered at the close of the afternoon service. The young pastor on these occasions eschewed all subtleties of metaphysics, all recondite themes, and delivered short, pithy, pointed discourses. Ordinary worshippers dote on short sermons; and when ministers deal with important truths, which most people desire to hear, and which beyond all others bear reiteration, simple souls love to be there to listen. Furthermore, the Dalesmen lived at long distances, and preferred trudging home in the afternoon twilight to feeling their way over the fells in the stark night.

Anyhow, the afternoon services were well attended on these occasions. But the crowded galleries meant impure air, and promoted drowsiness in those who had just eaten the one good dinner of the week. The preacher was compelled to put forth all his power to keep them awake. Those who were most anxious to listen and to conquer sleep were in the habit of standing up, and Apollos might judge sometimes of the interest excited by his discourse, by observing a number of gaunt figures, here one and there another, bolt upright in their pews, thus singling themselves out for special appeal. Among the most regular of these "hearers" were some elderly men, who, while they

held tenaciously to the doctrine of election, had also a settled conviction, that they had never been called to forsake the world or yield to the claims of the Lord Christ. Still they thought the time might come when their conscious indifference would be roused. They came Sunday after Sunday, and especially to the pre-communion services, expecting, half hoping to be "converted."

They had a vague sense that hell and heaven were very near to them, and that they had personally small chance of escaping the one or securing the other. But this did not disturb their stolid equanimity. They would some of them have liked to have it disturbed. If a preacher dwelt with passion on the possibility of some of them being plunged before morning in the fire which will never be quenched, there was a slight titillation of the torpid imagination, and they became momentarily conscious of the imminence of the risk they were running, and they afterwards said one to another, "T' mennester were varra fine t'-neet."

Apollos did not often deal in the "terror of the Lord," and sought to win this class of his hearers by setting forth the love of God; but too often it was like casting pearls to swine. Then they thought the young divine was something of a milksop, and was afraid to scourge them with scorpions—a process which they veritably liked better than the waving of olive-branches; they preferred the threatening of Divine judgment to the sweet messages of mercy, or the gentle touches of tender expostulation.

As a general rule the galleries remained full during the celebration of the Lord's Supper by the communicants, and sometimes the young pastor would re-ascend the pulpit, and pour forth his most passionate pleading upon the spectators. On one occasion he burst out with the terrible assertion—"There will be no spectators in heaven." Taking that as a kind of text, he called upon them no longer to "follow the Lord afar off," but to accept absolutely and for ever the claims of Christ upon their allegiance. By lingering in the sanctuary while others were avowing their acceptance of the infinite love which scorched up sin, and were renewing their vows of loyalty, and consecrating themselves afresh for service and sacrifice, "spectators" were admitting the claims of Christ, were to some extent making a solemn profession of their faith in the Crucified. "Had the princes of this world known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory: but

you do know," said he, "and in a sense, you are siding with His enemies, casting lots for His vesture, and dividing His garments among you. What can you mean by this frequent repetition of deliberate rejection? You seem to say by your anomalous position, 'We admit the greatness of Christ, but we will not submit to Him; we acknowledge the claims of Christ, but we will not obey Him.' Such indifference will be impossible soon. Why will you practise it now?"

Apollos Howard reasoned, expostulated, objurgated, and sat down in a passion of tears. The style of this address was unusual in him, and the effect of it was very peculiar. On the next commemoration day, a stranger preached, and Mr. Howard sat with his wife in a square pew near the entrance of the meeting-house. When preparing to take his place at the Lord's table, he waited for those who wished to retire, to do so—and as he watched them, he found a majority of the ordinary spectators steal away, and then the fact burst upon him, that a large proportion of the whole congregation turned their backs upon the communion altogether, and that what was called the Church was a mere fraction of the ordinary congregation. His heart burned within him, he was tempted to rise up and testify at what seemed to be an outrage on the loveliness, an insult to the majesty of the Lord Jesus Christ, a *reductio ad absurdum* of Christian worship. He resisted the temptation, but the following Sunday, every worshipper was presented with the following address, a copy of which we place before our readers:—

The Glen, Michaelstone.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Peculiar circumstances have forced upon my mind a strange conviction, that a part of our worship at the old meeting is an absurdity. A very small proportion of our community even professes to believe in the tremendous and glorious realities upon which the Christian Church is built. The majority have even acquired the habit of stately and habitually, and during a long course of years, in the most public manner possible, deliberately declaring that as to the most essential verities of the Gospel, they do not accept them. Let me put an analogous case: Englishmen and Englishwomen are proud of their country and their Queen, and are accustomed to regard her name and qualities as the synonym for all the laws, all the majesty, all the liberties, and all the glory of England; suppose that opportunities were provided when all that appreciated

their country and loved their Queen could honestly and loyally express such sentiments—nay, suppose that she herself condescended to meet with us, and smile upon us, and take part in our village-life—what should we think if we saw a large number of the Dalesmen take that opportunity of going elsewhere, deliberately turn their backs upon Her Majesty, and refuse to give any expression to their loyalty? We should without doubt conclude that there was something rotten in Michaelstone, that treason was being disseminated among us, that some seditious plot was being hatched, that either from ignorance or malice, the throne and the nation were ignored. If we heard that the like was happening in every village in Yorkshire, and every town in England, we should say, disaffection is so widely spread, that a rebellion and revolution are imminent.

Let me take another way of impressing upon you my own sad conviction. Last Sunday afternoon, I suddenly bethought me that an educated heathen man might have been sitting with me in my pew, and been able to understand the main gist of the discourse and the worship. If he possessed a candid mind and were attentively appreciating the words of the preacher, he might say to himself, "This is a wonderful message that these people believe to have come to them from heaven; they believe the Lord of glory, the Blessed One Himself, has been so loving to the human race, that He has taken their sins upon His own infinite heart, and borne them even unto death. Surely the penalty of sin thus accepted by their Lord must make their own sin hideous and abhorrent in their eyes, they must have a conception of sin more terrible and heart-rending than that of any people. If they believe that, how it must burn into their hearts a conviction that the Almighty is a holy God, and that the Holy One is unspeakably loving and compassionate! Surely if they believe, that by such means as these, God shows Himself reconciled to them, they will be reconciled to Him, and out of their love will try to do His will. It is a very wonderful religion, because it may, and can, make people good and calm, and at one and the same time both penitent and thankful. The very assurance that God will pardon their sins, seems to make sin more hateful than the full punishment of those sins could do!" The candid heathen would see the sacramental table spread, the bread and wine which tell of this twofold emotion, that of penitential pain over the breaking of the

holy heart of Jesus, the shedding of the sacred blood, and also that of festal joy in the victory He won ; and would he not naturally expect that all who believe in the Christ, would hasten to commemorate the pardon of sin, in this expressive fashion, so that at one and the same moment every communicant can say to his brother and to his Lord, "How great is our deliverance, how humiliating our sin, how glorious and abundant our joy"? And now the feast commences, and the saved and happy ones are to be welcomed to the holy table. He would say to himself, "Now then I shall see the whole congregation blend their tears and their songs, and there will be a burst of solemn gladness such as I never heard before. But stop, who are all these people who are going away,—are they unbelievers in this gospel? It cannot be that, or why should they have sung those hymns, and knelt in prayer, and apparently approved what the preacher said to them? Are they very wicked people then, who have no religious feeling at all? It would be unjust perhaps to think that, for I see some fair and quiet countenances which look quite as Christian in appearance as the rest. There are master-manufacturers, and livery servants, and trusted 'timekeepers,' and comely English matrons; strange to say, the majority of all the young men in the chapel, who I thought, like soldiers of the Cross, were sure to have been there; tradesmen and factory hands, old men of seventy and young girls of seventeen, all going away! What can it mean? Perhaps a few have special engagements which prevent their prolongation of the service, but the strange thing is, that they are departing apparently without regret, and without any emotion at all! What dishonour it seems to cast upon the service itself! Perhaps if I were to inquire more closely, I should find that the service was a modern invention of the minister, and that these people do not approve of this way of showing their gratitude and their love. I must listen and try to discover something more about this feast of love." As the service proceeded and the words of institution were recited, and he found that for 1800 years, the Christian generations had been doing this thing at their Lord's request in remembrance of Him, I can fancy he might be further bewildered, and might come at least to the conclusion, that those who turned their backs upon the Supper of the Lord either did not care about their Master, or did not want either to remember Him or be remembered by Him.

Beloved friends, if such a spectator were to have come to my house to demand of me as an honest man some explanation of the anomalous proceeding of my congregation, what excuse or explanation could I give? I should certainly have said this—by way of exculpation—“Some of my people cannot make up their minds to believe in the Gospel, and are positively afraid to come, lest they should be found insincerely confessing a blended emotion of penitence and peace, which they have never adequately felt.” And now let me say to such, “I admit—nay, I urge, that you are, first of all, to be sincere to the backbone and marrow of your life. Never dare to come, if you do not mean what you would say by such a confession. Yet surely if you analyse your heart and life, you must allow that you are trifling with yourselves beyond all words, if you can dispense with either of the two great feelings which find expression and almost unlimited stimulus in the holy communion. If you are waiting for the maturity of a rich Christian life before you dare to come, you are mistaking the inmost nature of the ordinance. ‘If you tarry till you’re better, you will never come at all.’” Others of my people reason in this way, that “Some folks who thus confess Christ are no better than they should be; and they, for their part, prefer never to make a profession rather than make one and disgrace it afterwards”—in other words, because others are disloyal, it is better that there should be no loyalty at all; because some people tell lies, it is better never to try or profess to speak the truth; because some break their pledge, it is better never to take or make a promise. The argument is worthless. Perhaps some explanation may be found in this, that Christian experience is *above* all outward form, that ceremony and service and symbol are comparatively valueless, that they can be safely dispensed with. “Is not the body more than the raiment?” There is a great truth in this excuse, if rightly acted on; yet it ought to be honestly carried out, inasmuch as many other things in like manner ought also to be dispensed with. On the same principle, Sabbath and sanctuary, the attitude of prayer and voice of sacred song, may be neglected. Nay, all the symbolism of earthly love and friendship ought to be foregone, the birthday greeting, the morning kiss, the wedding-ring, the battle-flag, the seal and signature of solemn social acts, would all have to be sacrificed. I believe we cannot, constituted as we are, afford to disregard what “the Word made

flesh," who "knew what was in man," commanded us to do in His name.

I fear, however, that the great majority neglect the service of thanksgiving for pardoned sin, out of sheer inconsideration and worldliness, or from a deliberate resolve not to be bound by the stipulation which Jesus Christ makes with us from the cross of Calvary. I fear lest the candid heathen would be astounded and bewildered more and more by my explanations, and might go away to tell his fellows that Christians either do not understand, or if they understand, do not accept, what on all sides is said to be the central reality of the Gospel of Christ. God help you, beloved friends, to lay to heart what I have here said to you.

Your affectionate but perplexed Minister,

A. H.

"Hold ! Fire if you Dare !"

THE island of Cuba is a colony of Spain. A short time since an insurrection broke out there, and the Spanish Government sent troops to put it down. A seaman, who was a native of America, but the son of British parents, was apprehended on a charge of raising recruits against the Government, and was thrust into prison. There was no proof that he was guilty, and those who knew him best were satisfied that he was innocent ; but the authorities condemned him to be shot. Against this sentence the English Consul, Mr. Ramsden, and the American Vice-Consul protested, in the name of England and of America, declaring their conviction that the prisoner was innocent of the charge that had been made against him, and demanding his immediate release. They stated also that if his life were thus taken, those who took it would be held guilty of murder by the English and American Governments. But the authorities would not yield. On the morning appointed for his death, the prisoner was marched out to the usual place of execution, in solemn military procession, and soldiers were selected to fire and take his life. But the Consuls were there also, and, in the name of England and America, they read their protest in the face of the whole company, again demanding his release. The prisoner, now ready to be shot down, fainted, and there were strong signs of impatience among the Spanish troops, who seemed

restless till they had despatched the poor seaman. Another consultation was held by the authorities, after which Mr. Ramsden was told that the remonstrance had come too late : the prisoner, they said, had already been sentenced to death for having taken up arms against Spain, and that sentence they must carry into effect. With this the order was given to the firing party to "present." An eye-witness describes what followed :—

"It was the work of an instant, and Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American Consul, rushing forward with the flags of their respective nations in face of the levelled rifles of the Spanish troops, and in front of the unfortunate man, shouted, 'Hold !' then throwing the English flag around himself, and addressing the officer in charge of the firing party, Mr. Ramsden said, 'Gentleman, as a Consul of Her Britannic Majesty, I cannot innocently stand by and see this foul murder of an innocent man. It is my duty to protect his life ; and if you are to take that life, you must take it through these,'—placing himself immediately in front of the condemned seaman, his eyes sparkling, while his manly form heaved with the indignation his speech had so heroically expressed. The American Consul, wrapped in the American flag, with the stars and stripes of the Union, stood abreast, the conduct of these noble men being more than the Spaniard could comprehend. The emotion of the prisoner was intense : he was supported by the Consuls, and shed a profusion of tears. A consultation was again held by the Spanish authorities, the execution was stopped, and that day the sailor was set at liberty."

Who can read this thrilling story without a feeling of deep thankfulness to those brave men for their noble devotion in order to save a fellow-creature's life ? No wonder the soldiers could not fire, nor that the officers in command were unable to give the order to fire. There was a moral power and grandeur in the sight which were overwhelming. We cannot but love our brave Consul, and England may well be proud of him ; while America never had her stars and stripes more honoured than they were by her Consul on this occasion.

But may we not learn from this a yet higher lesson ? Does it not illustrate how the sinner is saved by Jesus ? Has He not taken every believer under the protection of His own righteousness, and is

He not ready now to wrap around every sinner the blood-stained banner of the Cross! Wrapped in this banner, who can take away his life? And while we thus see in Jesus our Substitute, do we not see also in the offering up of Himself for us the love of the Father to a lost and perishing world? "Scarcely for a righteous man," saith the Scriptures, "will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. *But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" And as He "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all," surely with Him also He will freely give us all things.

Sister Catherine's Story.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

LIFE went on very smoothly and peacefully with Mary and me for some weeks, and then something happened which changed the course of both our lives. One day Mary came into the dining-room, where I was sitting, with her bonnet and shawl on ready to go out, and I saw by her face that something had happened, for she was very pale: even her lips were white, and they were tightly compressed as if she were in pain.

"Oh, Mary, what is it?" I cried.

"My father," she said: "he is dying at the hospital, and they have sent for me."

She was outwardly more calm than I. I wished she had been less composed and steady, for I longed to be to her, in her trouble what she had been to me in mine. But I could do nothing more than take her hand in mine, and look into her eyes with an awed sympathy.

She said, "I must go at once," and I answered, "I shall go with you." I was glad that she made no attempt to deter me, though a little surprised; for I had not yet altogether lost the expectation that people would try to shelter me from what was fearful or unpleasant. It was not long before we were in the cab on our way to the hospital. I had never entered such a place before. As we walked down between the long rows of small white beds, towards that one which we had come to seek, its effect upon me was solemnising rather

than depressing, and thrilling rather than repulsive. When our conductor stopped, it was before a bed with a screen round it. The effect of this was impressive and terrible, though I could only guess at its significance.

"He is unconscious," said the nurse, "and fast sinking. When he spoke last he asked for you, and told us where you were to be found. But now there is no chance of his knowing you, I fear."

Mary and I sat down to wait. To wait for death! It was to me a strange, an awful thing. Mary sat within the screen, the tears quietly streaming down her cheeks, caused rather, I think, by memories of the dead mother and sister, than by affection for the man who lay there helpless and still. I sat beside her, but my position commanded a view of the entire ward. When the strangeness of the scene before me wore off, I was struck with the fact that here, in a wonderful way, in their very citadel, were disease and death robbed of their terrors, even of their unnaturalness. Something of this was doubtless due to the exquisite cleanliness, order, purity of the place. No horrors could be seen, or even guessed at, and the faces lying on their pillows, as white as the coverlids, worn, and often disfigured, were the only visible symbols of suffering. And these were marked, many of them, by a patience and contentment which I wondered to see. I watched them with an intense eager interest. I watched the nurses moving backwards and forwards in their neat garb; there was no depression observable in their movements or face; they wore a look of prompt, effective cheerfulness. Distinguished from them less by her dress than by the strong yet sweet dignity of her face, I saw the lady at the head of the ward—the sister. It seemed to me that I could clearly guess at the firmness of her gentle authority, at the wisdom of her self-forgetting sympathy. She came to speak to a patient just where I was sitting, and as she passed she looked at me with interest. The face, framed in its muslin cap, with the kindly, penetrating gaze, is still a vivid picture before my eyes.

There was, as I have said, much in the outward aspect of the place to remove the impression of ghastliness with which I had all my life till now associated it. But there appeared to me to be a deeper reason for my change of feeling. I realised that here human misery was viewed from the inside, not the outside—the worst that life could

bring to men was faced without fear, without shrinking. It was grappled with, alleviated, cured, or endured. More terrible, as well as more mean than anything else in life is fear. Reality may always be endured, it is fear that maddens or degrades. To work in a place like this—painful as the life undoubtedly is—is yet to be able to say, "I cannot here shield myself from the misery that is in the world, wrapping myself up in a comfortable garment of self-congratulation, nor have I need to shrink fearfully from the knowledge of it, shutting my ears because the sound of it is more painful than I can bear. I have faced the worst. If here I can keep my faith in God and in His goodness, I need not fear the assailing shocks which those must do who live in ignorance of the world's pain. I have cast in my lot with the poor and the suffering, and working for them, and living with them, there comes a courageous spirit, an unbroken faith." Sitting there by Mary's side and thinking these thoughts, there came to me an impulse, swift yet unerring, such as comes but seldom in a lifetime. I was young, I was strong, I had no home. Hitherto I had given my whole life to self, its culture, its comfort; had shut my ears to the wail of the world's sin and misery: what more meet than that I should now, with an entire revulsion, devote my whole powers to service like this? An awed, yet most exultant conviction that here was my life-work, seized upon me.

But soon the end of our watching came. Mary touched my arm. I looked towards the bed. A change had passed over the haggard features. That was all; there was no sound, no return of consciousness.

As we were going home, I said, "Mary, I am going to be trained for a nurse." She turned to me a face of solemn gladness. "That will be grand," she said; "I shall go too." We clasped hands and looked at each other. I think we both read earnest purpose in the other's face, and it *was* earnest. From the time I conceived it, no shade of wavering crossed my mind. With Mary, trained in that school wherein to lose one's life is to find it, such a resolve was but as the blossoming of a budding flower. As for me, steeped as my nature had been in self-esteem and self-regard, there must have been dross mingled with the purer metal of my motives. I hope there was no element of self-righteousness among them, that it was an enthusiasm for the work, rather than for the merit of doing it, which prompted

me, and that my ambition was not to imitate Christ, but to become His disciple.

When I applied for admission to the Lady Superintendent of the hospital, I was received with considerable discouragement. She measured me with her eye from head to foot, and asked me how long I had taken to form this resolution, and whether I had seen much of the work. When I replied that I had taken no time to reflect upon it, and had seen nothing of the work, her manner grew even colder than before.

"You will pardon me for suggesting," she said, "that you do a little of both before you enter here. We have a great many applications of this kind, and they generally prove, if granted, to have been mistaken. Such mistakes are better avoided, both on our account and on the applicant's. Candidly, you do not appear to me to have had a training likely to fit you for this kind of life."

"That is true," I said; "I can boast no special fitness in any way, further than that of having a settled resolve to try what I can do. I am young, I am thoroughly healthy, and I have no ties."

"Do you at all realise the extreme painfulness and arduousness of the work, the utter deprivation of the pleasures and comforts of ordinary existence? We have young ladies here by scores, who come for a sentiment, or a fancy, or a notion of self-sacrifice, who would leave in a week if I had as little common sense as they."

"I am quite prepared to find the life painful," I answered, "and I am also quite prepared to find it much more so than I imagine, for I don't believe I can at all realise what it will be till I try it. At the same time, I am determined to go through with it. Other women have done, why should not I? I think, with your insight, you will see I have some will in me."

I looked her in the face unflinchingly, and I think she believed in me. At any rate I was admitted to the hospital, and there I have been ever since. In time I came to be the sister at the head of the ward, and Mary to be one of my nurses.

And what has been my experience of the life during those five years? Has it been smoother, or harder than I anticipated? I must confess that the first year was a terrible time, so wearing was the atmosphere of perpetual suffering, so taxing the strain upon the physical powers, so overwhelming the life-lessons to be learned and

unlearned. Yet I never faltered in my resolution to go through with it, though I could well understand, without blaming, the falling off of more than one zealous neophyte. For me, I had an indomitable pride which stood me in good stead. It was this which rendered the thought of failure, where others had succeeded and I had resolved, so intolerable to me. With physical strength and a trained intellect, why should I give up where others had held out? But I had another support besides my pride: others might have a sense of conflicting duties, of appealing domestic ties, or of a home-love yearning for them out in the world. I had none of these, but I had the assurance that here was my appointed path. No hands were held out to me from without the hospital walls, only within were for me the appealing hands, and through them there seemed to come the appeal of Christ.

It was during the worst part of my hospital experience that I once met Dr. Brough; met, not professionally, that is—for we were brought frequently into such contact—but face to face, and spirit to spirit.

"I congratulate you," he said; "you are learning nobleness."

I do not know why he said this to me, it was quite uncalled for. Perhaps—for he is sometimes marvellously observant—he read my sickness of spirit in the face which I always strove to render cheerful. Impulsively I held out my hand to him.

"Thank you," I said, and the tears came to my eyes, "but you are quite mistaken. I shall never learn nobleness. I am hoping to learn humility."

He looked at me with a smile of singular cordiality. At that moment we were separated, but his look had flooded my heart with sunshine: for I had begun to think him a noble man, the noblest man I knew. I had begun even then to find out something of his untiring energy, his ceaseless self-devotion, his true, yet reserved sympathy, and his judicial, keen-sighted wisdom. Many times have I declared to myself that I rejoiced to think of the escape he had that day he asked me to be his wife.

And now that my work has long since become to me an ever-increasing joy and success, here I am at the seaside, invalided, thrown on my beam-ends. For I find I cannot relish the old life of reading and amusing myself all day long—it is flat, spiritless; and I don't

think it is doing me any good. I feel that I am very little better, and that it will be long before I shall be ready to take up my work again. And what in the world am I to do? Where in the world am I to go? I have no one to be with me that I care for, for Mary cannot leave the hospital. I would not have her do so, though she wished it, for why should two give up where one would do? It strikes me sometimes that I had better take a voyage to Australia, and see the Danecourts. But I had rather not put myself in Martin's way again, though it is probable that he has quite forgotten me by this time; besides, I have a great disinclination to leave England.

* * * * *

I shall not write any more of this history. Really, can I be the same creature who wrote these last words? I can hardly believe it. If I am the same, the world is a different one. There is an end of depression, of loneliness. What is it that has given me strength? Joy, I suppose. I have just come in from a wild race with the wind on the top of the hill. It was an outlet for the exultation which rose too high for me to restrain.

Dear me! I have exchanged the soberness of my years and position for a most unbecoming girlishness. I should not thus be regarded with the deference, even awe, which Sister Catherine, of ward No. 3, did not fail to inspire. I have just announced to myself—who am my only reader—that I shall write no more in these pages, and I have gone on contradicting myself ever since. The fact is, I suppose, that to write is a relief to my feelings in joy as it was in depression, lacking a human sympathiser with whom to share them: besides, I feel I should like to end off my story satisfactorily, just for the sake of art.

To begin at the beginning. Four weeks ago last Sunday, I went to church as usual. At the commencement of the service, to my utter amazement, and not a little to my discomposure, lifting my eyes with the unconscious impulse which is the result of a magnetic gaze, I encountered those of Dr. Brough. What could he be doing down at Hastings? I concluded that he had been sent for to some patient who was staying here. I must admit that it was with an unacknowledged feeling of disappointment that I walked home. I had counted on a greeting at least, but I had lost sight of him as we came out of church, and that was the last of it. But if I had been

surprised to see Dr. Brough on this occasion, I was still more startled when next week the same thing occurred. But this time, as I was walking away from the church, he overtook me, and lifting his hat, said unceremoniously, "You are not looking well. Does not this place suit you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I think so; it is very pleasant, and I am better than when I came."

"But you are not as much better as you ought to be. Have you got Mary with you?"

"No, she is at the hospital, of course. I do not need any one with me."

After this he was silent, and I was silent too. He continued to walk by my side. It was odd we could neither of us find anything to say. I did not like to ask him why he was here. I concluded his patient required two visits, though I thought it strange that so overworked a man should travel so far for any patient. When we reached my lodgings, he took his leave as abruptly as he had greeted me.

Many times during the week did I wonder whether it were likely that the next Sunday would again see Dr. Brough at Hastings. I hardly thought it possible, yet somehow I expected it. I remembered with amusement, not unmixed with self-disgust, the aversion I had conceived for him in the early days of our acquaintanceship. I had considered him an odious man, cold, and self-sufficient, and very unpleasant-looking, though manly and well-featured enough. Well, he was just the same now, just as abrupt in manner, just as stern in look, yet how differently I regarded him. Character, I said to myself, will redeem everything, and the best character often takes the longest time to find out.

Yes, Dr. Brough *was* at church again. Again he walked home with me; again it was very pleasant, though we were perhaps even more silent than the week before. I now, of course, expected him confidently the next Sunday. But he did not come. I don't think I have ever been more indignant with myself in my life than on this occasion, when, as I sat in church, I knew the tears were welling up into my eyes. I made up my mind I would leave Hastings at once. This kind of life was weakening me to the most fearful extent. Something I must get to do immediately, or I shuddered to think of the

condition I might fall into. I was sitting that afternoon in my parlour, disconsolate and depressed, when the maid-servant came up to announce a gentleman to see me. I knew it could be no other than Dr. Brough. I had scarcely time to recover from the surprise, and to feel that I would have given much that he should not have come just then, that I felt so nervous and so uncontrolled, when he entered the room. I felt immediately that he had discovered I had been crying, and this did not tend to restore my self-possession. He said again, just as he had done before—

"You are looking very ill. You are too much alone."

"Perhaps I am," I answered; "but what can I do? I have no one," and here I ended suddenly to avoid a sob.

He did not speak, and I looked up. I saw in a moment what he was going to say. I saw that by a great effort he was compelling himself to restrain the abrupt impetuous speech which was natural to him in moments of deep feeling.

"I cannot bear this any longer," he said; "I have been down here six Sundays. I came over once to find you out and see for myself how you were. My life was empty when you were out of London. But when I had seen you I could not stay away, in spite of the weak folly of it. I came again and again. Catherine, you are ill, you are lonely, unhappy. That made the struggle hard to keep from speaking out, for it made my love grow with giant strides; but yet I could not ask for you when you were too weak to refuse—it is only love will content me—I don't want you without. But I found I must end this to-day. If you love me, tell me so; if you don't, I will go."

I did not answer; but words were not needed.

ELLIE BRIGHTON.

The Tower of London: its Associations and Lessons.

THE DEVEREUX TOWER.

THE wall at the base of Devereux Tower is eleven feet in thickness. There are two storeys. Between the basement and the first floor there is an entrance to a cell about six feet long and three feet wide. The entire structure still retains the appearance of being what it once was—a State prison.

It takes its name from Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose career was characterised by remarkable popularity. He was renowned for his learning. Hallam says of his writings, "We have nowhere in our early writers a flow of words so easy and graceful, a style so harmonious, a series of antitheses so spirited without affectation, an absence of all quaintness, pedantry, and vulgarity, so truly gentlemanlike, and so truly worthy of the most brilliant man of his age. . . . It is the language of a soldier's heart with the unstudied grace of a noble writer." Such is the testimony of a competent judge. As to his popularity, Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says that Devereux "scarce ever went out of England or even left London on the most frivolous enterprise without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, being sold or sung in the streets." And Shakespeare bears direct testimony in the lines:—

"Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him?" *

Robert Devereux was a special favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Though she was thirty-four years his senior, she treated the Earl as though he were in all respects her equal. It is said that on one occasion Essex and Lord Burleigh were engaged in a warm discussion in the presence of Elizabeth, and so absorbed was the Earl in the subject of debate that he forgot the rules of court etiquette and even of common civility, and contemptuously turned his back upon the Queen. This provoked Her Majesty to such a degree that she rose and gave Devereux a box on the ear. Thereupon the Earl, instead of offering an instant and humble apology, excitedly seized his sword and loudly declared that he would not endure such treatment even at the hand of Her Majesty's father. Had not the Earl possessed a very sure place in the affections of the monarch, he would have been called to suffer instant degradation. The Queen and he were soon reconciled, and he was commissioned by Elizabeth to reduce her enemies in Ireland, and if possible re-establish peace. Whilst he was absent from the country and court, his enemies took the opportunity to

* "Henry V.," Act v., Chorus.

prejudice the minds of those near the Queen against him. The non-success of his mission to Ireland told very much to his injury, and on his return home, falling into disgrace and imprudence, he was imprisoned. On regaining his liberty he plotted a revolt, for which he was seized and arraigned for trial before a Committee of Lords. The trial closed about six o'clock in the evening, and when the report spread of the condemnation to death of the man who had been so great a favourite of the Queen, the streets round Westminster Hall were crowded to see him conveyed to the Tower. He was in his place of confinement only one week. At half-past eight, on the morning of Ash Wednesday, 1601, he was brought out into the courtyard of the Tower, and, in the company of three divines, proceeded to the scaffold. Here he uncovered his head, made a brief address, prayed that "a wise and understanding heart" might be given to Elizabeth, and then laid his head upon the block. The indignation of the populace was almost unbounded when they observed that *three* strokes of the axe were given before the popular Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was dead.

There is a story to the effect that Elizabeth presented Devereux with a ring, at the time that he was in special favour at court. It is also said that Her Majesty told the earl that if at any future time he should be in difficulties and would send her the ring she would befriend him; that the ring was sent when he was imprisoned in the Tower, and was entrusted to the Countess of Nottingham; that she proved unfaithful and never presented the ring to Elizabeth, the week passed and the law took its course. When Elizabeth heard of the treachery of the Countess she is reported to have said, "God might forgive, but I never can." Whether authentic or not, this and other stories recur to the mind as we stand and look at the time-stained walls of Devereux Tower.

There was one prisoner of the Tower whose name will never be forgotten—a "single-minded and unflinching patriot,"* who strove earnestly to promote reforms in church and state—I refer to Sir John Eliot. He was imprisoned in March, 1629, for being one of the prominent leaders of the House of Commons against the doings of Charles I., and for conspicuously aiding to carry a resolution through

* Dr. Stoughton.

Parliament, to the effect, that "all innovations in religion, and all impositions without the consent of Parliament, are illegal." It is not certain in what part of the Tower he was confined. His letters were simply dated "Ye Tower of London." But imagination will pourtray to us the earnest, patriotic, eloquent man of letters. We see him in his solitary cell, the gloom of which is slightly relieved by a single candle. He is seated at his table, pen in hand, diligently at work. There is fire in his eye, and there are far-reaching thoughts passing through his mind. Though the body is incarcerated, the mind is free. His sheets increase in number. Manifestly he is composing a treatise of some importance. What is it? "The Monarchie of Man,"—a philosophic work of considerable renown. The confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of the Tower told upon the friend of John Hampden, and the completion of his work was soon followed by the close of the volume of his life. November 27th, 1632, was the day of his emancipation. A stranger entered the Tower, noiselessly and unobserved by the vigilant keeper—made his way to the dungeon of Eliot, unloosed the captive's bonds, and led him forth to a freer realm. That friend of freedom was the Angel of Death.

As we turn away from the Tower we cannot resist the thought which will clothe itself in words: "Thank God for liberty!"—liberty to seek out knowledge—to indulge our own thoughts—to speak freely our own convictions—to act bravely the dictates of our own consciences;—liberty to do what we will that is not in direct contravention of the interests of the community around us. Liberty is the parent of happiness. The very word quickens our pulse—thrills our hearts—brightens our eye—loosens the tongue, and inspires the whole being with joyous gratitude. Our forefathers had it not as we have it to-day. They fought for it—they languished in solitude for it—they died for it upon the scaffold—and thus, at the price of long years of suffering and much blood-shedding, they purchased it for us. May the boon never suffer in our keeping, but be transmitted to our children's children unsullied and unshaken!

Leaving the sombre walls of the old Palace, Fortress, and Prison, we are reminded of the fact that though ruthless men may bind the body, they cannot manacle the mind, nor stop the free outcome of thought.

"Free is the eagle's wing, as it cleaves the sun's warm ray ;
 Free is the mountain spring, as it rushes forth to-day ;
 But freer far the mind—priceless its liberty :
 No hand must dare to bind—God made it to be free.

"You may fetter the eagle's wing, no more through the clouds to soar ;
 You may seal the mountain spring, that it leap to light no more ;
 But the mind, let none dare chain, better it cease to be—
 Born, not to serve, but reign—God made it to be free.

"Free is the summer breeze, floating from airy height ;
 Free are the flowing seas, and free heaven's golden light ;
 But freer than light or air, or the ever-rolling sea,
 Is the mind, beyond compare—God made it to be free.

"Guard well the gift Divine, than gems or gold more rare ;
 Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine, no foe must enter there :
 Oh ! let not passion bind, or error rule o'er thee,
 Keep the freedom of the mind—God made it to be free."

J. HILES HITCHENS.

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

It was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was Queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain,
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
 The senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home.

Triumphal arches gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befel
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-closed stable-door
Across his path. He paused, for nought
Told what was going on within :
How keen the stars ! his only thought ;
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

O strange indifference ! low and high
Drownsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, but knew not why ;
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever !
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and silent night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happier name is given,
For in the stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

The European Concert.

"HONESTY is the best policy," is the verdict of Europe on the great political movement which has substituted the frank, open, straightforward policy of the Liberal Government, for the tricky, artful, and profoundly selfish diplomacy with which the Beaconsfield Cabinet alternately amused and alarmed the Great Powers. No doubt during Lord Beaconsfield's reign England was the observed of all observers. But so is a mountebank while his tricks last, and so are many by no means lovely characters in the political and ecclesiastical worlds. Notoriety is one thing, fame is another. So is it also with observation and honour. England was never more a centre of observation, and never less an object of honour, than when the arch-charlatan of modern politics had the chief control of her affairs. Lord Beaconsfield was overthrown with an utter and final overthrow, and Mr. Gladstone, with an entirely new idea of the position and policy of England, reigns in his room. Sufficient time has elapsed to test effectually the results of the new policy at the various European Courts; and when Mr. Gladstone stood up to speak at the Guildhall of the City of London, on the 9th of November, he could claim not a brilliant—he distrusts wisely brilliance in politics—but a solid and fruitful success.

Looking back over the last four years during which Lord Beaconsfield's policy has been more or less in the foreground of European politics, one is amazed that to a solid, honest, manly people like the English, it could have appeared for a moment to be anything but an object of contempt, from its flashy prologue to its dismal catastrophe. Verily, as Mr. Carlyle says of another matter, "it went up like a rocket, and came down like the stick." A pantomime is very brilliant at the moment; but pass a few days, and even discerning children are a little puzzled to understand how such tawdry, tinsel splendour could have fascinated their eyes and charmed their hearts. We have had our pantomime and been dazzled, though not all of us; and now we can be profoundly thankful that we are out in the region of sober, honest reality once more. Of course it was very confidently prophesied by the Jingoës and the clubs that the influence of England on the Continent would collapse utterly, the moment that it was known that Mr. Gladstone's ideas would direct it. He was allowed to have great

financial ability, and even Tories probably regarded with half-conscious satisfaction the prospect of his administration of the Exchequer. He and he alone, it was felt far outside Liberal circles, could restore the financial balance which the miserable muddling and wasteful extravagance of the Tories had destroyed. But as regards foreign affairs his advent to power was regarded with dire alarm. There were even Liberals who thought that foreign policy was not Mr. Gladstone's strong point, and that he would be likely in the interests of peace and economy to allow England to fall into the background a little, and to join France in effacing herself as a European Power. They little knew what Mr. Gladstone was capable of daring and doing in a cause which his conscience approved. The Liberal Government had hardly been three months in power, before England quietly, without boasting or fanfaronade, took the lead of Europe in the settlement of a pressing European difficulty; and before an English admiral was cordially appointed by the Governments of Europe to take the chief command of a united European fleet; the finest fleet which has ever assembled, and representing all the Great European Powers. The Tories are sadly put to it to explain away the hegemony of England, and to minimise the honour and influence which it implies. But there it stands. For weeks of most trying and vexatious delay, which has tested heavily the reality of the European concert, Sir Beauchamp Seymour has commanded in chief the fleet of Europe, while Europe itself has been in dire alarm lest the action of the British Government should become too spirited, and compel the Great Powers to go beyond the very moderate coercion to which their selfish interests limited them, by threatening to go on and to compel the Porte to execute the Berlin Treaty alone.

Never certainly since the Crimean war has England occupied in Europe such a position of vantage, and been so manifestly and cordially trusted to do for Europe what needed to be done. Indeed it is doubtful whether in the Crimean war England was leader or follower. Mr. Kinglake no doubt makes too much of his pet point, that the whole movement was a manœuvre of the newly-fledged and deeply-distrusted Imperial Government of France, to get itself into good society and fight side by side with the oldest and most aristocratic European Power. Mr. Kinglake's prepossession upon this point really unfits him to be the historian of that great movement, which

at any rate headed back Russia from Constantinople, until the German Empire had time to establish itself; and that forbids the extension of Russian dominion in that direction for ever. The character, ambition, and resources of the Emperor Nicholas constituted a danger of the gravest magnitude to the peace of Europe. There would be no profit in discussing here the wisdom or unwisdom of the war by which Europe extricated herself from the danger, and turned the eyes of Russian rulers and statesmen from schemes of conquest, to those questions of internal development which occupy all their thoughts and energies, and will occupy them for some time to come. But there is no sort of parallel between the position and policy of Russia when her power was unbroken, and in the hand of an able and resolute autocrat, and the position which she occupies at the present day. It is quite possible to hold that the Crimean war was a wise and righteous enterprise in the last generation, and to condemn sternly any disposition to repeat it in our own. But it is certainly doubtful whether, in the Crimean war, England was so plainly at the head of Europe as she is now under Mr. Gladstone's auspices, and we believe will be until the Eastern Question is settled by the passage of the Turkish Government to Asia and the occupation of its European dominions by Christian Powers.

What form the settlement will take, it is impossible to tell. There is one very dark element in the question, the secret arrangement which no doubt exists between Germany and Austria, as to the disposal of a good part at any rate of the sick man's inheritance; a suspicion of which, perhaps, lent keenness to Mr. Gladstone's denunciation in Midlothian of Austrian ambition, and made him value very highly the written disclaimer which he drew forth from the Austrian ambassador as the result. But whatever the form of the settlement may be, England will certainly have the leading word. Firstly, because her fleet is the most immediately effective instrument of action; without the consent of England no power could possibly establish itself at Constantinople; and secondly, because England has but one end in view, the peaceful development of the Balkan peninsula under the sway of its present inhabitants. All the other European Powers are thinking of themselves in the settlement of Turkey; they are calculating how this measure or that will bear on future alliances, and affect the fortunes of that great war in which they

all believe, and for which they all prepare. England is on the side, so to speak, of the natural solution of the difficulty. She wishes simply the fullest freedom to the native races which already till the provinces, and have the first claim to be considered in their political settlement. And whatever arrangements may be proposed by jealous or ambitious powers to secure paramount influence in the Balkan peninsula or to exclude their rivals, the rights of the native races are sure in the long run to prevail. England is from the first on the side of that settlement which, sooner or later, will have to be made, and has no eye to her own interests, except as they accord with universal interests, in proposing it.

And this is perhaps the secret of the measure of influence which, since the advent of the Liberal Government to power, England has enjoyed on the Continent. The Cabinets of Europe know that they have nothing to fear from our selfish ambition; they know that they are safe from Imperial schemes, from secret conventions, from surprises and from tricks. They know that our diplomacy is above-board. The Government says what it means, and means what it says. It makes no concealment of its desire to see speedily a great improvement in the political condition of the European and Asiatic subjects of the Ottoman Porte. It is willing to seek that improvement by wise regulation of the Ottoman Government under substantial guarantees, if such regulation is possible; if not, by the supersession of the Ottoman Government, and the substitution of popular institutions in its stead. It is a perfectly simple, honest, and natural policy, and there is no concealment about it, and no object of any sort ulterior to the public good. And while England keeps that simple object in view, her influence in the East and on the settlement of the Eastern Question will always be a strong one, and her voice will have a weight in the European Council which unselfish wisdom always commands.

Under the late administration such a European concert as Mr. Gladstone's Government has evoked, would have been blankly impossible. Europe would have had no sort of security that, while an English admiral was in command of her fleet, an English diplomatist might not have been secretly extorting from the Sultan the cession of Crete or the Protectorate of Constantinople. Either of these measures would have been quite in the true sequence of what happened

during the Congress at Berlin. Entire trust is the one condition of such influence as England has recently exerted. The Continental journals, in their ancient and deep-seated jealousy of England, make the most of our difficulties and minimise our success ; but not one of them even suggests that we had a perfidious motive in acting as we did, and still desire to do. The cry, *Perfide Albion*, which the Beaconsfield policy revived in its full force, and really with justice, for our policy was perfidious in the extreme, has never once been heard since Mr. Gladstone acceded to power. The inspired and uninspired journals poke their jokes at English diplomacy, and complain that we were running them out of breath ; reminding us blandly that we must not hope to set the world right in a day ; but there is not a word of malevolence or an insinuation of perfidy. They know that all is fair and above-board, and that all which can be alleged against Mr. Gladstone is, that he hopes too much from the European concert, and that he is too sanguine about peaceful solutions of difficult international controversies, in the nineteenth century of the reign of the Prince of Peace. On the contrary we believe that Mr. Gladstone's confidence in the European concert is sound in principle, and is certain to be justified in the long run by success. The first tentative experiment was encouraging as far as it went. It was wise, no doubt, not to press it further, and to drop the Greek question for the moment in the certainty that before long it will force itself on the immediate attention of the Great Powers. But the first step has been taken ; an important precedent has been established ; nay, we may say that a habit of concerted action is being formed, which will silently but surely lay a restraint on egregious ambitions, rebuke conspicuously selfish schemings, and make it increasingly difficult for a European Power to rush hastily into war. A good habit once adopted has a tendency to confirm itself, as it ranges the results of experience on its side. Mr. Gladstone has taken as a Christian statesman a vitally important step in exhibiting the European concert in action at a critical juncture, and in carrying it through a brief though serious strain. The next time that it is needed it will be easier to set and to keep it in action ; and to this we must look, and we believe may look with something like confidence, to avert the much talked-of war of revenge.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

Literary Notices.

The Evangelical Revival, and other Sermons ; with an Address on the Work of the Christian Ministry in a Period of Theological Decay and Transition. By R. W. DALE. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Whatever Mr. Dale touches, he causes to move and live. Themes that might be supposed to have been exhausted, thrashed out, take new form and fresh life in his hands. He has something to say, and he does not digress into irrelevant matter, but delivers his message whether men will hear or no. Every one of the discourses published in this volume deserves some special characterization or criticism, and will—though they are somewhat unequal in value—abundantly reward perusal. The lecture which gives its name to the volume, was preached in Birmingham during the session of the Wesleyan Conference in that town, and discusses with mastery the genesis and consequences of the Evangelical Revival of the last century. The author takes occasion to explain the argument of Mr. Gladstone in his remarkable article on the same subject, and in some respects to endorse, in others to criticise, the estimate formed by the great statesman of the filiation of the High Church revival of the present century. Mr. Dale shows how the burning zeal of the revivalists was diffused into churches and communities which did not approve their methods ; that as Luther quickened the religious life of the Churches of Rome and England, so the fire of Whitefield, and the varied powers and mighty message of Wesley, roused into new passion, and stirred to their depths, societies which were stiffening into buckram, or slowly dying of respectability and formality.

Several sermons of peculiar power deal with the ethical aspects or religion. We are rejoiced to see the outspoken vigour with which the preacher has vindicated the claims and validity of conscience and natural morality, not only on grounds of common-sense and true philosophy, but of Holy Scripture ; and we have seldom read anything more heart and life searching than the way in which he charges home upon Christian men the tremendous appeal of the Lord Himself, "What do ye more than these !" After reciting the noblest injunctions of heathen morality, and suggesting hundreds of defalcations from these high standards among Christian professors, he shows how Christ expects and demands something more, and that nothing less

than *doing* His will, accepting all His supreme authority as our Prince as well as our Saviour, will allow any soul to pass the judgment of His dread tribunal. It is clear that he includes under faith, *obedience* in its fullest extent. Bishop Bull, rather than Luther, seems to have suggested his definition of "faith." To us there is a great difference between making the assertion that the faith, which includes and is *identified with* obedience, is necessary to justification, and, on the other hand, urging that the faith which universally and infallibly leads to holiness, having in it, in germinant form, all the principles of obedience, is the true and only condition of justification.

The sermon on forgiveness of sins, is prefaced with a most powerful disclaimer of the kind of preaching and sentiment, which dispenses with God, and substitutes human affections and surroundings and meditations on human experience, for the distinct recognition of God's grace, presence, and promises. Mr. Dale disclaims Calvinism, though he shows how much it is possible to lose in dispensing with the tremendous realities held by our Puritan fathers touching the greatness and supremacy of the Divine will. It seems to us that he is far more of a Calvinist than he admits himself to be. The whole of his book seems palpitating with ideas of (1) the supreme, august, unchallengeable will of God; (2) the absolute need in which man stands of Divine grace in order to be good; and (3) the fact that God does love, in a special sense, some men more than others, to wit, those who exercise faith in His Son. Now, what is very incorrectly called "Calvinism," is little but the expansion of those three ideas into detail and definition. We have no space to speak of the remaining sermons, but it is long since a volume of more potent discourse has come under our eye.

Handbooks for Bible-Classes. Edited by Rev. MARCUS DODS, D.D., and Rev. ALEXANDER WHYTE, M.A. *The Christian Sacraments.* By JAMES S. CANDLISH, D.D. *The Books of Chronicles.* By JAMES G. MURPHY, LL.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

We cannot praise too highly this valuable series of cheap manuals on great themes. As may be expected, Dr. Candlish goes beyond Zwingli, in his estimate of the Sacraments as means of grace, and seals of the Divine love; but he protects his doctrine from the abuse of being supposed to imply that the Sacraments "seal us," and

confines his connotation of the word "seal," to the symbolic adaptation, *plus* the special Divine appointment to signify and bear witness to the grace that can only be appropriated by *faith*. The vindication of the administration of baptism to the children of believers is very happy, inasmuch as it is based on the very nature of baptism as a sign and seal of the Divine grace; and the treatment of the effects of baptism in after years is very sensible and lucid. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is not handled controversially, but the author shows how much is taught and conveyed of holy thinking and devout confession, in this life-giving service of faith, this exercise of the conscience in divinest things. Dr. Murphy has furnished an interesting manual of the last-written historical Books of the Old Testament. He has taken occasion, with great fairness, to deal with the discrepancies and omissions of those books, and has suggested a number of most admirable questions by which the Bible-class teacher may not only stimulate the knowledge of his pupils, but may also test his own.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. SPENCE, M.A., and by the Rev. JOSEPH EXELL. 1 *Samuel*.—Exposition by the Very Rev. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., Dean of Canterbury; Homiletics by the Rev. Professor C. CHAPMAN, M.A.; Homilies by Rev. D. FRASER, D.D., and Rev. B. DALE, M.A. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.; 1880.)

As Dean Payne Smith suggests in his excellent introduction to the Books of Samuel prefixed to this work, it is to be lamented that the Church has been led, in consequence of the unwise division by the LXX. of these books into two separate documents, to lose sight of their unity. Moreover, the separation occurs at a critical and inconvenient point, which impairs the value of the historical record. On the same ground, we are led to regret that the treatment of the two books could not have been compressed into a single volume. The introductory remarks on the condition of Israel under the feeble tutelage of the old priest Eli, and on the failure of the theocracy when no adequate check was applied to its methods of government, are very admirable. The broad lines with which the character of David is sketched are highly effective, and the wise admissions as to the composite character of this venerable "history," and the obvious

proof of its late origin, prepare the reader for a free as well as reverent handling of the document. The expositions, so far as we have been able to test them, are very judicious and instructive, revealing solid learning and firm grasp of the facts. The homiletical department is very ably done by Professor Chapman, who provides homiletic materials—"sermon-stuff"—for those who need such aid in drawing from the narrative its ethical and religious lessons. Mr. Dale has offered sermon outlines in great abundance and variety on longer or shorter paragraphs, as they serve that purpose. "The Pulpit Commentary" differs from Lange's great work in avoiding the endless accumulation of divergent interpretations, and the comments which German exegetes are so apt to pronounce on one another. Moreover, the homilies and homiletical illustrations are not a mosaic of quotations from all sources, such as we find both in the "Homiletical Commentaries" published by Dickinson and the work of Lange already referred to. They are the well-considered work of two highly-competent and thoughtful preachers. Sometimes they entrench upon the exegetical department and suggest sources of further exposition. We call especial attention to the method in which all three writers have handled the "Magnificat of the Old Testament," and also the weird and tragic close of Saul's life. The first published instalments of "The Pulpit Commentary" augur a great success for the work when it shall reach completion.

The Brothers Wiffen: Memoirs and Miscellanies. Edited by SAMUEL ROWLES PATTISON. With Two Portraits. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a singularly interesting volume. Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen and Benjamin Barron Wiffen were men of extraordinary mental calibre, fine literary tact, and unusual enthusiasm, coupled with dogged perseverance and the genius that consists in sticking to a theme or an idea against all odds. They came of a fine old Quaker stock, and learned all the powers of self-repression, self-recollection, and direct communion with God, which gives such charm to the biography of many of their brotherhood. The elder brother is styled "the Poet," and the specimens of his poetic sensibilities and tastes given in this volume, though by no means revealing a high order of merit, are pleasant though rather stilted specimens of gentle sentiment

in musical form. The history of the man, his intercourse with Wordsworth and Southey, the romance of his translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," his memoirs of the House of Russell, and his early death, constitute a very pleasing biographical study. The chief interest of the volume, however, centres in the life and life-work of his devotedly attached brother, B. B. Wiffen, who was led, after his brother's death, by an apparent accident, into the society of, and closest intimacy with Don Luis de Usóz, a Spaniard of learning, leisure, and wealth, who devoted a long life and a large fortune to the collection and publication of the forgotten works of the Spanish Reformers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This volume tells the veritable romance of the book-hunting of these remarkable men, and recounts the history of the process by which the precious treasures of holy thinking were found, copied, translated into English, or Spanish, or Italian, from one or other of these languages, as the case might be; for often a translation only into some foreign tongue was preserved. On the death of Don Luis, Mr. Wiffen found a new friend and helper in the versatile, erudite, genial, and devoted John T. Betts, of Pembury, who assisted him in many of his latest labours and translations from Spanish into English. Some of our readers may remember the splendid edition of Juan de Valdez, his "CX. Considerations," with life and bibliographical introduction, published a few years ago under the joint superintendence of Mr. Betts and Mr. Wiffen. They will find in the volume before us much more information of the same kind, also the record of one of the most beautiful and saintly human lives. We cannot say we care much for the "poetry" which is preserved, whether of Jeremiah or Benjamin Wiffen; but of the two, that of the latter seems to us to have more thought, purpose, and beauty in it than his brother's.

The Chain of Life in Geological Time. A Sketch of the Origin and Succession of Animals and Plants. With Numerous Illustrations. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S. (Religious Tract Society.)

An introductory manual to the study of comparative biology, and an outline of the wonderful palæontological record of plants and animals which the strata of the earth contain. The author commences with the earliest specimens of living structure, and follows the record

upwards and onwards, till man, with all his contemporaries, has appeared upon the scene. The argument of the book, which is not obscurely hidden amid the considerable accumulation of facts, is, that though a grand progression is visible from mollusc to mammal, and though here and there it is not impossible to believe that special variations of form are related genetically to each other, yet at hundreds and thousands of places no such hypothesis can possibly account for the appearance of utterly new forms of life which undeniably followed each other in comparatively quick succession. Evolution by leaps and bounds is only another name for creation by law. Dr. Dawson, in numerous works (one of which we recently noticed), has shown that the evidence in favour of the boundless antiquity of man breaks down on close and detailed examination. He resumes his argument in these pages, and in weighty words shows, not that the succession of life establishes the fact of a Personal Creator, but that the "existence of man, taken in connection with the progress of the plan which has terminated in his advent, proves the existence of God." This volume is abundantly illustrated, not only with delicately-executed woodcuts, but with clever restorations of the extinct fauna and flora of successive periods of geological time.

From the Religious Tract Society we have received :—*Pictures from the German Fatherland, drawn with Pen and Pencil.* By the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D. Another of the series of beautiful and attractive books, giving pen and pencil pictures of many lands, which have found a ready welcome, and obtained a wide circulation. It is equal in interest to any of its predecessors. The illustrations are very numerous and finely executed, and the letterpress adds greatly to their charm. We have choice bits of scenery on the Rhine and the Danube ; in the Black Forest, and among the highlands of Bavaria and Austria ; characteristic city views in Dresden, Prague, Vienna, etc. ; and ancient castles and palaces, noble cathedrals, and picturesque ruins, the relics of the past, rich in legend or historic incident, with all of which the well-stored mind of the editor is perfectly familiar, while his descriptive power and *facile* pen enable him to bring them vividly before the mind of the reader. It is a beautiful gift-book for the season.—*The Last, First.* By Alexander F.

Macleod Symington, B.A. These suggestive "sketches of some of the less-noted characters of Scripture History," deepen the conviction that true greatness is found in character rather than in circumstances.—*Philip Gainsford's Profit and Loss*. By George E. Sargent. This revised and partly re-written story strikingly illustrates the evils of a mercenary spirit, and the folly of pursuing wealth as the chief good.—*Words of Friendly Counsel about Turning to God*. By the Rev. George Everard, M.A. In this book of Christian counsel elementary truths are presented with simplicity, attractiveness, and force.—*Why do I Believe?* By Mrs. J. B. Patterson. A new and revised edition of a small work fitted to produce an intelligent belief in the Divine authority of the Scriptures, even when the author's views of verbal inspiration are not accepted.—*Ethel Graham's Victory*. By Mrs. H. B. Paull. Skilfulness and sensibility mark this tale of the growth, the troubles, and the conquest of a violent temper.

Under the generic title of *Men Worth Remembering*, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing a series of condensed biographies of noble men, with whose memoirs *in extenso* many of us in our youth were somewhat familiar, but some of whom, to the younger generation, have faded away into little more than names. It is a capital idea, in these busy times, to bring the salient points in an exemplary life within small compass, and thus render them easy of access to the multitudes whose leisure is very limited. Among the promised list we find enumerated William Wilberforce, Henry Martyn, William Carey, Dr. Chalmers, Jonathan Edwards, and others; and the names of authors to whose hands they are entrusted, including Drs. Stoughton, Culross, Donald Fraser, H. Sinclair Paterson, etc., are sure guarantees of the high ability with which the work will be executed. The early issues now before us are those of *William Wilberforce*, by John Stoughton, D.D., and *Henry Martyn*, by Rev. Charles Bell, D.D., honorary Canon of Carlisle; and better specimens of what may be expected from the series could scarcely be desired. Dr. Stoughton shows entire mastery of his subject, and moves with perfect ease among the historic events, the political crises, the social conditions, and the distinguished characters which marked the epoch of Wilberforce's earlier public life. He has displayed great skill in gathering from the five large volumes of the

original memoirs, material which, combined with his own thorough knowledge of the subject and its surroundings, has enabled him to place before us the living, acting man, in his "Early Days," his "Political Career," his "Anti-Slavery Crusade," "General Beneficence," "Religious Experience and Sympathy," "Authorship," "Domestic and Social Life," and "Closing Scenes." These various themes are treated in an appreciative, but not too laudatory spirit, and with a conspicuous ability which leaves nothing to be desired. In dealing with *Henry Martyn*, Dr. Bell had a different, and in some respects a less difficult task before him. He has given us the gist of Mr. Sargent's more extended memoir, and has produced a life-like portrait. He has placed before us the successful scholar crowned with University honours, the affectionate brother and friend, renouncing all the allurements of home, of intellectual society, of literary distinction, to go to the far East in order to preach Christ to the heathen, in those days when it involved infinitely more of hardship and suffering than it does now. The author tells us also of Martyn's energetic labours in India, an energy which often carried him far beyond the bounds of prudence, and which doubtless helped to lay him so early in his grave; and he gives us also the pathetic details of the Christian hero's last journey amid sickness, neglect, cruelty, and suffering, terminating in his lonely death. The narrative is told with a sympathetic spirit, and leaves the impression that Henry Martyn was one of the most devoted, self-sacrificing, Christ-like men who ever lived. We trust that many a young man may be stimulated by this example to leave all and become a missionary of the Cross.

THE MANAGERS acknowledge with thanks the following Secrecmental Collections, etc., in aid of the "Widows' Fund":—Wilmalow, by Mr. T. Crewdson, £5 17s. 10d.; City Union of Congregational Churches, by Rev. A. Griffith, £5 3s. 7d.; Liverpool, Great George Street Chapel, by Mr. D. Bell, £5; Norwich, by Mr. E. Goddard, £5; Oswestry, by Mr. J. Condeter, £3; Oldham, by Rev. E. Arncliffe, £2 10s.; East Grinstead, by Rev. J. Branton, £1 1s.; Donation (anonymous), £20.

[DECEMBER, 1880.]

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—Doctoring the Mongols.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

THE inhabitants of Mongolia are few and far between, and, in this sense, Mongolia is not a favourable field for a foreign medical missionary. But, in estimating Mongolia as a sphere for a medical missionary, it must not be forgotten that, when at length you do meet an inhabitant, he or she is almost sure to be suffering from some disease or other, and it is almost true to say that the number of possible patients to be found in any one place is equal to the total number of the inhabitants.

When a foreign missionary, speaking Mongolian and carrying a medicine chest, appears on any part of the plain the news spreads far and wide. The story too gathers as it rolls, and in a few days he is credited with the most extraordinary powers of healing, the exaggerated stories about his abilities being equalled only by the exaggerated stories of the virtues of the medicines and appliances. It is in vain that the missionary insists he has come not merely to heal, but to teach Christianity. Christianity they can do without—they do not feel the want of it. They are eager to get rid of their pains and aches. They apply to the missionary in his capacity of doctor, they talk of him as a doctor, and the real truth of the matter is that they want him at all only in so far as he is a doctor. In the case of some places where Mongols are numerous, such as at populous temples, Government gatherings, and religious festivals, the number of patients that present themselves in one day is so numerous that while attending them very little religious instruction can be imparted. Some of them have come a long way and can ill spare time, and are in a hurry to get home again ; some of them have run out in the interval between services, and must be back in time ; some of them have waited long and patiently, or impatiently as the

case may be, while earlier comers were being treated, and are eager to be attended to when their turn comes ; and in these cases the missionary is in danger of being swamped in the *doctor*.

But the reception accorded to the missionary is not the same in all places. In most cases when a locality is visited for the first time there is a great crowd of people eager to be patients ; but, as a great proportion of them have diseases which are incurable, they soon learn that the report that the foreigner can cure everything is not true, and, finding he can do little or nothing for them, they gradually drop off. The second time the place is visited matters mend a little, and by the third visit the people's ideas have become pretty correct, and, for the most part, only such cases as can be helped are pressed upon his attention.

MONGOL INCREDULITY.

For a man who carries medicines and can cure a few diseases, and who lays himself out patiently and attentively to benefit his patients ; for one especially who without any shirking and shrinking cleans and attends to neglected, loathsome sores on dirty unwashed persons, showing the same attention to the poor as to the rich, for such an one the Mongol admiration is unbounded. It is long before they can convince themselves that money or recompense is not wanted, and, if they could only believe that these things were done, as they profess to be, for nothing else but for Christ's sake, those who saw them would be doubtless inclined to think highly of a religion which produced such fruits. But, in the opinion of the Mongols, it is too good to be true. They cannot believe it. That men should be sent out from distant lands, fitted out with travelling appliances and furnished with medicines, and go about ready and willing to cure and heal and want no money for it, no reward of any kind—a Mongol's faith staggers at that. Explain to him the religious sanction and motive for it all, the theory of such a thing he could understand, but the thing in practice staggers him. If he read it in his sacred books as a thing related of old Buddhist saints who lived in distant countries and in old times, he would accept it, but to see it with his own eyes, in this his own time, and in his own country—that is too much for his faith. So he sets himself to invent a reason. If he is near China, or if himself or friends have had much intercourse with China, he perhaps has heard the stories of foreigners digging out people's eyes to make photographic chemicals, or perhaps he has heard of the operation of couching for cataract, perhaps he has seen it performed, and, though he himself may know and believe that it is all right, the friends and neighbours, who did not see the operation but only heard his report, find in it plenty to confirm their suspicions. A very unfavour-

able impression was once produced in one part of the country through a couching operation for cataract which a Mongol had gone to Peking to have performed. This particular operation happened to be one of the small per-centage of cases which are not successful. The failure did not stagger the Mongols of itself. They are accustomed to want of success in medical and surgical treatment at the hand of their own lamas. But the thing that raised suspicion in their minds was the fact that the little lens that had, by the operation, been removed from the eye was carefully taken up by a Chinese assistant and put away in a bottle! In this they saw at once their worst fears confirmed. They were not astonished that the eye did not prove a success. Was it for this—the possession of the lens—that the operation was performed? Could not the foreigner make a mint of money out of that piece of eye? And, believing all this they could understand how a missionary could travel about, taking no fees and healing diseases gratuitously, at considerable cost to himself. Did not he recommend cataract patients to go to Peking for treatment? And when they went there did not the foreigner take out and preserve the precious thing of the eye? Probably had the Chinese assistant not preserved the lens, or if he had given it over to the patient's friends, all the scandal caused by the case might have been avoided.

PREJUDICE AND SUSPICION.

On one occasion a missionary was living some weeks in a Mongol's tent. It was late in the year. Lights were put out soon after dark. The nights were long in reality, and, in such unsatisfactory surroundings as the discomforts of a poor tent and doubtful companions, the nights seemed longer than they were. At sunrise the foreigner was only too glad to escape from smoke and everything else to the retirement of the crest of a low ridge of hills near the tent. This, perhaps the most natural thing in the world for a foreigner, was utterly inexplicable to the Mongols. The idea that any man should get out of his bed at sunrise and climb a hill for nothing! He must be up to mischief! He must be secretly taking away the luck of the land! This went on for some time, the Mongols all alive with suspicion, and the unsuspecting foreigner retiring regularly morning after morning, till at length a drunken man blurted out the whole thing and openly stated the conviction that the inhabitants had arrived at, namely, that this extraordinary morning walk of the foreigner on the hill crest boded no good to the country. To remain among the people the missionary had to give up his morning retirement.

On another occasion, another missionary, who had a turn for geology, was in the habit of strolling about on summer evenings after sunset and

picking up a few specimens of stones. This gave rise to the most wonderful stories, that spread far and wide over the plain. Among other things the above-mentioned missionary was actually supposed to have discovered and dug out of the earth immense masses of silver of almost untold value, and these stories obtained such credence among the people, affording as they did a very plausible explanation of how men could travel about healing and asking no fees, that, in one neighbourhood to which a missionary and his medicine had been specially invited, no one would have anything whatever to do with him, simply because these prejudicial stories had arrived a few hours before the missionary himself.

The Mongols are very suspicious of seeing a foreigner writing. What can he be up to? they say among themselves. Is he taking notes of the capabilities of the country? Is he marking out a road map so that he can return guiding an army? Is he, as a wizard, carrying off the good luck of the country in his note-book? These, and a great many others, are the questions that they ask among themselves and put to the foreigner when they see him writing; and if he desires to conciliate the good-will of the people, and to win their confidence, the missionary must abstain from walking and writing while he is among them.

On another point, too, a missionary must be careful. He must not go about shooting. Killing beasts or birds the Mongols regard as peculiarly sinful, and any one who wished to teach them religious truth would make the attempt under great disadvantage if he carried and used a gun. This, however, is a prejudice that it is not so difficult to refrain from offending.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.

The diseases presented for treatment are legion, but the most common cases are skin diseases and diseases of the eye and teeth. Perhaps rheumatism is the disease of Mongolia; but the manner of life and customs of the Mongols are such that it is useless to attempt to cure it. Cure it to-day, it is contracted again to-morrow. Skin diseases present a fair field for a medical missionary. They are so common, and the Mongolian treatment of them is so far removed from common-sense, that any one with a few medicines and a little intelligence has ample opportunity of benefiting many sufferers. The same may be said of the eye. The glare of the sun on the plain at all seasons, except when the grass is fresh and green in summer, the blinding sheen from the snowy expanse in winter, and the continual smoke that hangs like a cloud two or three feet above the floor of the tent, all combine to attack the eye. Eye diseases are therefore very common. The lama medicines seem to be able to do nothing for such

cases, and a few remedies in a foreigner's hands work cures that seem wonderful to the Mongols.

In many cases, when a Mongol applies to his doctor, he simply extends his hand, and expects that the doctor, by simply feeling his pulse, will be able to tell, not only the disease, but what will cure it. As soon as the doctor has felt the pulse of one hand, the patient at once extends the other hand that the pulse may be felt there also, and great surprise is manifested when a foreigner begins his diagnosis of a case by declining the proffered wrist and asking questions.

The question of "How did you get this disease?" often elicits some curiously superstitious replies. One man lays the blame on the stars and constellations. Another confesses that when he was a lad he was mischievous, and dug holes in the ground or cut shrubs on the hill, and it is not difficult to see how he regards disease as a punishment for digging, since by digging worms are killed; but what cutting wood on a hill can have to do with sin it is harder to see, except it be regarded as stealing the possessions of the spiritual lord of the locality. In consulting a doctor, too, a Mongol seems to lay a deal of stress on the belief that it is his *fate* to be cured by the medical man in question, and, if he finds relief, often says that his meeting this particular doctor and being cured is the result of prayers made at some previous time.

One difficulty in curing Mongols is that they frequently, when supplied with medicines, depart entirely from the doctor's instructions when they apply them; and a not unfrequent case is that of the patient who, after applying to the foreigner for medicine and getting it, is frightened by his success, or scared by some lying report of his neighbours, or staggered at the fact that the foreigner would not feel his pulse, or feel it at one wrist only, lays aside the medicine carefully and does not use it at all.

In Mongolia, too, a foreigner is often asked to perform absurd, laughable, or impossible cures. One man wants to be made clever, another to be made fat, another to be cured of insanity, another of tobacco, another of whisky, another of hunger, another of tea; another wants to be made strong so as to conquer in gymnastic exercises; most men want medicine to make their beards grow; while almost every man, woman, and child wants to have his or her skin made as white as that of the foreigner.

When a Mongol is convinced that his case is hopeless he takes it very calmly, and bows to his fate, whether it be death or chronic disease; and Mongol doctors, and Mongol patients too, after a succession of failures, regard the affliction as a thing fated, to be unable to overcome which implies no lack of medical ability on the doctor's part.

MONGOL NOTIONS OF FOREIGNERS.

Of all the healing appliances in the hands of a foreigner none strikes the fancy of a Mongol so much as the galvanic battery, and it is rather curious that almost every Mongol who sees it and tries its effect exclaims what a capital thing it would be for examining accused persons. It would far surpass whipping, beating, or suspending. Under its torture a guilty man could not but "confess." Some one in England has advocated the use of the galvanic battery in place of the cat in punishing criminals, and it is rather curious to note the coincidence of the English and Mongol mind.

The Mongol doctors are not, it would seem, quite unacquainted with the properties of galvanism. It is said that they are in the habit of prescribing the loadstone ore, reduced to powder, as efficacious when applied to sores, and one man hard of hearing had been recommended by a lama to put a piece of loadstone into each ear and chew a piece of iron in his mouth!

Divination is another point on which Mongols are troublesome. It never for a moment enters their head that a man so intelligent and well-fitted out with appliances as a foreigner seems to them to be cannot divine. Accordingly they come to him to divine for them where they should camp to be lucky and get rich, when a man who has gone on a journey will return, why no news has been received from a son or husband who is serving in the army, where they should dig a well so as to get plenty of good water near the surface, whether it would be fortunate for them to venture on some trading speculation, whether they should go on some projected journey, in what direction they should search for lost cattle, or, more frequently than any of the above, they come, men and women, old and young, to have the general luck of their lives examined into. Great is their amazement when the foreigner confesses his ignorance of such art, and greater still is their incredulity.

In conclusion, the great obstacles to success in doctoring the Mongols are two:—First: most of the afflicted Mongols suffer from chronic diseases for which almost nothing can be done; Second: in many cases, where alleviation or cures are effected, they are only of short duration, as no amount of explanation or exhortation seems sufficient to make them aware of the importance of guarding against causes of disease. But, notwithstanding all this, many cures can be effected on favourable subjects, and the fact that the missionary carries medicines with him and attempts to heal, and that without money and without price, aids the missionary cause by bringing him into friendly communication with many who would doubtless hold themselves aloof from any one who approached them in no other character but that of a teacher of Christianity.

II.—South Africa—The Bamangwato Mission.

THE striking yet sad picture presented in our September number of the evils produced by the introduction of strong drink to SHOSHONG, the town of the Chief KHAME, should furnish no ground for the belief that among the depraved and worthless there are not to be found Europeans and natives who "were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord," and who maintain a Christian walk and conversation amidst the surrounding heathenism. The Rev. J. D. HEPBURN, referring to the disbelief in the missionary enterprise which often manifests itself in Africa as elsewhere, takes occasion to remark that the theory of the philosophical evolutionist is no new thing with the Bechuanas, but as ancient as the history of their tribes, the idea of man's descent from the monkeys forming one of their settled creeds. The present condition, however, of the races of South Africa affords abundant evidence of the impotency of such belief to raise the natives in the social scale. "But," adds the missionary, "the Spirit of God is here, and no superstition, no religion, no philosophical superstructure, however imposing, is able to bear the weight of that one single name, among all the great names of earth—the name of Jesus, the despised Nazarene." In illustration, he adduces four examples of the power of that name over the hearts and lives of individual men of different complexions and races. The first is that of one of the better class of English traders:—

"He is bent on one thing—money-making. Careful, steady, strong, self-trustful, firm-willed. Openly declares that he does not believe any man can be a Christian and, at the same time, a trader in Bechuanaland. Let who may, he never will. He has nothing but scorn for those who profess it. He is far removed from cant, and hates all humbug. He has been carefully brought up, but now he is away from the restraints of home, and he feels and uses his freedom. How he despises the fellows who profess to become Christian, but he is too gentlemanly to twit them with it as some do. He is the more determined, however, to have nothing to do with it, and he does not hide his having so purposed. Even the people are made to know the fact. Steadily he works away, and works hard, too. He has the character of being a hard worker. No man is more civil and kind to the missionary, but no man more self-possessed and self-confident. He comes to my service one Sunday, as he had often done before. My earnestness strikes him as unusual, and my words hit home. He drives them all away out of his thoughts, and fills up his time with his business. The next Sunday he comes again, and apparently I am more in earnest than ever I was, more earnest even than on the previous Sunday. He does not pray; he does not read his Bible; he does not become anxious. He simply resolves to drive away all such thoughts from his mind. His idea of business and his aim in life will not accommodate themselves to his idea of Christianity, and he deliberately, and from free choice,

determines to pursue his own path in life, and that is to be diligent in his business, and to be careful and economical in the expenditure of the money he makes. Now, this is a man with a clear head, and a distinct and definite object before him. Why should he turn from his path? He opens his long-closed Bible, and a single word meets his eye. That very moment the whole current of his life is changed. He kneels down and prays. The first time I meet him I know what has taken place, although he does not communicate the fact to me for days afterwards. But, even then, one word that I speak to him—not from what I say, but from the manner in which he feels I have said it—conveys the knowledge to him that his secret is no longer a secret to me. He communicates his secret to no one, and I communicate it only to my own wife. Some days afterwards he himself comes and makes it known to her, and she brings him to my study, and meets me just as I am entering, for I have been out on duty, and says simply, 'You will be glad to hear that Mr. — is a Christian, and one of us;' and he comes in, and, with bowed head and deep emotion, tries to tell me all his heart. From that day he goes steadily forward. What of his former carefulness of money? He had plainly refused to give to a subscription list presented to him not many months before; now he no longer valued money for himself, but only for using it for his Saviour. He had despised others for professing Christ; he astonished one of them by going to him and telling him that he wished to speak with him alone. They sat down together, and he poured it out until the Christian to whom he was telling it felt as if he must go out into the night air and leap and shout for very joy. Shortly after, a young man said to this very Christian, 'Why, we can believe in your Christianity; but Mr. —, he will not let a fellow alone, he has spoken to every man on the station.' Then came the native members of my church, and said, 'Why, if the Gospel of Christ can work such a change as that in such a man as he was—the last among the white men *we* thought to become a Christian—then it can do anything.' And it became the talk of the town of the Bamangwato, both of native and European. This was not a man with vicious habits, but a calm, strong, self-possessed man of the world. Does evolution suddenly turn all its machinery and work backwards?"

The second case is that of an African, the son of one of the greatest native doctors, by whom he had been instructed in all the arts of the craft, including deception and cunning:—

"He is an apt scholar and he learns well, and follows fully his crafty old father's purposes concerning this his favourite son. Evolution or education does its work for him. He grows, develops, evolves. Now in order to be more perfect, he, at the advice of his old father, comes to school to learn to read and write, but that is all he means to learn. He is not going to be trapped by the missionary. He and his old father laugh in secret over their cleverness. The son gets on famously with both reading and writing. He goes out to the veldt with his father's cattle. He knows every horn how it lies, and every hoof-print in the sand, every mark and every peculiar habit of every animal in the troops of cattle at their several posts. They are to be his when his father dies. He will be one of the richest and most influential men of the town in his time. How he chuckles over his success in getting all he wanted from the missionary. Why may he not go on

evolving, developing, solidifying? Why should he change? He does change. His father's quick eye detects the change. There is too much attention to the book, and too little attention to the charm-dice. He will remedy that, however. 'Lay your book aside, my son, and I come, and I will show you some medicines, very powerful medicines, which are to be found in a certain veldt, and which you do not know. Then you had better take a wife, it is time; and I have provided for that. Yonder she is, the daughter of a great man.' The son does as his father wants him. 'But you ought to have another wife or two, for you are to be a great man; and now you had better take So and so, and So and so, for your other wives. What now?' The son must consider. He does consider, and he refuses. A change has come over the spirit of his dream also. He is urged; he is threatened; he is besought. Finally, he shall be disinherited, and another son is put in his place. The cattle are no longer his. The first place among his fellows is no longer his, though his by birth; but nothing will move him. Why not? He has not made any profession of Christianity. He has not communicated with the missionary. What has happened to evolution here? Why won't it go on evolving? Why should he begin, and under the most adverse circumstances evolve into something else? Silently, secretly, wife, father, friend, and brother against him. The whole life of the town against him. All his circumstances and all his surroundings against him. What has come over the spirit of his dream? Jesus, the despised Nazarene, has conquered him too. Friend, father, brother, wife, position, wealth, power, cannot turn the wheels of evolution any longer. He refuses to evolve. He will break through. He does. He becomes the steady growing Christian. He has not evolved into a native doctor working with charms and dice and medicines, as he ought to have done. He has evolved into one of the most trusted deacons of my church. He is steady, firm, patient, and humble; the husband of one wife; the father of children; the opponent of circumcision; the decrifier of native doctoring, which he understands better than any of the young men of his time. Once more the question forces itself, Does evolution suddenly turn all its machinery and work backwards?"

The next illustration is typical of many a member of our Christian families in this country, who, with a character but imperfectly matured, breaks through the restraints by which he is surrounded, and seeks in distant and untried spheres the pursuit of business or pleasure:—

"A self-willed young lad leaves his home while still a very young lad, and at an age that most young lads are continued at school. He is free. He forms his opinions from the general current. He votes missions a mistake; he sees no good they have done anywhere. He declares his opinions, and abides by them. He finds card-playing the proper thing, and he plays at cards. He is skilful, and he wins. That is usually thought to be the worst thing that can happen to a young man who commences gambling. Large sums are won in a single night. He is a bright, clever young fellow. He evolves in his current of society for years. Why may he not go on evolving always? On a Sunday afternoon after cards he goes with his companions to service. He hears the sermon. He has heard many a sermon. What of that? Nothing! He is invited to supper at the missionary's house. After supper he and the missionary walk outside the house in the clear moonlight or starlight, I forget which—the night was clear. A

single word from the missionary, and it is done. He goes home to his room; he has shut himself in alone; he recalls his past life; he looks out upon his future; he sees all; he must make his choice to-night—if for God, then all his former companions will cut him. There is no Christian society at his back to support him. There is, at this time, no European member of the church at Mangwato. In one night he decides all his future life—he will leave his business, work for God and for the salvation of souls. He is so overjoyed he can scarcely wait until the morning to communicate his decision. What is all that to him? He has given up a business in which he might make thousands yearly—he has already made large sums of money in it; he is sneered at by his former companions; he is cut; he has not a single man to call his friend and to whom he can disclose himself, except the missionary. He has won money at cards, and it is in the hands of the banker; he refuses to receive the money; the banker insists and sneers, but he cannot be moved. He does all he purposes, and becomes a steady growing Christian man. His business is conducted so long as he remains in it upon the most strictly honourable principles, and he is more successful than any other trading firm in the interior. But he gives up this prosperous business to carry out the resolves of that one night alone in his room with his God. Again the question will come up, Does evolution suddenly turn all its machinery and work backwards?"

Instances might be multiplied, but the missionary contents himself with one more example, that of a native resident in Shoshong, respecting whom the inquiry had often suggested itself, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"—

"The worst man in the town—the most unscrupulous, the most vicious, the boldest, wildest, maddest man among the sons of old Sekhome. The missionaries had never a thought of his turning. Not that we despair of the worst. But this man added to his other bad qualities hypocrisy. He came a long time as an inquirer; he tried hard to get into the church; he denounced me for refusing him, and declared that the missionary had his favourites, whom he admitted, but that if he disliked any man he refused him. He could not be got to see himself as all others saw him; he was fond of brandy; when he got drunk he went to the chief's courtyard and denounced the chief and everybody else. This man could read his Bible well. He was an intelligent native, and saw the meaning of a passage of Scripture when the Christian was sometimes baffled by it. But his knowledge was all of the worst kind; it was head knowledge without any heart knowledge. He had not even a little heart knowledge along with it. It often gave me pain to feel that it was so with him. He came to me with one passage of Scripture for years—Isa. i. 18—always this one passage of Scripture and always the same unconsciousness of sin. He wanted to get into the church, and he thought this passage of Scripture ought to open the door. He asked others what they said; he tried all ways to no purpose, and I had little to hope for in him. When he was coming thus I would every now and again hear of some of his evil conduct. He went away to hunt; then he went to his cattle post, and when he came back to me one day I was struck with the altered character of the man's answers. I made inquiries and I found that no one could tell me anything, but it set the Christians observing him. Slowly and unostentatiously the man's character

made its impression, until the town in his case also noted the change. His probation was prolonged, but he is now a member of my church. His prayers burn with intense nearness to God. Khukwe said when he came back from the Lake and heard him pray for the first time one Saturday morning, 'Why, Monare, it is as if you were taken into his bosom.' He meant that the man's heart was so transparent in his prayer. He preaches, and his wife goes with him. He teaches a school among the despised Makalaka. That is something that Dr. Moffat will understand. A Mongwato—a son of Sekhome, teaching a Makalaka day-school and preaching to them on Sunday, and his wife walking with him to their town to do it, and looking as happy as if she had obtained a chieftainship! Here, again, we are compelled to put our question, Does evolution suddenly turn all its machinery and work backwards? The only explanation I can give in this case is that of 1 Pet. iii. 1. His wife is spoken of by all as one by herself. But she is the most quiet and unassuming of all Christians. Indeed, Khukwe and Diphukwe were very doubtful about her when I received her. She did not answer their questions as they expected, and they did not see evidence sufficient to satisfy them of her conversion. There was nothing in her answers, but her humility impressed me. I need not say how glad I am I did not discourage her. No one doubts her now. The other day Khame, in reference to his half-brother, said: 'Rradi tladi'—Sir, it is nothing but the power of God.' 'It fills me with wonder.'"

III.—Peking—Medical Mission.

CONFLICT WITH VICIOUS HABITS.

THE Report of the Society's Mission Hospital in Peking for the three years ending December, 1877, which has just been issued, embraces a period during which Dr. DUDGEON was absent on furlough in England, when the general superintendence of the work devolved upon his ministerial colleagues, his professional duties being kindly undertaken by Dr. BUSHELL, Physician to the British Legation, assisted by the native helpers. The average number of out-patients for each of the three years under review was 11,500, and of in-patients 36, the average annual expenditure having been less than £150. Incorporated with the Report of the Hospital is that of the Opium Refuge for 1878-79, the operations of which are carried on in a small Buddhist Temple, rent for the same being paid by the Native Anti-Opium Society. The Refuge is conducted by a committee, composed of one member from each of the five Protestant Missions in the capital. These Reports contain much valuable information bearing upon the daily routine of Medical and Evangelistic duties, in addition to which, individual cases, possessing special interest, are singled out for detailed remark. Among the latter, Dr. Dudgeon furnishes the following particulars with reference to a patient of social and political distinction.

"A third death during my furlough was that of the Tourgouth Prince. This young and amiable reigning prince was the twelfth in descent from the celebrated Khan whose re-emigration to China from the banks of the Volga in 1771, has been immortalised by De Quincey in the 'Flight of a Tartar Tribe.' My patient came to Peking for the usual presentation to the Emperor. The insurrection in his native Ili took place shortly after this, and thus, partly by promise and favours, and partly by threats, he was detained here as a kind of hostage by the Chinese Government, the latter hoping through him to keep up relations with that country, to gain help from him against the Mahommedan rebels, and to prevent him going over to Russia. He left his wife and two sons behind amongst his own people. Staunton has given us the translation of the narrative of the embassy to St. Petersburg and the mission to the Court of the Kalmuck Khan in the lower Volga, in 1712. These Tartar nomads were quite touched with this mark of interest shown by the Chinese Emperor, and from that time, in spite of the Russians, kept up relations with Peking. Upon hearing that Ili had been conquered and depopulated by the Chinese, and supposing the country to remain vacant, they made up their minds to return, only a very few preferring to remain. They left the Volga in 1771, and after eight months' march arrived to find the Chinese in full possession, and to learn that they must either become subject to them or fall into the hands of the Kirghis or Russians who were slowly pursuing them. They chose the former alternative. The Prince my patient was a young man under thirty years of age, and was introduced to me by his friend the Duke Kwen. I first visited him for a time at the palace of the latter, and afterwards at his own. I never met in many respects a more estimable young man. He was, however, addicted to two great vices, opium and drinking, the poppy and champagne; both, I suppose, created by a period of enforced retirement at the capital and the critical condition of affairs in his own country. At first he drank samshoo, but latterly preferred champagne, of which he drank as much as twenty-five pints daily. He smoked one tael's weight of opium daily. I found him paralysed, unable to move from off his bed, and, every few days, attacked with violent spasms of retching, vomiting, and pain. At such times several of his retainers used to lie upon him all at once to mitigate the spasms and pain. His case was an extremely difficult one, in view of the two inveterate habits, the abnormal conditions set up, his own personal circumstances, his position in Peking in relation to the Chinese Government and to the Asiatic Eastern question. The reputation of the hospital and Western medicine were also at stake. The Prince was informed that, if the two evil habits were not counteracted, a cure was hopeless, and that any such cures must be gone about cautiously and judiciously. He readily acquiesced in the plan of first attacking the spirits, and, if benefit occurred, to attack afterwards the pipe. The struggle was a great one. The Duke himself was an opium smoker, and it was from him the youthful prince had acquired the habit. If the Prince succeeded in throwing off the habit without injury, the Duke promised also to undertake the cure. The Duke has lately (1879) been seriously ill with asthma, bronchitis, constipation, insomnia, and great prostration of strength. I was in attendance upon him. He came round all right. He still continues his large doses of the opium. There is no doubt that he is approaching a critical condition with regard to his opium; but still shows no desire to get weaned from it. The first step in the Prince's treatment was to have him removed to his own palace, and his retainers and slaves

strictly forbidden to supply him with spirits under the severest penalties. Improvement soon began. He had doses of chloral hydrate, or bromide of potassium or ammonium at bed time, which were highly beneficial. After weaning him from the spirits, he agreed upon my remonstrance to permit of my attacking the pipe. This was the severest trial of all. His whole smoking apparatus, consisting, as became his position, of handsome and expensive pipes mounted in silver, jade, ivory, &c., with silver lamps, silver and ivory boxes, &c., were consigned to my care. He continued the treatment for nineteen days with marked benefit. He recovered the use of limbs and arms, could dress and undress himself, use the chopsticks, raise a cup to his mouth, and put on and take off his hat with the two hands simultaneously. He was able to pay me visits in his yellow imperial chair and walk without assistance. When he recovered so far, his first impulse was to pay a visit to the Duke, and hither he went unknown to me and against orders, with the result that he could not resist the temptation, and consequently relapsed. He made little or no further improvement after this. I attacked him vigorously, appealed to various motives, and threatened to cease attending him if the orders were not implicitly obeyed. He wept like a child, promised repentance, and begged me to take charge of him. He called his slaves and publicly handed them over to my charge, telling them that they were no longer to obey him, their master and prince, but me, on pain of instant death. On the last occasion, when the apparatus was placed in my custody, he begged hard to be allowed to have one of the lamps left, that he might keep it burning night and day close to him, to have something to fix his gaze and heart upon and as a companion in the lonely hours. I knew the power that the lamp has over the smoker, and was naturally afraid of my plans proving abortive so long as this powerful antagonist was allowed to keep its ground. He pleaded so earnestly that I was obliged to give way. Having, however, fallen, I firmly resolved that the lamp must be removed, and the reasonableness of the proposal was now admitted. He began thus *de novo*, and matters proceeded favourably for nine more days, when I found out that one of the retainers had been threatened with death unless he supplied the pipe. The result was cheaper apparatus was purchased, and smoking went on as before. I was kept secretly informed of all that transpired, and, without divulging the secret or betraying my informant, I gradually exposed him, and having gained his entire confidence, and with a belief that I could detect the slightest indulgence, I succeeded, finally, after repeated remonstrances and threats, in getting him quite free from the vicious habit which was ruining him. He became a new man, and was able to discharge all duties, and remained so after I left for eighteen months. At that time he again fell into his old habits, both in regard to opium and drink, having gone to live with the Duke, and he suffered the penalty by his early removal, and his son, a youth, reigns with his mother in his stead. The giving up of the province of Ili by Russia to China ought to benefit the successors of the Tourgouths. When I left, he made valuable presents of silks and tapestry; he called four times on the day prior to my departure, and as a souvenir of our intercourse I left him at his own request an electro-galvanic machine of which he was very fond. His death and removal has been felt severely by me. A handsome knife presented to me by a gentleman in Sheffield for the Prince, who had heard of his misfortunes, sad condition, and interesting recovery, still lies in my hands. The present political trouble between China and Russia in regard to Ili makes the reference to this question at present of some interest."

IV.—Central Africa—Religious Notions of the Waguha.

HOW widely soever missionaries and travellers may differ on questions relating to the country or nationality of races with whom they may be brought into contact, they are, as a rule, unanimous on one point—that, namely, of the universality of the existence of some kind of religious worship, and of the recognition of an all-powerful and Supreme Being. That the dark and degraded tribes of Central Africa form any exception to this rule we have no reason to believe. Until recently the subject has not been discussed at any length in the correspondence of our brethren; this has probably been owing to the daily and hourly cares and anxieties incident to the establishment of a new mission, combined with the desire, by observation and experience, to confirm or modify first impressions. Letters, however, received from Messrs. GRIFFITH and HUTLEY in September last bear upon this question—so far, at least, as it affects the district and neighbourhood of UGUHA, in which they reside—and furnish very striking evidence of the prevalence of ideas on religious subjects which are more definite and advanced than they and many others were prepared to find:—

“The religious notions of the Waguha,” writes Mr. Griffith, “are peculiar. There is a marked difference in this between the tribes on the eastern and the tribes on the western shore of the Lake. While those on the eastern shore have neither images nor idols, those on the western have them in great numbers, and have certain beliefs connected with them. The first thing that strikes the African traveller on entering the western half of the continent is an image at the entrance of every village, and again at almost every native hut, especially that of the chief. Others are kept within the huts, and their number varies according to the superstition of the worshipper. These images are carved after the shape of the human figure. Other images of lions are said to be kept in the corn-fields. The Waguha carve the images themselves, but the art exists in greater perfection among the Warua to the West. The image is called ‘Mkissi,’ which means the same thing as the ‘Kiswahili Mzimu,’ or the English Spirit. ‘Mkissi ya tata,’ ‘The spirit of my father;’ ‘Mkissi ya maju,’ ‘The spirit of my mother;’ ‘Mkissi ya mwanetu,’ ‘The spirit of my friend.’ Some kind of worship is paid to these images. They are prayed unto in difficulty and trouble, or when on a journey or in war. Yet a Higher Being is acknowledged to whom the Mkissi is, as it were, only a means of approach. It may be that the idea of a Higher Being has been obtained from the Arabs, and I cannot make out that they make any image to represent Him. On the other hand, the fact that they have a word in their own language to denote this Higher Being inclines us to believe that the idea is original among them. The Mkissi intercedes on behalf of people, and helps them to overcome their enemies, and to seize slaves in war. And they are rewarded for their services: after distinguished service is performed, a very small hut is built in the village, the image placed in it, and offerings of food and pombe are made in abundance. Often I have seen dedicated for this purpose quantities of flour, bananas, &c., lying about in the streets. In the larger villages there are

erected more spacious and more imposing huts ; the drum is played there, dances performed, and the good qualities of the Mikiisi praised in songs. These images are looked upon with a certain degree of fear and reverence, and curiosity about them is not at all encouraged. Opposite our mission-station there is an island (Kirindi) which, when Cameron passed, was a peninsula united to the mainland. This is all covered with dense forest—a complete thicket—and this sacred grove is the abode of the Mzimu Kirindi. Being one day out on the lake in a native canoe, and, not knowing of this superstitious belief of the natives, I requested my canoe-men to take me over to the island. This they would not do, and endeavoured to persuade me that it was infested with wild beasts, lions, and savages casting stones at any one approaching near it. Refusing to listen to this, and persisting in my intention, they threatened to leave me and the canoe, and risk their lives in swimming back to the shore in spite of mighty waves and hungry crocodiles. Seeing this I desisted, and at another time, by a different policy, I succeeded in reaching the island, and the place was pointed out to me with much gravity where the Mzimu rested, but I was forbidden to go near the hallowed spot. To me there appeared nothing but immense forest trees, and such thickness of tropical creepers that the bright rays of the noonday sun could not penetrate through. It seems that under this dense shade a chief named Kirindi was buried, and this gave origin to all this superstition. The Waguha believe that the spirits of their ancestors pay them frequent visits, and advise and counsel them in their dreams and visions regarding future events.

“The nearest approach to the idea of a Divine Being is in the belief in their great spirit *Calumba*. To him they assign a certain location, but they do not point upwards to the heavens as we do, but *inwards*. They say, ‘Anakaa ndani,’ ‘He dwells inside,’ as if trying to express some unknown country, or more properly perhaps some unknown world or other. In this indefinite place *Calumba* dwells, and to this place, wherever it is, the departed spirits go after death. They are welcomed by hosts of *Wamanguwa* (angels ?), and they are brought before the great spirit *Calumba*, who judges of their previous life, and rewards the good and punishes the evil. How near this approaches the Christian’s idea of future judgment, and it sets us to inquire, Where has this Central African tribe obtained such high ideas ? ”

To the foregoing Mr. Hutley adds the following statement with reference to an interview which he had had with the chief KAREMBWE :—

“If the deceased is in happiness he is allowed to revisit his native soil, and, after some little time, he does so, appearing in a dream to his nearest and most suitable relative, whom he bids prepare for his habitation a little hut, so that whenever he revisits this world he may have some place to come to. A question here and a question there had gained for me much information, to which this may be said to be the key. We were looking at the stars soon after, when I asked him if he knew the names of any; he, misunderstanding me, gave me the name for stars, but, on explaining what I wanted, and pointing to one in Orion, I asked him its name. ‘*Sala*,’ he said. I then asked him if he knew any others, in the Southern Cross, for instance, but he said, ‘No; he only knew *Sala*,’ and this he knew because wherever they went they always looked towards it, and knew that it was shining over their country, and the Waguha say, ‘*Tu-bagala kwa Sala*’—i.e., ‘Let us go towards *Sala*,’ meaning home.”

V.—Widows and Orphans' Fund.

NEW YEAR'S SACRAMENTAL OFFERING.

THE suggestion, offered many years ago, that a special sacramental collection be made in the first month of the year on behalf of the widows and orphans of the missionaries of the Society has long been fruitful in advantage and comfort to many missionaries' families.

In the first year, when the plan was on trial, the collections amounted to over £1,500, while the claims were sufficiently met by £1,400. But as years have rolled on the number of the Society's missionaries, together with the lengthened service of those previously labouring in various parts of the world, has naturally produced an increase in the number of widows and children thrown on the Society's care, and thus during last year it required £5,900, and during the year on which we are entering it will probably need at least an equal amount to carry out the object for which the collection is made. Though called the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND, it should be distinctly understood that it seeks the comfort, not only of the families of DECREASED MISSIONARIES, but also of RETIRED MISSIONARIES themselves. During the year the Fund will have to provide for THIRTY-FIVE WIDOWS of missionaries; for FIFTY CHILDREN; and for TWENTY-FOUR MISSIONARIES who, by length of service or through broken health, have been compelled to retire from their accustomed work. Several of these esteemed friends commenced their service in the Society more than forty years ago.

While paying due regard to every case that may be brought before them, the Directors are anxious to administer the fund placed at their disposal wisely and with care. The obligation which it acknowledges is of a distinct kind; and the Directors feel sure that the friends of the Society prefer that it shall continue to be met in this distinct way. The Directors believe that the increased number of churches aiding the Society, and their growing liberality, will enable them completely to meet the pressing claims of those on whose behalf they now appeal. They trust that, at the first Communion Service of the New Year, the widow and the fatherless will be remembered with loving sympathy, and the wants of those who have served Christ's Church in bygone years will be fully and fitly provided for.

It is hoped that, should it be found impracticable to make the Sacramental offerings now solicited on the first Sabbath of the new year, our Christian friends will kindly embrace the first Sabbath in FEBRUARY for the occasion.

MISSION HOUSE, *November 29th*, 1880.

VI.—Notes of the Month and Extracts.

1. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. H. C. RIDGES, B.A., from CANTON, China, per *City of Khios*, Nov. 16th.

2. DEATH OF MRS. LACROIX, FORMERLY OF CALCUTTA.

After the death of the Rev. A. F. Lacroix in 1859, his widow removed from Calcutta to Madras, and subsequently to Colombo, where she remained until 1877, in the summer of which year, owing to the state of her health, she returned to England. From her early days, Mrs. Lacroix was associated with the mission in Bengal. Her father occupied a responsible position in the Dutch Civil Service at Chinursah; and the high Christian character which was borne alike by his wife and himself was, under God, the result of missionary teaching and influence. They were, therefore, happy in securing for their children the friendship and tuition of the late Mrs. Mundy. In 1827, two years after her marriage with Mr. Lacroix he transferred his services from the Netherlands Society to our own, and in 1829 she removed with him to Calcutta. Rhowanipore, its southern suburb, presenting attractions to Mr. Lacroix as a sphere of missionary labour, in 1837 he took up his home in that neighbourhood. Here a day-school for girls of the poorer Hindoo families was commenced, and it found in Mrs. Lacroix an able and devoted superintendent. Writing of that period, Dr. Mullens observes in the *Memorials*, "This was the only class of Hindoo females accessible to any kind of Christian teaching; but even this work had many discouraging drawbacks. The girls were always very young; they remained but a short time in the school, and were often taken away at nine or ten years of age to be married." That was the day of small things in relation to female education in India; but Mrs. Lacroix lived to see and to share in a larger development of her scheme, when not only the lower but the higher classes of female Hindoo society should become accessible to the elevating influences of Christianity and a pure literature. For some time past Mrs. Lacroix's increasing weakness had occasioned anxiety to her family and friends. She died at Brighton, 25th October, in the seventy-third year of her age.

3. THE MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Confirmation by letter has been received of the telegram referred to in our last number announcing the arrival of Messrs. WOOKEY and WILLIAMS, with Dr. PALMER, at URAMBO, whence Dr. Southon would proceed with them westward. Writing from Urambo on the 12th September, one of the brethren says: "We reached here, party all well, yesterday, and found Dr. Southon in good health. By the good hand of God upon us, we were not merely preserved from danger on the road thus far, but were never in it." On the 14th September, Dr. Southon himself adds: "I am extremely busy, and, indeed, so we all are, making preparations for a start for the Lake to-morrow or next day; besides which, I have a considerable portion of my time taken up in providing for the welfare of us all." A very full and complete journal of Mr. HOBE's voyage to the south end of TANGANYIKA, accompanied by a map, reached the Directors by the same mail; while letters from Messrs. GRIFFITH and HUTLEY report the continued friendliness of the native tribes in and around UGUHA. To the above we have the further satisfaction of adding that, by telegram, we learn that the new party of missionaries reached UJIJI in health and safety on October 3rd.

4. SAMOA—A MISSIONARY'S EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT, who, accompanied by Mrs. Marriott, left England two years ago for the South Pacific, having been appointed joint-tutor to the mission seminary at Malua, writes to the Directors, under date Upolu, May 1st, 1880, as follows:—

“My great wish here for the last twelve months has been to acquire the language of the people. I had the great advantage of having a Samoan Bible given me in London, and also Mr. Pratt's Samoan dictionary. With these aids I quickly began reading Samoan. When I arrived here, I could read at sight the gospels. I then gave myself entirely to it, reading Samoan books, and having students as Pundits every day. From the first I began helping Dr. Turner in various matters connected with the external work of the institution. When I had been here a little over four months I began to take classes in the following subjects:—Church History, Scripture Analysis, Scripture History, and a class in English. I have had several examinations in the different subjects, and found many of the students as eager as those at home to get among the first on the list. I have gradually taken on fresh work; every month has increased my work. At the beginning of this year I began to have the students on the message-hour. We alternate the work of dispensing medicine and of hearing their different messages. This hour I enjoyed very much, and it has proved a great help to me in acquiring the language. I began preaching last month in the district, and preach for the first time before the students to-morrow. So that now I take my full share of work with Dr. Turner. Of course, I cannot teach with much freedom yet. I have yet to write my sermons and prayers and the like; but I hope that these things will become much easier as I make greater progress in the language. We like the students very much indeed. There are many here that we have learned to respect, and feel the warmest interest in their welfare. It has been very touching to hear them thank God for our arrival here, and pray that our tongues may be loosed so that their language may be ‘light’ to us, in order that we may explain to them God's Word, and guide them in spiritual things.

“When you remember that there are over eighty students in Malua, and that more than half of them are married—in addition to these we have some twenty-five young lads as boarders who get in from the different districts simply because they get the highest number of marks in the local examinations for Malua—I say, when you remember this, you will understand that it needs some one who knows how to manage others to keep them all under rule. I knew something of this in Lancashire College. It was no small difficulty for our professors. How much more so here, with about two hundred people who know nothing of law and order. I cannot but say that the discipline exercised by Dr. Turner is admirable; everything goes on as smoothly as possible. Monitors know their work and do it; each one has a copy of the laws, or rather hears them read on the first day of every month of his four years' stay. A man knows that, if he is guilty of lying, or deceit, or any unworthy thing, his case is investigated before the resident missionaries and the monitors, and if it is clearly proved he has to leave, and so Dr. Turner's influence is felt in every house, from the oldest to the youngest, in the road and on the plantations, and things work even more smoothly than in our own college in Manchester, with its fifty students.

"Mrs. Marriott is getting on very nicely with the language. Mrs. Turner and she have had sewing-classes together week by week since we arrived. Now that she can speak the language better, she will be able to take her own classes in our house with the wives of the students. We have already observed that a few months' stay in Malua does wonders for the wives of the students. When they first come, they look unkempt and uncivilised ; but their features gradually assume a fresh aspect, and one more refined and softened. The people of Apia say that they can easily tell a woman who has been in Malua for this very reason. The same may be said of the men we have here. We have now been here for twelve months, and during that time Mrs. Marriott and myself, as well as our little girl, have had excellent health. We have found the heat very trying at times, but it is much more bearable than we imagined before we arrived."

5. MADAGASCAR—DEATH OF THE PRINCESS IOVANA.

One of the most pleasing associations in connection with the TANALA country, South-east Madagascar, has long been the position and character of its Christian Princess Iovana, respecting his visit to whom the late Dr. Mullens wrote :—"She impressed us as being a truly noble lady. She is an eloquent speaker in public ; and her addresses at the kabarys are listened to with delight by the assembled multitudes. But she can speak with peculiar beauty of voice and tone in private : and the shrewd and touching pleas with which she and her brother urged that we should appoint an English missionary to their people were presented with earnestness and power" (*Twelve Months in Madagascar*, page 78). Intelligence of the death of this interesting personage has been communicated by the Rev. T. BROCKWAY, under date August 13th, in the following words : "You will be as sorry to hear as I am to write that IOVANA, the wise and generous *Andriambavy* (Princess or Queen) of the Tanala, is dead. She died a few weeks since. We have lost a friend, and the Tanala people a wise and kind ruler, who loved them, and was beloved by them. I have not been able to do all for her people that I wished ; but I earnestly hope that, should I return, such arrangements may be made as to enable us to visit the Tanala capital, and remain for longer periods. After long waiting and some disappointment I was about to place teachers in the forest, but this unexpected event has put a stop to all action for the present."

6. WINTER LECTURES.

The Society's powerful lantern for dissolving views, with the oxy-hydrogen light, is now available for lectures in London and the suburbs. Any minister, superintendent of Sunday-school, or other known friend, who may be willing to deliver an illustrated missionary lecture, can have the use of the lantern and slides, with an assistant, on the understanding that there shall be, as the result, a contribution to the funds of the Society of at least one guinea, exclusive of the expense of carriage and attendant. The views are mostly from original drawings or photographs, and afford ample illustrations for a lecture on Madagascar (fourteen slides), India (ten slides), China (seven slides), Nine, or Savage Island (ten slides) ; and the following three hymns, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Stand up for Jesus," "Daughters of Zion." All applications and inquiries to be made to the Home Secretary, Rev. Robert Robinson, at the Mission House, Blomfield Street, E.C.

7. SOUTH AFRICA—KHAME AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.*

The *League Journal*, published in Glasgow on the 9th October, contains the following address, the original of which, written on vellum, bound in morocco, and beautifully illuminated, has been forwarded to Khame, chief of the Bamangwato, by the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League:—

ADDRESS OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE TO
KHAME, CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO, SHOSHONG, SOUTH AFRICA.

Honoured Christian Friend and Brother,—The Directors of the Scottish Temperance League, the oldest national temperance association in Scotland, have read with much interest and satisfaction the narrative in the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society, and various other religious and temperance periodicals in this country, of the noble stand which you have made against the traffic in intoxicating liquors, introduced and carried on by white men in your town of Shoshong.

The Association which we represent has upwards of four hundred branch societies, situated in all parts of Scotland, with many thousands of individual members. The object at which the Association aims is the entire overthrow of the drinking customs, and the total prohibition of the liquor traffic, and it has laboured earnestly and unremittingly for the accomplishment of these ends for the last thirty-six years. And we gratefully hail you as a Christian brother and co-worker in this great cause of God and humanity.

The African races have suffered many and grievous wrongs from the white man, and not the least of these has been the introduction of those intoxicating liquors which have ensnared many of your countrymen, and held them in a bondage deeper and darker even than that of African slavery. It is matter of shame and deep humiliation that Christian Britain, which has sent to Africa the Gospel of Jesus Christ—the water of life—has sent along with it the water of death, and that the ships which have carried the Bible and the missionary have carried the rum cask and the liquor seller to your shores.

We deeply sympathise with you and your people under the wrongs and indignities to which you have been subjected by the white man on account of the colour of your skin, and the persecution to which you have personally been subjected for righteousness' sake; and we recognise in your eminently Christian, philanthropic, and patriotic character and life the manifestations of the adaptation of the Gospel to man, whatsoever be his colour or his clime, and of that common brotherhood so beautifully expressed in the words of the Apostle, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In the noble and courageous step which you have taken to protect your people from the curse of drunkenness, you have put to shame the conduct of many, and have set a noble example to the rulers in this and other lands, who, with all their boasted enlightenment and civilisation, license the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Thousands in this land, who warmly sympathise with your action, are earnestly labouring, longing, and praying for the time, which they believe must come, when the Government of this country will adopt measures to protect the people from the drink-curse similar to those which you have adopted, and your example cannot fail to hasten forward the desired consummation.

We admire and honour you for your high Christian character, and your philanthropic and patriotic devotion to the interests of your people and country, and trust you will long be spared to benefit and bless them by your Christian example, and by wise and righteous government.—We are, honoured Sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM COLLINS, Lord Provost of Glasgow, *President*.

J. JOHNSTON (*Chairman*), J. BURT (*Vice-Chairman*), A. THOMSON (*Treasurer*),
HUGH LAMBERTON, WILLIAM AITKEN, WILLIAM URE, JAMES A. JOHNSTON,
JOHN DOUGLAS, WILLIAM ROSS, T. B. JOHNSTONE, ROBERT CRANSTON,
JUN., DAVID ANDERSON, ALEX. MACDOUGALL, THOMAS DUNNACHIE,
JOHN COLVILLE, JOHN BALLANTYNE, JOHN S. MARR, JAMES MOWAT.

Glasgow, Oct. 4th, 1880.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, *Secretary*.

* See *MISSIONARY CHRONICLE* for September, 1880.

VII.—Acknowledgments.

The thanks of the Directors are respectfully presented to the following, viz:—

- For Rev. W. G. Lawes, New Guinea.—To the Missionary Working Party, Square Church, Halifax, for a Parcel of Dresses, &c.—To the Missionary Working Party, East Parade Chapel, Leeds, per Mrs. Mather, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To Mrs. Shaw, Dunstall, Wolverhampton, for a Box of Clothing.
- For Rev. S. McFarlane, New Guinea.—To the Ladies of Pamure Street, Church, Dundee, for a Box of Clothing.
- For Rev. T. Taylor, Shanghai.—To the Juvenile Missionary Working Party, Wanstead, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. J. Macgowan, Amoy.—To Young Ladies at Ipswich, per Rev. W. Scott, for a Case of Clothing and Books.
- For Rev. Dr. Mawbey, Hankow.—To Rev. E. R. Conder, of Leeds, for a Box of Surgical Instruments.
- For Mrs. Sibree, Visagapatam.—To the Christchurch Young Ladies' Missionary Working Party, per Mrs. Heffer, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Mrs. Bacon, Cuddapah.—To the Children of Watchbell Street Sunday School, Rye, per Mr. H. Catt, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. E. Lewis, Bellary.—To the Children's Working Party, Thornton, near Bradford, per Mrs. Duthie, for a Box of Dolls, &c.—To the Children connected with Elgin Place Congregational Sunday School, Glasgow, for a Case of Clothing and Useful Articles.—To the Ladies' Missionary Working Society, North Street Chapel, Brighton, for a Box of Clothing.—To Mrs. Somerville, Westbourne, Dalketh, for a Box of Clothing and Useful Articles.
- For Rev. W. B. Phillips, Berhampore.—To the Ladies' Working Party, per Rev. M. Hill, Birmingham, for a Case of Useful and Fancy Work.
- For Rev. H. A. Hutchison, Coimbatore.—To the Working Society, Ramagata, per Miss Sadler, for a Box and Parcel of Clothing.
- For Rev. B. Rice, Bangalore.—To the Ladies' Working Society, Olapham, per Mrs. Southgate, for a Case of Clothing, Books, &c.—To the Acton Congregational Church Sunday School Missionary Working Party, for a Parcel of Useful and Fancy Articles.
- For Mrs. Haines, Bellary.—To the Redland Park Missionary Society, Bristol, per Miss E. W. Thornton, for a Case of Clothing, &c.
- For Mrs. Duthie, Nagerooll.—To the Ladies of Vine Church Missionary Working Society, Rochester, for a Box of Clothing.
- For Mrs. Newport, Madras.—To the Working Society, Highbury Church, Bristol, per Miss Jack, for a Box of Toys and Fancy Articles.
- For Rev. I. H. Hacker, Noycor.—To the Congregational Church, Stourbridge, per Mr. W. J. Woolley, for a Case of Dolls, Toys, Books, &c.
- For Rev. T. E. Slater, Madras.—To the Spencer Street Young Ladies' Mission Sewing Party, Leamington, per Rev. W. J. Woods, for a Box of Clothing and Fancy Articles.
- For Rev. J. Pell, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for two Cases of Medicine, Cotton, Cloth, &c.
- For Mr. J. Parrett, Madagascar.—To Mrs. Swan, Edinburgh, for a Package of Clothing, &c.
- For Rev. T. Brookway, Madagascar.—To the Young Ladies' Working Party, Sherwell Chapel, Plymouth, per Mrs. Parson, for a Package of Clothing, &c.
- For Miss Bliss, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for a Case of Apparel, &c.
- For Rev. C. T. Price, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for a Case of Cotton Goods.
- For Rev. J. Cockin's Station, South Africa.—To the Young Ladies of the Congregational Church, Wimbledon, per Miss Haddon, for a Box of Clothing.
- For Rev. B. Price, Molepolole.—To Mrs. Andrews, Reading, for a Box of Useful Articles.—To Brixton Missionary Working Society, per Mrs. Hammond, for a Case of Clothing.
- For Rev. T. D. Philip, South Africa.—To the Windsor Missionary Working Party, per Mrs. Durant, for a Case of Clothing.
- For Rev. O. D. Holm, Hope Fountain.—To Mrs. Mellor, Huddersfield, for a Parcel of Clothing and Prints.
- For Central African Mission.—To Messrs. Sattou & Sons, Reading, for a Case of Seeds.—To the Religious Tract Society, for a Supply of Printing Paper.
- For Rev. T. H. Clark, Jamaica.—To the Sunday School, South Macclesfield Street, City Road, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- Also to the following:—W. Ireland, Esq., Egrement, Cumberland, for a Box of Periodicals. To Mrs. Cumming, Nantwich, for a Parcel of Magazines.—To Miss Tidcombe, Watford, for a Package of Magazines.—To J. Froster, Esq., 34, Highbury Place, for a Parcel of Magazines.—To H. T., for a Parcel of Magazines.—To W. Halsey, Esq., Woodford, for a Parcel of Magazines.
- For the Ladies' Committee, for Zenana Work.—To Young Ladies at Ipswich, per Rev. W. Scott, for a Parcel of Clothing.
- To Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, and their Workpeople, Birmingham, per Rev. S. Goodall, Durham, for 154 Tins of Chocolate, &c., for the Missionaries of the Society.

VIII.—Contributions.

From 16th October to 15th November, 1880.

LONDON.		Dr. J. Williams		Bromley (Kent). Legacy of the late Rev. G. Verrall ..	
G. A. Western, Esq., (Don.)	30 0 0	Miss Hawkes	1 0 0	Camberwell. Auxiliary	10 3 6
Ditto	2 0 0	Rev. J. B. French, for Rev. J. Jones, Mare	1 0 0	A Friend, for Deficiency ..	5 5 0
Mark Mills, Esq., for British India	30 0 0	Abney Ch.	10 19 6	Hampstead. Mrs. T. T. Curwen	5 0 0
G. Pitt, Esq.	5 0 0	Adelphi Ch. May Collection ..	4 15 6	Paddington Ch.	5 0 0
Thankoffering:—		Blackheath. Misses Wright, for Central Africa	2 2 0	Poplar. Trinity Ch.	7 17 2
Dorothy	1 1 0				
Marjory	0 10 6				

Richmond. Auxiliary	5 17 0	Kidderminster. Auxiliary..	44 14 6	Whitchurch (Salop)	17 5 7
Stockwell. Cong. Ch.	12 19 7	Leamington. Spencer Street	26 4 0	Whizall	2 2 6
Woodford— Union Ch., for Native Girl	3 0 0	Leeds. Auxiliary	92 0 0	Wickham Bishop. Legacy of the late Benjamin Dean, Esq.	50 0 0
Legacy of the late Mr. Thomas Strolley	5 5 0	Leicester. Auxiliary ..	30 0 0	Whitburn	5 0 0
COUNTRY.					
Alfreton	10 12 11	Liverpool— Auxiliary	50 0 0	Witheridge and Padlington..	4 6 9
Ambury. Free Church	5 1 6	Stanley Ch.	24 15 9	Withigbriest	4 11 0
Batley	19 12 7	Long Buckley	18 7 0	Woolston. Cores End Ch., for Widows' Fund	1 1 0
Birmingham. Auxiliary.....	258 8 4	Manchester— Auxiliary	1,300 0 0	York. Auxiliary	60 11 6
Bishop's Stortford. Auxiliary	99 5 1	Oldham Road	60 0 0	WALLES.	
Bournemouth. East Cliff Ch.	1 19 0	Stockport Road	6 1 6	Morther Tydd. Market Sq.	2 5 6
Bournemouth. East Cliff Ch.	1 19 0	Legacy of the late Mrs. Sarah Nash	19 10 0	North. Tabernacle Ch.	24 4 11
Bowdon. Mrs. Jessie Ha- worth, for Female Missions	2 2 0	Middleton-by-Youlgrave	1 17 3	Pembroke. Welsh Aux.	52 2 0
Bradford. Auxiliary	50 0 0	Newcastle-on-Tyne	9 6 3	Porth. Welsh Cong. Ch.	2 14 5
Brigg	16 12 10	Northampton. King Street	22 8 1	Swansea. Mr. T. Milward	5 0 0
Bristol— Auxiliary	450 0 0	Oakengate	1 5 6	SCOTLAND.	
Ladies' Committee, for Nulla, care of Mrs. Newport, Madras	7 0 0	Oxford. George Street	20 1 9	Edinburgh. For New Zenana Training Home, Calcutta, per Mrs. McLaren	22 0 0
Broadway	1 10 0	Pembury, near Tunbridge Wells	6 2 1	Manchu. Cong. Ch.	16 0 0
Brosely	4 11 0	Pickering	7 12 9	Perth. Legacy of the late Henry Johnstone, Esq., per John McNeill, Esq.	620 0 0
Burton-on-Trent	1 12 0	Preses	1 12 6	Per Rev. E. A. Warham.	
Burwell and Reach	8 1 6	Ramsgate	24 6 7	Ayr	9 10 0
Caine and Gostacre	21 16 5	Rothbury	2 12 6	Beaulieu	1 5 0
John Harris, Esq.	1 0 0	Saddleworth Dist. Auxiliary	11 16 6	Berwick-on-Tweed	2 10 0
Charleworth	4 0 0	St. Leonard's. Cong. Ch. ..	13 6 8	Dingwall	2 12 2
Chelmsford— Rev. G. Wilkinson	5 0 0	Salisbury. Cong. Ch.	51 18 2	Dunkeald	8 11 0
Legacy of the late Isaac Perry, Esq.	449 9 6	Shrewsbury— Legacy of the late S. Smith, Esq.	19 19 0	Ferrington	2 0 6
Chertsey. Auxiliary	8 4 0	Ditto of the late J. Jones, Esq.	19 19 0	Llanthow	0 7 6
Clockheaton. Westgate Ch.	6 0 6	Sittingbourne. Free Church	6 9 4	Malark	4 19 5
Colford. Mrs. Provis, for Mission Boat, Berhampore	1 0 0	Spalding	16 0 8	Old Cumnock	12 2 0
Coventry. West Orchard Ch.	18 1 5	Spilby	3 5 6	Strathpeffer	6 6 6
Cumberland. Auxiliary	136 15 11	Southport. Auxiliary	287 4 9	IRELAND.	
Dartmouth	5 9 0	Stockport. Hazel Grove Ch.	1 3 0	Per Rev. E. A. Warham.	
Deesbury. Springfield Ch.	21 16 0	Stourbridge. Auxiliary	27 8 2	Ballymena	8 12 2
Dudley. King Street	13 10 0	Stretton-under-Posse	0 11 4	Belfast	22 1 0
Durham. Proceeds of Bazaar, for Ships	2 17 0	Swatow. Auxiliary	50 0 0	Londonderry	22 14 6
Eastbourne. A Friend, per Mrs. Cutbush	10 0 0	Thaxted. Rev. E. Hamilton	5 0 0	Raphoe	5 10 0
Glossop. Littlemoor Ch.	40 16 1	The Quinta. Cong. Ch.	11 12 0	Per Rev. E. J. Dukes.	
Great Yarmouth. Auxiliary	40 10 10	Threap. Legacy of the late Mrs. Aldridge	200 0 0	Antrim	0 15 10
Halifax. Auxiliary	17 2 0	Tidswell	5 15 3	Armagh	10 0 5
Harpden	2 0 0	Tunbridge Wells. Auxiliary	40 7 1	Dundalk	1 16 4
Hatfield, near Doncaster	4 2 0	Walsfield. Auxiliary	5 3 6	Dunmurry	2 10 0
Higheorth. Zion Ch.	6 14 4	Wareham	1 0 0	Larne	0 10 0
Ilkerton	6 7 0	Warwick. Auxiliary	18 14 11	Lisburne	0 11 1
		Welton	7 9 6	Loughall	1 12 11
				Monaghan	5 0 0
				Moy	1 17 2
				Newry	7 14 4
				Nichill	0 5 5
				Roostrevor	2 6 11
				Stewartstown	2 14 5
				Warrenpoint	0 2 0
				FOREIGN AND COLONIAL SOCIETIES AND MISSION STATIONS.	
				Canada. Granby Cong. Ch., Quebec	2 6 4
				Africa, South—	
				Cape Town, &c., per Rev. W. Thompson	15 0 5
				Oudtshoorn	21 17 5
				Tahiti—Mr. A. Cape	50 0 0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.





